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# The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 97.

FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 13, 1867.

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## MABEL'S PROGRESS.

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

From "All the Year Round,"

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 255.

It was true, that he did really know a good many particulars about the Charlewood family through Walter. That poor boy's friend, the Honourable Arthur Skidley, was a thoroughly black sheep. He was the younger son of a very worthy nobleman, whose limited means were quite inadequate to supply his extravagances. Already his sister's portion had been pinched to pay his debts, and his father had made some personal sacrifices to the same end. Mr. Arthur Skidley held a commission in a regiment of foot, and was stationed in Hammerham. Walter's weakness for "swells," and "tip-top family," and such-like dreary delusions, had led him to hover round Arthur Skidley as a moth flutters round the flame of a candle. And Walter had singed his wings severely. In fact, he was deeply in debt to his dear friend Arthur, even his very liberal allowance not having nearly sufficed to pay his gambling losses. Instead of having the courage to speak to his father, and face his anger at once, he went on in the hope of retrieving himself, and of course sank deeper and deeper in that slough of despond. Young Trescott, wary as a fox, and keen as a hawk, had read the whole history at a glance. He could present an agreeable exterior when he chose. Then, too, his singular beauty of face and figure prepossessed most people in his favour. Altogether, he was not unpopular at such places as Plumtree's, though Skidley had at first tried to stare him down, but that attempt had proved a signal failure—he might as well have tried to stare down a rattlesnake.

Alfred Trescott had taken a bitter aversion to Clement Charlewood. There was between them antagonism of character almost similar in its nature to the chemical repulsion which certain substances exercise towards each other. With Walter, the case was different. Alfred sneered at him behind his back for his weakness and gullibility, but he rather liked him on the whole, and would, perhaps, have been even capable of doing him a kindness, had such kindness been possible without the least self-sacrifice on his own part.

The Trescotts had got back to the subject of Miss Earnshaw's letter, when Mrs. Hutchins returned from her evening lecture, and entered the kitchen laden with good books, and bringing a gust of freezing outer air with her as she opened the door. The expression of Mrs. Hutchins's face was not such as to counteract the chill of the cold air that accompanied her entrance. She looked solemnly, sternly, at the heap of manuscript music still lying on the table; and, raising her eyes to the ceiling, sighed. Her presence put a stop to the discussion, and soon after her return, Corda was sent to bed. Mr. Trescott carried his music paper to his own room, saying he must sit up to finish some band parts that were wanted for the next evening; and Alfred put the latch-key into his pocket, and betook himself to some congenial society.

"What's up now, I wonder!" mentally ejaculated Mrs. Hutchins, when she was left alone. "We're mighty close all of a sudden. The very minute I come in they was all as mum as anything."

And then Mrs. Hutchins proceeded to make a careful search in every corner of the kitchen, turning over the books that lay on the dresser,

examining every scrap of paper, even peeping into a leathern tobacco-pouch of Mr. Trescott's, which had been left on the chimney-piece. As she put it down again, her eye was caught by an envelope lying singed among the ashes underneath the grate. She pounced on it, and, holding it close to the candle, examined it carefully. It was directed to—Trescott, Esq., 23, New-bridge-street, Hammerham. The postmark was much defaced, that corner of the letter having been scorched a good deal. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hutchins succeeded in reading E, and the final letters, L D.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a cunning smile "Eastfield, eh? It's that there Miss Hershaw I'll lay anything! What can she be writing to Trescott about? I've a good mind to mention it to Miss Fluke, and see if I can't get summat out of her."

Strengthened by this virtuous resolution, Mrs. Hutchins partook, with a good appetite, of a hearty supper of bread and cheese, and went to rest.

### CHAPTER V. A DAY AT EASTFIELD.

"ONE, two three, four, five, six, one, two, three, four, five, six. Third finger on C. Two, three, thumb under, four, five, six—six is the octave above, Miss Dobbin."

The wretched, ill-used, jingling old piano-forte was giving forth spasmodic discords under the unskillful fingers of a pale fat little girl, and Mabel sat beside her, with burning head and quivering nerves, engaged in that most wearing of drudgeries, an attempt to convey an idea of tune and rhythm to an utterly dull and obtuse ear.

Surely, of all kinds of teaching, giving music lessons is the most exhausting to the nervous system. The horrible apprehension and anticipation of the wrong note before it is played, and then the more horrible jar when it does come must be torment to a delicate ear. And then, in a school, the distracting monotony of repetition, the grinding out of the same dreary tune, over and over again, by one dull child after another!

"Six is the octave above, Miss Dobbin," said Mabel, wearily. "But that will do. Your half-hour is over."

As Miss Dobbin rolled heavily off the music-stool, the parlour door was thrown open, and the servant-girl held out two letters between her outstretched finger and thumb, which she had carefully covered with her-checked apron.

"Miss Hershaw. Afternoon deliver. This here's from your mother, miss. I dunno 'th' other," said the girl, examining the direction.

"Thank you, Susan," said Mabel, taking the letters quietly.

When she had got them in her hand, her fingers closed tightly over her mother's letter, but she put it into her pocket with the other, and waited with outward patience until all the children had finished their afternoon practice. Then she ran up to her sleeping-room, and opened her mother's letter first. Her mother and Dooley coming to Eastfield next day. What could it mean? As she read on her astonishment increased. Coming to Eastfield with Mr. Clement Charlewood! And no word of reply as to the subject on which she had written to her mother! It was incomprehensible. She read the letter again.

"You will come and dine with us, dearest Mabel. Saturday being a half-holiday, I know you will not be very busy. Ask Mrs. Hatchett, with my best compliments, to spare you. We shall arrive in Eastfield by the 2.15 train from

Hammerham, and will send for you at once. All explanations when we meet. Dooley is mad with delight."

Coming to Eastfield with Mr. Clement Charlewood!

Mrs. Saxelby had mentioned from time to time in her letters that young Mr. Charlewood called frequently; that he was very kind and friendly; that he and Dooley got on capitally together; and so forth. But all this had not conveyed to Mabel the confidential terms on which he now was with her mother. Indeed, if Clement Charlewood could have known how seldom Mabel's thoughts had dwelt on him at all, during the time of her sojourn in Eastfield, he would have been much grieved, and a little mortified. He had thought so much of her.

Mabel sat pondering on the side of her bed, with her mother's letter in her hand, until a patterer footstep on the stairs disturbed her, and a breathless little girl came running up to say that Miss Earnshaw was wanted to read dictation to the French class, and was to please to come directly.

"I will follow you immediately," said Mabel, rising. "Run down and prepare your books."

As soon as the child was gone, Mabel pulled the other letter out of her pocket, and read it hastily. It was a very brief note from Mr. Trescott, written in a cramped thin little hand, and ran thus:

"23, New Bridge-street, Hammerham,  
Jan. 12.

"Dear Madam. In reply to your favour of the 7th inst, I beg to say that the last time I heard of Mrs. Walton she was engaged, with her family, in the York circuit. I do not know whether she is still there; but I have little doubt that a letter addressed to her, care of R. Price, Esq., Theatre Royal, York, would find her. Mr. Price is the lessee.

"I am, dear Madam,

"Your obedient Servant,

"J. TRESCOTT.

"P.S. My little girl sends you her best love, and often speaks of your kindness to her.—J. T."

Mabel's day came to an end at last, and at about nine o'clock, when all the pupils were in bed, she tapped at the door of Mrs. Hatchett's sitting-room, and went in to ask permission to accept her mother's invitation. Mrs. Hatchett was sitting near a starved and wretched little fire, and a small table beside her was covered with bills and letters. Mrs. Hatchett was making up her accounts. She was a thin white woman, with a long face. Mabel could never help associating her countenance with that of an old grey pony which drew the baker's cart, and came daily to the door. There was a length of upper lip and a heavy ruminating solidity in Mrs. Hatchett's face, highly suggestive of the comparison.

"Be seated, Miss Earnshaw," said the school-mistress, waving her hand, encased in a black woollen mitten, "I will attend to you immediately."

Mabel sat down, and Mrs. Hatchett's pointed pen scratched audibly over the paper for a few minutes, then she collected her bills and papers, tied them into bundles with miscellaneous scraps of faded ribbon, and signified, by a majestic bend of the head, that she was ready to give audience. Mabel duly presented her mother's compliments, and requested permission to be absent on the following afternoon. Mrs. Hatchett accorded the desired permission, and Mabel went to bed.

When, at three o'clock next day, a fly arrived

at Mrs. Hatchett's to take Mabel to the hotel, she stepped into it, almost angry with herself at the apprehensive dread she felt. When the fly drew up at the door of the hotel, there stood Clement Charlewood waiting to receive her, and in another minute she had run up-stairs and was clasped in her mother's arms, with Dooley clinging round her.

"Dearest mamma! Darling Dooley! Why, what foolish people we are, all of us," exclaimed Mabel. "Any one would suppose we were quite sorry to see each other! For the tears were standing in her own eyes, and Mrs. Saxelby was wiping hers away. By-and-by, when the first flush had died from Mabel's cheek, her mother noticed that she was pale and hollow-eyed, and that she had grown very thin.

Then Mrs. Saxelby explained that Mr. Charlewood had said he would go and attend to the business which had called him to Eastfield, and would leave her free to speak with her daughter.

"Oh, he is here on business?" said Mabel.

"Well, yes, partly. But it is business that I dare say will all be done in half an hour, he wished to invite Dooley to dinner, and took this opportunity of having us all together."

"Then this is Mr. Julian Saxelby's dinner, is it?" said Mabel, kissing her little brother's curly head.

"Es," replied Dooley, "but it ain't all for me. 'Oo, an' mamma, and Mr. Tarlewood is to have dinner too. I love 'oo, Tibby," added the child, pressing his fair forehead against his sister's breast, and clasping her waist with his arms.

"My own little Dooley! And I love you so, so much. Now sit still there, darling, whilst I talk to mamma."

Dooley was very willing to sit still with Mabel's arms around him, and his head on her breast, and he nestled close up to her.

"Dearest mamma, you did not answer the main point in my letter. I suppose you meant to reply to it by word of mouth?"

Mrs. Saxelby held one of Mabel's hands in her own, and was clasping and unclasping her fingers round it nervously.

"Dear Mabel," she said, "I do hope you'll think better of it. I think it is an altogether mistaken idea. And mind, Mabel! I do not speak on my own unaided judgment."

"On whose, then, mamma?" asked Mabel with a flushed cheek.

"Ah, there, there, there. If you get angry, Mabel, I cannot speak. I shall lose myself directly."

"Not angry, mamma—not angry, but sorry. Why should you not trust your own unaided judgment? And who is there in the world whose opinion I am bound to prefer to yours?"

"Mabel, you know that I cannot rely on my own unaided judgment—I never could. And this, besides, is a matter that requires knowledge of the world and experience."

"Knowledge of what world? The world that I wish to enter, you and I have already some knowledge of. In this matter advisers would probably be more ignorant and inexperienced than we are. Mamma, are we to set aside what we know—what we have proved—in deference to the vague prejudices of other people? Is it reasonable, is it honest?"

Mabel pushed her hair back from her brow with one hand as she spoke, and looked at her mother with kindling eyes. The action had been an habitual one with Mabel's father, and for the moment Mrs. Saxelby seemed to see her first husband's face before her.

"Mabel," she said, with an effort, "listen to me. Don't suppose that I am insensible to the dreariness of your present life. You remember that I never wished you to accept this engagement. The pay seemed to me too miserable, and the work too trying. But it does not follow that you should be tied to this drudgery for life." Mrs. Saxelby recalled Clement's words, and quoted them as accurately as she could.

"To this drudgery, or to another drudgery like to this. It matters very little," answered Mabel. "It's not all for myself, mamma—not even chiefly for myself—that I want to embrace

another career. But, after all, I am I. I cannot be another person. This life is misery to me."

Poor Mrs. Saxelby was terribly puzzled. Her recipe had failed. She had taken advice, and had administered the prescribed remedy to the patient. But the patient tossed it on one side, and would not be persuaded of its virtues. Mrs. Saxelby began to feel rather angry with Clement Charlewood. What was his advice worth? She had followed it, and it had produced no effect.

"My dearest mother, you say you have been taking counsel with some one. With whom?"

"Well, Mabel, Mr. Clement Charlewood has been speaking about your prospects, and—"

"Mr. Clement Charlewood! Surely you have not been taking counsel with him on this matter!"

"Now, Mabel, Mabel, if you are violent it is all over. Yes, I have been taking counsel—in a measure—with Clement Charlewood. Why should I not? He is very clever and very kind."

"Mamma, I am very sorry that you thought fit to speak to him as to my future. However, as it is done, it cannot be undone. But how should Mr. Clement Charlewood be a more competent judge than yourself of the course I propose to follow? You cannot assert that you have any real conviction that a theatrical career implies a vile or a wicked life!"

"Oh, Mabel!"

"I know, dear mother, that such words must sound horribly false in your ears. But yet, that and no other is the plain unvarnished meaning of the people who would dissuade you from allowing me to try it."

"No, no, no, Mabel, not necessarily that. But there are risks, temptations—"

"Temptations! There may be temptations anywhere, everywhere. Here is Eastfield, in Mrs. Hatchett's house, do you know what temptations assail me? No; happily you do not; I would not harass you, and humiliate myself, by writing them. But there is no kind of petty meanness, of small miserable cheater, which is not practised by Mrs. Hatchett. There are temptations held out to me to be false in fifty ways. To connive at over-charges in her accounts, to lie, to cheat."

Mabel walked up and down the room with her hands pressed tightly on her burning temples, and the salt tears trembling in her eyes.

Mrs. Saxelby remained rocking herself to and fro on the sofa, in a state of doubt and bewilderment. With her, the latest speaker was almost always right. And her daughter's influence was fast obliterating the memory of Clement's words of counsel. Suddenly Mabel stopped.

"Do you forbid me," said she, "to write to my aunt?"

Mrs. Saxelby felt relieved. Here was at least a concession that she felt herself at liberty to make. Here was a respite—a putting off of any final decision.

"Certainly you may write to your aunt, Mabel. I never intended to forbid your doing that. I am sure no one can have a higher regard and respect for your aunt than I have. You will see what she says. I believe she will try to dissuade you from your scheme."

"Thanks, mamma. I will write to her. You are not angry with me, my own mother?"

Mrs. Saxelby clasped her daughter in her arms, and kissed her broad open brow again and again.

"I wish I could see you happy, my child," said the poor mother, wistfully.

"I shall be happy—we shall all be happy—as long as we continue to love one another. Only let no one come between us. Let no one come between us. Let us take our own path, and cling together."

#### CHAPTER VI. MRS. SAXELBY DOZES.

When Clement returned to the hotel at five o'clock, to dinner, he found the mother and daughter listening smilingly to Dooley's elaborate account of all the interesting personages in Hazlehurst. He had already related how the kind old clergyman always spoke to him, and called him a good boy; had sketched vividly several thrilling adventures, in which his

"pussy kitten" and a big dog, belonging to one of the neighbours, played the chief part, and was now deep in the private memoirs of the pig. So they all sat down to dinner in a merrier mood than might have been anticipated.

Clement did not venture to put any questions as to the result of Mrs. Saxelby's interview with her daughter. Mabel's manner to him was still reserved, but kinder than when they had parted. She felt his goodness to her mother, and Dooley's evident fondness for "Mr. Tarlewood," inclined her heart towards him. Mabel had always liked Clement Charlewood, and felt that he was to be relied upon. But her over-sensitive pride had received a wound from Penelope's sharp tongue, that made her still wince when she thought of it, and caused her to guard herself carefully from anything like softness of manner towards Clement.

After dinner, Dooley's health was drunk with all solemnity. Dooley himself standing up in his chair to do honour to the toast, and quaffing a brimming beaker of very weak sherry-and-water—say, water-and-sherry.

There was a cheerful fire on the hearth; the curtains were drawn, the lamp was shaded, and the room looked snug and home-like. Mrs. Saxelby was installed in a large easy-chair, with her feet on a cushion, and Dooley, beginning to show symptoms of sleepiness, curled himself up on the hearth-rug at Mabel's feet, and hid his face in the folds of her dress.

"At what hour does our train start?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"I purpose returning by the 8.20 train, if you have no objection," answered Clement. "The next after that, is at midnight, and would be too late."

"Ah! And then we can set down Mabel on our way to the station. There is more than an hour before we need start. How delicious the warmth of the fire is! It makes one quite drowsy."

In fact, after a few desultory attempts at polite conversation, Mrs. Saxelby leaned back in her chair, and slumbered peacefully. Mabel held a slight screen in her hand, to shield her eyes from the glare of the fire, so that her face was partly in shadow, and Clement, sitting on the opposite side of the table, watched her furtively, and admired the delicate turn of the throat, the round graceful head, and the shining gloss of the dark hair lighted up fitfully by red gleams of firelight. But he, too, had noticed that Mabel had grown thin and pale, and that there were dark hollows under her eyes, betokening suffering and weariness.

His heart yearned within him to take the slight girlish creature in his arms, and bid her lay down her load of care and trouble on his breast.

"You see I was right in saying au revoir when we parted, Miss Earnshaw," he said, in a subdued tone.

"Oh, I did not mean by my adieu that I should never see you again, Mr. Charlewood. I simply meant to express that thenceforward our paths in life would be so very different. In that sense our parting was a final one."

"If I believed that, it would be very painful to me. But you would not care?"

Mabel was silent.

"You will perhaps be angry with me, but I cannot help saying how grieved I am to learn from Mrs. Saxelby that you are not happy, here at Eastfield."

"Thank you. I did not expect to be happy here."

"You think, perhaps, that I have no right to enter into such topics with you; but Mrs. Saxelby has thought it well to confide in me. I did not seek her confidence, but I appreciate and respect it. I have not been meddlesome or importunate, believe me, Miss Earnshaw."

"I acquit you of anything of the kind," said Mabel, earnestly. "I am incapable of doing you so much injustice as to suspect you of being meddlesome, Mr. Charlewood."

"Miss Earnshaw! There was something in his voice, subdued as it was almost to a whisper that startled Mabel, and made her cheek flush deeply. "Miss Earnshaw, I—I wish—I am

painfully conscious of being at a disadvantage with you; but I wish I could persuade you to trust me as—as—a brother."

"To trust you, Mr. Charlewood? I do trust you."

"No, not as I would have you trust me. Mrs. Saxelby has told you that she confided to your project of going on the stage?"

"Mamma did tell me so."

"I strongly urged her to dissuade you from that project."

"She also told me that."

"And have you allowed yourself to be convinced?"

"Convinced! Mr. Charlewood, on most questions I would defer to your judgment, but not on this. I have a vivid recollection of my life in my uncle's family, and I say that they were good people—good, true, honest people, living a much higher and nobler life than this Mrs. Hatchett, for example, who scarcely ever speaks a true word, or smiles a true smile, or looks a true look, from morning to night."

"You speak harshly," said Clement, with a pained manner.

