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The Saturday Reader.

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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

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

From "All the Year Round,"

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 367.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VII. NEWS FROM HAMMERHAM.

Returning from the theatre, they passed the open door of the kitchen on their way into the house, and Mrs. Walton looked in to say good evening to old Joe, who was sitting by the turf fire in a great chair covered with patchwork, and smoking a long pipe.

"Good evening, Mr. Bonny, how are you to-night?"

"Wa-all, Missus Walton" responded the old man in a slow growl, "I don't know as there's much the matter with me, 'ceptin' as I've growed old. My old carcase ain't good for nothin' now, but to set still from mornin' till night in this here darned old cheer."

Joe Bonny never regarded the individual whom he was addressing, nor even turned his head, but habitually uttered his remarks in the manner of a soliloquy, and was so slow, so gruff, and so inarticulate, as to be nearly unintelligible to strangers.

"Ah, sure, Joe," said Biddy, bustling cheerfully about the kitchen, "don't be afther repoining now! Ye've done yer share of work in this world; can't ye be aisy and rest comfortable in the evenin of yer days?"

"Yah!" snarled Joe. "Rest! There niver warn't a Paddy yet as I ever heerd on, as wasn't up to takin' any amount o' that there. They thinks a Englishman just lunattic for wantin' to do anything else in the 'varsal world *but* rest!"

A significant commentary on Joe's speech was supplied by old Bridget's busy activity. The sweet-tempered old soul applied herself to the preparation of her lodgers' supper, now and then stopping to alter the position of the cushion behind her husband's back, or to put his tobacco-box within more convenient reach of his hand, or to pile a few fresh turfs on the hearth.

"Don't you find it warm enough, to do without fire here in the evening?" said Mrs. Walton, turning to leave the kitchen.

"*I* do, ma'am," answered Biddy; "but Joe likes the bit of foire, the craythur. Sure he can't move about to set his blood cirkylatin', and it does be company for him when I'm obliged to lave him alone."

During supper Biddy lingered in the sitting-room, on one excuse or the other, to express her delight at the performance, and to retail all the favorable criticisms which Teddy Molloy had brought home.

"Don't sit up for us any longer, Biddy," said Mrs. Walton. "I am sure you must be very tired."

"Oh, sorra a bit, ma'am," responded the old woman, cheerfully "But I'll wish yez all good night, an' pleasant dhraems, an'—— Arrah, see there now!" she exclaimed suddenly, "what a baste I am to be forgettin' the letther, and me having it in my pocket all the time!"

"A letter, Biddy?"

"A letther, no less, ma'am, and 'tis for the young lady, God bless her. Sure it came not more than foive minutes afther ye was gone to the theatre, an, I tuk it from Dennis the postman my own self, and put it in my pocket, and sure I give no more thought to it from that moment to this so I didn't! There it is, miss." Biddy handed to Mabel a thick letter with the Hammerham postmark.

"No bad news, dear, I hope?" said Aunt Mary with a searching glance at Mabel's face as she read her letter.

"Oh no, aunt, thank you. Mamma and Dooley are well. And mamma tells me that—a friend of mine is going to be married."

"Hallo, Mabel!" cried Jack, in his random way, saying what came uppermost. "I hope it isn't a case of 'she never told her love,' and letting what's his name, like the thingummy, eat up the damask roses, eh? You look quite tragic. Is he false, Mabel, fickle, faithless?"

"How silly you are, Jack!" said Mabel, flushing crimson. "The friend who is going to be married, is a lady, an old school-fellow of mine, Miss Augusta Charlewood."

"Any relation to the gentleman of whose kindness little Corda speaks so much?" asked Mrs. Walton.

"His sister."

There was a little shade over Mabel.

"You are tired, dear child," said her aunt. "Go to bed."

Mabel rose, shook hands with Jack, and kissed her aunt in silence.

"Shut your door, Mabel, so that I may not disturb you when I come into my room. I am not going to bed for an hour yet. I have to recover a part for to-morrow night. Good night, dear. I don't know how it is," continued Mrs. Walton, when Mabel had left the room, "but it always seems to me that a letter from Hazlehurst puts her out of spirits. And yet she is very eager to get them, poor child."

"I think Aunt Earnshaw bothers her with complaints; she was always selfish," said Jack: who had never quite forgiven what he called Mrs. Philip's bad behaviour to his mother.

Mabel went into her own little chamber, and shut the door of communication between it and her aunt's room. The night was warm and soft, and Mabel opened the little old-fashioned lattice window that looked across a small flagged yard into some gardens beyond, where a couple of tall elms stood up dark against the sky. She unbound and brushed out her hair, and prepared herself for bed, glancing every now and then at her letter. She had laid it on the little table beside the looking-glass: but she did not open it again, or read it, until she had finished her toilet for the night. It seemed as though she desired to devote herself very quietly to its perusal; for when she was ready to step into bed she wrapped a dressing-gown about her, and seating herself at the table, took up the letter. But even then she did not open it at once, but sat stroking her forehead with the cover in a musing irresolute way. At last, with a decided movement, she took it out of its envelope, and, beginning at the first page, read it through steadily, once more.

Mrs. Saxelby, as the reader knows by this time, was not one of those people who can "suffer and be strong." It was her nature and her habit to cry out, when she was hurt in either mind or body: not with any passionate or unbecoming violence, but with a soft plaintive lady-like bemoaning of her fate, and demand for sympathy. And it was very difficult for Mrs. Saxelby to believe that people who *didn't* cry out, suffered at all.

After the drive in Miss Charlewood's pony-carriage, she had sat down to relieve her mind by pouring out some portion of her own melancholy and low spirits on Mabel. Not that this was what she told herself she meant to do. "Of course Mabel will like to hear the Hammerham news. I must tell her of Augusta's engagement. Oh dear me, dear me! No one knows what an effort it is for me to write sometimes!" That is what Mrs. Saxelby said to herself.

So Mabel read her mother's letter steadily through. The first part related small particulars of her own health and Dooley's, of their daily life, and of the garden and orchard, and dumb creatures — not forgetting the famous pig. Then came the kernel, the real bitter almond for whose envelopement all the husk of the letter had been constructed. "On Tuesday, Penelope Charlewood called in the forenoon, and brought the pony-carriage, in which she asked us to take a drive. I was a little unwilling at first to go. But it was a fine day, and I knew dear Julian would enjoy it and Miss Charlewood was very friendly and urgent, so at last I consented. I had not seen any of the family from Bramley Manor for three weeks, and Miss Charlewood excused and accounted for their long absence by giving me a piece of news. Augusta is going to be married very shortly. Her fiancé is a clergyman named Dawson, belonging to an Irish family. But Penelope said the young couple would live close to Eastfield, which is (for rich people who do not care what they spend in travelling) quite like being in Hammerham. When *my* daughter was in Eastfield it seemed a long way off. But Mr. Charlewood is one of the fortunate ones of this word. Mrs. Dawson—the mother of the bridegroom elect—is staying at the Manor on a visit. And also his cousin, a Miss O'Brien, an Irish girl. *Very* handsome and dashing and clever. She and Clement Charlewood take long rides together. She is a *splendid* horsewoman. And, from what Penelope said, I can see very plainly that she is making violent love to Clement. In fact, I infer that the whole thing is as good as settled. I must say I felt very downcast and wretched when I returned home after the drive. It did seem as if everything and everybody that I cared for were drifting, drifting away from me. After all that has passed I *did* think that Clement would not have consoled himself so very soon. How fickle and selfish men are! But I don't believe he can care for this Miss O'Brien one quarter as much as he did for you. He is just dazzled and flattered, that is all. O Mabel, Mabel! how I wish sometimes that——but of course it is no use wishing; I know that very well; and you, who have new scenes, new faces, and new occupations, can scarcely imagine how bitter *my* regrets are sometimes. One thing is quite certain: marry whom you will I shall never, never be able to feel for him as I could have done for Clement Charlewood. It is sometimes fairly incomprehensible to me how you could *help* loving him. But I suppose there is no accounting for these things, and it is useless to try."

The letter rambled on in this strain for some page and a half longer; but contained nothing more which it imports the reader to know for the understanding of my story, except the few following words, added as a postscript.

"Walter joined his regiment a fortnight ago They say he will be sent to Dublin. I wonder if you will chance to see him! He is to be at the wedding, of course, if he can get leave, which they do not doubt."

Mabel re-folded the letter elaborately; taking especial care to keep the paper in its original creases, and pressing and *smoothing* them

with her hand. One would have thought, to watch her, that her attention was quite absorbed in her task. But in truth she did not even see what she was doing, except in a mechanical way, from which her mind was absent.

"Poor mamma!" thought Mabel. "I am so sorry for poor mamma!" Then her thoughts,—like a flock of wild birds that wheel and turn and hover round the spot to which their desires tend, afraid to settle on the feeding-ground, and yet circling in still narrowing rounds until they alight at last,—fluttered capriciously hither and thither about the main point of interest in her mother's letter, without at first fastening on it. She pictured to herself Dooley and her mother seated in Miss Charlewood's little carriage. The country road that she knew so well; the look of the cottage with its climbing roses coming into bloom; Penelope's hard resolute face and keen bright eyes. Then Augusta; what was her future husband like? It was odd he should be Irish. And that cousin,—that Miss O'Brien—was she—? Ah, then the fluttering fancy furled its wings and dropped and brooded! What was this? This dull numb feeling at the heart, that was more like a pain of which we are dimly conscious in our sleep, than real waking suffering? What was amiss? What had she lost or gained since an hour ago, that made this strange difference in her out-look on the world? "I told him that day at Eastfield," she murmured dreamily, "that he would find some one who would drive the thought of me from his mind, or at least leave me only a humble niche there, that he could look on with calm friendliness. Yes. I knew it. I said so. And he was to sure,—so fixed,—so certain that he could never change or waver! I hope she is worthy of him. He is good. I am very glad——No!" she cried suddenly, pressing her hands upon her hot brow, suffused all at once with a deep crimson flush. "No, no, no; I am *not* glad. How poor I am in my own eyes! How mean, selfish, pitiful; but I won't lie to myself. I am *not* glad. I am sorry, *I* who gave him so much pain,—I who was so unbending with him, and repulsed his love so firmly,—*I* am grudging him this happiness at the bottom of my heart. What if he has forgotten his fancy quickly? Ought I not to rejoice that the hurt is not so deep a one as he thought? I could not love him as he wished, but I told him proudly that I should always be his faithful grateful friend. I was so lofty and secure of myself, and now——For a miserable slight to my self-love, I cannot be glad in my friend's gladness! O Mabel, Mabel! are you vain and envious and mean? I did not know you to be so, Mabel Earnshaw. And now that I see you as you are, I am astonished and ashamed."

The scalding tears ran down her flushed cheeks slowly.

She went to the open window and leaned out. The air was still and sweet, and the clear dark sky seemed to soothe the throbbing of her temples. There was no sound save faint snatches of a mournful Irish song that came now and then, softened and sweetened by the distance, from some ship at anchor in the river.

Mabel set her thoughts to look forward into the future. Into the career she hoped to make, the toils and fears and pleasures of her art. She thought of her uncle's story of the Arabian princess, who shut her ears to the distracting voices, and neither faltered nor looked back.

"Ah, that looking back!" said Mabel to herself. "That is fatal. I may turn when I am at the top, but not yet. And then, too," she said, wiping her wet eyes with a child-like half-sad smile, "the view is always so much wider and better from the summit!"

CHAPTER VIII. LINGO IS CARRIED AWAY BY HIS FEELINGS.