"I speak quite truly. I cannot judge the woman's heart. There may be motives, excuses—what do I know? But it is vain to frighten me with a bugbear, represented by such a woman as my Aunt Mary, and then bid me turn and admire Mrs. Hatchett."

"Your aunt, I have been led to understand, is an exceptional person."

"She is so, and so, I trust, is Mrs. Hatchett. But I do not believe that the profession people follow makes them either good or bad."

"Dear Miss Earnshaw, you cannot know all the considerations that weigh against your scheme. A woman should shun publicity. At least, that is my idea."

"A woman should shun dishonesty, evil speaking, lying, and slandering. All these things are very rife in the privacy of my school life. But we will cease this discussion, if you please. I appreciate your good motive, Mr. Charlewood, and, if you will let me say so, I am very grateful to you for your friendship towards mamma. As to me, I suppose I have put myself out of the pale of your good graces. But I am not cold-hearted or ungrateful. Perhaps some day you may think better of me."

The moment's softening of the candid brow, the unlocking of the haughty lips from their scornful curve, the half-timid, half-playful look of appeal in her face as she uttered these words, had an irresistible charm for Clement. He leant his folded arms upon the table, and bending across it, until his hair nearly brushed the hand she held up to screen her face, whispered tremulously, "Mabel, I love you."

She turned upon him for a moment in the full blaze of the lamp a countenance so white, and lighted by such astonished eyes, that he was startled. Then the tide of crimson rushed over neck, cheek and brow, and she dropped her head upon her outspread hands, without a word.

"Mabel, Mabel," he said, "won't you speak to me? Have I offended? have I hurt you?"

Here Mrs. Saxelby, turning in her chair, opened her eyes for a moment, and said with great suavity, "I hope you are entertaining Mr. Charlewood, Mabel. Don't mind my closing my eyes; I can hear every word you say." And the next moment she gave utterance to the gentlest and most lady-like of snores.

"Mabel," said Clement, in a voice that trembled from the strong effort he was making to command himself, I beseech you to speak to me, or I shall think I have pained you beyond forgiveness."

Mabel slowly raised her face, which was now quite pale again, and looked at him; but she said no word, and her mouth seemed fixed into a frozen silence.

Clement rose from his chair, and coming round to where she sat, knelt on the ground beside her, close to the child who lay nestling at her feet.

"Mabel," he said, "I did not intend to speak to you so, and now. But the words I have said, however poorly uttered, are the truth. I love you with all my heart, so help me Heaven!"

She clasped her hands so tightly together, to press a slight plain ring she wore, deep into the soft flesh."

"I am very sorry," she said at last, with an effort.

"Very sorry! Oh, Mabel!"

He rose and covered his eyes with his hand for a moment.

"Very sorry! And I would give the world to make you happy."

"Pray, pray do not speak to me any more now. I cannot bear it."

"No, no. I will not distress you. I will be patient. I will wait. I have taken you by surprise and have been brusque and awkward. Do not give me your answer now. You will let me write to you, see you again. Only this one word more. Believe that I shall always, always be your friend—your dearest and closest friend on earth, if you will let me—but come what may, a faithful and devoted friend."

She had bidden her face in her hands once more, but he could see by the heaving of her breast that she was weeping.

"I do not ask you to speak to me, Mabel. But if you believe that I will be true to that promise, and if you trust me, give me your hand. I shall understand and shall be grateful. You won't refuse me so much, for old friendship's sake."

For the space of a minute she sat motionless, save for the sobs which shook her frame.

Then, without raising her head or looking up, she held out to him her little hand, all marked and dented by the pressure of her ring.

He took it very gently between both of his, and, bending over her, whispered, "God bless you, Mabel." And then there was silence between them.

When Mrs. Saxelby awoke at the jingling entrance of the tea-tray, she found that Clement had partially withdrawn the heavy curtains from the window, and was gazing out into the blackness of the night.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Saxelby, apologetically, "I beg a thousand pardons, Mr. Charlewood. I am afraid I have been dozing." The good lady had been wrapped in a profound slumber. "I'm so sorry, for I fear that dear Mabel has not been the liveliest companion in the world. Poor darling! She is tired and worn. I shall be so thankful when Easter comes, that she may get away from this place."

Then they had tea, and Dooley had to be aroused and wrapped up for his journey, and then it was time to go. They drove first to Mrs. Hatchett's, and set down Mabel.

Very little was said on the journey back to Hammerham, Mrs. Saxelby merely told Clement that she had given Mabel leave to write to her aunt, but nothing was decided on. Clement leant back against the cushions of the railway carriage and mused. The day had been a disappointment. That was his predominant feeling. He had hoped, he scarcely knew what, from this little expedition, and now, everything looked very blank, very dreary.

Mabel stole quietly into the garret, already occupied by three tired little girls, and lying down in her poor bed, cried herself to sleep in the darkness.

### THE LATE LORD PLUNKET.\*

THE annals of Ireland are the most melancholy and depressing of all annals. They read as if a curse was laid upon her from her earliest connection with England to this hour. She is always struggling and insurrectionary, always looking forward to a constantly receding future, never prosperous, hopeful, or independent; and, worst of all, deriving no strength, no confidence, or substantial benefit of any kind—hardly a fair proportion of national glory—from the genius, eloquence, statesmanship, or heroic qualities of her sons. Moore

represents the Genius of Erin weeping over the sad record.

But, oh! how the tear in her eye-lids grow bright, when after whole pages of sorrow and shame,

She saw history write,  
With a pencil of light  
That illum'd all the volumes, her Wellington's name

Yet who associates the name of Wellington, except incidentally, with Irish history? The hero of a hundred fights and his illustrious brother did much to consolidate the British empire and elevate the British name—little or nothing to raise the country of their birth. The same may be said of Burke, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Thomas Moore, and Swift, who, as Macaulay remarks, would have thought it an insult to have been called an Irishman. Their brilliant endowments were displayed on an alien soil, and their imperishable productions form part of an alien literature.

There was a period, however, in which a galaxy of Irish celebrities shone in and for Ireland: when she flung off her provincial fetters and rose up a nation—when her own Parliament and halls of justice rang with her own oratory, and the social circles of her metropolis glowed with wit and beauty of domestic growth, hardly inferior to that which about the same time clustered around Charles James Fox and Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

This Augustan era of Ireland was transitory as bright. It lay between the Declaration of Independence in 1782 and the rebellion of 1798. It rose in splendour and it set in blood. Its brevity was beautifully shadowed forth by Grattan, when he exclaimed, "The Parliament of Ireland: of that assembly I have a parental recollection. I sat by her cradle, I followed her hearse." He spoke of the free Parliament of Ireland which lasted till the Union, and the champions of free institutions will dwell with pride upon the fact, that her intellectual and material resources received their fullest development during the brief interval when the incus of British supremacy was thrown off. Some of the principal illustrations of that Parliament were enumerated by Grattan on another memorable occasion. "The pamphlet (Lord Clare's) in its oblique censure and in its direct animadversion, disparages every great act and every distinguished character in this country for the last fifty years—Mr. Malone, Lord Pery, the late Lord Shannon, the Duke of Leinster, the Ponsobys, Mr. Brownlow, Sir William Osborne, Mr. Burgh, Mr. Daly, Mr. Yelverton, Mr. Ogle, Mr. Flood, Mr. Forbes, Lord Charlemont, and myself. I follow the author through the graves of those honourable dead men, for most of them are so, and I beg to raise up their tombstones as he throws them down. I find it more instructive to converse with their ashes than with his compositions."

If the vindication had not been limited to the subjects of the calumny, the list might have comprised many more whose memories the patriot orator would equally have rejoiced to dwell upon—Curran, Bushe, Burrows, and, last not least, Plunket, the ablest of those who compassed the last grand object of Grattan's life, the emancipation of the Catholics, and the Irishman who did most to prolong the independence of his country and brighten the fading halo with which her short-lived freedom had surrounded her. No one who ever heard Plunket in the senate or the forum will talk lightly of Irish eloquence, or associate it with that school of which the late Charles Phillips was the popular type, till he settled down into an Old Bailey petitioner—a subsidence which provoked the remark that he had gone up like a rocket and come down like a stick (not the stick but) a good useful tallow candle.

William Conyngham Plunket was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, whose reputation as a preacher had caused him to be promoted from a provincial ministry to that of the first dissenting community of Dublin. His social position was high, and his opinion on the subject of oratory was so much valued and sought after, that a comfortable seat in the stranger's gallery of

\* *The Life, Letters, and Speeches of Lord Plunket.* By his grandson, the Hon. David Plunket. With an Introductory Preface by Lord Brougham.

the House of Commons, long known as Dr. Plunket's stall, was by courtesy allowed to him. He died in 1778, before he had made any provision for his widow and family beyond the education he had bestowed on his children; but so liberal a subscription was raised, that their circumstances and prospects were little, if at all, affected by his death. William, born in June 1764, was then fourteen and continued to attend a day-school, kept by the Rev. Lewis Kerr, till 1779 when he was entered a student of Trinity College. The character he had acquired at this time was that of a clever, hardheaded boy, very attentive to his books, and very negligent of his person. After carrying off the class prize twice against formidable competitors, he obtained a scholarship on very high marks, and about the same time joined the Historical Society, which largely influenced his career, as well by the friendships he formed in it, as by the course of reading and the peculiar training it induced.

Despite of the grave objections urged against debating societies in universities, as tending to distract attention from the regular studies of the place, their utility for students intended for public life is no less obvious than their attractiveness. Composition, oral or written, and what has been happily termed the art of thinking on one's legs, can only be acquired or matured by practice.

There have been heaven-born orators, as there have been heaven-born statesmen and generals; but the names of a large majority of the best speakers in the British Parliament during the present century will be found on the rolls of the Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Dublin, and London debating clubs; and as regards Dublin, success in the Historical Society commonly led to success in every walk of life which was left open to Irish ambition. It was in the height of its glory when Plunket became a member, and he had to struggle for such honours and prizes as were to be won in it against Bashe, Burrows, Magee, Wolfe Tone, Thomas Addis Emmett, and many other young men of promise. Before the lapse of his second year, he was twice elected president, and had obtained the society's medals for oratory, history, and composition.

This brilliant and exciting episode was succeeded by one which brought his possession of a rarer and still more valuable class of qualities to the test. It is comparatively easy to read and compose with a view to immediate results in the shape of prizes and applause: it is a very different thing to acquire and digest a mass of dry and repulsive knowledge which may not bear fruit for many a slow revolving year, perhaps never bear fruit at all. We learn that, having finished his Dublin law-terms, Plunket was entered on the books of Lincoln's Inn in 1784; and for a year and a half he lived in London and its suburbs, chumming with Peter Burrows and some other Irish students in very humble lodgings.

He returned to Dublin in May 1786, and was called to the Bar in Hilary Term 1787. The comparison which his residence in London had partially enabled him to draw between the English and the Irish Bar, was not favourable to his countrymen, so far at least as regular and sober habits were concerned. Writing to an old friend, he says:

I have not been able to read a word since I came home, and, indeed, it is almost impossible for any man who shares in the dissipation that prevails amongst the legal men here to do so. The taste for idleness and debauchery which pervades the whole profession would, in my opinion, alone be sufficient to account for the difference between the legal information of the two countries.

His Historical Society reputation stood him in good stead from the commencement. It got him briefs, and prepared as he was by his London studies, he made the best of his opportunities. His professional progress was rapid, but no forensic display of his of any interest has been preserved, and we must hurry on to the period when he entered the last Irish Parliament as member for the borough of Charlemont, on the nomination of the patriot Earl, the celebrated commander of Volunteers. Indeed, to come at once to adequate specimens of his manner and

power upon adequate occasions, we must pass over some intervening skirmishes, and dash into the thick of the Union debates, in which two figures tower pre-eminent, like two of Homer's heroes confronted in the field—Lord Castlereagh and himself.

That noble lord, then in his parliamentary and political novitiate, carried with him little or none of the weight and authority which he afterwards acquired: and he was at no time distinguished for command of language or rhetorical skill. But he had indomitable strength of will, haughty self-reliance, a lofty sense of honour, personal courage amounting to absolute fearlessness, and never-failing readiness to encounter responsibilities of all sorts, which made him the aptest and most formidable organ and instrument of the policy which the English government were resolved on carrying out at all hazards. There was, moreover, much to be said for that policy, if the connection with England was to be deemed paramount, and Irish feelings were to be laid out of the account.

The most cursory glance at the party annals of the two countries will show that if, from 1782 to 1800, the Irish Parliament had been left to itself, without any attempt to harmonise its action by corruption, Ireland must speedily have become as independent of England as Hanover. Would she, whenever an English Cabinet was upset by a coalition, an Indian Bill, or a Regency-question, have complacently accepted a new viceroy, as the court of Paris or Vienna accepts a new ambassador, and have simultaneously adopted the principles and policy of the new government? Clearly not, and therefore ample means were placed at the disposal of the lordly occupant of the Castle for the time being to secure a majority in both Houses. There were heads of powerful families, popularly called managers, who, in consideration of places, pensions, titles, and gratuities, voted, and made their dependants vote, regularly on the side of ministers, whether Whig or Tory, as was the uniform practice of the English bishops within living memory. There were, also, waiters on providence who might be retained in an emergency; and thus a crisis was staved off, although at an annually increasing cost of money and principle.

At last Pitt resolved to grapple with the difficulty, and if possible make an end of it once for all—by purchasing in gross what he would otherwise have had to go on purchasing in detail; by capitalising, as it were, his means of corruption, and buying all the venal peers, borough-mongers, placemen and place-hunters, in a lump. Ample funds were granted by the British Parliament, and the execution of the scheme was entrusted to Lord Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh. An extraordinary system of intimidation was also organised. Sir Jonah Barrington relates that a dinner was given by Lord Castlereagh at his house in Merrion Street, to eighty of his supporters, 'tried men belonging to fighting families,' at which it was resolved to take every opportunity of making the question a personal one. The resolution to this effect, moved by Sir John Blaquiere, was carried enthusiastically; and it was arranged that twenty or thirty of the party should dine together every day in one of the committee rooms, where they would be ready for an emergency.

At an opposition meeting, at Charlemont House, the day following, no reluctance was shown to take up the glove (or gloves) thus chivalrously thrown down; yet Sir Jonah complains that the supporters of the Union 'indisputably showed more personal spirit than their opponents during the session.' Just so, we have heard Lady Morgan complain, on the authority of Sir Richard Musgrave, that the royal troops showed more spirit, and were more popular in the disturbed districts than the rebels, by reason of their greater readiness to enforce belligerent rights against the fair sex. Be this as it may, we know of no specific signs of qualifying on the part of the anti-unionists,—with one exception, which is apocryphal. Charles Philips used to relate that Lord Castlereagh was in treaty with an anti-union member, who fell ill before the conclusion of the bargain, and

was at death's door for some days, during which he repented of his misdoings. On becoming convalescent his first act was to request an interview with his noble seducer, whom he informed that, so soon as he was strong enough, he should come down to the House and state all that passed between them. 'And if you do,' was the reply, 'I will give you the lie direct on the spot, and shoot you the next morning.' The member held his tongue.

Grattan's affair with Corry during these debates shows that he had no disinclination to act on the well-known maxim which he bequeathed to his sons, 'Always be ready with your pistol; and such of Plunket's language sounds as if uttered for the express purpose of provoking the Castle fire-enters. Thus, in the first Union debate, on Barrington's denouncing the mode in which the minister was endeavouring to secure a majority, he was called to order by Corry and Beresford, who threatened to have his words taken down. Plunket interferred:

'I have no idea that the freedom of debate shall be controlled by such frequent interruptions. I do not conceive that my honourable friend is out of order, and when my turn comes to speak, I shall repeat these charges in still stronger language, if possible, and indulge gentlemen at the other side of the House with an opportunity of taking down my words if they have any fancy to do so.'

He was as good as his word. Rising directly after Lord Castlereagh, he delivered an invective which has never been surpassed in haughty and concentrated bitterness:

"The example of the Prime Minister of England, imitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The Minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principles of reform, by professing which he had attained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable; but it must be admitted that he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostacy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the constitution which has been founded by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and sapless twig as this."

He becomes, if possible, still more contemptuous as he proceeds:

"But, sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honour, and I am told I should be calm and should be composed. National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the Minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this; they are trinkets and gew-gaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this House, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! We see a Pery reascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been translated from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country."

As Lord Castlereagh, born in 1769, was then thirty, and only five years younger than Plunket, we suppose that there was something singularly youthful and dandified in his appearance, or this mode of attack would never have been hazarded by so consummate a tactician. It was in the peroration to this speech that he uttered the vow with which he was so frequently twitted by O'Connell, when, instead of swearing his



children at the altar to eternal hostility to the English Government, he swore them into good places under it:

"They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject, and I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally round her constitution, and merge every other consideration in his opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure. For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood, and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar, and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom."

Neither Lord Castlereagh nor his friends resented this speech, but in the next debate, two days later, his lordship, after indulging in some strong language with palpable reference to Plunket, concluded by an announcement that might well be mistaken for the crowning resolution of his dinner party:

"I reprobate the personalities used by gentlemen in the course of the debates which take place on this subject. I deprecate a contest of this nature, but if any gentleman conceives himself injured by any gentleman on this side of the House, there is a remedy for wounded honour, which they will not find it difficult to obtain."

It is a singular circumstance, considering Plunket's courage and vehemence, that he was never engaged in a duel. The hottest of adversaries, whether in Parliament or the Courts, certainly kept clear of him,—much as the porter got out of Dr. Johnson's way in Fleet Street, seeing, after a glance at his dimensions, that he was likely to prove an awkward customer in an affray. When a speaker is thoroughly in earnest, when his mind is obviously full of his subject, when he is absorbed in his cause, his words lose much of their aggressive character, and it seems absurd to understand them in a personally offensive sense. A man of this temperament neither gives nor takes affronts like one who aims at applause, who has more vanity than pride, and more self-consciousness than self-reliance.

It was the opinion of David Hume that criticism is next to useless unless the critic quote innumerable examples, and this is especially true of criticism on oratory. We shall therefore give as many examples of Plunket's style and manners as our space will allow.

Lord Castlereagh had urged with force and effect that the transactions of 1782 left England and Ireland with independent and consequently clashing legislatures; appealing particularly to their differences on the Regency question in 1789, when a collision was only averted by the recovery of the King. This elicited one of Plunket's finest bursts:

"The two Parliaments may clash! So in Great Britain may King and Parliament; but we see they never do so injuriously. There are principles of repulsion! Yes; but there are principles of attraction, and from these the enlightened statesman extracts the principle by which the countries are to be harmoniously governed. As soon would I listen to the shallow observer of nature, who should say there is a centrifugal force impressed on our globe, and, therefore, lest we should be hurried into the void of space, we ought to rush into the centre to be consumed there. No; I say to this rash arraigner of the dispensations of the Almighty, there are impulses from whose wholesome opposition Eternal Wisdom has declared the law by which we revolve in our proper sphere, and at our proper distance. So I say to the political visionary, from the opposite forces which you object to, I see the wholesome law of imperial connection derived—I see the two countries preserving their due distance from each other, generating and imparting heat, and light, and life, and health, and vigour, and I will abide by the wisdom and experience of the ages which are past, in preference to the speculations of any modern philosopher."