The first two or three weeks of the theatrical season at Kilclare were very successful. The company advanced and secured themselves in public favour. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival and Miss Lydia St. Aubert were the "bright particular stars" of the tragic portions of the performances; whilst comedy and force were supported by the lively exertions of Mr. Snell, the low comedian, Mrs Walton, and Miss Annette Moffatt. The latter young lady had been christened Ann, and commonly called Nancy up to twelve years of age; but after that time she was sent to school in France, and returned to her native country as Annette. Miss Moffatt prided herself upon her vocal accomplishments, which, to say truth were not of a very high order. She had a shrill weak soprano voice very uncertain in intonation, but she would rattle off an arch song, or give forth a plaintive ballad with so much aplomb, and such an evident conviction that she was singing to absolute perfection, that people began to believe she was a charming vocalist in spite of their ears Miss Moffatt chiefly professed what she called "the Vestris business," and the mention in the playbill of the character which Miss Moffatt was to play, was invariably followed by the words, "with songs." And so much was this a matter of course, that when on one occasion Miss Moffatt was about to display the versatility of her talents in pantomime, the printer, from the sheer force of habit, put into the playbill the surprising announcement, "Lisette a dumb girl (with songs), by Miss Annette Moffatt."

The manager's daughter was very amiable and condescending to Mabel for some time. She was too well satisfied with herself to be easily jealous of Mabel's good or graceful manner, and the latter was too insignificant a member of the company as yet to call forth anything like professional jealousy. "Miss M. A. Bell's', histrionic efforts had so far been confined to very small parts of a few lines, and in these—though terribly nervous on the occasion of first having to speak on the stage—she had acquitted herself in so satisfactory a manner as to give promise of better things. Her first success, however, was achieved in the character of that melodramatic confidante whose highflown speeches she had declared she should be ashamed to utter. When she came to "My lord, I quail not at your threats," &c., and defied Mr. Copestake as the wicked tyrant, she was worked up to such a pitch of desperation by the combined feelings of nervousness, a struggling sense of absurdity, and a strong desire to produce something of the effect which her aunt (who was watching anxiously at the wing) had told her might be, and ought to be produced, that she uttered the speech with a kind of breathless vehemence, that was quite thrilling And when at its conclusion she burst into a storm of real tears and rushed off the stage, her exit was followed by a round of very hearty and genuine applause.

"Bravo, Miss Bell!" exclaimed Mr. Harcourt Howard, the walking gentleman, as Mabel came off at the front entrance, where he was standing. "Bravo! You've waked 'em up, by Jove. I shall begin to think you're not such a novice as you say, after all, if you go on in this way."

"Pooh!" snapped out old Jerry Shaw, as soon as Mr. Howard had turned away. "Trash. Nonsense. Novice? Of course. The child was frightened, and lost her head. Forgot to be Miss M. A. Bell for two minutes. That's the secret. Balderdash!"

Mabel could not help laughing in the midst of her excitement "Indeed, that's true, Mr. Shaw, said she, wiping her eyes. "There isn't a bit of credit due to me, I'm sure. I was inspired by despair."

"Don't I know it? Of course. And, look you, though that was very well for once, it won't do to give way to it. If you want to do anything as an actress, you must learn to calculate your effects beforehand. 'Si vis me flere'—ah you don't understand Latin, do ye? No more do I. I did once. But that's long ago. I put it away with—with a good many other things one fine morning. And if you like to call me a confounded idiot for my pains, ye're welcome. However, what I was going to say is this. it's all very well to say that to make me weep you must first grieve, and it's true, partly. But you mustn't let your emotions run away with you on the stage. Keep 'em well in hand. Make them caper and curvet and bring the people's hearts in their mouths, as the circus-riders do, when they make their beast rare and plunge with a sly touch of the knee or twitch of the bridle, and they sitting safe and steady all the while as if they were in a rocking-chair."

"Thank you, Mr. Shaw."

"Tush! Thank me? Ye're laughing at me in your sleeve for a prosing old fool, I'll go bail."

"I beg you pardon, Mr. Shaw," returned Mabel, drawing herself up, and looking full at him. "You are quite mistaken. I was listening to what you said with attention, and was grateful for your hint, as I hope I shall always be for any well-meant advice from an experienced artist."

The old man looked at her doubtfully for an instant, and then, by a sudden impulse, he lifted the grotesque stage bonnet he wore from his head, with a gesture that seemed to reveal in one moment a history of long-forgotten days, so full was it of high-bred old-fashioned courtesy.

"I believe you," said he, "and I sincerely crave your pardon."

From that time forward, Mr. Shaw—influenced according to his own account, by Lingo's mature and explicitly conveyed opinion—seemed to attach himself to Mabel in a way in which he had never been known to behave to any human being within the memory of his stage comrades. Not that he was gentle or even civil in his speech to her, but he watched her progress, in every part that was entrusted to her to play, with unwearied attention. He would even sometimes enter into long discussions on the dramatic art. Putting forth quaint, queer theories of his own; and displaying an unexpected amount of reading. For he would quote long passages, not only from Shakspeare, but from the earlier dramatists, for Mabel's edification. And the contrast was very singular between the old man's evident appreciation of their beauty, and his utter inability to embody his own conception by voice or gesture; jerking out pathetic and impassioned speeches alike, in the same hard cracked voice and stifled brogue.

Amongst these people, and in these surroundings, Mabel worked out the first elements of her new profession. Attentive, indefatigable, docile to instruction—for Mabel's pride was in no way allied to vain presumption or over-weening self-conceit—the girl strove and studied to master the mechanical details of her business, without full command of which no player can achieve eminence.

"Your voice, and your face, and your figure are the tools you have to work with," said Jerry Shaw one day to her; "and you can't carve out your own ideas unless you've first learnt to handle your tools properly."

Out of the theatre Mrs. Walton and her family held little communication with the rest of the company. Indeed, social intercourse of any kind was nearly impossible in the press of constant occupation that took up Mabel's and her aunt's time. Jack, whose employment within the theatre was by no means so unremitting, took long solitary rambles, with a satchel, containing his colour-box and sketch-book, slung over his shoulders, and returned in the light summer evenings with a collection of charming studies from the rich banks of the Clare, and all the surrounding counry, nearly as far as Ballybaket in one direction, and the sea in another.

The only members of Mr. Moffatt's troupe who had access to Mrs. Walton's home were the Trescotts. Little Corda had become a devout worshipper of Mabel. In Corda's opinion there was no one so good or so beautiful or so clever, and the child was never weary of singing her praises.

Little as Mrs. Walton liked her father and brother, she yet could nor bear to show any coldness to the gentle motherless little girl, to whom she felt that the society and example of Mabel were useful and valuable. Mr. Trescott, beside being leader and director of the small orchestra, was employed to arrange whatever incidental music might be needed, and to copy out the band parts. In this latter branch of his business Miss Moffatt gave him frequent employment, for she was wont to introduce all the new and popular songs of the day that she could find,

into her parts, "lugging them in," as Mr. Harcourt Howard said, "by the head and shoulders. Miss Moffatt's songs were a source of constant bitterness to Mr. Harcourt Howard; for, as he usually played her lover, it fell to his lot to stand and be sung to, night after night, however ill-chosen for the business of the piece might be the moment that Miss Moffatt selected for bursting into song.

"If I could even make faces at her when she sings out of tune," said Mr. Harcourt Howard confidentially to his wife, "it would be some comfort; but I'm obliged to look as if I liked it."

Mr. Trescott, however, whose facial expression was of comparatively small importance, since he sat with his back to the audience, rather approved of Miss Moffatt's mania for singing, for the arrangement and copying of the band parts produced him some little emolument over and above his salary; but being so constantly occupied, he was very seldom able to visit Mrs. Walton's house. Alfred lounged in and out on various pretexts; to bring Cordelia to spend the afternoon; to fetch her away again; to make appointments with Jack for long rambles into the country—which appointments Alfred seldom kept, however—or to bring messages from his father to Mrs. Walton. He was always careful to inquire after her husband and Miss Janet, and gave many hints about looking forward to seeing a good deal of them in the winter, for he and his father were engaged by the Dublin manager for next season. Another circumstance which contributed to put young Trescott on an intimate footing in Mrs. Walton's family, was the following. In accordance with her aunt's express stipulation with Mr. Moffatt, Mabel was to have the part of Ophelia. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival had selected the play of Hamlet for his benefit night, which was rapidly approaching, and Mabel, thoroughly mistress of the words of the part, had yet to learn the tunes of the snatches of song interspersed through the mad scenes. "I know them well enough when I hear them, Mabel," said Aunt Mary, "but I can't attempt to sing them correctly enough to teach them to you."

In this dilemma Alfred Trescott, with much apparent diffidence, offered to bring his violin and play over the tunes to Mabel until she should have learned them by heart. Accordingly, he came to their lodgings nearly every day for a week, and made the little sitting-room over the shoemaker's shop ring with the sympathetic notes of his fiddle. Mabel had but little voice, but it was pure and fresh, and her ear was remarkably accurate. She caught from Alfred's violin, not only the notes that she had to sing, but also a certain accent and musicianly phrasing that gave a strong yet simple pathos to the quaint old melodies. Her aunt was delighted, and predicted a great success. Mabel was anxious and timid, but a few words that her aunt dropped braced her nerves and strengthened her resolution. She gathered that on the result of her performance of Ophelia might possibly depend her chance of being re-engaged by Mr. Moffatt for the following season, and even—who could tell? perhaps an appearance at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, itself! and then she would earn a salary, however trifling, and then she would no longer be a burden on her aunt, and then—and then—she might send for mamma and Dooley! Oh, she *would* be strong and steady and brave, and do the very best that was in her.

She thought of her part at every leisure moment, trying to form a clear conception of the hapless Danish girl, and to put herself, her own individuality, out of sight as much as possible in repeating the words. She and Corda would ramble out in the early morning whenever Mabel's presence was not required at rehearsal, accompanying Jack in his sketching excursions along the banks of the lovely river Clare, and then Mabel would pull her little well-worn Shakspeare out of her pocket, and sitting down on a smooth green velvet patch of turf, would put the book into Corda's hand and desire her to "hear her through her part." A task of which Corda was not a little proud.

On one of these occasions, Alfred had joined the party as they sat on the river's bank under the trees, the two girls busy with Ophelia, and Jack absorbed in an endeavour to transfer to his sketch-book some wonderfully rich effects of colour in the rocks and foliage on the opposite side of the silver Clare.

"I was strolling past," said Alfred, "and caught a glimpse of pussy-cat's chesnut curls glinting through the green leaves. Now that I am here, may I stay, Miss Earnshaw?"

"May you stay? Surely you have a right to be here, if you choose."

"I have no right—or, at all event, no wish—to be troublesome to you by my presence."

He spoke with a sort of proud humility that touched Mabel.

You don't trouble me at all, Mr. Trescott, she answered. "Corda and I will go on with Ophelia just the same. Won't we, Corda?"

The child, whose cheek was flushed with pleasure at the sight of her brother, smiled and nodded eagerly; and Mabel resumed.

"And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh "

The young man threw himself on the grass beside his little sister, and clasping his hands above his head, listened in silence. The morning sun was shining down on the two young faces—Mabel's so earnest and absorbed, Corda's so smiling and eager. Little flickering lights and shadows from the leafy boughs above touched their glossy hair, and passed and changed as the breeze moved them. At their feet the river ran gurgling over its pebbly bed, and Mabel's pure voice rose thrillingly into the clear quiet air.

"Do you know Beethoven's Moonlight sonata for the pianoforte, Miss Earnshaw?" asked Alfred, when Mabel had ceased her recitation.

"I have heard it," answered Mabel, "and exquisitely lovely it is. But my skill as a pianist never reached so far as to execute it fittingly."

"I think your Ophelia will be just like the first movement of the moonlight sonata," said Alfred turning his dark eyes upon her dreamily.

At that moment a short angry bark close to his ear made young Trescott spring to his feet with a stifled exclamation, which would have been a loud unmistakable oath but for Mabel's presence, and a fierce threatening gesture.

"Why, Lingo, Lingo—good dog—poor old fellow—don't you know us?" said Mabel, holding out her hand, into which Lingo immediately thrust his nose hastily, and then turned to bark at Alfred again.

"Oh, Mr. Shaw!" cried Mabel, as old Jerry appeared between the branches of underwood, "I'm so ashamed of Lingo this morning. He doesn't know his friends."

Mr. Shaw stood leaning with both hands upon a thick gnarled stick that he always carried, and gazing at the group before him with an inscrutable face.

The dog ran up to his master, and looking into his face, wagged his tail in an apologetic manner.

"Doesn't know his friends, Miss Bell? Faith, I never knew him make a mistake that way yet," said the old man, shortly, Then turning to Lingo with an air of confidential remonstrance, such as one might assume towards a friend whom one respected, but who had been hurried into an imprudence. "What did I say to ye," said he, "when we were talking together this morning before breakfast? You're too hasty and outspoken altogether."

Lingo ceased wagging his tail, stretched himself at his master's feet with his nose to the ground, and gave vent to a muffled sound that was neither a bark nor a growl, but something between the two.

"Of course," said Jerry Shaw, with imperturbable gravity, "so you remarked this morning, and I dare say you're right. But it don't do to *say* these things, and so I'd convince you if you weren't as obstinate as the deuce."

Alfred Trescott stood leaning against the trunk of a tree with folded arms, and contemplated Lingo and his master with a sidelong sinister scowl.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Shaw," said the young man, "you ought to try and teach that dog of yours better manners. If it had been a stranger he'd come up to just now, tearing and barking, he might have chanced to get an ugly kick. People don't like to be startled in that way by a strange dog."

Jerry Shaw remained as motionless and unmoved whilst Alfred was speaking as though buried in a profound meditation that deadened his senses to all outward things. But, as soon as the young man held his peace, Mr. Shaw turned on him with surprising suddenness.

"Oh, it's *you*, is it, Mr. Alfred Trescott?" said he, as though becoming aware of Alfred's presence for the first time. "I hope I see you well. Glad to find you abroad so early this morning. Nothing like early rising for young people. I've been an early riser from my youth upward, and you can all see what it has done for *me*." And old Jerry laughed a short, bitter, abrupt laugh, that came out of his throat without causing a muscle of his face to move. "Good morning, Miss Bell. Take care of yourself. I've known it to be dangerous sometimes, sitting out on the turf."

"Dangerous?"

"You might—catch—cold, snapped out the old man, winding up with an usually prolonged sniff. "Come along, Lingo. I suppose you have forgotten there's a ten o clock call, sir, that you're settling yourself there for the day. Good morning to you, ladies and gentlemen. Oh, by the way," added Mr. Shaw stopping short, and fixing his lacklustre grey eyes full on Alfred Trescott. "I would advise you to give up any idea of kicking Lingo. He mightn't like it. And I have a curious infirmity that perhaps I might as well mention. I always find kicking catching. And old Jerry Shaw tramped away through the crackling brushwood, with Lingo trotting soberly at his heels.

(To be continued.)

TRAFALGAR.

In 1803, Napoleon, having secured the alliance of Spain, ran his sword through the Treaty of Amiens, and war then broke out between England and France. Lord Nelson was appointed commander of the Mediterranean fleet, and for fourteen months blockaded the harbour of Toulon, watchful as a cat for a mouse. On the 18th of January, while the English were anchored off Sardinia, the French fleet slipped off to sea, but Nelson was upon their track the instant the news reached him.

Although only forty-six years of age, Nelson was already a shattered man. Fragile, thin, and sickly, weakened by ague in childhood, beaten down by fever in the East Indies, almost killed by dysentery at Honduras, always sick at sea, an eye lost at Corsica, an arm at Cadiz, cut about the head at the battle of the Nile, struck in the side in another engagement, his cough dangerous, he scarcely hoped to fight more than one more battle. Yet his heart was sound as ever, and the unquenchable lion spirit glowed within him, in spite of all vexatious disappointments, the French reluctance to a fair open sea-fight, and all the mean Admiralty intrigues, shuffles, and ingratitudes. "My own fleet," said the sea hero, in his own fervid way, "is well officered and well manned, would to God the ships were half as good!" The ships were, in fact, scarcely fit to sustain the alternate fretfulness and violence of that stormy winter in the Mediterranean. "The French fleet," he wrote home, "is in high feather, and as fine as paint can make them; but our weather-beaten ships, I have no fear, will make their sides like a plum-pudding, and some day we shall lay salt upon their tails."

The pursuit was tedious and baffling—between Biche and Sardinia, to Naples, then quick to snap them off Egypt; then a sweep across the channel between Sardinia and Barbary; next frigates discharged like rockets at Gibraltar and Lisbon; after this a dash to Barbadoes, and back home again, fevered, chafed, and vexed; then on to Cadiz, a sweep across the Bay of Biscay, a cruise towards Ireland, a visit to Cornwallis

at Ushant, and lastly a desponding and angry return to Portsmouth. The sailors, who loved "Nel," and vowed that he was "brave as a lion and gentle as a lamb," shared in the regret and vexation of their commander. A great opportunity of glory had been lost, above all, a chance of thrashing the French. "I would not," he once wrote to Mr Elliot, the minister at Naples, "upon any consideration have a Frenchman in the fleet except as a prisoner, they are all alike. Not a Frenchman comes here. Forgive me, but my mother hated the French." That was the clue to the prejudice which was part of Nelson's blood and of his brain. Admiral Latouche had boasted that he had once chased Nelson, our hero kept the letter containing the boast, and swore if he ever took the writer, he should eat it. He was never cruel to Frenchmen, yet his advice to his midshipmen, to whom he was always gentle as a father, was.

"Hate all Frenchmen as you do the devil,

"Obey orders without questioning,

"Treat every one, who hates your king, as your enemy."

At Portsmouth, Nelson learned that Sir Robert Calder had fallen in with the French fleet off Finisterre, and had only scratched them when he ought to have run his cutlass through their hearts. The Victory unloaded. Nelson, embowered down at ever-pleasant Merton, making hay, watching sheep, catching trout in the winding Wandle, idolising Lady Hamilton, that beautiful but wanton woman, forgot ambition, and grew more intent on rick awnings than French canvas One daybreak, Captain Blackwood brought word that the French had refitted at Vigo and got into Cadiz. Nelson paced "the quarter-deck" walk in his garden restlessly. He pretended to be indifferent, and quoted a playful proverb "Let the man trudge it, who's lost his budget." He was happy, and his health was better. "He wouldn't give sixpence to call the king his uncle." Lady Hamilton knew the heart of the brave man she loved, and pressed him to go The French fleet was his property; it was the reward of his two years' watching. He would be miserable if any one else had it. "Nelson, offer your services." The tears came into his eyes at her heroism. At half-past ten that night he started in a post-chaise for London. His diary for that day lays bare his heart before us:

"Friday night (Sept. 13), at half-past ten," he says, "I drove from dear, dear Merton; where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and country. May the great God, whom I adore, enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country! and, if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission, relying that He will protect those so dear to me, whom I may leave behind! His will be done. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

The probability of his death had entered his mind, that is evident; presentiments are never anything, after all, but such probabilities.

The embarkation of Nelson at Portsmouth was a scene worthy of Grecian history. Although he tried to steal secretly to his ship, crowds collected, eager to see the face of the hero they venerated Many of the rugged sailors were in tears; old men-of-war's-men knelt and prayed God to bless him as he passed to the boat. They knew he was the sailor's friend and father; they knew him to be as humane as he was fearless, unselfish, and eager to pour out his blood for England. No basely-earned money had defiled his hands, his heart was pure crystal; it had no flaw. As Southey says finely, "Nelson had served his country with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength, and therefore they loved him as truly and fervently as he had loved England" That one-eyed, one-armed, shrunken invalid officer, was still the tower and the bulwark of his native land.

On arriving at Cadiz, Nelson took all an old sportsman's precautions not to flurry the game he had been so long stalking. The French wanted encouraging. They were shy. Nelson kept his arrival as secret as possible. The Gibraltar Gazette did not publish the number of his vessels. He kept fifty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary; for it has been often observed, rats won't bolt when terriers are too near the holes. He instantly seized all the Danish vessels carrying provisions to Cadiz for the French fleet. His final stratagem was the bait that at last drew forth the enemy He detached some vessels on an imaginary service, knowing that fresh ships were almost daily arriving for him from England. This brought out Villeneuve at last, although he had just declared in a council of war that he would not stir from Cadiz till his fleet was one-third stronger than the English.

Nelson still wanted frigates, "the eyes of the fleet," as he always called them; moreover, he dreaded the junction of the Carthagena fleet on the one side, and of the Brest squadron on the other. Yet at this crisis, with only twenty-three English ships to face thirty-three French, his great heart and romantic chivalrous nature roused him to an act of the utmost generosity. Sir Robert Calker had to go back to England to be tried by court-martial for his behaviour in the last action off Finisterre. Sir Robert was one of Nelson's few enemies, and he therefore treated him with the most considerate respect. He wished him to share in the glory of the coming battle, but Sir Robert being eager for his justification, Nelson sent him home in his own ninety-gun ship, which could ill be spared. This was chivalry carried almost too far for the national good.

On the 9th, Nelson had written to his favourite officer, the brave and simple-hearted Collingwood, enclosing him his plan of attack, wishing to give full scope to his captain's judgment in carrying out his intentions.

"My dear Coll," he said, in his hearty way, "we can have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you: and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend, Nelson and Bronte."

The order of attack was grand in its simplicity. The true sea-warrior instinct and experience had struck out a plan as admirable as if it had been forged by the brain of a Newton. The fleet was to move in two lines, and like two swift sword-fish pierce into the enemy, it was to be preceded by an advanced squadron of eight of the swiftest two-deckers Collingwood was to chop the enemy in two about the twelfth vertebra from the tail ship Nelson himself was to give the coup de grace at the centre—the heart—whilst the advanced squadron was to cut off about three or four from where he would break through. In this way the assailants would always be one-fourth superior to those portions they broke off. There was professional genius in these well-aimed blows.

Nothing was sham, mysterious, nor inflated about his directions. His "precise object" was a close and decisive action: therefore, "if signals were not seen or clearly understood, no captain would do wrong," he said, "if he placed his ship alongside that of an enemy." One of his last orders was that the name and family of every man killed or wounded in the action should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, to transmit to the Patriotic Fund.

About half-past nine on the morning of the 19th, the Mars, the nearest of the line of scout-ships, repeated the signal that the enemy was at last stealing out of port The wind was light, with partial breezes. Nelson instantly gave the signal for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two, the repeating ships announced the French fleet at sea The next day, seeing nothing, and the wind blowing fresh from the south-west, Nelson began to fear the French had run back to shelter. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the Euryalus, reported that the French were still pressing westward, and that way Nelson had determined they should not go but over his sunken fleet. Still, however, thinking they were inclined to run for Cadiz, Nelson kept warily off that night.

At daybreak, the French fleet of thirty-three sail of the line, and seven large frigates, formed a crescent, in close line of battle, off Cape Trafalgar, near the southernmost point of Andalusia. They were on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Eighteen of the enemy were French, and fifteen Spanish. Nelson had twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates. The French vessels were larger and heavier than ours, and they had on board four thousand skilled troops, and many dreaded and extremely skilful Tyrolese riflemen.

Soon after daylight, Nelson was on deck, eagerly eyeing the French crescent. He had on his admiral's frock-coat—his "fighting coat," as he called it—which he had worn in many victories, but he did not put on the sword which his uncle, Captain Suckling, had used, when, on that very day many years before, he had beaten off a French squadron. Nelson had wished this day to be the day of battle, and had even half superstitiously expected the coincidence. He wore, as usual, on his left breast, four stars of various orders of knighthood, one of them being the Order of the Bath, which he specially valued as the personal and free gift of the king. Dr. Scott, the chaplain, Mr. Scott, Lord Nelson's public secretary, and Mr. Beatty, the surgeon, trembled when he thus made himself a conspicuous mark for the enemy by these decorations. "In honour," he had exclaimed on a former similar occasion, I gained them (the orders), and in honour I will die with them," Other captains had been more prudent, others equally reckless. Captain Rotherham, of the Royal Sovereign, had been warned not to wear his large gold-laced cocked-hat "Let me alone," said the old bull-dog, testily; "I have always fought in my cocked-hat, and I always shall." And so in his cocked-hat he paced the deck and went into action. Collingwood, that brave Newcastle man, could be brave and prudent too. He ordered his lieutenant (Clavell) to pull off his boots and put on silk stockings, as he himself had done. "For," said he, "if we should get a shot in the leg, it would be more manageable for the surgeon." He was also very particular that his boatswain bent all the old sails, to save newer canvas.