Unfortunately the laws of political repulsion and attraction are more variable and capricious than those which determine the motion of the heavenly bodies.

The last words spoken against the Union in the Irish House of Commons were spoken by Plunket, who had private as well as public grounds for contesting every stage of its progress. The Union was a bar to the further prosecution of his political career, except at a sacrifice which his limited means and growing family forbade him to risk. Many years must elapse before he could hope to make money enough to justify him in giving up a large portion of his practice to attend the sessions of a British Parliament, and, making a strong effort, he concentrated all his energies on his profession in which he already occupied a place among the foremost. He has left no corrected report of any of his forensic speeches, and most of them have been lost irrecoverably. His grandson has reprinted only a few detached passages. In the O'Grady case he had bitterly attacked the law officers of the Crown, Saurin and Bushe, accusing them of tyrannical and oppressive proceedings. Bushe in reply challenged him to follow up this accusation by impeaching them:

"Let him do so, we are not afraid—there, at least, the judicial determination shall not be upon the hearing of one party. Let him remember that the charge is illegality, Jacobinism, and revolution, and that crime is disrespect to what he calls the adjudication of the Court of Exchequer! The very neighbourhood of Westminster Hall ought to make him pause. What! state within its precincts that a Court of Exchequer in Ireland had made a solemn determination in a case where one party was not present and where the other presided! The very walls of Westminster Hall would utter forth a groan at such an insult to the judicial character—the very monuments would deliver up their illustrious dead, and shades of Mansfield, and of Somers and of Holt, and of Hale, would start from their tombs to rebuke the atrocious imputation. I must call upon him to go on, but if he should, I tell this Wellington of the senate, he will do so at the peril of his laurels. I tell him they are foredoomed to wither at the root."

When the case was reargued, Plunket reverted to this challenge, and administered what his grandson terms an admirable rebuke:

"The Solicitor-General having passed upon me some most extravagant compliments, which no man can suppose I would be such an egregious dupe of inordinate vanity as to receive as merited, then calls upon me to step over to Westminster Hall, and to desire the House of Commons to decide whether this was a judicial act or not. And if, under the influence of this extravagance of praise, my head were to be so completely turned that I should actually go to St. Stephen's Chapel for the purpose, he then tells me that 'the very monuments, would yield up their illustrious dead; and the shades of Mansfield and of Somers, of Holt and of Hale, would start from their tombs to rebuke the atrocious imputation.'"

"If I had been such a madman as to adopt the suggestions of my learned friend, and introduce in such a place the descriptions of a legal point pending in the Court of King's Bench in Ireland, the shades of those illustrious persons, if they had any taste for the truly ridiculous, might have stepped down to amuse themselves, by seeing an Irish lawyer performing the part of Malvolio, cross-gartered and in yellow stockings, the victim of egregious vanity and folly. But if they had thought fit to deny that the swearing in the officers by the Court of Exchequer was a judicial act, I should have prayed in aid the shade of Sir Joseph Jekyll, who calls such an admission, in terms, a judicial act; I should have called on the shades of the learned judges who decided the cases in the Year Book of 9 Ed. IV. p. 6, in Dyer, 149, A. 150, 6, and in 1. Anderson, 152. If these venerable spectres had not availed me, I should have called for the substantial assistance of the Solicitor-General himself, who, after a variety of splendid and figurative language, such as the rich imagery of his fancy supplied, ended at last by admitting it to be a judicial act. All these authorities I should have cited to the apparitions of Lord Somers, Lord Mansfield, and Lord Hale. But to Lord Holt I would say,—'You are the most impu-

dent ghost that ever visited the glimpses of the moon, for you yourself did in your lifetime the very thing which you now start up to rebuke.'"

This passage of arms took place in 1810, after Plunket had confirmed and augmented in the British Parliament the reputation he had obtained in the Irish. Hence the term "Wellington of the senate."

Another contest with Bushe occurred at a much earlier period, at the Carrickfergus Assizes, and arose out of a revolting incident of the rebellion of 1798. A justice of the peace, who was also a colonel of yeomanry, had seduced the daughter of a tenant, who, being with child by him, became importunate for relief. By way of getting rid of her, on some frivolous pretext of complicity with the insurgents, he delivered her over to his troopers to be flogged: she was flogged by his order, and she died immediately, after giving birth to a still born child. What Mr. David Plunket terms a highly-coloured account of this transaction was published by a gentleman residing in another part of the same county, and an action of libel was the result. Plunket was retained for the justice-colonel and Bushe for the defendant, whose character, it is intimated, was little better than that of the man he was accused of libelling. Bushe called no witnesses, thereby depriving Plunket of the privilege of reply; so that, having done all he could do, he was at liberty to listen with comparative impartiality to the speech for the defence; and his sympathies were so deeply moved that Bushe adroitly called the attention of the jury to the fact:

"Gentlemen, perhaps I owe you an apology. The course I have adopted will deprive you of a pleasure to which you no doubt looked forward—the pleasure of listening to the splendid advocacy of my learned friend. Gentlemen, this was not a trick of mine to escape the effects of his matchless eloquence—no man admires that eloquence more than I do; but in this case I should not fear its influence; for you must have observed that on this occasion his feelings were too strong for his intellect. His noble nature could not condescend to the level of his client's case. I would set his heart against his head, and, as when the angel wrestled with the patriarch, I could not doubt for which victory would decide."

Long afterwards, Bushe, when Chief Justice, was fond of telling this story, and used to add,—  
"The jury were locked up for the night; the next morning I was awakened by a knock at my door, and when I asked who was there, 'It is I,' said Plunket; 'I came to tell you that your rival has got a verdict.'"

A circuit anecdote runs that once when he had successfully defended a guilty horse-stealer, one of the fraternity exclaimed, "Long life to you, Plunket. The first horse I steal, boys, by Jekers I'll have Plunket."

The prescriptive reputation of Irishmen for wit and humour has been rather inefficiently maintained of late years; and recent English travellers, unless they have been so fortunate as to fall in with Mr. Corry Connellan, may be excused for being sceptical touching even the exceeding brilliancy of the generation that has passed away. But the diamond dust that still glitters in the sweepings of the Four Courts raises a highly favourable presumption. Byron compared Curran's wit to virgin gold, crumbling away from its own richness; and there were many bred in the same school, and nurtured in the same society, who, for exuberant fancy and polished sarcasm, were hardly, if at all inferior to him. Plunket's happiest hits cannot be surpassed; as when a roguish witness, locking round for an invasion, complained that the counsellor had bothered him entirely and given him the *migrains* (megrims), "*Megrims*," asked Lord Avonmore, "I never heard that word before." "My Lord," explained Plunket, "the witness says I have given him the megrims, a well known affection, merely a confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart."

The plaintiff in a suit before Lord Redesdale prayed that the defendant might be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, alleging that they were nothing but *kites*;

'Kites,' exclaimed the matter-of-fact Chancellor, 'kites never could amount to the value of these securities. I don't understand this argument at all, Mr. Plunket.' 'It is not to be expected that you should, my Lord. In England and in Ireland kites are quite different things. In England the wind raises the kite; in Ireland the kite raises the wind.'

For the specimens that come next we are indebted to an accomplished friend, a congenial spirit, who, intimately acquainted with 'the old man eloquent,' avouches that he was singularly kind-hearted, that his sarcasms were thrown off to relieve the exuberance of his fancy, without the smallest intention of giving pain. This indeed might be fairly inferred from their playfulness, as when he asked one of the young Hannibals, a prothonotary in the Common Pleas, what was doing in his court, and was told 'nothing,' 'I am glad to hear it, for you are fully equal to it.' A French wit said of some one: 'Il faisait très-bien sa charge quand il n'avait rien à faire.'

A very ugly barrister, arguing some point of practice before Lord Plunket, chanced to say 'I am a pretty practitioner, my lord.' He was quietly corrected; 'An old practitioner, Mr. S.—'

He was returning from a dinner at the Pigeon House on the Dublin river, when the treasurer of the party found he had got a bad shilling, and said he would throw it as far as he could into the sea to put it beyond the reach of circulation. 'Stop!' cried Plunket; 'give it to T.' naming a legal dignitary remarkable for his penuriousness, 'he can make a shilling go farther than any one.'

When the present Earl of Albemarle published his clever and popular "Personal Narrative" of an overland journey from India, Lord Wellesley, a purist in language, asked the author, his aide-de-camp, at a Castle dinner, what was the use or meaning of the word 'personal' in the title of the book. Plunket interposed, 'I hope, at all events, we are not to put a legal interpretation upon the word, for, with us lawyers, "personal" is always used in contradistinction to "real."'

Once when there was a great crowd in the Chancellor's court, a little boy was swept away from his friends, and ran considerable risk of being crushed, till his shrieks attracted attention and brought help. Plunket, who was very fond of children, became quite agitated, and desired the boy to be placed on the cushion by his side where he was overheard gradually soothing away the terror aggravated by the awful wig and sardonic countenance, and ending by the consolatory assurance to the little fellow that he was in his proper place, being now 'a Master in Chancery.'

An outrageous ruffian was brought before him for flagrant contempt of court in insulting and threatening to assault several of the superior officers. The man was not actually mad, although drunk, a ferocious temperament, and long impunity had wrought him up to the verge of madness. Plunket addressed him: 'You offer, sir, in your own person an apt illustration of the legal term *furious*, which defines the condition of mind that a man attains by the long and uncontrollable indulgence of a brutal and savage temper, till at length he stands on the narrow isthmus, the thin line of demarcation, which separates the end of ruffianism from the beginning of insanity.'

For some years subsequent to the Union, the Irish law-officers were not necessarily changed with the government, and were not obliged or expected to get seats. Their position was non-political, unless they entered Parliament and took a side. Thus Plunket, appointed Solicitor-General in 1803 under the Addington Cabinet, was made Attorney-General in 1805 by Mr. Pitt, and retained the office under the succeeding ministry of 'all the talents.' But so soon as it assumed a party character and involved the duty of advocating a policy, he resigned. In 1807 he attached himself to Lord Grenville, and by following that nobleman's political fortunes, virtually abandoned all hope of professional preferment till 1821. After sitting two months for Midhurst in the short Parliament of 1807,

he refused every offer of a seat till 1812, when having secured an ample independence, he stood for the University of Dublin, which he represented till his elevation to the peerage in 1827. He was opposed in 1818 by Mr. Croker, who, in the height of the contest was reported to have arrived in Dublin and slept in the Provost's house. Upon hearing this, Plunket remarked: 'I don't know about his sleeping, but I daresay he often lies there.'

His fame in the British Parliament rests mainly on his advocacy of Catholic Emancipation. His speech on this subject in 1813 formed an era in the progress of the cause. Since the Reform Act of 1832, and the gradual loosening of party ties, it is a matter of constant occurrence for a division to be influenced by the course of the debate, and even by individual speeches. But such an event was rare when Whigs and Tories confronted each other in serrated ranks, and desertion was instantly punished by ostracism. The almost universal habit was expressed by the member (Ferguson of Pitfour, we believe) who boasted that he had heard many speeches which altered his opinion, never one which had the smallest effect upon his vote. Plunket's speech was supposed to have gained over many votes. It flashed conviction upon all who were not steeled by habit and bigotry against argument and truth.

On most other subjects Plunket, a Grenvillite, was long opposed to the Liberal party. His defence of the Peterloo massacre as it was called, and his defence of Lord Castlereagh's Gagging Acts in 1819, provoked a good deal of angry comment; and a report reached him through a good-natured friend that Lord Grey had spoken of his conduct as animated by 'more than the zeal of an apostate.' This turned out to be an exaggerated version of what Lord Grey really said; but it touched Plunket to the quick, and provoked a long letter to Sir John Newport, in which he recapitulates his political career from the commencement. In January 1822, he resumed the office of Attorney-General for Ireland, under Lord Wellesley; and in the course of that year the important duty devolved upon him of prosecuting the ringleaders in the famous Bottle Riot, so named from a whiskey bottle flung at the Lord Lieutenant in the royal box at the theatre. The riot was got up by the Orangemen to show their resentment for the alleged slight put upon their principles—first, by the omission of the toast of the 'glorious, pious, and immortal memory'; at the Mansion dinner given to George the Fourth; secondly by the prohibition to dress up the statue of King William in College Green on the 12th July. To prove that no disrespect was intended to their idol, whom Plunket himself regarded with a species of hero-worship, he delivered a panegyric which Lord Macaulay, the most ardent of worshippers at the same shrine, would have found it difficult to enhance or improve upon.

The trial lasted several days, and ended by the discharge of the jury, who could not agree on a verdict. Mr. Brownlow brought the affair before Parliament by a motion tantamount to a vote of censure on Plunket, who, as he walked down to the House on the appointed evening with Mr. Blake, kept on exclaiming, 'I feel like a man going to execution under an unjust sentence.' The scene that ensued on Mr. Brownlow's resuming his seat is thus described, and very well described, in the biography.

"Then it was that this old man rose up to vindicate the character that he had kept unsullied during thirty years of public life. At first he stumbled and laboured through his sentences, as he often did at the commencement of his most splendid efforts. The House received him with indifference, almost with coldness; gradually, as he commenced his defence and his spirit was fired by a sense of this unwonted distrust, he rolled forth mass after mass of unanswerable reasoning. The audience could not deny the justice of the cause—they believed the honesty of the man, and caught by the infection of his enthusiasm, the House that had listened to his opening words in silence, re-echoed with applause, which was increased at the close of each

paragraph of the great argument; and when at length he closed it with these simple words,— "My public conduct and private character have been alike assailed. I will retire, so that the House may more freely and unrestrainedly consider the question. My public conduct I consign to the justice of this House, my private character I leave to its honour;"—it was felt that he had completely vindicated himself."

This "old man" was then in his fifty-eighth year, ten years younger than Lord Derby, five years younger than Mr. Disraeli, and one year older than Mr. Gladstone,—respectively as we write.

On Mr. Canning becoming Premier in 1827, Plunket was raised to the peerage, and strong objections having been raised by the king to his becoming Chancellor of Ireland, he accepted the appointment of Master of the Rolls in England, but resigned it after a few days in compliance with the strong feeling of the English bar against its being filled by an Irish barrister. He was then appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, in which post he continued till January 1830, when the antecedent objections having been removed by the Emancipation Act, he at last became Chancellor of Ireland.

After he left the bench, Lord Plunket withdrew himself wholly from politics. He at first spent some time on the Continent, lingering long at Rome, in whose venerable monuments his well remembered classic lore caused him to take a deep interest; and when he returned to Ireland he settled at once at Old Connaught, where he passed the rest of his life, surrounded by his many children and grandchildren.

His last years resembled those of Swift and Marlborough, and his grandson, born in 1839, could have had few opportunities of hearing or observing him, except in this closing stage of mental and bodily decay. He died on the 4th of January 1854, in his ninetieth year. A statue of him in white marble may be seen in the hall of the four Courts, with the inscription on the pedestal, "Erected by the Bar of Ireland."

## A RISE IN INDIGO.

**D**LITTED to see you—dear fellow—just in time for tiffin.—Lumjee, you lazy rascal, bring the curry and two more bottles of bitter beer.—Well (how pale you look about the gills!), is Crawford off to Gotacamund yet? I suppose he'll get his step now?"

Lieutenant Jekyll of H. M. 93rd Regiment had just got his furlough, and was off from Bombay in four days by the P. and O. s. s. *Malta* to Suez, en route to Old England. He was in the highest possible spirits, and even more mercurial and inconsequential than usual. He had not long returned from his morning ride; and after that exhilarating exercise, was alternately spouting Mr. Owen Meredith's poetry, and playing snatches of *Il Flauto Magico* on a flute.

The friend whom he addressed (Dallas, a young indigo-merchant) was evidently nervous and restless. There was, there could be no doubt, something on his mind. His eyes wandered from one object to another in the hotel-room; he looked out of the window on the surf, and replied in an absent way to Jekyll's multitudinous questions.

Jekyll warbled on the flute, and rippled over the scales, ending with a melancholy shake on the B-flat key, then he spouted from a red book that had been lying open across a box of chess-roots:

"My little love, do you remember  
Ere we were grown so sadly wise  
Those evenings in the bleak December,  
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,  
When you and I played chess together—  
Checkedmate by each other's eyes?"

Isn't that jolly, by Jove, sir? Well:

Ah, still I see your soft white hand  
Soft white hand. Pretty—eh? Rather!

Hovering warn o'er King and Queen;  
Our fingers touch, our glances meet  
And falter—falls your golden hair  
Against my cheek—your bosom sweet

Is heaving. Down the field your Queen  
Hides slow, her soldiery between,  
And checks me unawaro.

That's the style; there's some go in that. And who is this like, Dallas?—All right; here's that fool with the curry.

At Paris, it was at the opera there,  
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,  
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,  
And the brooch in her breast so bright."

Dallas looked up languidly from the *Calcutta Englishman*, in which he was reading the price-current, and said: "Why, Miss Wallace, of course; the girl you waltzed with at Baroda, and have been spoony on ever since."

It was a mere guess of Dallas's, but it was a correct one, and Jekyll was delighted.

"She is a glorious girl!" he said, with a third dash at the curry; "and the finest eyes, I think, I ever saw since I've been in India! If she goes by this boat, as the governor says she may, I'll be hanged if I don't propose before we get to Aden. But you're off your feed. What! no more? What is the matter? Old Lemmington refused you Annie? Or those beasts Noothebboy and Bates down upon you for my bills? If it is the old fool Lemmington, run off with Annie. If it is the bills, get 'em renewed till I can send out the ready. Come, out with it! What the deuce is it? Here, have some more bitter. Surgit amari; freely rendered, After the champagne of the night comes the bitter in the morning. Stop! I've got it: it's indigo.

"Yes, indigo's fallen," said Dallas with a groan, pushing back from him a plate still half full; "and my chances of a thousand a year—the *sine qua non* with Lemmington before he will let me marry Annie—are more remote than ever. I am involved (having borrowed for you and for myself from Noothebboy and Bates, the latter of whom is my rival for Annie—the snob!); and now these fellows are "bearing" the market with all their malice to keep the price of indigo down, make their profit, and ruin me, for I bought a lot at a much higher price than they did. They'll stick at nothing, as I have good reason to know. I have just discovered an infamous plan: one of their porters, whom I once helped, tells me"

Dallas broke off his story, having suddenly felt his right leg seized by the two lithe paws of some animal under the table. He started up, and his chair fell, as out from under the white fold of the drooping table-cloth stole a broad stretched paw, and a surface above it of golden orange striped with black.

"Oh, it is only Rajah!" said Dallas laughing—"the tiger-cub the Nawab sent me after our great day near Secunderabad, when we bagged four big men-eaters, and Dawson nearly got nailed by a fellow who was charging the markers. I'll tell you how it was. I, and Dawson, and Stephens were taking our places near a ravine, when I saw a bush move, and just then out ran a tiger, and went the gantlet of our three batteries. Dawson hit him in the loins; Stephens missed; I planted a bullet in his flank. It was a glorious hurroosh. Back he turned on me before I could load, and I caught him on my bayonet, and shot him down with a revolver to his left ear. By dusk that day, sir, we bagged four full-sized tigers."

"Your sympathy, Jekyll, is really overpowering," said the vexed man of business. "Still I did think you would have pitied a friend whom Fortune seems to have checkmated a dozen ways at once. I thought you were my friend; I thought you disliked that fellow Bates, and would help me to circumvent him."

"Don't be riled, Dallas. You know we're sworn friends—always have been—and I am in your debt in more ways than one: I needed no reminder of that. Pardon my thoughtless spirits, for troubles sit light on me: I'm one of your happy-go-lucky fellows. You know I hate Naughtyboy, and that little insolent snuff of a Jew. Didn't I chaff him at the hop the other night, and didn't I scowl at him on the esplanade, and stop talking with Annie about you, when he is riding with her and the father, just to rile the beast?—But come, what is this trick of theirs? I'm all attention—let me light up

first.—Now, let's see if you can turn the enemy's flank."

Jekyll, really a kind-hearted, clever fellow too, "put himself together," as he called it, by tossing one of his long legs sideways over the arm of a rocking-chair, and prepared seriously to listen; the only sign of wandering being that he kept thoughtfully rolling over the tiger-cub with one foot. Concentration, except at whist, was not Jekyll's strong point. "Anything I can do, I'll do. Suppose we have some claret? Not now?—Very well. I'm all ears.—Take a cheroot?—Now, then, we're off; but stop a minute; and see it is ready for packing—not to be idle, you know."

Dallas could not find it in his heart to be angry with his mercurial friend, but groaned and began: "Noothebboy has a clerk, a discharged telegraph man, a drunken fellow, whom I had with me for six months last monsoon, just out of kindness, for he had a sick wife. A bad lot he is; but he has some gratitude, and he came to me last night, and"

"One minute, my dear fellow," said Jekyll, starting up gun in hand, the tiger-cub romping after him to the door, as he opened it and shouted down the corridor: "Limjee, some more tow, and quick about it!"

"I see, there is no fixing you, you restless mortal," continued Dallas. "Well, I suppose the troubles of a poor devil like myself are not very interesting."

"Don't you be so touchy. I'm deeply interested. Proceed. The boozey card with gratitude came last night.—Your story, Sir Hubert, interests me much."

"Came and disclosed a plot as infamous as it was deep laid.—I can't be angry with you, Jekyll; it is waste of time."

"Naughtyboy would do anything."

"Determined to ruin me by lowering the price of indigo in Calcutta below what I bought it for, and sending the news of the fall by the next mail, so as to cripple me before they swoop down on me for their money—I being already hit hard by the fall in oil-seeds. They are going to-morrow to Guzzlegong—the fourth station on the Calcutta line. There is a jungle a mile from there, bordering the railway. There they'll cut the telegraph-wires, join them to a portable battery they take with them, and report at Calcutta a pretended depreciation in indigo, owing to the enormous yield of the new crop all through the Candeish collectorate. Down will go the price of indigo at Calcutta; the news will go to Europe; I shall have to sell at a loss. I am ruined, and dear Annie marries that rascal Bates! I can't hold the indigo over till after the south-west monsoon, I must press the stock on the market. Blownigger cotton has fallen nearly thirty rupees the candy this week, cardamons are down, and opium is a little firmer; but what is that? Jekyll, I've lost Annie, I've lost Annie, and I'm a ruined man!"

"Infernal rascals!" thundered Jekyll; "why, they ought to swing for it. Down on them. Expose Naughtyboy; hang it, expose the duffer."

"Yes, and get pressed for the money I owe him next day. No, I'll let him do it."

"Call him out and shoot him before he starts."

"Yes; and have it said that I made him pay the debt of nature in order to avoid paying my own; no.

"It's all that fool, old Lemmington, strutting about in wooden beads and bracelets. Old idiot! I wish he'd revive Juggernaut for his own special benefit. I'd like to drive him to the Colaba lunatic asylum! I wouldn't let him out in a hurry, old donkey! not to see through Bates and Naughtyboy."

"Noothebboy."

"Oh, I know my Hindustance, thank you. Mayn't a man pun? What infernal rascally hounds these fellows must be! I hope there's a tiger in that jungle, at Guzzlegong, that's all. That fat Parsee, with the big hat, would be nice eating, I should think. Well you are up a tree, old fellow—take some beer: whenever I'm up a tree with the Jews, I always go in a good deal for beer.

In Dixie's land I'll take my stand  
I'll live and die for Dixie.

No use lamenting. Come and have an hour at billiards, or ride over to Symonds', and let's play at unlimited loo; that's the thing to get your money back at. Let's play till the steamer starts. I have left all my P. P. C's."

"Jekyll do be serious for one moment.—Did you not tell me, that when you were stationed at Ahmedabad you amused yourself, being in love with a station-master's daughter, with learning to work the telegraph and read the telegrams?"

"Well Guzerat-life was slow: I confess I did turn telegraph-clerk; and I used to chaff the fellows at the Bombay office, till they complained of me to old Rose, who gave me a nice wiggling. The *Mofussilite* had a leader on me, and I'd half a mind to call out the editor.—Dallas, you've got some plan in your head to circumvent those rogues—I see it in your eye. Take some more beer; I always do, when I've got an idea in my eye—I mean my head—wrap it up; and light another weed—they are very mild. I got rather too deep with Framsetee; and when I do, he always sends me mild very cheroots. Hang him! Now, what is the idea? Can I help? Quiet, Rajah, or I'll kick you."

Dallas's pale face brightened—he rubbed his beard—turned his head on one side—pushed back the bottle with the red pyramid upon it—looked down at Rajah, then up at Jekyll—smiled till his white teeth shewed: he adjusted his left spectacle with the middle finger of his left hand, and looked as honestly and determinedly cunning as a terrier at a rabbit-hole, when he hears the rabbit on the move.

"That'll do, old man," said Jekyll; "then 'gie's a hand my trusty fereen, and here's a hand o' mine." I never saw you look like that without victory following. That's how you looked at whist, last week, when you were making with a thirteenth card. Hurroosh! Down with Naughtyboy and Bates! Dallas for ever! Shar-ash! Mashallah! There's pronunciation for you. What do you want?"

"Well, I confess I have got a plan—a little dangerous, but what's that to a tiger hunter? They go to Guzzlegong by the 9.30; let us go to Loolong by the 8.20."

"With all my heart. But *cui bono*, unless we drop in on them just as they begin, break their battery, and give them to the police?"

"Not a bit. I should be in jail two days after, and ruined for ever. They could sell me up at once. I want time to make by that Oomravatee cotton, when the market goes up, as go up it must, at the next advices."

"Well, what can we do, then?" I'm ready for anything to help an old friend—pitch and toss to manslaughter.

Say the word, my gentle Willy  
Say the word, my Willy dear.

Don't you think my voice improves? Let's get some native fellows, and stop and rob 'em. Let's hire a Thug. What shall we do?"

"Do! Why, this: let us go to the Loolalong end of the jungle, five miles from the Guzzlegong Station. Let's cut the wires there; put them in communication with the battery and indicator we will take with us; we shall catch all their messages, and can return any answers we like. We shall deceive them—perhaps lead them to buy my indigo; and I shall be saved, and Annie will be mine."

"What a head! Why you're a perfect Machiavel. Felony, though, cutting the telegraph. Well, never mind. I'll go in for it. We can't well be found out, and we can take a native fellow to solder up the wires again. If anyone says anything, we can pretend to be surveyors sent to examine the insulators, or something of that sort. Take some more beer: there's plenty of it; don't spare it. By George! it will be a lark if I haven't forgotten my reading. Let's go and order a tent, and hire two or three native fellows, as if we were going tiger hunting. Fine thought of yours, though, by Jove!"

Dallas leaped up and shoo his hand. "A friend in need!" he said; "we'll do those fellows yet: I can rely on that man Crawford.—Good-



bye, I'll be with you to-morrow! at daybreak, battery, tents, black-fellows, and all."

"Good-bye, Dallas, old boy. I'm off for four hours' pool with Haswell at the club. I won't fail you, nor fear. You never pressed me for money though you wanted it yourself, and Jack Jekyll doesn't forget these things."

Just at the entrance to the Exchange, Dallas came upon two men who were descending the steps. One was a fat, insolent Parsee, in the long tunic and tall, sloping, glazed cap of his sect; the other a little, dark, sneering man, as full of spite and cunning as a cobra is full of poison. They were arm-in-arm, and they smiled and stopped when they saw the young merchant walking along with a bolder and more confident alertness than usual. Dallas confronted Noothebhoy and Bates cheerfully.

"Indigo quoted lower again: bad for those who hold indigo—very bad for those who hold indigo. Isn't it, Bates?" said the Parsee.

"Very bad. Oomrawutte, too, three rupees lower; and opium dull, and going down lower still.—Mr. Dallas, if money remains tight, we shall want ours before the monsoon's over, for there will be pressure. Eh, Noothebhoy?"

"Certainly will," said the sleek partner.

"Payments may be delayed, but payments cannot be postponed for ever. Where bankruptcy is imminent, bankruptcy in some cases had better come at once. It saves suspense—eh Noothebhoy?"

"I quite agree with you. But don't be harsh, Bates. Ha, ha! I suppose one must be harsh too sometimes, and I leave you to decide all business with your own countrymen. Ha, ha! you know their curious little ways and their evasions."

"Look you here Mr. Noothebhoy, and you, Mr. Bates," said Dallas quite angrily, his temper quite gone at the arrogance of his creditor and his rival. "I owe you certain moneys, and I will pay you. When you want it, you will press for it: I need no prophet to tell me that. I may lose by my indigo, or I may not. If I do break, you will hear of it as soon as any one. Till I break, I am a free man, thank God! and will bear no insolence from anyone. Good-morning, gentlemen."

"Your beggar-fellows are always insolent," muttered Bates. "I'll have my foot on that young fellow yet, because he gives himself airs, and wants to marry the girl I've taken a fancy to. On my wedding-day, he shall be snug in prison, and so I warn him. One would think by his talk he was a second Rothschild. Good gracious, does he forget that we have a deskful of his paper?—Take care, Mr. Dallas; to-morrow night, you won't be worth the clothes you strut about in. Will he, Noothebhoy?"

"Not worth a cocoa-nut shell, Bates, you clever, sharp fellow. This time tomorrow, his business won't be worth one of your empty English beer-bottles."

On the corner of the esplanade, Dallas, to his delight, saw in the distance Miss Lemmington and Miss Wallace riding together. There was no mistaking the "primrose" face as the lover called it, so gentle and pure, nor the stylish and rather fast bearing of Jekyll's adored, with her proud self-consciousness, and rather slow way of riding. Dallas was making for them, to intercept them as they turned, when a hand touched him on the shoulder. It was the eccentric old gentleman, Annie's father, dressed half-Hindu, half-European, robe, necklace, and chimney-pot hat—an absurd mixture of two incompatible civilisations.

"Good-morning Mr. Dallas," he said; "a word with you. I have considered your proposal for my daughter Annie, and will think over it. But I cannot conceal from you that there are grave reports about, touching your commercial position. You know what the law of Menu is on these points—"Give not thy daughter to one unable to maintain her in her father's caste." Sir, I venerate Menu and his laws, as I venerate everything Hindu. Excuse me also saying that the society of notorious gamblers, like Lieutenant Jekyll will not improve that position. A friend on whom I can rely speaks of you as rash

in speculation. Take my advice, sir; forget Annie. Good-morning, sir."

"The friend is Bates, the beast," thought Dallas as he watched Annie and her companion chatter out of sight. "The old idiot listens to tattlers about me because he thinks I am broken. If fortune turned, he would give me Annie at once. He fancied he is swayed by high notions, and he is as arrant a money-lover and time-server as any match-making mother in India. But never mind; Annie is true." And as he thus reassured himself, he drew from his breast-pocket a little, scented, three cornered note on yellow paper, as old Lemmington turned the corner, and kissed it passionately half-a-dozen times. For Dallas was a true-hearted fellow, and loved Annie as sincerely as she did him.

8.20 train to Loolalong—hot mist shrouding the groves of plumed cocoa-palms, the teak-woods, the droves of buffaloes wallowing in the pools, the patches of tossing sugar-canes, the pepper, and the cardamon fields, and the rank growth of indigo. Puff! puff! the white smoke of the engine breathed forth, and floated down over the native villages and dark peepul-trees round the white tombs of Mahomedan-santons. Guzzlegong gassed—! oolong in sight. Jekyll, who had been smoking serenely in the carriage-window, turned round to Dallas.

"Dallas, old boy," said he, "this affair requires firmness and decision. You are too anxious to be fit. I am accustomed to bully men, and like it. The station-master here is, I hear, an old sergeant of Bombay police. He may refuse to stop the telegraph; then we're done."

Dallas's jaw seemed to lengthen.

"Oh, it's all right; I'll manage it; impudence does it. Here we are.—Let us out, you black-fellow; do not stand grinning there.—Limjee, bring out the white-smith, and see he has his tool-bag."

The station-master was an old, severe sort of man, with gray moustaches cut short off above his upper-lip. He saluted Jekyll as the train passed on, and Jekyll went up to him.

"What is your name, station-master?"

"Maxwell, sir."

"Mr. Maxwell, we have come from Bomoay to inspect the telegraph here. There is a want of insulation in the jungle about a mile from here, Guzzlegong-way, and we require to test it. We shall require to stop for a few hours the communication between Bombay and Calcutta. We shall also require your battery and indicator, which my servants will carry. You have here" (he pointed to Dallas) "the great discoverer of the hydraulically-compressed wire.—Do you understand the telegraph?"

The station master said he regretted to say he did not; but was ready to obey all orders of the head office. Had they the orders for the suspension with them?

"It is not necessary," said Jekyll, with infinite coolness; "stopping at nearly every station, sometimes requiring to test the wires, sometimes not, it was impossible to bring orders for every place—they had full powers. Limjee, tell the smith to cut the wires; and, station-master, procure us a guide, if you please, to the edge of the jungle."

The station-master was awed—he obeyed. Jekyll ordered two riding-elephants from the village for himself and Dallas; and off they went, followed by his native servant, the smith, and one or two odd men, to carry the tent, the luncheon, and the champagne.

"Done the old boy by George! humbugged him, by all that's sacred!" said Jekyll, nearly falling off his elephant with laughing when they got out of reach of the station, and in advance of their retinue. "Knew I should. Those sort of fellows want to be handled with firmness; no use, mere civility. Now, then, for a righteous fraud, Dallas, and circumventing Naughtyboy, Bates & Co."

"My eternal gratitude," said Dallas, shaking his friend's hand, "and Annie's too. But suppose—"

"Suppose nothing—victory is ours. Limjee, open a bottle of beer, the moment the tent is up. Be perpetually opening bottles of beer; and

take care you don't drop that small cottage-piano of electricity, or I'll flay you, which might be unpleasant this hot weather."

The party now, leaving the high-road, struck a side-path into the skirt of the jungle intersected by the railway. It was a park-like country, with teak-trees scattered here and there in clumps, and here and there huge coverts of flower-wood, woven together with great cables of blossoming tendril and clinging creepers. The tent was pitched on a bare spot, not far from a giant tree, covered with crimson flowers large as cactus-flowers, and of a delicious scent. For half a mile round, the grass rose in feathery waves, nearly breast-high, from which a wild peacock now and then rose with a frightful scream.

By 10.30 A.M. the tent was up and everything ready, the wires cut, and placed in communication with the battery under the tent, which had been strewed with green leaves and grass.

"Now for beer," said Jekyll, as he threw himself on the carpet, placed for him in front of the little cottage-piano and the two white watch-faces, on which the pointers lay still motionless.

"9.30 train," he said, "brings them to Guzzlegong at 10.30. Quarter to 11, they ought to be at work. You can depend on your man, Dallas? If you can't, we're done. Limjee, try to find some pool to put that champagne in. No fear of tigers here, I suppose—ask the black-fellows."

"No tiger—all gone to south end of jungle."

"Hurroosh!—then perhaps they'll snap Bates. That beer has made me sleepy, Dallas; if I snooze, wake me directly you see the needles move, mind. Here, take one of these cigars."

The heat had grown intense—one glare above and below—no colour—no freshness of morning—nothing but a golden glare of furnace-heat—nothing moving but a great burnished beetle or two on the path, or now and then a peacock spreading his gorgeous plumage a hundred yards away, and taking flight if an elephant swayed uneasily or beat the lower boughs with its proboscis.

Presently Dallas leaped to his feet, and shook Jekyll, who was dozing, just sufficiently awake to keep his cigar alight by mechanical and measured puffs.

"Well—time for parade, old fellow?"

"Jekyll, wake up! The needles are moving—they're sending a message."

In a moment, Jekyll was at the telegraph-rat, and went the handles. He worked with confidence and knowledge. There was a dead silence for five minutes, as when a great fish is hooked, and the angler is waiting to see his first move. Dallas waited eagerly; at last Jekyll turned and read the rascal's message:

"Bates & Co. to Framsetjee and Nicholson.—Mail just in. No demand for indigo—price falling. Write by return state of crop."

"The infernal rogues!" said Dallas; "why, there's no mail in. Tell them—Crop ruined. Buy all you can get. Prices double since yesterday."

"Limjee, get the luncheon ready," said Jekyll. "Dallas, don't lose your head—there must be no hurry. Mind, the message takes half an hour—then, there is the sending it. Where is Framsetjee's?"

"A mile from the station, up by the Dalhousie Institute. We must allow one hour at least before we return a message; and won't I give it them hot! I'll make them repent rising the market. I'll let them have a moral lesson. Come, look alive with that champagne, and give the elephants a pint of beer each, poor beasts, out there in the sun. By George, sir, how we have humbugged Naughtyboy! I'll let him know that, like Pope's spider's, we're 'live along the line.' Go it, you cripples! Let the smith have some beer. Now, then, Dallas have some real pie? At 11 A.M. or 12, we'll let fly at Naughtyboy."

"Hurrah!" said Dallas; "they'll buy all my indigo. What excellent champagne!"

How brightly breaks the morning,  
Our hearts to free—tra la, tra la!

"That's the style; now you're yourself. I wish we had a third man for a rubber. I feel

in great feather to-day. This early rising improves my voice. Shall I give you that fine old thing—

Could a man be secure  
That his life would endure  
For a thousand, a thousand long years,  
What arts he might learn,  
What fame might he earn,  
And all without trouble or care.