The blue liquid battle-plain was ready for the fight. There was no need of digging graves in that vast cemetery. Europe and Africa were watching the combatants. Already the shot was piled, and the powder passed up from the magazines. The sailors stood laughing by their guns, thinking what a fine sight the captured French vessels would make at Spithead. The men that in half an hour would be stretched dead and mangled on the red and splintered planks, were busy getting their tompions and fire-buckets and cartridges ready, or lashing cutlasses round the masts ready to hand. As the men were clearing Nelson's cabin and removing any bulkheads that were still left, they had to displace the picture of Lady Hamilton—that high-spirited and beautiful woman, originally a maid-servant, then an artist's model, who had obtained so extraordinary a hold over Nelson's mind —the admiral called out to the men, anxiously

"Take care of my guardian angel!"

This picture (probably by Romney) was at once his idol and talisman. He also wore a miniature of Lady Hamilton next his heart.

Nelson seldom began a battle without prayer He had always a profound sense of God's omnipresence and omniscience He now retired to his cabin, and wrote a simple but fervid prayer. He annexed to this prayer in his diary a sort of will—his last request to his country in case he fell, as he seems to have expected to do. It was headed. "October 21, 1805.—Then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles."

He recommended Lady Hamilton to his country for her great services to the nation. 1. For obtaining, in 1796, the letter from the King of Spain to the King of Naples, announcing his intention of declaring war against England, which had given to Sir John Jervis an opportunity of striking a first blow, which, however, he did not do. 2. For using her influence with

the Queen of Naples to allow the fleet to be victualled at Syracuse, which enabled it to return to Egypt and destroy the French fleet at the battle of the Nile. He also left to the beneficence of his country his adopted daughter, Horatio Nelson Thompson (and gloriously a grateful nation—i. e. ministry—attended to this last request). This adopted daughter, really his own, was then five years old, and Nelson's last moments at Merton had been passed in praying over her as she lay asleep in her little bed. The singular document ended thus:

"These are the only favours I ask of my king and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my king and country and all those I hold dear! My relations it is needless to mention, they will, of course, be amply provided for."

Blackwood and Hardy were the witnesses.

The wind was now from the west, light breezes with a long heavy swell. Blackwood, who came on board the Victory at about six o'clock, found Nelson in good spirits, but grave and calm, and not in that glow and exaltation which he had shown before Aboukir and Copenhagen. He had already expressed his belief that the French would make a dead set at the Victory. The French had now tacked to the northward, and to Nelson's great regret, formed their line on the larboard tack, thereby bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the British lee, and leaving the port of Cadiz open for themselves. Nelson at once gave signal to prepare to anchor, and the necessity of this measure was strongly on his mind to the last. He told Blackwood to use the frigates as much as possible.

"I mean to-day," he said, "to bleed the captains of the frigates, as I shall keep you on board until the very last minute."

"During the five hours and a half," says Blackwood, "that I remained on board the Victory, in which I was not ten times from his side, he frequently asked me what I should consider as a victory? The certainty of which he never for an instant seemed to doubt, although from the situation of the land he questioned the possibility of the subsequent preservation of the prizes. My answer was, 'That considering the handsome way in which the battle was offered to the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the proximity of the land, I thought if fourteen ships were captured it would be a glorious result.' To which he always replied, 'I shall not, Blackwood, be satisfied with anything short of twenty.' A telegraphic signal had been made by him to denote that he intended to break through the rear of the enemy's line, to prevent their getting into Cadiz. I was walking with him," continues Captain Blackwood, "on the poop, when he said, 'I'll now arouse the fleet with a signal,' and he asked if I did not think there was one yet wanting. I answered, that I thought the whole of the fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about, and to vie with each other who should first get nearest the Victory or Royal Sovereign. These words were scarcely uttered, when his last well known signal was made, 'England expects every Man will do his Duty.' The shout with which it was received throughout the fleet was truly sublime."

There has been a good deal of paltry discussion as to whether Nelson wrote or only modified this signal. It matters little; he sanctioned it, and it was that sanction alone that gave it immortality. The shout that welcomed it was like a roll of thunder, because the signal seemed like a voice from England and from home. It was an omen of victory.

About seven o'clock the French wore, and stood in a close line on the larboard tack towards Cadiz, the sun full upon their sails, their three-deckers rising from the water like floating cities. About ten, Nelson became anxious to close with the enemy.

"They put a good face on it," he said to Blackwood, "but I'll give them such such a dressing as they never had."

"At this critical moment," says Blackwood, "I ventured to represent to his lordship the value of such a life as his, and particularly in the present battle, and I proposed hoisting his flag in the Euryalus, whence he could better see what was going on, as well as to what to order in case of necessity. But he would not hear of it, and gave as his reason the force of example; and probably he was right. My next object, therefore, was to endeavour to induce his lordship to allow the Téméraire, Neptune, and Leviathan to lead into action before the Victory, which then was headmost. After much conversation, in which I ventured to give it as the joint opinion of Captain Hardy and myself how advantageous it would be to the fleet for his lordship to keep as long as possible out of the battle, he at length consented, to allow the Téméraire, which was then sailing abreast of the Victory, to go ahead, and hailed Captain E. Harvey, to say such were his intentions if the Téméraire could pass the Victory, Captain Harvey being rather out of hail, his lordship sent me to communicate his wishes, which I did, when, on returning to the Victory. I found him doing all he could rather to increase than diminish sail, so that the Téméraire could not pass the Victory, consequently, when they came within gun-shot of the enemy, Captain Harvey, finding his efforts ineffectual, was obliged to take his station astern of the admiral."

Nelson then went over the different decks, where the men stood grouped in eights round their favourite guns. He spoke to them in his own kind and pleasant way, and saw that the preparations were everywhere complete. As he ascended the quarter-deck ladder it was as if he ascended to a throne, and the men greeted him with three cheers.

The French fleet, commanded by Admiral Villeneuve in the Bucentaur, included Nelson's old antagonist, the Santissina Trinidada (of one hundred and forty guns), two vessels of one hundred and twelve guns, one of one hundred, six of eighty-four and eighty, the rest being seventy-fours of a large class, together with seven frigates of heavy metal, forty-four and forty guns each, besides other smaller vessels. The Spaniards were commanded by Admiral Gravina, who had under him Vice-Admiral Don J. d'Aliva and Rear-Admiral Don B. M. Cisneros. Villeneuve had under him Rear-Admirals Dumanoir and Moyon. Four thousand troops were embarked on board the fleet under the command of General Contarini in the Bucentaur, amongst whom were several of the most skilful sharpshooters that could be selected, and many Tyrolese riflemen. Various sorts of combustibles and fireballs were also embarked. The Spaniards appeared with their heads to the northward, and formed their line of battle with great closeness and correctness, and as the mode of attack by Nelson was unusual, so the structure of their line was new. It formed a crescent convexing to leeward, and Admiral Collingwood, in leading down to the centre, had both the van and rear of the enemy abaft his beam. They were formed in a double line thus:

French and Spaniards alternately, and it was their intention, on our breaking the line astern of No. 4 (which manœuvre they expected we should, as usual, put into execution), for No. 2 to make sail; that the British ship in hauling up should fall on board of her, whilst No. 5 should beat up and take her, and No. 1 bring her broadside to bear on her starboard bow. This manœuvre only succeeded with the Tonnant and Bellerophon, which were amongst the ships that suffered most. Before their fire, therefore, open-e., every alternate ship was about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern, forming a kind of double line, and appeared, when on their beams, to leave a very little interval between them, and this without crowding their ships. Admiral Villeneuve was on board the Bucentaur, eighty guns, in the centre, and the Prince of Asturias bore Gravina's flag in the rear.

Collingwood led our lee line of thirteen ships. Nelson, the weaker line of fourteen. Nelson steered two points more to the north than Collingwood, in order to cut off the enemy's retreat towards Cadiz. The lee line, therefore, was first engaged. Villeneuve was desperate; he had resolved to fight against the wish of the Spaniards, partly because he thought that Nelson had not arrived, and because he knew that Napoleon, furious at his poor success with Sir Robert Calder, had already sent M. Rosaly to supersede him. His crews were in a feverish clamour of bragging excitement, every one shouting at the same time, as usual . .th the Gaul at moments of danger. .

Nelson's eyes brightened with delight when he saw Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, go straight as an arrow at the centre of the enemy's line, chop it through astern of the Santa Anna, a three-decker (112), then open fire and engage that vessel at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side.

"See!" he cried, "see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action."

Collingwood at the same moment looked back exultingly at the Victory, and said to his captain (Rotherham of the cocked-hat): "Rotherham, what would not Nelson give to be here?" Only the day before Nelson had reconciled Collingwood and Rotherham. Saying. "Look! yonder are the enemy," made them shake hands.

Villeneuve was watching the English advance from amid a group of his moustachioed and chattering officers, the English came on gay and confident as boys starting for cricket.

"Nothing," he said, "but victory can attend such gallant conduct." At half-past eleven the French guns opened on the Royal Sovereign, as the Victory came sweeping down, the French ships ahead of her, and across her bows, at fifty minutes past eleven began to try the distance; they fired single guns. Perceiving a shot pass through her maintop gallant-sail, they opened a feu d'enfer, chiefly (as is their custom) at the rigging, to disable her before she could grapple. Nelson instantly ordered Blackwood and Captain Prowse, of the Sirius, to go on board their ships, and tell all the line-of-battle captains as they passed to disregard his plan of action if in any other way they could get quicker and closer alongside an enemy. "He then," Blackwood says, "again desired me to go away, and as we were standing on the front of the poop, I took his hand, and said, 'I trust, my lord, that on my return to the Victory, which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your lordship well, and in possession of twenty prizes.' On which he made this reply. 'God bless you, Blackwood, *I shall never speak to you again*.'"

The two columns, led on by their brave chiefs, continued to advance, with light airs and all sails set, towards the van and centre of the enemy, whose line extended about N.N.E. and S.S.W.

Nelson gave orders to hoist several flags on the Victory, for fear that a single one might be shot away. The French, strangely enough, showed no colours till late in the action, when they required them as signals of striking. As usual, the English admiral had forbidden musketry in the tops, as he considered it a paltry mode of homicide, which might kill a commander, but could not decide a battle.

He then ran straight on the bows of the Santissima Trinidada, a monstrous four-decker, the ninth ship in the van of the French double crescent line, the Victory opened on her with her larboard guns at four minutes past twelve.

Meanwhile, Collingwood, having poured a deadly dose of a broadside and a half (full measure) into the stern of the Santa Anna, had jammed into the French ship, so that the yards of the two vessels were locked together. His hands were soon full, for the Fougueux came malignantly on his lee quarter, and three more of the enemy's *French* ships soon bore on the bow of the Royal Sovereign. The Victory, silent and stern as if its crew were invulnerable, never fired a shot, but moved on, calm as Fate and irresistable as Death, till fifty of her men were struck down, thirty wounded, and her main topmast, with all her studding-sales and booms, shot away. Nelson said that, in all his battles, he had never seen men so cool and resolute as his. At length the simple word was given, and the Victory spoke at last, vomiting out spouts of fire, and belching her winged thunder to the right and to the left.

It was not possible to break the enemy's line

without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed the admiral, of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied. "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the Victory ran on board the Redoutable, just as her tiller-ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower-deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen.