Limjee, clean plates, you scoundrel, and don't stand making faces at a government telegraph-surveyor! But, holloo, time's up. Now, then, to give it them hot. What shall I say, Dallas, about the crop? Cyclone, insects, rains, fire—what?"

"Insects," suggested Dallas.

"Very well: call it cock-and-bull-insect—eh?"

"No; the *Murenestimis sacrafigius*."

"Say insects generally, or drought—eh?—Very well, insects. Here goes. No lurking; crious now."

Jekyll devoted himself for some minutes to the small pianoforte, the watch-boxes, the quivering needles, and the shaking nauties; then he rose, and laughed till he had to hold his sides.

"I've given it them hot," he said, "*Framsetjee and Nicholson to Bates*.—Indigo crop nearly destroyed by swarms of insects. Buy Bombay stock at any price. We hear Dallas has a good deal. It will go up forty rupees by Wednesday. Buy—buy."

"That 'Buy—buy' is a fine touch; perfect—perfect!" said Dallas. The two men danced round the tent for joy, to the surprise of Limjee, and the smith, and the retinue.

"Fancy Bate's face—greenish yellow," said Jekyll, "finding the game against him—eyes enlarging—cold perspiration."

"And old Noothebhoy, with his fat, stupid stare, and his blank, vacant horror, and my telegraph man laughing in his sleeve; for though he does not know our game, he hates them both."

"It's as good as a play. Limjee, tell the smith to destroy communication, and solder up the wires: the wire done, get the tent up, wire off, and catch the 1.15. They won't telegraph any more. They'll be back, Dallas, to buy your stock. I hope you left word with your confidential man?"

"Of course, I did—to sell all the indigo I had at forty rupees' advance on original price. That'll bring me in twelve hundred pounds. I shall clear off their five hundred and fifty pounds, and go in for this new railway—safest out. Jekyll, I have to thank you for a wife. What share shall I give you? You earned them for me!"

"Not a stiver. Or, tear up my last I.O.U. for the fifty pounds I lost at loo. That will do."

"With sincerest pleasure, my dear fellow."

"Limjee, give the rest of the beer round to your black brothers. Now, Dallas, a toast in the last glass of Cluquot: 'May indigo flourish, and may Naughtyboy and Byles go to pot!' Hurrah! Drank with enthusiasm. Come, let's pack up our traps. I want to get back to give Crawford his revenge at billiards. Hurroosh, we've been and done it."

"Mr. Dallas," said Bates, now very humble and civil, "I'm deeply obliged to you for the indigo. The mail, to-day, says there is a great demand for it in France, and we have orders to ship to any amount. We are all square now. You've done well with your indigo."

"So, so," said Dallas.—"By the by, Bates," said the young merchant with good-natured malice, "I forgot to tell you that I am about to take a partner."

"Delighted, I'm sure, to hear that your business is so increasing. But you've done doosed well with your indigo, you know you have. Why does he laugh, Lieutenant Jekyll?"

"Laugh?" said Jekyll sarcastically; "why because he means old Lemmington has just given him his daughter. Well suited for each other, arn't they, Bates, old boy? By George! I was never so pleased to hear anything."

The *Malta* was getting up her steam, and snorting in her impatience to get into cooler latitudes. The shore was covered with spectators; the steamer's bulwarks crowded with faces; the

shore-bell was ringing angrily; the captain, at the bridge, was waving his hand for the men to get everything ready forward. Among the spectators stood that ill-conditioned fellow Bates, and that ugly, fat Parsee Noothebhoy; near them, under an enormous white umbrella, stood Dallas, with Annie on his arm. They were looting at Jekyll, who stood gaily and airily on the gangway; near him leaned a tall, handsome girl, in a nankeen muslin dress, fluttering with violet ribbons. Need we say her name was Wallace.

Louder than the roar of the steamer shouted Jekyll, as he waved a *Times of India*, just wet from the press: "Some rascals have been cutting the telegraph: near Guzzlegong! And, I say, Dallas!"

"What?"

"Indigo's fallen again. Hurrah! Splendid crop!"

Bates nearly fainted; Naughtyboy looked apoplectic.

"Good-bye," shouted Jekyll.

"Good-bye," answered Dallas.

Annie and Miss Wallace waved their handkerchiefs.

"Go ahead!" shouted the captain; and the *Malta* moved off, in a frothy froth, on her way to Old England.

## REVIEWS.

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET. By Anthony Trollope, with Illustrations by H. Thomas. New York: Harper and Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

It is a general remark of Reviews that Mr. Trollope is happy in having made only one failure of a book. Few men who write so much have written so equally as he. There is no living writer, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of whom we are more certain that he will not disappoint us. Some authors may rise to greater heights, some may dig deeper, and the ups and downs of genius will always have a peculiar charm. May we suggest, however, that rising to great heights, sinking to great depths, and all the charms of Alpine travelling, are attended with much labour and weariness? There is a charm of travel, let it not be forgotten, in a fine level road; and thousands of readers are duly grateful to Mr. Trollope for the steady, easy power with which he drives them over the flats of English scenery. Quiet motion on a level road—this is always the image that Mr. Trollope's writing suggests to us: and each new novel from his hand only serves to deepen the impression that this criticism is sound.

In "The last chronicles of Barsest" we are pleasantly as ever introduced to many of our old friends and acquaintances, who are represented in the same natural and truthful manner as in former chronicles. In our narrow limits it is impossible to enter into detail either as to the incidents or the characters of the story. If we have any special fault to find with this book, it is that there is somewhat too much of it, and that, to tell the truth, we seem to have read most of it before. This feeling, however, arises from the fact that we are (owing to Mr. Trollope's peculiar talent) so familiarly acquainted with all the personages of his novels, that we ultimately become a trifle bored with them, as is occasionally the case when we know ordinary people too intimately. Mr. Trollope seems to have anticipated some feeling of this sort on the part of his readers, and accordingly offers his concluding apologies in the following graceful words:

"To me Barsest has been a real county and its city a real city, and the spires and towers have been before my eyes, and the voices of the people are known to my ears, and the pavement of the city ways are familiar to my foot-steps. To them all I now say farewell. That I have been induced to wander among them too long by my love of old friendships, and by the sweetness of old faces, is a fault for which I may perhaps be more readily forgiven when I repeat, with some solemnity of assurance, the promise made in my

title, that this shall be the last chronicle of Barsest."

THE LAND OF THOR. By J. Ross Browne; Illustrated by the author. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Those who remember Mr. Ross Browne's amusing Sketches of California and the mining countries, published from time to time in Harper's Magazine, will gladly welcome this new work from his prolific pen. The New York *Albion*, whose criticisms are generally discriminating, thus characterizes the book. Mr. Browne, the well-known traveller, if not the profoundest, is certainly the most amusing of all his American *confères*. The Land of Thor, the reader need hardly be told, is the northern portion of Europe, and the regions thereof visited by Mr. Browne were some of the chief cities and towns of Prussia and Norway, not to mention a flying visit to Iceland and its geysers. Mr. Browne is a sharp observer of the peculiarities of the people among whom he may happen to sojourn, and possessing a fair share of wit as well as observation he generally contrives to interest us by his books of travel. We were much interested in the chapter on "the quaint, pathetic, genial Hans Christian Andersen."

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. In three volumes. Vol. I containing the causes of the War, &c., up to the close of President Buchanan's Administration. New York: Harper and Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

This handsome volume contains a mass of solid and thoughtful reading, to which we could only do scanty justice in a brief article to which our limits confine us. We prefer therefore to borrow from a contemporary what appears to us to be a fair judgment on the work under consideration.

Mr. Draper, who has already written several approved books of an Ethnological character, has now entered the field of politics, for the purpose of considering the late war, its causes and its results as consequences of the differentiation in the population of the United States produced by race, and still more by climate. The first volume of his book is before us, and it must be said that it abounds with carefully collected and curious facts, ably generalized, and logically applied, according to theories which the author deduces—we dare say truly deduces—from the history of the race. No one can read the book without acquiring a great deal of useful knowledge, applicable to many of the purposes of daily life as well as to forecasts of the future of the human race, especially on this Continent, where Mr. Draper predicts for it a more glorious destiny than ever—only with a great risk of the glory being utterly obscured and marred, if the moral, intellectual, and religious part of our nature is as utterly the creature of physical circumstances, as he would have us believe. That he is right in indicating the conditions of race and climate, especially in the early history of the human family as determining causes of moral tendencies, we do not doubt; but we think he carries the doctrine a great deal too far,—and whether the Southerners or the Northerners were the chief movers in the recent war, or whether both were alike guilty, we think that it is a poor philosophy of history which would say that after all they were compelled by a kind of fate, which itself was the result of one part of the nation living in a hot and the other in a cold climate. We want some better explanation than this, or hope for the future must perish. In the same way, admitting the different characteristics of race, we still do not believe in the permanence of that which Mr. Draper describes as "vile blood," a mixture of which dooms the unhappy possessor of it to permanent physical and moral degradation. That climate had indirectly much to do with the war is undoubted. But for the Southern climate there could have been, so far as we can conjecture, no African slavery, or only a modified form of it; and but for the development of the Cotton trade, even in the South, we may reasonably believe that slavery would have died out, as it was dying out at the

time of the American revolution. Slavery was profitable in the South, and was, therefore, fought for as men will fight for pleasant abuses; but we do not believe that the Southern climate made the people more inclined than a Northern people would have been—had such a people had the chance—to enrich themselves from the unrequited labour of others. The same selfishness and injustice would prevail in the North as in the South, if it were possible that it should so prevail.

SONGS OF A WANDERER. By Carroll Ryan of the 100 Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment. Ottawa: printed by G. E. Desbarats, 1867. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

"There is at least," writes Henry Mackenzie, one advantage in the poetical inclination that is an incentive to philanthropy, "There is a certain poetic ground on which a man cannot tread without feelings that enlarge the heart. The causes of human depravity vanish before the romantic enthusiasm he professes; and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet approach so near as to be bettered by the air of climate." Somewhat similar are the words of Southey: "If the poet be a good and amiable man, he will be both the better and happier for writing verses." "Poetry," says Landor, "opens many sources of tenderness that lie for ever in the rock without it." We have been reminded forcibly of these words by the small volume now before us. It is the work of a Corporal of the 100th Regiment, and considering his limited advantages of education and poetical training, is very creditable alike to his head and his heart. There are about sixty pieces in the volume, some long, some short. Of these, we prefer the latter, probably because, owing to the circumstances under which they were written, there is more consecutive thought and point in a brief lyric than in the more extended poems. The author informs us in his Preface that he owes the preservation of the entire poem of *La Sentinella*, to the care of a Color-Sergeant in copying it from the backs of old letters and the remains of tattered Guard Reports. We have a shrewd suspicion, that a poem of so fragmentary a nature should not have occupied a leading position in the volume. We doubt, in fact, whether it ought ever to have been given to the public without a more thorough revision than it seems to have undergone. But we have no intention of finding fault—that is always a comparatively easy task. We are only anxious to bespeak from the public some attention to Corporal Ryan's verses, and we look forward, with pleasure, to again meeting with him in print, when we anticipate that his productions will be more mature, more highly finished, and more free than they are at present from the usual faults of an untrained and self-educated writer. We shall, from time to time, give selections from Mr. Ryan's muse, and print in the meantime, his poem of "The Shipwreck;" not because it is the best in the volume, but because it is an average specimen of his poetical abilities:—

#### THE SHIPWRECK.

A mighty ship in majesty  
Across the sea was going;  
The sun was far upon her lee  
The setting glory glowing,  
And ever as she sped along,  
A thing of life and beauty,  
Arose from many hearts a song  
Of home and love and duty.

And all around the hungry sea  
Was treacherously smiling,  
All animate it seemed to be,  
Strange, beautiful, beguiling,  
Still onward sped the gallant bark  
Across the wayward ocean,  
Till night descended, cold and dark,  
And hid her fearful motion.

High hearts she held within her breast  
That beat with hope and daring,  
The brother, husband, lover blest;  
That lofty ship was bearing  
And high the joyous anthem rang,  
"To loving hearts we're flying!"  
Ah! little did they dream, who sang,  
Of danger or of dying.

And silence reigned upon the sea,  
And some were gently dreaming,  
While visions fair as fair may be  
Upon their souls were beaming.

The brother saw his sister dear  
His weary brow caressing,  
The husband felt the one most near  
Upon his bosom pressing.

The lover clasped his blushing bride  
And whispered to the vision,  
Of years of joy that would befall  
In love without division.  
When suddenly arose a cry  
Of horror and despairing,  
That rent the gloomy vault on high—  
An awful fate declaring.

Around the ship the breakers spring  
With voices loud as thunder,  
And drooping like a wounded thing,  
She strikes the dark rocks under.  
Now deep in Ocean's viewless cave  
Those gallant souls are sleeping,  
And broken hearts with anguish rave,  
And loving ones are weeping!

We have taken the liberty of improving the metre of the last stanza, by the insertion of a word that seemed wanting: and have no doubt, that the public will be pleased with the specimen that we have selected.

#### CONFEDERATION DAY.

JULY 1ST, 1867.

I.

Our Land is flushed with love; through the wealth of  
her gay-hued tresses,  
From his bright-red fingers the sun has been drop-  
ping his amorous fire,  
And her eyes are gladly oppressed with the weight of  
his lips' caresses,  
And the zephyr-throbs of her bosom keep time with  
the voice of his lyre.

II.

'Tis the noon of the sweet, strong summer, the king  
of the months of the year,  
And the king of the years is crowning our Land  
with his glory of love,  
And the King of all kings, in whose crown each gem  
is the light of a sphere,  
Looks smilingly down on our Land from the height  
of His heaven above.

III.

For to-day she breathes what to her is the first of a  
nation's breath,  
As she lies 'neath the gaze of the sun, as a bride, or  
a child new-born,  
Lies with fair motionless limbs in the beautiful sem-  
blance of death,  
Yet awake with the joy of a bird that awakes with  
the whisper of morn.

IV.

And her soul is drinking the music that flows through  
the golden lyre,  
From the deeps of the woods and waters and won-  
derful hearts of men,  
From the long-hushed songs of the forest, the wild,  
primeval choir,  
Till she feels the breath of the Spirit move over her  
face again.

1

Of the shadowy, distant ages,  
(This is the song they sing),  
That scorn historic pages,  
When the Maple alone was king;  
When the bears were "lords of creation,"  
The beaver's the only trade,  
And the greatest Confederation  
Was that which the wolves had made.

2

And then, long ages after,  
How the first of the forest men,  
With sounds of war and laughter,  
Invaded the wild beasts' den;  
They tell of the axe's ringing,  
Of the camp-fire's savage gleec,  
Of the pipe of peace and the singing  
Under the maple tree.

3

And how strange birds of ocean  
Came from the dawn of day,  
And woke untold commotion,  
Where'er they winged their way;  
How pale-faced men and cruel  
Carried the sword and brand,  
In search of gold and jewel,  
Into the red man's land,

4

How, with the warriors, others  
Of gentle manners came,  
Who called the red men brothers  
And told them of His Name,  
Who came from the Great Spirit,  
To bless mankind and save;  
And who, for man's demerit,  
Suffered the cross and grave.

6

How still in spite of preaching  
Of Brotherhood and peace,  
It seemed that war's stern teaching  
Should never, never cease;  
How blood was shed like water,  
How treaties were despised,  
How massacre and slaughter  
Were night and day devised.

6

How, in the course of seasons,  
Other strange ocean birds  
Brought violence and treasons,  
And smooth, deceitful words;  
And how the first pale-faces  
Fought with the last who came,  
Until a war of races  
Set all the woods aflame.

7

How valiant deeds and noble  
Shone out amid the night,  
Illuming scenes of trouble,  
With Heaven's blessed light;  
How, oft, in human nature,  
Though wofully defaced, was seen some godlike  
feature—  
A flower in a waste;

8

Till now, through God's good guiding,  
Those who as foemen strove,  
With heart in heart confiding,  
As brothers join in love;  
Till, from lake, sea and ocean,  
Mountain and woody dell,  
Is heard, with glad emotion,  
Division's passing-bell.

V.

So she hears, not in words but in spirit, the change-  
ful tale of the past,  
As she leans to the sun with veins that are blue  
like the blue of the sky,  
Hears with a smile on her lips that the demon Division  
is cast  
Into the river of death, as a monster worthy to die.

VI.

And she hears many tongues of men, that are singing  
as one in her praise,  
Calling her, all, by one name, a name that is noble  
and old,  
Singing a psalm of joy for the light of the gladdest  
of days,  
Making a noise of thanksgiving for union more pre-  
cious than gold.

VII.

1.

Canada, Canada, land of the maple,  
Queen of the forest and river and lake,  
Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,  
Close not thy heart to the music they make,  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
Silence is vocal, and sleep is awake!

2.

Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,  
Labour and skill have their triumph to-day:  
Oh! may the joy of it flow like a river,  
Wider and deeper as time flies away,  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets call cheerily,  
Science and industry laugh and are gay!

3.

Canada, Canada, land of the snow-bird,  
Emblem of constancy change cannot kill,  
Faith, that no strange cup has ever unsobored,  
Drinketh, to-day, from love's chalice her fill!  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
Loyalty singeth and treason is still!

4.

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,  
Sons of the war-path, and sons of the sea,  
Land of no slave-lash, to-day thou enslavest  
Millions of hearts with affection for thee.  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets call cheerily.  
Let the sky ring with the shout of the face.

5.

Canada, Canada, land of the fairest,  
Daughters of snow that is kissed by the sun,  
Kindling the charms, of all lands that are rarest,  
Like the bright cestus of Venus in one!  
Bells, chime out merrily,  
Trumpets, call cheerily,  
A new reign of beauty on earth is begun!

VIII.

1.

The Ocean has kissed her feet  
With cool, soft lips that smile,  
And his breath is wondrously sweet  
With the odours of many an isle.

2.

He has many a grand old song  
Of his grand, old fearless kings;  
And the voice from his chest is strong,  
As he sings and laughs as he sings.

3.

Though often his heart is sad  
With the weight of gray-haired days  
That were once as light and as glad  
As the soul of a child that plays.

4.

But to-day at Canada's feet,  
He smiles, as when Venus was born,  
And the breath from his lips is as sweet  
As the breath of wet flowers at morn.

IX.

1.

The mountains raise their faces  
Up to the face of God;  
They are fresh with balmy graces  
And with flowers their feet are shod.

2.

In their souls is a noise of gladness,  
Their veins swell out with song,—  
With a feathery touch of sadness,  
Like a dream of forgotten wrong.

3.

They have set their song to the metro  
Of the bright-eyed summer days,  
And our land, to-day they greet her,  
With lips that are red with praise.

X.

1.

Lake is calling to lake  
With a ripply, musical sound,  
As though half afraid to awake  
The storm from his sleep profound.

2.

The hem of their garments is gay  
With gardens that look to the south;  
And the smile of the dawn to-day  
Has touched them on bosom and mouth.

XI.

The rivers have gladly embraced,  
And carry the joy of the lakes,  
Past mountain and island and waste  
To where the sea's laughter outbreaks,

XII.

And sea and lake and mountain,  
And man and beast and bird—  
Our happy Land's life-fountain—  
By one great voice are stirred.

Bells chime out merrily,  
Trumpets call cheerily,  
Cannons boom lustily,  
Greet the glad day!  
Rose-wreath and fleur-de-lys,  
Shamrock and thistle be  
Joined to the maple tree  
Now and for aye!

XIII.

Let the shout of joy to-day be borne through the pulse  
of the sea,  
To the grand old lands of our fathers,—a token of  
loyalest love;  
And may the winds bring back sweet words, O our  
Laud to thee—  
As in the far old time, the peace-leaf came with the  
dove,

XIV.

And long, long ages hence, when the land that we love  
so well  
Has clasped us all (as a mother clasps her babe) to  
her motherly bosom,  
Those who shall walk on the dust of us, with pride in  
their land shall tell,  
Holding the fruit in their grateful hands, of the birth  
of to-day, the blossom.  
Montreal, 1867.

JOHN READE.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Continued from page 280.

Book the Sixth.

### THE HEIRESS OF THE HAYGARTHS.

So sentimental have I become, that I thought less of that possible three thousand pounds than of the fact that I was likely to go to Yorkshire, the county of Charlotte's birth, the county where she was now staying. I reminded myself that it was the largest shire in England, and that of all possible coincidences of time and place, there could be none more unlikely than the coincidence that would bring about a meeting between Charlotte Halliday and me.

"I know that for all practical purposes I shall be no nearer to her in Yorkshire than in London," I said to myself; "but I shall have the pleasure of fancying myself nearer to her."

Before leaving George Sheldon, I told him of the fragmentary sentences I heard uttered by Captain Paget and Philip Sheldon at the Lawn; but he pooh-poohed my suspicions.

"I tell you what it is, Valentine Hawkehurst," he said, fixing those hard black eyes of his upon me as if he would fain have pierced the bony covering of my skull to discover the innermost workings of my brain, "neither Captain Paget nor my brother Phil can know anything of this business, unless you have turned traitor and sold them my secrets. And mark me, if you have, you've sold yourself and them into the bargain: my hand holds the documentary evidence, without which all your knowledge is worthless."

"I am not a traitor," I told him quietly, for I despise him far too heartily to put myself into a passion about anything he might please to say of me, "and I have never uttered a word about this business either to Captain Paget or your brother. If you begin to distrust me, it is high time you should look out for a new coadjutor."

I had my Sheldon, morally speaking, at my feet in a moment.

"Don't be melodramatic, Hawkehurst," he said; "people sell each other every day of the week, and no one blames the seller, provided he makes a good bargain. But this is a case in which the bargain would be a very bad one."

After this I took my leave of Mr. Sheldon. He was to start for Calais by that night's mail, and return to town directly his investigation was completed. If he found me absent on his return, he would conclude that I had obtained the information I required and started for Yorkshire. In this event he would patiently await the receipt of tidings from that county.

I went straight from Gray's-inn to Jewin-street. I had spent the greater part of the day in Sheldon's office, and when I presented myself before my complacent Sparsfield junior, Sparsfield senior's tea and toast were already in process of preparation; and I was again invited to step upstairs to the family sitting-room, and again treated with that Arcadian simplicity of confidence and friendliness, which it has been my fate to encounter quite as often in the heart of this sophisticated city as in the most pastoral

of villages. With people who were so frank and cordial I could but be equally frank.

"I am afraid I am making myself a nuisance to you, Mr. Sparsfield," I said; "but I know you'll forgive me when I tell you that the affair I'm engaged in is a matter of vital importance to me, and that your help may do a great deal towards bringing matters to a crisis."

Mr. Sparsfield senior declared himself always ready to assist his fellow creatures; and was good enough further to declare that he had taken a liking to me. So weak had I of late become upon all matters of sentiment, I thanked Mr. Sparsfield for his good opinion, and then went on to tell him that I was about to test his memory.

"And it ain't a bad 'un," he cried cheerily, clapping his hand upon his knee by way of emphasis. "It ain't a bad memory, is it, Tony?"

"Few better, father," answered the dutiful Anthony junior. "Your memory's better than mine, a long way."

"Ah," said the old man with a chuckle, "folks lived different in my day. There weren't no gas and there weren't no railroads, and London tradespeople was content to live in the same house from year's end to year's end. But now your tradesman must go on his foreign tours, like a prince of the royal family, and he must go here and go there; and when he's been everywhere, he caps it all by going through the Gazette. Folks stayed at home in my day; but they made their fortunes, and they kept their health, and their eyesight, and their memory, and their hearing, and a many of 'em have lived to see the next generation making fools of themselves."

"Why, father," cried Anthony junior, aglashed at this flood of eloquence, "what an oration!"

"And it ain't often I make an oration, is it Tony?" said the old man laughing. "I only mean to say that if my memory's pretty bright, it may be partly because I haven't frittered it away upon nonsense, as some folks have. I've stayed at home and minded my own business, and left other people to mind theirs. And now, sir, if you want the help of my memory, I'm ready to give it."

"You told me the other day that you could not recall the name of the place where Christopher Meynell's daughter married, but you said you should remember it if you heard it, and you also said that the name ended in cross."

"I'll stick to that," replied my ancient friend, "I'll stick to that."

"Very well then. It is a settled thing that the place was in Yorkshire?"

"Yes, I'm sure of that too."

"And that the name ended in cross?"

"It did, as sure as my name is Sparsfield."

"Then in that case, as there are only six towns or villages in the county of York the names of which end in cross, it stands to reason that the place we want must be one of those six."

Having thus premised, I took my list from my pocket and read aloud the names of the six places very slowly for Mr. Sparsfield's edification.

"Aylsey Cross—Bowford Cross—Callindale Cross—Huxter's Cross—Jarnam Cross—Kingsborough Cross."

"That's him!" cried my old friend suddenly.

"Which?" I asked eagerly.

"Huxter's Cross; I remember thinking at the time that it must be a place where they sold things, because of the name Huxter, you see, pronounced just the same as if it was spelt with a ck instead of an x. And I heard afterwards that there'd once been a market held at the place, but it had been done away with before our time. Huxter's Cross; yes, that's the name of the place where Christopher Meynell's daughter married and settled. I've heard it many a time from poor Sam, and it comes back to me as plain as if I'd never forgotten it."

There was an air of conviction about the old man which satisfied me that he was not deceived. I thanked him heartily for his aid as I took my leave.

"You may have helped to put a good lump of money in my pocket, Mr. Sparsfield," I said;

"and if you have, I'll get my picture taken, if it's only for the pleasure of bringing it here to be framed."

With this benedictory address I left my simple citizens of Barbican. My heart was very light as I wended my way across those metropolitan wilds that lay between Barbican and Omega-street. I am ashamed of myself when I remember the foolish cause of this elation of mind. I was going to Yorkshire, the county of which my Charlotte was now an inhabitant. My Charlotte! It is a pleasure even to write that delicious possessive pronoun—the pleasure of poor Almscher, the crockery-seller, dreaming his day-dream in the eastern market-place.

Can anyone know better than I that I shall be no nearer Charlotte Halliday in Yorkshire than I am in London? No one. And yet I am glad my Sheldon's business takes me to the woods and wolds of that wide northern shire.

Huxter's Cross—some heaven-forgotten spot, no doubt. I bought a railway time-table on my way home to-night, and have carefully studied the bearings of the place amongst whose mouldy records I am to discover the history of Christopher Meynell's daughter and heiress.

I find that Huxter's Cross lies off the railroad, and is to be approached by an obscure little station—as I divine from the ignominious type in which its name appears—about sixty miles northward of Hull. The station is called Hidding; and at Hidding there seems to be a coach which plies between the station and Huxter's Cross.

Figure to yourself again, my dear, the heir-at-law to a hundred thousand pounds vegetating in the unknown regions of Huxter's Cross-cum-Hidding, unconscious of his heritage!

Shall I find him at the plough-tail, I wonder, this mute inglorious heir-at-law? or shall I find an heiress with brawny arms weckly churning-butter? or shall I discover the last of Meynells taking his rest in some lonely churchyard, not to be awakened by earthly voice proclaiming the tidings of earthly good fortune?

I am going to Yorkshire—that is enough for me. I languish for the starting of the train which shall convey me thither. I begin to understand the nostalgia of the mountain herdsman: I pine for that northern air, those fresh pure breezes blowing over moor and wold—though I am not quite clear, by the bye, as to the exact nature of a wold. I pant, I yearn for York!—ere I, the cockney, the child of Temple Bar, whose cradle-song was boomed by the bells of St. Dunstan's and St. Clement's Danes.

Is not Yorkshire my Charlotte's birth-place? I want to see the land whose daughters are so lovely.

#### CHAPTER III.—ARCADIA.

Nov. 1st. This is Huxter's Cross, and I live here. I have lived here a week. I should like to live here for ever. O, let me be rational for a few hours, while I write the record of this last blissful week; let me be reasonable, and business-like, and Sheldon-like for this one wet afternoon, and then I may be happy and foolish again. Be still, beating heart! as the heroines of Minerva-press romances were accustomed to say to themselves on the smallest provocation. Be still, foolish, fluttering, schoolboy heart, which has taken a new lease of youth and folly from a fair landlord called Charlotte Halliday.

Drip, drip, drip, O rain! "The day is dark and cold and dreary, and the vine still clings to the mouldering wall; and with every gust the dead leaves fall" but thy sweet sad verse wakes no responsive echo in my heart, O tender Transatlantic poet, for my heart is light and glad—recklessly glad—heedless of to-morrow—forgetful of yesterday—full to the very brim with the dear delight of to-day.

And now to business. I descend from the supernal realms of fancy to the dry record of commonplace fact. This day week I arrived at Hidding, after a tedious journey, which, with stoppages at Derby and Normanton, and small delays at obscurer stations, had occupied the greater part of the day. It was dusk when I took my place in the hybrid vehicle, half coach half omnibus, which was to convey me from

Hidding to Huxter's Cross. A transient glimpse at Hidding showed me one long straggling street and a square church-tower. Our road branched off from the straggling street, and in the autumn dusk I could just discover the dim outlines of distant hills encircling a broad waste of moor.

I have been so steeped in London that this wild barren scent had a charm for me which it could scarcely possess for others. Even the gloom of that dark waste of common land was pleasant to me. I shared the public vehicle with one old woman, who snored peacefully in the remotest corner, while I looked out at the little open window and watched the darkening landscape.

Our drive occupied some hours. We passed two or three little clusters of cottages and homesteads, where the geese screamed and the cocks crowed at our approach, and where a few twinkling tapers in upper windows proclaimed the hour of bed-time. At one of these clusters of habitation, little island of humanity in the waste of wold and moor, we changed horses, with more yo-oh-ing and come-up-ing than would have attended the operation in a civilised country. At this village I heard the native tongue for the first time in all its purity; and for any meaning which it conveyed to my ear I might as well have been listening to the patois of agricultural Carthage.

After changing horses, we went up hill, with perpetual groanings, and grumblings, and grindings, and whip-smacking and come-up-ing, for an indefinite period; and then we came to a cluster of cottages, suspended high up in the sharp autumn atmosphere as it seemed to me; and the driver of the vehicle came to my little peephole of a window, and told me with some slight modification of the Carthaginian patois that I was "there."

I alighted, and found myself at the door of a village inn, with the red light from within shining out upon me where I stood, and a battered old sign groaning and creaking above my head. For me, who in all my life had been accustomed to find my warmest welcome at an inn, this was to be at home. I paid my fare, took up my carpet bag, and entered the hostelry.

I found a rosy-faced landlady, clean and trim, though a trifle floury as to the arms and apron. She had emerged from a kitchen, an old-fashioned chamber with a floor of red brick, a chamber which was all in a rosy glow with the firelight, and looked like a Dutch picture, as I peeped at it through the open doorway. There were the most picturesque of cakes and loaves heaped on a wooden bench by the hearth, and the whole aspect of the place was delicious in its homely comfort.

"O," I said to myself, "how much better the northern winds blowing over these untrodden hills, and the odour of home-made loaves, than the booming bells of St. Dunstan's and the greasy steam of tavern chops and steaks!"

My heart warmed to this Yorkshire and these Yorkshire people. Was it for Charlotte's sake, I wonder, that I was so ready to open my heart to everybody and everything in this unknown land?

A very brief parley set me quite at ease with my landlady. Even the Carthaginian patois became intelligible to me after a little experience. I found that I could have a cosy, cleanly chamber, and be fed and cared for upon terms that seemed absurdly small, even to a person of my limited means. My cordial hostess brought me a meal which was positively luxurious: broiled ham and poached eggs, such as one scarcely hopes to see out of a picture of still life; crisp brown cakes fresh from that wonderful oven whose door I had seen yawning open in the Flemish interior below; strong tea and cream, the cream that one reads of in pastoral stories.

I enjoyed my banquet, and then opened my window and looked out at the still landscape, dimly visible in the faint starlight.

I was at the top of a hill—the topmost of an ascending range of hills—and to some minds that alone is rapture, to inhale the fresh night air was to drink deeply of an ethereal beverage. I had never experienced so delicious a sensation since I had stood on the grassy battlements of

the Chateau d'Argues, with the orchards and gardens of sunny Normandy spread like a carpet below my feet.

But this hill was loftier than that on which the feudal castle rears its crumbling towers, and the landscape below me was wilder than that verdant Norman *paysage*.

No words can tell how I rejoiced in this untrodden region—this severance from the Strand and Temple Bar. I felt as if my old life was falling away from me—like the scales of the lepers that were cleansed by the Divine Healer. I felt myself worthy to love, or even to be loved by, the bright true-hearted girl whose image fills my heart. Ah, if heaven gave me that dear angel, I think my old life, my old recklessness, my old want of principle, would drop away from me altogether, and the leper would stand forth cleansed and whole. Could I not be happy with her here, among these forgotten hills, these widely scattered homesteads? Could I not be happy dissevered eternally from billiard-room and kursal, race-ground and dancing-rooms? Yes, completely and unreservedly happy—happy as a village curate with seventy pounds a year and a cast-off coat, supplied by the charity of a land too poor to pay its pastors the wage of a decent butler—happy as a struggling farmer, though the clay soil of my scanty acres were never so sour and stubborn, my landlord never so hard about his rent—happy as a pedlar, with my pack of cheap tawdry wares slung behind me, and my Charlotte tramping gaily by my side.

I breakfasted next morning in a snug little parlour behind the bar, where I overheard two carters conversing in the Carthaginian patois, to which I became hourly more accustomed. My brisk cheery landlady came in and out while I took my meal; and whenever I could detain her long enough, I tried to engage her in conversation.

I asked her if she ever heard the name of Meynell; and after profound consideration she replied in the negative.

"I don't mind bearing aught of folks called Meynell," she said, with more or less of the patois, which I was beginning to understand, "but I haven't got mooch memory for wee-ams. I might have heard o' such folks, and not minded 't wee-am."

This was rather dispiriting; but I knew that if any record of Christian Meynell's daughter existed at Huxter's Cross, it was in my power to discover it.

#### COMMODORE LADD:

##### I.—LE PETIT RENARD (THE LITTLE FOX.)

THE artillerymen were practising in Lord North's battery, high up on the white cliff, the streets of Dover were speckled red with detachments of soldiers on their way to and from the Heights—for the great French war was still raging—bugles were sounding, flags were flying from every signal-post, for it was a Royal birthday; moreover, there was a strong south-west wind ruffling the gay bunting, and beating the smoke about playfully as it rose out of the chimney-tops. Colour, sound, movement—there was everything to cheer and rouse even the most hopeless of men.

At all events, these sounds and sights seemed to exhilarate Commodore Ladd, as he paced briskly up and down the jetty, walking it over and over again to the very last stone, as if to enjoy the fresh salt spray that filled the air at that promontory, and to get, if possible, on his old, honest, weather-beaten face, from the breaking waves, some moisture and brine after their night-long tumble and toss in the Channel. It was good to see that old pilot and ex-captain of a Custom House cutter, in his blue Cinque Port uniform faced with red, still loving, in his old age, the element on which he had spent two-thirds of his life. Neptune himself could not have been more delightfully self-important than Commodore Ladd, one would really have almost thought the south-west wind could not have gone on blowing without his personal superintendence. "The old Commodore"—was



the Dover sailors always called him, half in fun and half in admiration—was evidently in the highest of spirits. He waved the old battered telescope he carried under his arm every time the cannons in Arcliff battery blazed out, as if he was giving orders for a fresh salute; he made sarcastic observations to himself upon the Gason frigate lying in the roads; he swept the castle with his glass, as if looking for some military friend up there; above all, he devoted much time, research, and curiosity to a little grey speck just visible on the horizon in the direction of the French coast. He ran the glass in and out at it, he aimed at it, he tried his own eyes, then he fell back to his glass again.

"Well, what do you make her, Commodore?" said a hearty voice behind him. It was that of Ladd's old friend Williams, and upper book pilot.

"What do I make her out?" said the Commodore, as quick as if he had been waiting for the question. "Why, I make her out the Petit Renard—that little beggar that is always hanging about between here and Gravelines—and she's up to no good. Come to that, none of them Frenchmen are, as ever I knew. Blessed if I wouldn't exterminate the whole lot. What good do they ever do but snap merchantmen and rob Proosia, and go plundering about in Roosia, and that Bonyparty at the bottom of all the mischief us over was? Avast hauling if I think they should have any quarter given them more than pirates."

"Why, Commodore, Commodore," said his old companion, laughing, "if you and I hadn't known each other these last forty years, I should set you down for a regular wholesale slaughterer. Get out of that"—here he slapped his friend on the back—"why, you wouldn't hurt a fly, you know you wouldn't."

"You don't know me, John, when my blood's up," said the Commodore, with affected violence. "I learned to hate those French early as I can recollect, and I tell you I always shall hate 'em as long as a staysail is a staysail."

"Well, well, have it so, Commodore. When's that fine boy of yours, Charley, coming home from school? Soor now, isn't it?"

"Coming? why, this blessed night, to be sure," said the old pilot, his eyes brightening, and his face glowing with pleasure—"this very night as ever is. Bless his soul, Jack, how I do long to see the boy. I tell you, he has more in his head already than we have, Williams; yes, more than both of us together. Think of that, John, think of that."

Williams, who was a stolid man, shook his head, looked seaward, and replied slowly, "Wonderful, isn't it, Tom, to think of? How quick the Arcliff fort guns are working now. Good-bye. They'll soon scare off that Frenchman. Commodore I must be off now, but I shall look in to-night and see the boy."

"Do, John, and we'll splice the main brace together, and Charley, my boy, shall tell you what ship is in Latin. He reads Latin, you know, like you read the London paper, and better too. Only just think of that."

"Wonderful, an't it?" replied John. "But you've spared nothing for that boy's edycation, Tom, and he'll be a credit to you."