A few minutes after this proof of distrust, Captain Harvey, in the Téméraire, also fell on board the Redoutable, and the Téméraire had also an enemy on her side, so that the four vessels now lay in a compact tier, their heads in one way as if in dock; but Nelson soon pounded her antagonist deaf and dumb, passed astern of the Bucentaur, hauled in on her starboard side, pouring in a slaughtering broadside in passing, then stood for that floating mountain, the Santissima, playing her larboard guns with incredible rapidity on both the Bucentaur and the Santissima, while the starboard guns of her middle and lower decks were steadily devoted to that rather tough antagonist the Redoutable. It became necessary for the Victory to fire at the Redoutable with depressed guns, three shots each, and with reduced charges of powder, for fear of the shot passing through the Frenchman and injuring the Téméraire. The guns of her lower deck touched the Redoutables' side; so, for fear of the Frenchman catching fire and destroying both vessels, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket full of water, which he immediately dashed into the hole made by the English shot.

The remaining ships of Nelson's column, after the Téméraire, which pressed forward to his support, were the Neptune, T. F. Fremantle; Conqueror, Israel Pellew, Leviathan, H. W. Boyntoun; Ajax, Lieutenant J. Pilfold, Orion, Edward Codrington; Agamemnon, Sir Edward Berry; Minotaur, C. J. M. Mansfield; Spartrite, Sir F. Laforey; Britannia, Rear-Admiral Earl of Northesk, Captain Charles Bullen; Africa, Henry Digby. Owing to the judicious mode of attack which Nelson had adopted, his fast sailing ships, like sharpshooters in an army, had half joined the battle before the slow-sailing ones came up fresh and vigorous to their support, and, as a corps of reserve, helped the better to determine the day.

The Victory was fighting hard amid a ceaseless blaze of flame. Luckily, the French were not such good seamen as Nelson, and, in consequence of keeping the wind nearly on their beam, lay in a deep trough of the sea, and rolled so heavily that their broadsides sometimes flew over and sometimes fell short of our ships. Still a raking fire swept the Victory's decks.

Mr. Scott, the admiral's secretary, was killed by one of the first cannon-balls, whilst in conversation with Captain Hardy, and near to Lord Nelson. Captain Adair, of the Marines, who soon afterwards fell, immediately endeavoured to remove the mangled body, but it had already attracted the notice of the admiral.

"Is that poor Scott," said he, "who is gone?"

Presently, whilst Nelson was conversing with Captain Hardy on the quarter-deck, during the shower of musket-balls and raking fire that was kept up by the enemy, a double-headed shot came across the poop and killed eight of the marines. Captain Adair was then directed by Nelson to disperse his men more round the ship. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and, passing between Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy, drove some splinters from the bits around them, bruised Captain Hardy's foot, and tore off his shoe-buckle. They mutually looked at each other, and Nelson, whom no danger could affect, smiled and said,

"This is too warm work, Hardy, to last!"

This was the climax of the battle. Our brawny sailors, stripped to the waist, their huge cable pigtails dangling at their backs, their skins black with powder or smeared with blood, were running out the guns, loading savagely, and firing fast as the wadded shot could be driven in. The captains were bellowing through their speaking-trumpets, the gunner's boys running to and from the magazines through showers of shot and splinters; the midshipmen firing at the enemy's tops with all the glee of schoolboys out at their first partridge shooting. The musketeers in the Redoutable's tops fired especially sharply whenever the smoke-cloud rolled away from the Victory, and there came a glint of the epaulets of our officers. In the French mizen-top there was a keen-eyed Tyrolese, in glazed cocked-hat and white frock, especially active. He was a fellow who, after hours of crag-climbing, had known a week's food and profit depend on the one shot at a steinbock, and he did not throw away his cartridges.

At fifteen minutes past one, a quarter of an hour before the Redoutable struck, Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy were walking near the middle of the quarter-deck; the admiral had just commended the manner in which one of the ships near him was fought. Captain Hardy advanced from him to give some necessary directions, Nelson was near the hatchway, in the act of turning, with his face towards the stern, when a musket-ball struck the admiral on the left shoulder, and entering the epaulet, passed through his spine, and lodged in the muscles of his back, towards the right side. He instantly fell with his face on the deck, in the very place that was covered with the blood of his secretary Mr. Scott. Captain Hardy, on turning round, saw to his horror the sergeant of marines raising Nelson from the deck.

"Hardy," said his lordship, "I believe they have done it at last; my backbone is shot through."

Some of the crew bore the admiral down to the cockpit, several wounded officers and about forty men being carried below at the same time, amongst whom were Lieutenant Rann and Mr. Whipple, captain's clerk, both of whom died soon afterwards. Whilst the seamen were conveying Lord Nelson down the ladder from the middle deck, he observed, careless of his own sufferings, that the tiller-ropes had not been replaced, and desired one of the midshipmen to remind Captain Hardy of it, and to request that new ones should be immediately rove. He then covered his face and stars with his handkerchief, that he might be less observed by his men. He was met at the foot of the cockpit ladder by Mr. Walter Burke, the purser, a relation of the great orator, who, with the assistance of a marine supporting his legs, with some difficulty conveyed him over the bodies of the wounded and dying men—for the cockpit was extremely crowded—and placed him on a pallet in the midshipmen's berth, on the larboard side. Surgeon (afterwards Sir William) Betty was then called, and very soon afterwards the Rev. Mr. Scott. His lordship's clothes were taken off, that the direction of the ball might be the better ascertained.

"You can be of no use to me, Beatty," said Lord Nelson; "go and attend to those whose lives can be preserved."

When the surgeon had executed his melancholy office, and found the wound to be mortal, he repressed the general feeling that prevailed. He had again been urged by the admiral to go and attend to his other duties, and he reluctantly obeyed, but continued to return at intervals. As the blood flowed internally from the wound, the lower cavity of the chest gradually filled; Lord Nelson, therefore, constantly desired Burke to raise him, and, complaining of an excessive thirst, was fanned and supplied by Scott with lemonade. In this state of suffering he anxiously inquired for Captain Hardy, to know whether the annihilation of the enemy might be depended on; but it was upwards of an hour before that officer could, at so critical a moment, leave the deck; and Lord Nelson became apprehensive that his brave associate was dead. The crew of the Victory were now heard to cheer, and he anxiously demanded the cause, when Lieutenant Pasco, who lay wounded near him, said that one of the opponents had struck. A gleam of joy at each shout lighted up the countenance of Nelson, and as the crew repeated their cheers, and marked the progress of his victory and more captures, his satisfaction visibly increased.

At half-past two the Santa Anna struck to Collingwood. When the Spanish captain came on the deck of the Royal Sovereign, he asked the name of the conquering vessel. When they told him, he patted one of the guns with his hand, and said, smilingly.

"I think she ought to be called the Royal Devil."

The Bellerophon had also done well. At half-past twelve she had broke through the enemy's line, astern of the Spanish two-decker Monaca. She engaged her at the muzzles of her guns, blew up her hanging-magazine, and captured her. She then ran on board of L'Aigle, a vessel crowded with troops. The tremendous fire soon left only fifteen of our men alive on the quarter-deck; but the fire from our lower-deck drove the French from their guns, and L'Aigle soon afterwards struck to the Defiance. The lower-deck men had chalked on their guns, as their motto, the words, "Victory or death." The Bellerophon was three times set on fire, and three times the fire was put out, quietly, and without fuss or excitement. A captain of the marines, on his way to the cockpit to have his arm amputated, had apologised to Lieutenant Cumby for quitting the deck "for so trivial an occasion."

The Spaniards had fought well, but they, too, now gave way. The Argonauta and Bahama had each lost four hundred men, the St. Juan Nepomuceno three hundred and fifty. The men of the Santissima, unable to endure our fire, leaped overboard, and were helped into the Victory. The crews of five of the French ships, fought by us muzzle to muzzle, had shut their lower-deck ports, and deserted their guns.

In the meantime, Nelson lay in agony and in great anxiety about the action. He kept saying:

"Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed; I am certain that he is dead."

Mr. Bulkly, the captain's aide-de-camp, then came below, and, in a low voice, communicated to the surgeon the particular circumstances respecting the fleet which had detained Captain Hardy, but promised that he would take the first moment that offered to leave the deck. The excessive heat of the cockpit, from the number of the dead and wounded, increased the faintness of the dying admiral, and his sight now became dim.

"Who brought the message?" he said, feebly.

"Bulkly, my lord," replied Burke.

"It is his voice," said Nelson. "Remember me, Bulkly, to your father."

Captain Hardy came down from the deck in about fifty minutes, and anxiously strove to conceal his feelings. The friends shook hands in silence. Nelson spoke first:

"Well, Hardy, how goes the day with us?"

"Very well. Ten ships, my lord, have struck."

"But none of ours, I hope?"

"There is no fear of that, my lord. Five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon us; but I have called some of our fresh ships round the Victory, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

Having said this, he found himself unable any longer to suppress his tears, and he hurried away.

The firing continued, and the cheering of the men was occasionally heard amidst its repeated peals. With a wish to support his spirits, that were in some degree shaken by having seen the friend he so sincerely regarded, and from the increased pain, the agonies of excessive thirst, and the great difficulty of respiration, Burke said:

"I still hope, my lord, you will carry this glorious news home."

"Don't talk nonsense," replied the admiral. "One would, indeed, like to live a little longer; but I know it to be impossible. God's will be done. I have performed my duty, and I devoutly thank Him for it." A wounded seaman was lying near him on a pallet, waiting for amputation, and, in the bustle that prevailed, was hurt by some person passing by. Nelson, weak as he was, indignantly turned his head, and, with his usual authority, rebuked the man for not having

more humanity. Some time afterwards, he was again visited by the surgeon.

"You know I am gone—I feel it. I find," said he, "something rising in my breast, which tells me" (putting his hand on his left side) "I shall soon be gone. God be praised that I have done my duty. My pain is so severe that I devoutly wish to be released. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" and after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!"

A spirited, fierce, rapid fire had been kept up from the Victory's starboard guns on the Redoutable for about fifteen minutes after Lord Nelson was wounded, in which time Captain Adair and about eighteen seamen and marines were killed, and Lieutenant Bligh, Mr. Palmer, midshipman, and twenty seamen and marines were wounded, by the enemy's musketry alone. The Redoutable had been twice on fire in her fore-chains and on the forecastle, and, by throwing some combustibles, had set fire to the Victory's boom; the alarm was given, and it reached the cockpit; yet neither hurry nor trepidation appeared, and the crew having put out the flames, immediately turned their attention to the Redoutable, and rendered her all the assistance in their power. On the colors of that ship being struck—twenty minutes after Nelson fell—and there being no possibility of boarding her, from the state of ruin of both ships, the great space between the two gangways, and the closing of the enemy's ports, some seamen immediately volunteered their services to Lieutenant Quillam to jump overboard, and, by swimming under the bows of the Redoutable, to endeavor to secure the prize. But Captain Hardy thought the lives of such men too valuable to be risked by so desperate an attempt. When the firing from the Victory had in some measure ceased, and the glorious results of the day were accomplished, Captain Hardy immediately visited the dying chief, and reported that fourteen or fifteen vessels had already struck.

"That's well!" cried Nelson, exultingly; "but I bargained for *twenty*." Then in a louder and stronger voice, he said, "God be praised, Hardy; bring the fleet to an anchor."

Captain Hardy hinted at the command devolving on Admiral Collingwood. Nelson replied somewhat indignantly:

"Not whilst I live, I hope, Hardy!" vainly endeavoring at the moment to raise himself on his pallet. "Do you," said he, "bring the fleet to anchor."

Captain Hardy was returning to the deck, when the admiral called him back, and begged him to come nearer. Lord Nelson then delivered his last injunctions, which were, that his hair might be cut off and delivered to Lady Hamilton, and that his body might not be thrown overboard, but be carried home to be buried, unless his sovereign should otherwise desire, by the bones of his father and mother.

"Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton."

He then took Captain Hardy by the hand, and observing that he would most probably not see him again alive, the dying hero desired his bosom associate to kiss him. He did so on the cheek. He stood for a few minutes in silent agony, then, kneeling down, he kissed his dying friend's forehead.

"Who is that?" said the hero.

"It is Hardy, my lord."

"God bless you, Hardy!" replied Nelson, feebly.

Hardy then left him for ever. Nelson afterwards said:

"I wish he had not left the deck; I shall soon be gone."

Death was rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner." And, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country."