"I'm off too," said the Commodore, suddenly closing up his telescope with the air of a man who is shutting up shop. "I'm off to my lawyer Shipden's about that salvage case of the Indianman. The trying to trick us, but I'll have my rights if I go to the House of Lords about it."

"Right you are, Tom—that's the way to take a ship into port. But take care of the lawyer's, Tom, they're like privateers, they're no good to any one."

The lawyer's office was in Spargate Street. Mr. Shipden, the town clerk, was a well-to-do man, with a large business and multifarious occupations. He was courtly, bland, pleasant, quick, alert, and business-like. Among other ventures he speculated in coals; and the grimy captain of his collier—the Old Kite, of Newcastle, just arrived in port—was closeted with him when the Commodore arrived.

"Glad to see you, Commodore," said the volu-

blo and bland town clerk—"always glad to see you; yours is a face it always does one good to look at. Come about the Benares, I suppose? Seen in the paper how those French prisoners at Stapleton—rascals!—are breaking their parole? No honour, even, among thieves now. Ha! ha! I know you don't like a Frenchman, Commodore, eh?"

"Not I—I hate 'em, Mr. Shipden. Well, and what sort of a voyage had you, cap'n?" said the pilot, turning round on the gallant but rather sable master of the Old Kite.

"Pretty good, considering," said the captain rubbing his rather sooty mouth; "but we were boarded yesterday, just after seven bells, by the Pretty Renard, as I was telling Mr. Shipden when you came in. We stood a little too much to the southward, I think, but she luckily would not keep us, so off we went."

"Then it was her I caught a glimpse of," said the pilot; "I thought I knew the cut of her jib, and told Williams so just now on the jetty. I only wish some of the Decoy Duck's men could get on board of her; they'd make short work of it."

"How's that fine fellow Charles, Commodore, —still at his Berkshire school, eh?" said the town clerk. "Going to make a Nelson of him, eh? going to join the Kestrel, isn't he? Ah, fine vessel—excellent captain, brave as twenty lions. By-the-bye, does Charles see anything of the French prisoners at Wantage? they break their parole, I hear, very often."

"Charley comes home to-night; he'll join his vessel next Monday, I hope; I shall haul all taut about it to-morrow with Captain Davey. Charley shall come and pay his respects to you, Mr. Shipden, if you'll allow him, and tell you all about the Frenchmen."

"Allow him! D'ye hear that, Captain Pritchard?—allow him? Delighted—honour. Ha! ha! allow him! You'll find the clerks, Commodore, copying the Benares papers in the front office. But don't hurry. Nice stirring day; I like a sou'west wind and plenty of sea; and so do you amphibious people, I know."

The Commodore excused himself; he had to go and receive his pension, and then buy his boy's kit. As Mr. Shipden opened for him the glass door that led into the front office, there came from the town a clash of church bells and a roar of cannon: Dover was in as much effervescence as if the French had just landed; its excitement was, as it were, punctuated by the periodical cannon-shots. The batteries were firing at the rash privateer, which had stolen in nearer the shore in pursuit of a Deal lugger, as it was supposed.

## II.—THE BERKSHIRE COACH COMES IN.

What a stir there was at the Commodore's house an hour before the London coach came in. The best tea-things were put out; that worthy old woman, Mrs. Ladd, had polished the copper teakettle to within an inch of its life; the grate shone like silver. Charley's mother, in her clean cap, looked, as the Commodore gallantly observed, "twenty years younger." As for the old pilot's niece, Kitty—the prettiest, trimmest little girl in Dover—she was a picture of coquettish neatness, with just a pink ribbon fluttering about her neck and from her bonnet, to give life and colour to the clean blue-sprigged print gown.

"Muffins! Good," said the Commodore, looking round the table, as he solemnly put on his cocked hat, as a signal that the Blue Peter was hoisted for starting. "Tea out?—good; sugar?—right. Come, old woman—Kitty, put the fire-guard on. Come, both of you. I'd rather lose a thousand pounds—and that's a handsome offer—than miss meeting Charley to-night at the General Wolfe. Come, Kitty, say good-bye, to the looking-glass, you little jade, Charley will lose his heart quite soon enough, take my word for it. Come, all of you, or I'll mastead every man Jack, and leave you both behind."

The Commodore carefully squared his huge cocked hat, brushed up the black cockade at the side, pulled down the red cuffs of his blue uniform coat, took down his gilt-headed cane, and, with his wife on one arm and his niece on the

other, sallied forth for the inn outside the town, where the London coach made a point of stopping.

When they reached the inn a soldier or two and some rough suspicious looking sailors and carters, with a waggon, were already there waiting for the coach.

"She's late—five minutes late," said one of the ostlers. By "she," he meant the coach.

"Oh, I do hope there's been no accident," said Mrs. Ladd.

"Oh, don't fear aunt," said Kate, with a pretty little shudder; "pray don't talk so."

"They haven't allowed for the wind," said the commodore oracularly. "It's blowing up now for such a stiff breeze as you don't often see on these coasts."

"That's right, Commodore, said one of the sailors, a well-known smuggler, and of the worst of characters, "That privateer they saw this morning will never get home while this wind lasts."

"All the better if she doesn't," was the rough reply. "What matters about her or twenty French thieves? We shan't miss them—at least I shan't miss 'em—for, ye see, I don't get my brandy from them."

"That's a shot between wind and water, Jack, for you," said another sailor. "You'd better not try and overhaul the Commodore, he's too heavy for you."

Suddenly there came a moving cloud of dust down the road, then a gleam of lamps, and lastly became visible the London coach, its four horses going at a racing pace.

"There's the coach, uncle," cried Kitty, clapping her hands—"there's the coach, uncle."

"Here's Charley," cried Mrs. Ladd, waving her umbrella.

"Stand by, there," said the Commodore, issuing a general order to every one present, as if they were all his crew. "You fellows, there, give that waggon a turn to the larboard. That'll do."

The coach was piled with trunks and sailors' chests. A boyish figure beside the red-faced guard, who was blowing his horn cheerily and with great spirit, stood up and waved his straw hat. It was Charley. The coach drew up with a jerk. The boy was laughing, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks glowing at seeing Kitty.

"Hurrah! father—hurrah for home! How d'ye do, mother?—how d'ye do dear cousin Kitty?" cried the boy, as he shook hands with the great red burly coachman, and swung himself down as only a boy could have done. In a moment the curly-haired, bright, yet manly boy, full of life and animation, was kissing and being kissed.

"How he is grown," said the Commodore, proudly chucking him under the chin. "How he is grown; why, he'll be six feet high. Charley, you'll never be able to stand upright between two decks."

"He'll be an admiral—he's made for an admiral," said the delighted mother.

"Of course he will—dear Charley," said Kitty.

"Where is your chest, Charley? Come, look alive, the coach'll be off. Come, Jarrey. Where is the boy's chest? Leave it for us in Town-wall Street, there's a good man."

A slight cloud came over the boy's handsome face; his blue eyes darkened. "Father," he said, "I must go on to the town with the coach; you won't be angry, I know. There is a poor sick gentleman, a Mr. Johnson, inside the coach, and I've promised to see him to an inn. You walk home with mother and Kitty."

The Commodore looked inside the coach: there in the corner leaned a tall, thin man, his pale face hidden with wrappers that came up almost to the peak of the fur travelling cap he wore drawn over his eyes. When the boy took his thin, white hand, he waved it towards the Commodore.

"Ho is to ill to speak," said the boy, "last stage of consumption; going on to-morrow to his friends at Sandwich. You'll be at home, almost as soon as I shall. Now then, guard."

Away dashed the coach. The Commodore looked a little discomfited.

"Well, he's a good heart, that boy," he said, but I think he might have left the sick fellow to the waiters at the Ship Hotel. What do they get their money for, if they can't be civil to a sick man? A rope's end and short rations is what they want. Come, mother—come, Kitty. I think there's something wrong in the top rigging of that pale chap inside the coach, for I certainly saw him bow to that rough lot in the waggon, and they laughed. I wish, somehow, mother, I had made Charley come with us."

#### II.—GENERAL DESTOUCHES.

The coach had arrived; the passengers got down. Slowly and feebly the sick man descended, and was helped by the boy into a hackney-coach.

"You will not leave me yet," said the sick man, in a whisper, as he clutched the boy's hand nervously. "It is but ten minutes more; I am not yet safe. No—I want you to reply for me in case I am stopped. Would you ever forgive yourself if they killed me? Come, mon cher."

The boy hesitated.

"Come, dear friend; remember that you owe me your life. I ask but this last small proof of your gratitude—only this."

The boy wavered; the sick man drew him into the coach and shut the door. "Tell the man where," he said, in a low voice. "You know the place—quick. Bid the guard send your chest home."

The boy called to the guard, and then whispered to the driver—

"The Fortune of War, on the Deal road, and quick."

Arrived at their destination, the sick man was again helped out. Charles Ladd told the driver to wait and take him back.

It was a dingy, wainscoted, smoky room to which the landlord instantly showed them, after a sign and countersign had been exchanged in French between him and the friend of the Commodore's son. The moment the door was locked, the sick man threw off his cap, tore off his mufflers, and, opening his travelling cloak, disclosed the uniform of a French general. The man had the dark eyes and black hair of a native of the south of France, and spoke French, — a language the boy well understood—with a strong Provençal accent.

"My dear boy," he said, "you are my preserver; you have been a brother to me. I owe you my life—all. The wagon will come for me in a few minutes. Adieu, my preserver. How nobly have you repaid me."

"Dear general," said the boy, "how can I ever forget your saving me from drowning at Wantage, when I had sunk for the third time? Now you will once more see your dear country, and that dear little wife of whom you used so often to talk."

"There is but one thing now," said Destouches; "yes, one thing, but I dare not tell you that."

"Yes; do tell me, Destouches, do tell me. What can I do to help you? Tell me quick."

There was an artful and feigned reluctance in the general's manner. "These men will not take me to the Petit Renard under five guineas—I have not the five guineas."

The boy's face glowed with a generous ardour.

"Promise it them when they reach the ship."

"They won't lift an oar till they have the money."

"I have no money."

"You told me you had twenty pounds you were bringing your father from a gentleman at Wantage, in discharge of an old debt."

"I did so, general; but that is my father's money, you know," said the boy boldly.

"Your father's money?" said the Frenchman bitterly. "I saved your life, and yet this is your gratitude."

"I have risked the contempt and anger of my father—I have risked danger to myself, but I will never touch that money—not a farthing of it. General Destouches, it was not a thief whose life you saved. I thought you were a good and generous man; I pitied your misfortunes, but I will not turn thief for you. Let me go, sir."

For a moment the Frenchman looked as if he could have stabbed the brave boy; then his face

features relaxed into an unnatural, sardonic smile: a fear of betrayal came upon him, and with it the necessity of deception.

"My dear boy," he said—"my dear Ladd, I was wrong, you are right. How could I ask such a thing? how cruel—how infamous of me. The men will trust to my promises. Landlord," here he rang the bell, "bring some sherry. There is no time to be lost. I will go for it. We must drink each other's health before we part. Ha! my dear Ladd, trouble makes mean creatures of most of us."

"I would rather take no wine," said the boy, "but he off at once, Destouches. My father does not let me have wine. They will be anxious for me at home. He felt already distrustful of a man who had dared to propose robbery to him."

"Oh, you must, or I shall think you have not forgiven me. Forget it all—it was only my nonsense."

Destouches went out, and returned in a moment with two brimming glasses.

"Liberty and France," he cried, as he drained his; "long life and happiness to you, my dear preserver. Now drink yours."

"Your health, General Destouches. How kind you used to be to me at Wantage, walking with me and telling me stories about Napoleon. Do you remember?"

"Shall I ever forget my dear young English friend, whose life I saved, and who gave me liberty in return, and restored me to my adorable wife—to France and glory? Now drink yours."

The Frenchman's dark, subtle eyes watched the boy as he drank hurriedly. Before Ladd could replace the glass on the table, he began to grow giddy and to clutch at Destouches for support; then he uttered two or three incoherent words, staggered, and fell senseless.

"That's well, poor chicken," said the Frenchman, as he coolly stooped and rifled the boy's pocket of the packet of money he had before seen deposited there. "Now for the Petit Renard; the boat will start quicker and go better, now, and this boy, who is sure to betray me, shall go with me, if the men see the matter in the same light. The trip will do him good, and teach him more gratitude. One guinea will bribe the hackney-coachman. I thought the brat of a schoolboy would break down when it came to giving me the money. What will the old pig of a father in the cocked hat say? What a strong drug that is I used. Ha! It has been useful to me before."

#### IV.—THE DISCLOSURE.

One hour after the Commodore's return, as the family sat waiting in silence, anxiously and impatiently, for Charles's return, there came a single hard, dry, business-like sort of knock at the front door.

"Here he is; now get tea under way," said the Commodore, bustling to the door. "Here's Charley. Look alive all hands, you women folk—avast talking."

"Here's Charley," cried Kitty. "Here's a candle, uncle. No, let me go."

The Commodore opened the door—he would not hear of any one else doing it. To his surprise, it was not Charles who stood on the doorstep, but Mr. Shipden, the town clerk, as usual, alert, brisk, and bland, but this time grave, anxious, and pre-occupied.

"Commodore Ladd," he said, "I come on business—painful business. I never thought I should have had to come on such business, and to you of all men, for I respect you, and always did—we all do in this town—as a brave and honest man. I have to tell you that General Destouches, a French prisoner of rank, has escaped from Wantage, and been traced to Dover."

"And why come here to tell it, of all other places? I am not surely a man, Mr. Shipden, I should hope, to be suspected of connivance with a scoundrel runaway—I, who served His majesty for two-and-forty years. I've no great reason to like Frenchmen, Master Shipden; they killed my father and maimed my two brothers."

The Commodore spoke proudly, and with self-reliance; but an indescribable dread of some

overwhelming misfortune just then came over him, and there was a pallor on his lips and a moisture about his eyes. By this time his wife and niece had come to the door, and were standing on either side of him.

The town clerk entered the hall, and closed the door behind him. Kate burst into tears.

"What is it, Mr. Shipden? Oh, pray, tell us quickly," said the mother, with all a mother's quick instinct of coming misfortune. "You bring us bad news, I'm sure you do. What is it? Has any harm—Has Char—Charley—"

"Do not mention his name, woman," said the Commodore violently. "That boy's name—my name—shall never be mentioned by any one coupled with a word of disgrace. Charley couldn't do wrong. Tell me—tell me, for Heaven's sake, what has happened, Mr. Shipden, or something will break upon my brain. Is the lad hurt? Has he come to any harm? Say at once—is he dead?"

The Commodore took off his hat, and hung down his head. Mrs. Ladd and Kitty burst into agonies of tears.

"The truth is terrible, but I must disclose it," said the kindly lawyer. "Keep your hearts up, dear friends, and put your trust where comfort is alone to be found. Your son Charles has been helping a French general to escape from Wantage. He has been traced to Dover in the unhappy boy's company."

"He has not crossed our threshold since he returned from school," said the Commodore fiercely, "the woman here can testify to it." The old sailor's eyes were fixed like those of a madman. "It's all lies—it's lies. What, my boy—my son Charles—help a French rascal to escape? Impossible. Mr. Shipden, leave my house, sir; if I am a suspected man it is no place for you. Go, sir."

The town clerk put his hand on that of Ladd's with a kindness almost womanly.

"Commodore," he said, "you are not suspected. I came here as a friend to break bad news to you, and I must tell it. The French officer and your son have been traced to the Fortune of War, a well-known haunt for fugitives who break their parole. They are there now."

"It's not true—it cannot be true. Open the door, mother; give me water, Kitty; I feel faint. The boy has been decoyed. Let me go to him."

"It is too late," said Mr. Shipden gravely, and with a face darkening as he spoke—"too late, my dear old friend. You can now only pray for him. I must tell it you—yes, I must tell you the worst: your boy Charles has gone on board the French privateer with General Destouches."

The old Commodore gave an agonized, staring look at his wife and Kitty; then throwing up his arms, as if in a frenzied appeal to heaven, he fell heavily on the floor.

#### V.—THE TWO LOGGERS.

"He's been there all the blessed night—all through that rough weather, and the sea breaking over him every five minutes," said John Williams to a fisherman, who, before daybreak, had strolled out to the pier to see if it was possible to put out his lobster-boat. A knot of men had collected where they were talking; all eyes were turned to the figure of an old man who was standing amid the blinding spray at the very furthest end of the pier. In the curdling grey light it was just possible to distinguish that he held a telescope under one arm, and that he stood gazing intently seaward. It was Commodore Ladd.

"It'll kill him—it'll kill him, mates," said one; "that boy was part of his heart. Who'd ever have thought of a lad like Charley running over to the French, and all for a few guineas? I can't understand it."

Williams went out to where the old man stood, and took him by the arm. "Tom," he said, "Tom, come, let us go home: if you brood over it like this you will go mad. You will never see that privateer again. Why, she's safe in Gravelines harbour, man, an hour ago. The

lad turned out bad, as some lads must. Forget him."

The old man shuddered and said nothing, but yielding passively to his friend, turned homeward without a word. Daylight was spreading fast. The fog all at once lifted like a curtain from the sea. Suddenly the roar of a cannon was heard from Arclieliff fort. The two men instinctively turned: there, not half a mile from the pier, lay the French privateer, the Petit Renard—and trying with sweeps (large oars), to escape from the shore, near which the bewildering fog had detained it during that awful night of storm.

"I prayed for it. I—I prayed for it," said the Commodore, almost beside himself with joy. "Yes, I prayed she might go down in last night's storm, or, in some way or other, be delivered into the enemy's hand, so that my boy might prove his innocence. Heaven be thanked, Tom, for hearing that prayer. If Charley prove guilty I shall wish it had gone to the bottom last night."

"He's mad," said Williams, as the Commodore thrust his cocked hat further over his eyes, and literally ran from him to a cluster of sailors and privateers-men whom the firing from the battery had now attracted to the pier. "Tom's head's clean gone—clean gone; he'll never be himself again—never."

"Captain Davison," said the Commodore, addressing himself to a tall, thick-whiskered man in a pilot coat, who was eyeing the discomfited vessel wistfully, "lend me your vessel, man—quick, lend it me. I'll get volunteers, and we'll have a try at that cursed Frenchman who kidnapped my son."

Davison looked doggedly seaward, and said sullenly, "The vessel's worth money, Commodore, and there's too great a sea on to have much chance, though it is getting a little better. You're thinking of your son; I've got to think of my ship."

"I've saved two hundred and fifty pounds, Davison. It was hard-earned money," said the Commodore, "but I'll give a hundred of that—two hundred—if I lose her, and two guineas besides for every man that volunteers to go with me."

Davison relented. "What do you say, men?" he said, turning round to the crowd of young, snawy "hovellers" and fishermen that stood round him. "Will you go with the Commodore and try and overhaul the Petty Renard, and see if Charley is really there? I've got muskets and cutlasses enough. Shall it be, lads?"

"Ay ay," shouted at once thirty or forty voices, "we're the boys for you, Commodore. We'll give a good account of her, if we can only once get the weather-gage."

"I'll follow the boarders, if I can't lead 'em," said the Commodore; "and if Charley is there of his own free will I don't care how soon a bullet lays me quiet, for I've nothing then to live for. But he isn't—I'd give my life he isn't. Oh Charley, Charley, I'd rather have seen you drown or burn before my eyes than run off to join the infernal French. Come, lads, we haven't a minute to lose; they're getting the sweeps into play, and the battery doesn't go near to them. Run, some one, and tell them to stop firing at Arclieliff, or we shall get sunk before we run up our colours."

What a cheer there was for the old Commodore as fifty or sixty volunteers, headed by Williams, leaped, shouting, into the vessel, and with wonderful expedition that smart lugger, the Good Despatch, went swirling round the pier-head and out to sea, in pursuit of the Frenchman. Nearer and nearer crept the English vessel upon the privateer, in spite of all her doublings and windings. A lucky shot shattered the Frenchman's sweeps on one side, and left her, helpless and lamed, rolling in the trough of the sea, whose vast waves seemed now ranging for her destruction. Plunging through the yeasty, leaping sea came the Good Despatch, eager to seize her prey. Suddenly out stretched the sweeps again, and away the Frenchman flew.

"We shall lose her now, Commodore," said Davison, despondingly, as they stood by a loaded gun.

"No, we shall not lose her—something tells me we shall not lose her; I shall see my boy once more." That very shot brought down the Frenchman's jury-mast, and in ten minutes the Good Despatch was on her.

They were so close now that the Dover men could see the fierce privateers-men, the French officer who commanded them, and several Creole sailors, who were grinning through the boarding netting.

"Put the helm up," shouted the Commodore. "Lay her alongside, Williams. Stand by with the grapplings—that's right. Now, boarders, stick to the cutlass and strike for old England; give them one cheer, and down in their main channel before they've got over the first fright. I'll be after you."

Crash came a dangerous shower of grape from the Frenchman, then a dropping tormenting musketry fire from the rigging; but the sea was high, and the vessels tossed so, that the aim was very defective.

Over went the Dover men in a fierce scramble, hewing down the netting with cutlass and axe. A few fell; the rest dropped down, like wild cats, on the enemy's deck.

The Commodore, sword in hand, was not the last to charge down on the Frenchmen; he closed with the enemy's first mate, and felled him down at the third cut.

The fight was still raging hot; Williams and the Commodore were urging on their men for a rush at the quarter-deck, the last citadel of the French general and some dozen savage looking desperadoes, when a boy ran up the cabin stairs pursued by a French sailor, whom a Dover fisherman instantly stopped by an opportune back-handed sabre-cut. It was Charley; he ran swift and straight to the Commodore, and was received in his arms.

"It's my boy," said the delighted father, turning from the fighting for a moment. "It's my boy; it's Charley. He is saved; he's true after all. They had him in limbo. Didn't I say so, mates?"

"Three cheers for Charley," cried the men. "I didn't run away, father," said the boy. "You didn't think I ran away? They put something in my wine and carried me off. You did not think I had turned Frenchman? Dear father, bless you for saving me. Give me a cutlass, and I'll help to fight with father. They locked me in the cabin, but I broke out."

"Kill that boy," shouted the French general; but in a moment Destouches, in the act of firing at Charley, was shot dead and trampled under foot. Five minutes' wild fighting in broken groups, and the Petit Renard was the prize of Commodore Ladd. Another five minutes and her head was turned back towards the white cliffs.

The moment the Good Despatch and her shattered prize entered Dover harbour, the sailors carried the old Commodore on shore on their shoulders in triumph, and the soldiers cheered and the town band played when the Commodore, once more on his legs, his left arm bandaged from a sword-cut, a bullet-hole or two in his cocked hat, passed the Custom House door.

As for Charley, the indiscretion into which a romantic generosity had led him was soon forgotten, and that day week he joined the Kestrel.

"My parting advice," said the Commodore, as he took the lad on board, "is this: if you want to be a good sailor and worthy of cousin Kitty, never you trust a Frenchman again. If a Frenchman should ever offer to save you, Charley, from drowning, you say, 'Thank'ee, mounseer, but if you've no objection, and I can't get out by myself, I'd rather drown; thank you all the same.'"

The virulence of a long war made many Englishmen as unjust to their neighbours as Commodore Ladd. In spite of the advice, however, Charley turned out a good sailor and an honest man.

Dr. Cullen is of the opinion that the frequency of malignant fevers of all kinds has been lessened by the use of sugar.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREM.

1. 500 and J deo, (a town in Japan).
2. 1,000 " A hog, (a town in Ireland).
3. 1,000 " Ha! grub (a city of Germany).
4. 50 " Panes (a European kingdom).
5. 1,000 " Boor (a Scottish lake).
6. 550 " Horace (a town in England).
7. 550 " I earn (one of the British Isles).
8. 650 " Stag, tuk (a town in Holstein).
9. 1,000 " A ayah (a chain of mountains in India).
10. 600 " Tie (is cultivated).

The initials read downwards will name a living statesman.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. A void space, a scriptural name, to lower, a port in Africa, a signal of death.
2. A scriptural name, warmth, often seen on the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, a term used in music.

CRYPTOGRAPH.

Refsdrome alehd mlhm hem nmdelm no anhk, Crtpn enof h pond no illf npl arom hahk; O nplm npl lhdnp aprap llfu npl aodnm re hal Epomurn flmap h alhm no lrlu npl arende enha.

ENIGMA.

I was, but am not, and ne'er will be again; Myriads possessed me, and possessed in vain; To some I proved a friend, to some a foe, Some I exalted, others I laid low. To some I gave the bliss that knows no sigh, And some condemned to equal misery; If conscious that we meet, and but to sever, Now say to whom you bade farewell for ever.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Whole, I am a fish; behead me, I am a female name; transpose me, now I am valuable timber; curtail, and I am a beverage.
2. Whole, I'm lean; curtailed, I'm a bar; again curtailed, I'm visited by invalids; transposed, I'm a serpent; restored, beheaded, and transposed, I'm a fruit; again transposed, I'm to diminish; again, I'm to obtain; again, I'm a plant; beheaded, I'm an animal; transposed, I'm a pulse; beheaded and curtailed, I'm a vowel; restored and transposed, I'm to solve by grammar; curtailed and transposed, I'm a file; beheaded and transposed, I'm to undermine; again beheaded and transposed, I'm a parent; and again beheaded, I'm a vowel.

Puz.

I am a word of ten letters. My 1, 7, 8, 9 is to inform. My 4, 5, 6 is an insect; my 6, 3, 7, 1 is an allowance in weight; my 4, 3, 3, 7, 2, 3 is an unpaid account; my 6, 2, 3, 6, 2, 5 is a kind of woollen stuff; my 6, 7, 5, 1 is a temporary habitation; my 3, 10, 5, 6 is to rare; my 8, 7, 6, is to allow; my 5, 7, 6, 6, 9, 7 is a common herb; my 8, 2, 6, 1, 7, 3 is the last, and my whole is an Italian dance. ELIZA M.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION

A and B had copies of the SATURDAY READER. Says B. to A. "give me 10 of yours then I shall possess 1/2 of what you will have." "I will give you said A to B, 1/4 of what I have, then we shall each have an equal number." How many had each.

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC &c.

Double Acrostic.—Earl of Derby—Earl Russell, 1. Exo; 2. Altona; 3. Rapier; 4. Level; 5. October; 6. Fournneau; 7. Duchess; 8. Eurus; 9. Romance; 10. Beryl; 11. Youghal.

- |             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1. A V E R. | 2. D E T E R. |
| V A L E.    | E L U D E.    |
| E L S E.    | T U L I P.    |
| R E E L.    | E D I L E.    |
|             | R E P E L.    |

Charades.—1. Time-table. 2. Virtue is its own reward. 3. Defender of Faith.

Transposition.—26 words as follows a, ale, as, at, ate, eat, east, last, late, lea, lest, lot, sale, salt, sat, sate, sea, seal, seat, set, slate, steal, stale, tale, tea, and teal.

Decapitation.—Mabel-abel-able-elba-bate-ale. Double Acrostic.—Victoria, Napoleon—1. Venison; 2. Ipecacuanha; 3. Carp; 4. Tattoo; 5. Opal; 6. Rome; 7. Incognito; 8. Accordon. Arithmetical Question.—£4000.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. T.—Yes. Ensigns of the Guards rank with lieutenants of other regiments, lieutenants with captains, captains with lieutenant-colonels, and on exchanging into the line they exchange into the higher positions.

GROG.—The quaint name of *grog* is said to be derived from a nickname of Admiral Vernon who introduced into the royal navy the mixture of rum and water, served out as a beverage to the men. In bad weather he was in the habit of walking the deck in a rough *grog*gram cloak, the sailors thence called him *Old Grog*, and then transferred the name to the drink.

G. F.—The article is declined with many thanks.

ISAAC.—The meaning of Isaac is, "he will laugh," and of Isaiah "Salvation of God."

TYRO.—We do not understand you—write again and try to be plain and concise.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Edward Jenner the discoverer of vaccination was born at Berkely in Gloucestershire in 1740. The imperial parliament voted him in 1802 a grant of £10,000 and in 1707 a second grant of £20,000. Honours were also conferred upon him by foreign courts and he was elected an honorary member of nearly all the learned societies of Europe. Since he died a public statue has been erected in his honour in London.

H. H. V.—With pleasure.

J. J. W.—George Sand is a *nom de plume*, the real name of the writer is the Baroness Dudevant.

LIZZIE A.—We regret that we cannot oblige our correspondent.

J. SEWELL.—The dowry of the Princess Royal was £40,000 with £8,000 per annum.

J. SCOTT.—The meaning of the term *Missa di voce* used in singing, is the gradual swelling and again diminishing of the sound of the voice on a note of long duration.

S. C. T.—Declined with thanks.

DAVID.—On the 29th. March 1652.

CHROMIUM.—This remarkable metal, which derives its name from *chrome*, a colour, may be obtained by exposing to a very high temperature a mixture of peroxide of chromium and charcoal, then reheating the powder thus obtained with a small quantity more of the peroxide of chromium in a porcelain crucible. In this state it is a slightly coherent mass. It is extremely hard, scratching glass with the greatest facility, an angular piece, set in an appropriate handle, would therefore be a good substitute for the glazier's diamond. It is also magnetic, in this respect resembling iron, but its fusibility being difficult, it has not yet received any practical application. Its salts, however, are largely used in dyeing. The chromate of lead is used as a pigment in painting, and the oxide forms a beautiful green colouring matter, which is replacing the poisonous arsenical green lately employed in colouring paper for papering rooms. Another salt, the bi-chromate of potash, in conjunction with oil of vitriol, is also largely employed in the purification and bleaching of wax and fatty matters. A singular peculiarity of the bi-chromate of potash is, that although it is readily soluble in water, forming a bright yellow solution, yet after exposure to the light of the sun for even a few minutes, some chemical change takes place, and it is no longer soluble. If therefore a piece of clean white blotting-paper be dipped into a solution of bi-chromate of potash, and then exposed for a few minutes under a negative photograph to sunlight, on removal, after being thoroughly well washed and dried, a copy, though somewhat indistinct, of the photograph is readily obtained. This is a very pleasing experiment for a sunny day.

Improvements in apparatus for obtaining latitude and longitude have recently been patented by Mr. C. F. Varley, whose name is connected with the laying of the Atlantic telegraph cable.

This apparatus can be used for ascertaining the elevation above the horizon of lights and other objects, and thus furnishing the data for computing their distance from the observer.

CHESS.

A match between Messrs. Zerega and Worrall, at the New York Chess Club, has terminated in favor of the former by a score of 7 to 3.

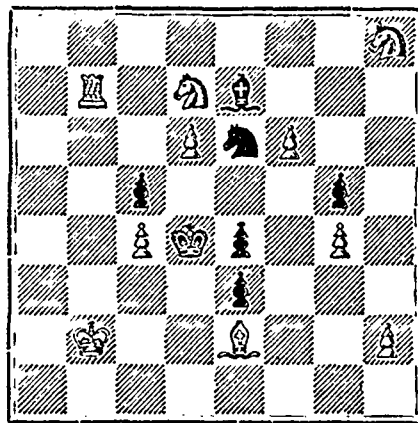
A Chess match by telegraph has been commenced between the New York and Detroit Chess Clubs. Two games will be played, and if these terminate in a manner to render the conflict indecisive, a third will be contested. The players on the part of New York are Capt G. H. Mackenzie, Dr. Barnett, and C. H. Stanley, and on the part of Detroit, Messrs. H. A. Bury, C. C. Elder, and others.

According to our latest intelligence, the grand international Chess Tournament was expected to commence on the 3rd inst. The London Chess Clubs were to be represented by Mr. De Vere, Herr Steinitz, likewise, would leave England and break a lance in the tourney. The American amateurs are so far represented by Mr. Samuel Lloyd and Mr. James Thomson. The appearance, however, at an early period, of Mr. Paul Morphy, is likewise confidently anticipated.

PROBLEM, No. 76.

BY F. B.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No 74.

- |                  |              |
|------------------|--------------|
| WHITE            | BLACK.       |
| 1 K to K sq.     | P to Q Kt 7. |
| 2 Kt to h 5.     | P Queen's    |
| 3 Kt to Q 3 Mate |              |

THE MACKENZIE AND REICHELHM MATCH.

SECOND GAME.

RUY LOPEZ OPENING.

- |                         |                       |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| WHITE. (Mr. Reichhelm.) | BLACK (Mr. Mackenzie) |
| 1 P to K 4.             | 1 P to K 4.           |
| 2 Kt to K B 3.          | 2 Kt to Q B 3.        |
| 3 B to Q Kt 5.          | 3 P to Q R 3.         |
| 4 B takes Kt.           | 4 Q P takes B.        |
| 5 Castles.              | 5 B to Q 3.           |
| 6 P to Q 4.             | 6 Q B to Kt 5.        |
| 7 P takes P.            | 7 B takes Kt          |
| 8 Q takes B.            | 8 B takes P.          |
| 9 K to Q sq.            | 9 Q to K 2.           |
| 10 Kt to B 3.           | 10 Kt to B 3.         |
| 11 B to Kt 5.           | 11 Castles.           |
| 12 B takes Kt.          | 12 B takes B.         |
| 13 R to Q 3.            | 13 Q R to Q sq.       |
| 14 Q R to Q sq.         | 14 R takes Kt.        |
| 15 R takes Kt           | 15 B takes Kt         |
| 16 R takes B.           | 16 Q to Kt 5.         |
| 17 P to Q Kt 3.         | 17 K to K sq.         |
| 18 P to K Kt 3.         | 18 R takes P.         |
| 19 R to Q 3.            | 19 R to K 8 (ch)      |
| 20 K to Kt 2.           | 20 Q to K 2.          |
| 21 Q to Kt 4.           | 21 R to K 8.          |
| 22 Q to Q 4.            | 22 P to K Kt 3.       |
| 23 R to K 3.            | 23 R takes R.         |
| 24 P takes Kt           | 24 P to Q B 4.        |
| 25 Q to Q 3.            | 25 Q to Q 3.          |
| 26 Q to K 4.            | 26 P to Q B 3.        |
| 27 Q to K B 4.          | 27 Q takes Q.         |
| 28 R P takes Q.         | 28 K to Kt 2.         |
| 29 K to B 3.            | 29 K to B 3.          |
| 30 P to K R 4.          | 30 P to B 4.          |
| 31 P to Q B 4.          | 31 K to B 4.          |
| 32 K to K 3.            | 32 K to Kt 5.         |
| 33 K to B 2.            | 33 P to Q Kt 4.       |
| 34 K to Kt 2.           | 34 P to Q Kt 5.       |
| 35 K to B 2.            | 35 K to R 6.          |
| 36 K to B 3.            | 36 P to K B 4.        |
| 37 K to B 2.            | 37 K to R 7 and wins. |

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

DESIGNING MEN.—Architects.

CHARMING CLOTHES FOR HOT WEATHER.—The "Melton Suits."

Why does a policeman on duty resemble a tipsy Irishman?—Because he's pat-roling.

If all the letters in the alphabet were to run a race, which letter would be sure to be first in starting?—The letter s.

A musical author, being asked if he had composed anything lately, replied, "My last work was a composition with my creditors."

A lively Hibernian exclaimed at a party where Theodore Hook shone the star of the evening: "Oh, Master Theodore, but you're the *hook* that nobody can bate!"

"If there is anybody under the canister of Heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slander, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

An *ignoramus* had been sick, and on recovering was told by the doctor that he might take a little animal food. "No, sir," said he; "I took your gruel easy enough, but hang me if I can your hay and oats."

Felix McCarthy, of the Kerry Militia, was generally late on parade. "Ah, Felix, said the sergeant, "you are always last."—"Bo aisy, Sergeant Sullivan," was his reply; "sure some one must be last."

A Boston paper says that a hasty pudding which had been set out to cool one morning in that city, was taken to the station-house, by a policeman, on a charge of *smoking in the street*—a practice which is not permitted in that tidy little city.

"Illustrated with cuts!" said a mischievous young urchin, as he drew his knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts!" repeated the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the mischievous urchin.

An elderly lady, telling her age, remarked she was born on the 23rd of April. Her husband, who was present, observed, "I always thought you were born on the 1st of April?"—"People might well judge so," responded the lady, "in the choice I made of a husband."

A nice old lady of our acquaintance declares that she thinks it very strange that a little quick-silver in a glass tube can make such awful hot weather by just rising it an inch or so.

We have heard of an economical man who always takes his meals in front of a mirror—he does this to double the dishes. If that isn't philosophy, we should like to know what is.

A SAVAGE RESTOR.—A John Bull, conversing with a Canadian Indian, asked him if he knew that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions. "No," said the Indian.—"Do you know the reason why?" asked John.—"Because heaven is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the savage's reply.

A young farmer of Cumnock, Ayrshire, considered that the daughter of a neighbour would suit him as a wife, and having made up his mind, he proposed to the fair one without the usual preliminaries. The young lady's reply was, "Deed, Jamie, I'll tak ye; but ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin' for a' that."

"Jack the Barber"—who did hair-cutting and so forth all the week and preached on Sundays—was a strange fellow, sure enow. While he was hair-cutting or shaving he had all his thoughts on his sermons an' such like, an' he always spoke a "word in season" to his customers. One day a stranger called to be shaved, so Jack lathered his face, held back his head, an' just as he was beginning to scrape him w' the razor he said to the man, in a very solemn tone, "My good brother, are you prepared to die?" The man looked hard at Jack, still harder at the razor, and then rushed half terrified out of the shop, all lathered as he was, shouting out at the top of his voice, "Murder! murder!", Jack followed at his heels, but could not catch him, an' never saw his new customer again.—*Methodist Recorder.*