His voice then gradually became inarticulate, with an evident increase of pain; when, after a feeble struggle, these last words were distinctly heard:

"I have done my duty; I praise God for it."

Having said this, the hero turned his face towards Burke, on whose arm he had been supported, and expired without a groan at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had been struck. Within a quarter of an hour of his going below there were only two Frenchmen left alive on the mizen-top of the Redoutable. One of them was the Tyrolese who killed Nelson. An old quartermaster recognized his hat and white frock.

This quartermaster and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the Victory's poop,—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, "That's he—that's he," and pointed at the other who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in the mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizen-top, and found him dead, with one ball through his head, and another through his breast.

The last guns fired on the cowed and flying enemy were heard a minute or two before Nelson's great heart ceased to beat. They were his triumphant knell. Rear-Admiral Dumanoir, with four of the van, fired, as they passed, into the Victory, the Royal Sovereign, and the captured Spanish vessels, to the indignation of their vanquished allies. But the fugitives were unlucky, for Sir Richard Strachan bagged them all soon after.

Our loss in this great and crowning battle was one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven men. Twenty of the enemy's ships struck, but only four were saved. A strong gale coming on that night from the south-west, Collingwood found it impossible to anchor. The Spanish vice-admiral, Aliva, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent back to France, and dreading a court-martial, destroyed himself on the road to Paris.

At home the greatness of the victory seemed to be forgotten in the greatness of the nation's sorrow. England now felt what a hero she had bred. Not the poorest man in the country but felt the loss as if his father had died. The national gratitude surged over. Nelson's brother was made an earl, with a grant of six thousand pounds a year, ten thousand pounds was voted to each of his sisters; and one hundred thousand pounds granted for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument in St. Paul's. The leaden coffin, in which he was brought home, was cut into relics. As he was lowered into the vault of St. Paul's Cathedral, the sailors, as if by agreement, tore the flag that covered his coffin into strips, to keep till their dying day, and then leave to their children as heirlooms and incitements to glory. Nor was brave Collingwood forgotten. He was made a baron, and had a pension of two thousand pounds for his life, with an annuity after his death of one thousand pounds to his wife, and five hundred pounds to his two daughters. Two days after the battle of Austerlitz the dead body of Nelson arrived off Portsmouth. Austerlitz was a great blow, but it did not make up for Trafalgar. The body of Nelson lay in state at Greenwich on January 5, on the 8th it was taken to the Admiralty, and on the 9th it was interred in St. Paul's, the Prince of Wales being present, and ten thousand soldiers of the line. Thirty-four years before, a thin, sickly boy, the son of a Norfolk clergyman, had joined his uncle's ship the *Raisonnable, of sixty-four guns*; this same boy, afterwards the bulwark of England, was now laid in his sumptuous grave, and upon his grave fell the tears of a grateful and sorrow-stricken nation. Our hearts of oak may turn to iron, our rough sailors to dexterous engineers, but will the memory of Nelson ever be forgotten while the blue sea girdles the chalk ramparts of Old England?

THE BRIDE OF EBERSTEIN.

A LEGEND OF BADEN.

Four hours distant from the city of Baden, near the market village of Malsch, on a bold projecting wood-crowned eminence in the Black Forest, stood the Castle of Waldenfels. It is now a heap of ruins, and scarcely can the traveller discover the spot which was formerly the residence of an opulent and powerful family.

In the thirteenth century, Sir Beringer, last of his race, inhabited the castle of Waldenfels. His lately departed consort had bequeathed him an only daughter, Rosowina by name. In bygone years Sir Beringer had oftimes felt distressed that he would leave no male heir to propagate the name and celebrity of his ancient stock; and, in this feeling, he had adopted Henrich von Gertingen, an orphan boy, the son of an early friend and companion in arms, and the representative of an ancient but impoverished house, to whom he proposed to bequeath his inheritance and his name. Not long, however, after this event, his daughter was born. And as Rosowina, after her mother's early death, advanced in the blossom of youth, she became the pride and happiness of her father's age, and never caused him a sorrow, save in the reflection that some day she would leave the paternal for the conjugal hearth. All now that troubled him was his adopted son. The growing boy, while manifesting a becoming taste for knightly accomplishments, and obtaining success in their display, nourished in his *breast the germ of fiery passions*; *which, while* they caused distress and anxiety to the Lord of Waldenfels, impressed his daughter with terror and revolted feeling. At length, when Rosowina had attained her sixteenth year, she became to Heinrich the object of a wild and desperate devotion. He repressed the sentiment awhile, but *at length yielded himself to its slave.* He persecuted Rosowina with his ill-timed and terrible addresses; and one day having found her alone in the castle garden, he cast himself at her feet, and swore by all that was holy and dear that his life was in her hand, and that without her he must become the victim of an agonising despair. *Rosowina's terror and confusion were boundless*; she had never experienced the smallest feeling of affection for the youth, but rather regarded him with aversion and alarm. She knew not at the moment how to act, or what to say. At that instant her father appeared. The confusion of both sufficiently discovered what had occurred: in a burning rage Sir Beringer commanded the unhappy youth instantly to quit the castle for ever. With one wild glance at Rosowina, Heinrich obeyed; and muttering, "The misery thou hast brought upon my life come upon thine own," rushed despairingly away. Next morning his body was found in the Murg, his countenance hideously distorted, and too well expressing the despair with which he had left the world. Efforts were made, so far as possible, to conceal the horrid truth from Rosowina, but in vain, time, however, softened the features of the ghastly memory. She had now completed her seventeen year, and was already celebrated as the beauty of the surrounding country. And not only was her beauty the subject of universal praise; her maidenly modesty, her goodness of heart, her prudent, thoughtful, intelligent cast of mind, were the theme of commendation with all who had enjoyed the privilege of her society.

A few hours' distance from the Castle of Waldenfels, in the pleasant valley through which rush the clear waters of the Alb, stood the monastery of Herrenalb. The Holy Virgin was patroness of the foundation, and the day on which the church celebrates the festival of her Nativity was annually observed as the grand holiday of the convent, when the monks, to do honour to this occasion, exhibited all the splendour and magnificence which Christian bounty had placed at their disposal, and spared no expense to entertain their guests in the most hospitable and sumptuous manner. And now Sir Beringer of Waldenfels had promised his Rosowina to ride over to Herrenalb with her the next St. Mary's day. He was ever a man of his word, how should he now be otherwise, when that word assured a pleasure to the darling of his heart?

Bright and genial rose the autumnal morning when Sir Beringer and Rosowina, with a small retinue, rode over the hills to Herrenalb. The knight and his daughter were courteously and hospitably received by the Abbot and his monks. The presence of the noble heiress of Waldenfels excited much interest and observation in the minister church; but the maiden herself appeared unconscious of the fact. Seldom, however, as she found herself disturbed by worldly thoughts in her devotions in the castle chapel at Waldenfels, the splendour of the monastic church and services, and the innumerable hosts of worshippers, were to her so new, that she felt tempted, from time to time, to give a momentary glance around her. On one occasion her gaze encountered a pair of eyes which seemed to rest on the attraction of her countenance with an earnest yet respectful expression, and, inexperienced as she was, she was at no loss to comprehend its meaning. The gazer was a stately youth, who was leaning against a pillar. His strong-built and well-proportioned frame, his noble and expressive countenance, and even his rich and tasteful apparel, were well adapted to fix the attention of a youthful maiden of seventeen, while his whole demeanour convinced her how deeply he was smitten with the power of her charms.

The service over, the worshippers dispersed, and the sumptuous abbey opened its hospitable gates to all who could advance any claim to entertainment. A sister of Rosowina's mother was a nun in the cloister of Frauenalb, and Rosowina was permitted occasionally to visit her, and had here enjoyed the opportunity of making the acquaintance of several noble young ladies of the neighbourhood. She met some of them on this occasion, whom she accompanied into the spacious garden of the convent. Among these were the young Countess Agnes of Eberstein, with whom as she was sauntering through an avenue of umbrageous beeches, suddenly there stood before her the Abbot of the convent and the young man who had attracted her attention in the church, who, side by side, had emerged from a side-way path into the main walk. Rosowina trembled in joyful alarm as she recognised her admirer: her first thought was to return or retreat, but, without a manifest discourtesy, this was now impossible. Neither was the Countess Agnes at all willing to escape, but rather forced forward the reluctant Rosowina, welcoming at the same time the youthful stranger as her beloved brother, the Count Otto of Eberstein. After mutual salutations, Agnes introduced Rosowina to her brother, who was delighted to recognise in the object of his admiration the friend of his sister. He made advances towards a conversation, but the Abbot, whose heart was less sensible to beauty, would not, even for a few short minutes, postpone the subject of their discussion. At the banquet, however, which followed, it was easy for the Count of Eberstein, from his high connection with the monastery, to choose his place, and he placed himself opposite Sir Beringer and his daughter. The knights had met occasionally before, and a nearer acquaintance was soon made. To an engaging person Sir Otto united the attractions of polished manners, of knowledge extensive for that period, acquired by residence in most of the courts of Europe, and of a lively conversational talent, which rendered him everywhere a welcome addition to society. With so many claims on her regard, it was little wonderful that Rosowina should accept with pleasure the homage of the Count, and encourage in his breast the most delightful of hopes.

About that time the Count of Eberstein had built a new castle above the beautiful valley of the Murg, not far from the family residence of their ancestors. The splendour of Neueberstein was the subject of universal conversation, and all who had the opportunity of seeing the new palace were eager to embrace the privilege. An invitation from Count Otto to the Knight of Waldenfels and his daughter was only natural, and was no less naturally accepted with especial welcome.

Warm and mild shone the bright autumn sun on the lovely valley of the Murge, as Sir Beringer and his daughter rode on beside the crystal stream, nor could Rosowina suppress the thought how she might ere long ascend the steep winding pathway to the castle no longer its visitor, but its mistress. Sir Otto met his guests at the castle gate, and, with eyes beaming with joy, more especially as he saw the joy was mutual, lifted Rosowina from her palfrey. After brief rest and refreshment, the inspection of the castle began. Halls and chambers were duly examined, and at last the party ascended the rampart of the loftiest tower, whence an enchanting prospect met the eye. Far below them the Murg rolled its restless waters, now flowing peaceful between banks of lively green, now toilsomely forcing its passage between wild masses of rock. On either side the dusky hills towered above the scene; and here and there now glimmered out of the shadow of the forest a solitary mountain village, now a mass of mighty cliffs; and as the eye descended the rapid mountain stream, it rested on the blooming plain of the Rhine, where, in the violet tints of distance, arose the awful barrier of the Vosges Lost in the magnificent spectacle stood Rosowina, unable to satiate her eye on the glorious picture, and unaware that Otto was close beside her, contemplating with secret pleasure the beautiful spectatress. At length the involuntary exclamation escaped her, "A paradise indeed!"

Then found she herself softly clasped in a gentle arm, and her hand affectionately pressed, while a well-known voice uttered, softly, "And would not Rosowina make this place 'a paradise indeed,' were she to share it with me!"

Unable now to supress her feelings, Rosowina replied by a glance more expressive than any words. She returned that evening with her father to Waldenfels the happy affianced bride of Count Otto of Eberstein.

On a bright spring morning, symbolising well the feelings of the lovers, the marriage solemnity was held at the Castle of Neueberstein, with all the pomp and state of the period, which few understood better than Otto to display. From towers and battlements innumerable banners, with the Eberstein colours and blazoury, floated gallantly in the morning breeze, and the portal, adorned with wreaths and arras, cast wide its hospitable gates. Towards noon appeared, in the midst of a glittering pageant, the bride, magnificently arrayed, but brighter in her incomparable beauty: and all praised the choice of Otto, and agreed that he could have selected no worthier object to grace his halls. Rosowina, however, felt unaccountably distressed. It was not the confusion of maiden modesty—it was not the embarrassment of the bride—that troubled the serenity of her heart. She knew not herself what it was· but it weighed upon her mind like the foreboding of a threatening misfortune. An image, moreover, arose to her thought which long had seemed to have vanished from her memory, even that of the unhappy Heinrich von Gertingen. She endeavoured to repress her anxiety, and succeeded so well that the happy bridegroom saw not the cloud of sorrow that shaded the fair brow of his bride. But when the priest had spoken the words of blessing, the last spark of gloomy foreboding was extinct, and with untroubled tenderness she returned her bridegroom's nuptial kiss, reproaching him smilingly, and yet seriously, for exclaiming, as he did, with solemn appeals, that all the joys of paradise and all the bliss of heaven were poor and insipid pleasures in comparison of the happiness which he enjoyed in calling her his own.

The nuptial banquet followed. It was served with profuse splendour; but when the joy was at its height, and the castle resounded with jubilant voices, and the dance was about to begin, a page announced a stranger knight, who wished to speak to the bridegroom; and forthwith a figure walked into the hall. The stranger's armour and mantle were black, and he wore his vizor down. He proceeded with stately advance to the place where the newly-wedded pair were seated at the table, made a low reverence, and spoke with a hollow and solemn tone:

"I come, honoured Count of Eberstein, on the part of my master, the powerful monarch of Rachenland,* to whose court the celebrity of this occasion and of your bride has come, to assure you of the interest which he takes in your person, and his gratification in the event of this day."

His speech was interrupted by a page, who kneeling, presented him with a goblet of wine. But the stranger waved aside the honour, and requested, as the highest favour that could be shown him, that he might lead the first dance with the bride. None of the company had heard of Rachenland; but the knowledge of distant countries was not then extensive, and the representative of a mighty prince could not be refused the usual courtesy.

Rosowina, however, at the first appearance of the stranger knight, had experienced an unaccountable shuddering, which amounted almost to terror, as, leading her forth to the dance, he chilled her whole frame with the freezing touch which, even through his gauntlet, seemed to pierce her very heart. She was forced to summon all her strength to support herself during the dance, and was painfully impatient for its conclusion. At length the desired moment arrived, and her partner conducted her back to her seat, bowing courteously, and thanking her. But at that instant she felt even more acutely the icy coldness of his hand, while his glowing, penetrating eye, through his vizor, seemed to burn for a moment into her very soul. As he turned to leave, a convulsive pang rent her heart, and, with a shriek, she sank lifeless on the floor. Instant and universal was the alarm; all rushed to the scene of the calamity, and in the confusion of the moment the stranger knight vanished.

Inexpressible was the grief of all. In the bloom of beauty and rich fulness of youth lay the bride, cold and inanimate, a stark and senseless corse. Every conceivable appliance was tried to recal departed life; but departed it had for ever, and all attempts were vain; and when it was ascertained beyond a doubt that not the smallest hope remained, the guests in silence left the house of mourning, and the inhabitants of the castle were left alone with their sorrow.

Three days had now passed away. The corpse of Rosowina rested in the vault of the castle chapel, and the mourners, after paying the last honours to the dead, had again departed. Otto, left alone at Eberstein, refused all human consolation. The first stupefaction of sorrow had now given place to a clamorous and boundless despair He cursed the day of his nativity, and in his wild desperation cried aloud that he would readily sacrifice the salvation of his soul, and renounce his claim on eternal happiness, were it only granted him to spend the rest of life at Rosowina's side.

Before the door of the vault in which the young Countess slept the wakeless sleep, Gisbrecht kept watch and ward. Gisbrecht was an old man-at-arms of the house of Eberstein, which he had served faithfully for more than forty years. He was a warrior from his youth, and had stood loyally at the side of his master, and of his master's father and grandfather, in many a bloody conflict; fear, except the fear of God, which he diligently cultivated, was a stranger to his soul. With slow and measured tread he paced up and down at his station, meditating the sudden death of the young and beautiful Countess, and thence passing in thought to the instability and nothingness of all human things. Often had his glance fallen on the entrance to the vault, but now—what was that? Scarcely did he trust his eyes; yet it was so. The gate opened, and a white-robed figure came forth from the depths of the sepulchre For a while, Gisbrecht stood motionless, with bated breath, but fearless, while the apparition approached him. But when he gazed nearer on the pale, ashy countenance, and recognised beyond a doubt the features of Rosowina, the horrors of the spirit-world came upon him; and, impelled by an unutterable terror, he rushed up the steps, and along the corridor which led to his lord's chamber, unheeding the

* *Anglice* "the land of vengeance.

call of the white figure, which followed close upon his track.

Count Otto, in his despair was turning himself from side to side upon his bed, when he heard a heavy knock upon the door, and, as he rose and opened it, there stood old Gisbrecht, pale, trembling, with distorted features, and scarcely able to stammer out from his trembling lips:

"Oh, my Lord Count! the Lady of Waldenfels——"

"Art mad, Gisbrecht?" cried the Count, astonished at the manner and words of the old man.

"Pardon me, Lord Count," continued Gisbrecht, stammering; "I meant to say the young departed Countess——"

"O Rosowina!" exclaimed the Count, with an involuntary sigh.

"Here she is—thy Rosowina!" cried a pallid female form, which, with these words, precipitated herself into the Count's embrace.

The Count knew not what to think. He was overpowered with astonishment. Was it a dream? was it an apparition? or was it Rosowina indeed? Yes, it was indeed she. It was her silver voice. Her heart beat, her lips breathed, the mild and angelic features were there. It was Rosowina indeed, whom, wrapt in the cerements of the grave, he held in his embrace.

On the morrow, the wondrous tale was everywhere told in the castle and the neighbourhood. The Countess Rosowina had not died; she had only been in a trance. The sacristan, fortunately, had not fastened the door of the vault, and the Countess, on awakening, had been enabled by the light of the sepulchral lamp to extricate herself from the coffin, and to follow the affrighted sentinel to his master's chamber.

And now at Castle Eberstein once more all was liveliness and joy. But boundless as had been the despair of the Count at his loss, he did not feel happy in his new good fortune. It seemed as though a secret unknown something intervened between him and his youthful bride. He found no more in her eye that deep expression of soul that so oft had awakened his heart to transports of joy; the gaze was dead and cold. He seemed to hold a stark, chill corse in his embrace. The warm kiss imprinted on her chilly lips met never a return. Even her character was opposite to all he had expected. As a bride, loving and gentle, trustful and devoted, open and sincere, now was she sullen, testy, and silent. Every hour seemed these peculiarities to unfold themselves more; every day they became more unendurable. Often was his kiss rejected, sometimes with bitter mockery, if he left her awhile through annoyance, she reproached him, and filled the castle with complaints of his neglect and aversion, when business called him abroad, she tortured him with the most frightful jealousy. Even in her manners and inclinations the Countess of Eberstein was an actual contrast to the heiress of Waldenfels, all in her was low, ignoble, and mean, one habit was chiefly remarkable in her, always to cross her husband, to distress and annoy him, to embitter all his joys, to darken all his pleasures. And soon it became the common saying of the neighbourhood: "The Count of Eberstein thought he had been courting an angel, but he had brought home a dragon from an opposite world."

With inexhaustible patience, with imperturbable equanimity, Count Otto endured these annoyances. No complaint, no reproach, ever passed his lips. He had loved Rosowina too faithfully, too entirely, to let the conduct of her whom he now called his wife so soon extinguish the passion of his heart. But these disappointed hopes, this perpetual struggle between love and despised self-esteem, and this concealment of the sharpest pangs of his soul, gnawed at the very germ of life, and destroyed it at its core. A slow fever seized him, and he was now visibly decaying, and approaching the grave. One morning he was found unexpectedly in the death-struggle. He asked for the chaplain of the castle, in order to make his dying confession; but the holy man only arrived in time to witness his last most agonizing groan. At the same moment a frightful crash shook the foundations of the castle, the doors of the burial vault sprang open, and some of the domestics saw the spectral form of Rosowina sweep into it, and vanish in the darkness.

The deserted castle of Neueberstein sank in ruins, uninhabited for many centuries; the popular belief being that Otto and Rosowina continued to appear in its haunted apartments, and to set forth thereby the solemn lesson, that *he makes the most foolish and wicked of bargains, who gains even the whole world, if he lose his own soul.*

HENRY THOMPSON.

VOLUNTEER DRILLING.

SWEET Amy said, with pleading eyes,
"Dear Charley, tell me (will you?)
The words I've heard your captain say.—
I should so like to drill you."

"What, Amy, pet, *you* take command?
Well! Amy, I'm quite willing:
In such a company as yours,
I can't have too much drilling.

"Stand over there, and sing out clear
Like this—'Squad—stand at ease'"—
"Oh, Charles, you'll wake papa up-stairs,
Don't shout like that, dear, please."

"I stand at ease like this, you see,
And then I scarce need mention,
The next command you'll have to give
Is, "Now then, Squad—attention.'

"Now, Amy, smartly after me,
You're sure, dear, it don't bore you.
'Forward'—'Quick March'—'Halt'—'Front'—
'Right dress;'—
There now, I'm close before you.

"'Present arms.'—Well, it *does* look odd;
(You don't believe I'd trifle;)
We hold our arms straight out like this
In drill without the rifle.

"Now say, 'Salute your officer,'"
"Oh, Charles, for shame, how can you?
I thought that you were at some trick,
You horrid cheating man, you."

Charles "ordered arms;" without command
She smoothed her rumpled hair,
Pouted and frowned and blushed—and then—
Said softly, "As you were."

PARISIAN FIRE-EATERS.

FRANCE is the seat of "honour" in the technical sense, and Paris is its capital. It is not every Englishman that has the audacity of Colonel Dawkins, who, if we recollect right, challenged his rival at the last election to mortal combat at Wormwood Scrubs. This proceeding rather shook the nerves of quiet Englishmen, who imaginated personal violence and duelling had become extinct spite of the regrets of some military men. But how shall we account for the prevelant quarrelsomeness of French public and literary men? A short time since M. Weiss, the editor of the *Journal de Paris*, thought fit to criticise certain official acts of M. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction. Thereupon, the Messieurs Duruy, fils—who are both in Government employment, the elder as Chef de Cabinet to his father and the other as Secretary-General to the Prefect of the Department of the Lot—in company with a friend, waited upon M. Weiss, and endeavoured to administer to him a thrashing. No doubt this was all done in the way of their office as connected with Public Instruction; it is no sin to labour in your vocation, and as improvised schoolmasters they endeavoured to administer correction to a refractory pupil. As this attempt had not the desired effect, M. Weiss was summoned before the judge d'instruction, who would doubtless have read him a lesson he would not soon have forgotten. It is clear that such a lesson was greatly needed; for in speculating as to the cause of this summons, M. Weiss ignorantly maintained that the summons could not be on account of his reclacitrancy under wholesome punishment. He says it could not be "for having been struck in our own house and from having forgotten ourselves so far as to return the blows we received without asking for previous authorization from the two young persons' father." However, M. Duruy has given M. Weiss another chance, by withdrawing the complaint he had lodged against him. In future if M. Weiss chooses to attack any one, let him choose as his victim some wretched scribbler like himself.

However, such is the state of the atmosphere that he cannot reckon upon impunity even in a case like this. Some twenty years ago one Beauvallon was tried for killing in a duel—in connection with which Lola Montez figured prominently—a man named Dujarrier. Beauvallon was said to have used pistols with which he had previously practised. An allusion to this matter by M. Vermoul, the editor of the *Courrier Francais*, a week or so ago, aroused the wrath of M. Granier de Cassagnac, the editor of the *Pays*, a deputy of the Legislative body and brother-in-law of Beauvallon. A nephew of this gentleman, M. Louis de Cassagnac, undertook to vindicate the honor of his name, and the mode in which he professed to have done so was related in the *Pays*. He publishes a bulletin, which is headed "Courage of M. Vermoul," in which he states that he met his enemy, leaning on the arm of a friend, and that he accompanied him fifty paces, "covering with his spittle every feature of his face. His friend received at the same time some splashes, which M. Louis de Cassagnac withdraws very willingly. M. Vermoul, thus accompained to the foot of his staircase, went philosophically to change his linen." This is the way in which M. Louis de Cassagnac thinks such a thing should be done; but we regret to be compelled to say that this picture is only that of an ideal, and not of a thing which had a real existence. Like many a brilliant repartee, it was an afterthought, conceived in the quiet hours of the night, probably M. Vermoul, writing to the Prefect of the Police, says the account given by M. de Cassagnac is "a filthy and disgusting lie,"—for these gentlemen are accustomed to express themselves energetically. M. Vermoul asserts that "all was confined to verbal insults;" that "it proves that some people have not even the courage of the ignoble braggart;" and he communicates with the Prefect in order that he may take the necessary steps "to preserve the public peace and cleanliness." In consequence, the Prefect issued orders to his subordinates to be watchful lest the peace should again be broken. The affair, however, discloses a style of manners which clashes rather rudely with our received notions of Parisian politeness. We might perhaps congratulate ourselves that such scenes are impossible in England; but unfortunately the remembrance of many affairs of dubious character which shocked public decency some years ago, and others of later date, check the rising exultation. We may, however, perhaps believe that it is impossible a Minister of State should be concerned in such an affair, though here again we see a faint adumbration of the horrid reality in the fracas between Mr. Layard and Mr. Harvey Lewis only a short time ago. At the very least, however, we will not deny ourselves the gratification of reflecting that we do not brag of our politeness, as Englishmen always admit, and are even vehement in asserting, the superior politeness of the French, which, perhaps—as the late Marquis of Normandy once remarked in answer to a lady who insisted upon our own admissions—only proves our superiority in politeness.

We have not yet done with the amenities of French life. A short time ago a little affair of the same kind caused considerable amusement to the lookers-on. It appears that M. Sainte-Beuve in the course of a discussion in the Senate respecting the choice of books for the peoples' library at St. Etienne, took occasion to refer to some remarks of M. Lacaze, also a member of the Senate. M. Lacaze uttered several exclamations not of the most gentle character during these animadversions, and in particular used "a word which was printed in the *Moniteur*," where it may be seen by those whom it concerns. So

far the offence seems to be all on one side But M. Lacaze, acting upon the maxim "they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong," bethought him that he would demand "satisfaction" for the injury that he had inflicted. M. Lacaze disclaims so modestly any taste for literature, that we would on no account accuse him of having read Chaucer, even in a translation; but a sure instinct led him to apply the principle upon which the Wife of Bath always took care to be the first to complain—"whoso first cometh to the mill first grint." He accordingly proceeded to choose as his second the Baron de Heeckeren, who communicated with M Sainte-Beuve in the charming style adopted by "men of honour" M. Sainte-Beuve, however, liked not such grinning honour, and returned answer that he did not accept so readily as might be supposed the "summary jurisprudence which consists in strangling a question and suppressing an individual in forty-eight hours;" and he frankly confesses to M. de Heeckeren that among his numerous and devoted friends he has not under his hand two, or even one, understanding the laws of duelling. This is bad enough; but it is still worse when he goes on to describe to a "man of honour" the complexion of the poor creatures he calls his friends. He says, "My friends in general are versed in subjects relative to thinking, writing, and speaking;" that they have taken no degree of Doctor of Arms; but nevertheless, with unabashed forehead he dares to claim for them the title of men of honour. In his answer M. Lacaze scouts the notion that his antagonist has any choice about the matter, and insists that he must have his "satisfaction" while he resents the allusion to Doctors of Arms, and says *his* friends are not men of any intellectual cast, but simply "men of honour," and as Peter Bell would say, "nothing more." We can quite believe this statement. M. Sainte Beuve, however, is not to be caught in such a trap, and insists that an appeal to the President of the Senate (after the fashion of Mr. Layard and Mr. Harvey Lewis, but not in emulation of those gentlemen we imagine) is the only proper course, the matter being in no respect a personal one; and finally when pushed to extremity, he appeals to "the whole world," surely a rather large and mixed court. He describes the constitution of this tribunal as "that sane one who has more shrewdness than any individual, and who has as much honour as any one whatever—honour which is not the point of honour, and in which reason has its place." To this dignified answer M Lacaze reiterates that M. Sainte-Beuve mistakes the *role* which is simple enough, and is merely that he should come out and be made a target, and wear his heart upon his sleeve. M Sainte-Beuve however, steadily declines, and laughs in his sleeve at his adversary, who is left to take up as he can with the position of second best.

In England duelling has been extinct almost since the famous affair of Jeffrey's—

> "When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
> And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by"

In fact, the practice died out under a storm of ridicule. We hope it may never be revived.

BIRDS OF PREY.

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

(Continued from page 375.)

Book the Sixth.

THE HEIRESS OF THE HAYGARTHS.

"Of course not," answered my employer, with contemptuous impatience of my dullness; "but my brother Phil is not the man to wait for legal power. His ideas will be Miss Halliday's ideas in this business. When my case is ripe for action I shall make my bargain—half the fortune to be mine from the day of its recovery. A deed containing these conditions must be executed by Charlotte Halliday before I hand over a single document relating to the case. Now, as matters stand at present," he went on, looking very fixedly at me, "her execution of that deed would rest with Philip."

"And when shall you make your overtures to Mr Sheldon?" I asked at a loss to understand that intent look.

"Not until the last links of the chain are put together. Not before I am ready to make my first move on the Chancellor's chessboard. Perhaps not at all."

"How do you mean?"

"If I can tide over for a little time, I may throw Philip overboard altogether, and get some one else to manage Miss Halliday for me."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you, Hawkehurst," answered my patron, resting his elbows on the table by which we were sitting, and looking me through with those penetrating black eyes of his. "My brother Phil played me a shabby trick a few years ago, which I have not forgotten or forgiven. So I shouldn't mind paying him out in some of his own coin. Beyond which, I tell you again, I don't like the idea of his having a finger in this business. Where that kind of man's finger can go, his whole hand will follow, and if once that hand fastens on John Haygarth's money, it'll be bad times for you and me. Miss Halliday counts for exactly nothing in my way of reckoning. If her stepfather told her to sign away half a million, she'd scribble her name at the bottom of the paper, and press her pretty little thumb upon the wafer, without asking a single question as to the significance of the document. And, of course, she'd be less inclined to make objections if it was her husband who asked her to execute the deed. Aha! my young friend, how is it that you grow first red and then white when I mention Miss Halliday's husband?"

I have no doubt that I did indeed blanch when that portentous word was uttered in conjunction with my darling's name. Mr. Sheldon leant a little further across the table, and his hard black eyes penetrated a little deeper into the recesses of my foolish heart.

"Valentine Hawkehurst," he said; "shall we throw my brother Phil overboard altogether? Shall you and I go shares in this fortune?"

"Upon my word and honour, I don't understand you," I replied in all sincerity.

"You mean that you won't understand me," answered George Sheldon impatiently; "but I'll make myself pretty clear presently; and as your own interest is at stake, you'll be very unlike the rest of your species if you don't find it easy enough to understand me. When first I let you in for the chance of a prize out of this business, neither you nor I had the slightest idea that circumstances would throw the rightful claimant to the Haygarth estate so completely into our way. I had failed so many times with other cases before I took up this case, that it's a wonder I had the courage to work on. But somehow or other, I had a notion that this particular business would turn up trumps. The way seemed a little clearer than it usually is; but not clear enough to tempt Tom, Dick, and Harry. And then, again, I had learnt a good many secrets from the experience of my failures. I was well up to my work. I might have carried it on, and I ought to have carried it on, without help, but I was getting worn-out and lazy, so I let you into my secret, having taken it into my head that I could venture to trust you."

"You did'nt trust me further than you could help, my friend;" I replied with my usual candour. "You never told me the amount left by the reverend intestate; but I heard that down at Ullerton. A half share in a hundred thousand pounds is worth trying for, Mr. Sheldon."

"They call it a hundred thousand down there, do they?" asked the lawyer with charming innocence. "Those country people always deal in high figures. However I don't mind owning that the sum is a handsome one, and if you and I play our cards wisely, we may push Philip out of game altogether, and share the plunder between us."

Again I was obliged to confess myself unable to grasp my employer's meaning.

"Marry Charlotte Halliday out of hand," he said, bringing his eyes and his elbows still nearer to me, until his bushy black whiskers almost touched my face. "Marry her before Philip gets an inkling of this affair, and then, instead of being made a tool of by him, she'll be safe in your hands, and the money will be in your hands into the bargain. Why, how you stare, man! Do you think I haven't seen how the land lies between you two? Haven't I dined at Bayswater when you've been there? and could any man with his wits about him see you two sentimental young simpletons together *without* seeing how things were going on? You are in love with Charlotte, and Charlotte is in love with you. What more natural than that you two should make a match of it? Charlotte is her own mistress, and hasn't sixpence in the world that anyone but you and I know of; for, of course my brother Phil will continue to stick to every penny of poor old Tom's money. All you have to do is to follow up the young lady; it's the course that would suggest itself to any man in the same case, even if Miss Halliday were the ugliest old harridan in Christendom, instead of being a very jolly kind of girl, as girls go."

My employer said this with the tone of a man who had never considered the genus girl a very interesting part of creation. I suppose I looked at him rather indignantly; for he laughed as he resumed:

"I'll say she's an angel, if you like," he said, "and if you think her one, so much the better. You may consider it a very lucky thing that you came in my way, and a still more lucky thing that Miss Halliday has been silly enough to fall in love with you. I've heard of men being born with silver spoons in their mouths; but I should think you must have come into the world with a whole service of plate. However, that is neither here nor there. Your policy will be to follow up your advantages; and if you can persuade the young lady to change her name for Hawkehurst on the quiet some fine morning, without stopping to ask permission of her step-father, or anyone else, so much the better for you, and so much the more agreeable to me. I'd rather do business with you than with my brother Phil; and I sha'n't be sorry to cry quits with that gentleman for the shabby trick he played me a few years ago."

Mr. Sheldon's brow darkened as he said this, and the moody fit returned. That old grudge which my patron entertains against his brother must have relation to some very disagreeable business, if I may judge by George Sheldon's manner.

Here was a position for me, Valentine Hawkehurst, soldier of fortune, cosmopolitan adventurer, and child of the nomadic tribes who call Bohemia their mother country! Already blest with the sanction of my dear love's simple Yorkshire kindred, I was now assured of George Sheldon's favor, nay, urged onward in my paradisaic path by that unsentimental mentor. The situation was almost too much for my bewildered brain. Charlotte an heiress, and George Sheldon eager to bring about my participation in the Haygarthian thousands!

And now I sit in my little room in Omega street, pondering upon the past, and trying to face the perplexities of the future.

Is this to be? Am I, so hopeless an outsider in the race of life, to come in with a rush and win the prize which Fortune's first favorite might envy? Can I hope or believe it? Can the Fates have been playing a pleasant practical joke with me all this time, like those fairies who decree that the young prince shall pass his childhood and youth in the guise of a wild boar, only to be transformed into an Adonis at last by the hand of the woman who is disinterested enough to love him despite his formidable tusks and ungainly figure?

No! a thousand times no! The woman I love, and the fortune I have so often desired, are not for me. Every man has his own especial Fates; and the three sisters who take care of me are grim, hard-visaged, harder-hearted spinsters, not to be mollified by propitiation, or by the smooth tongue of the flatterer. The cup is very sweet, and it seems almost within my grasp, but between that chalice of delight and the lips that thirst for it, ah, what a gulf!

Nov. 13th. The above was written late at night, and under the influence of my black dog. What an ill-conditioned cur he is, and how he

mouths and mangles the roses that bestrew his pathway, always bent on finding the worm at the core!

I kicked the brute out of doors this morning, on finding a letter from my dear one lying in my plate. "Avaunt, aroint thee, foul fiend!" I cried. "Thou art the veritable poodle in whose skin Mephistopheles hides when bent on direst mischief. I will set the sign of the cross upon thy threshold, and thou shalt enter no more."

This is what I said to myself as I tore open my darling's envelope, with its pretty little motto stamped on cream-colored sealing-wax, "*Pensez à moi.*" Ah, love; "while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe." I saw the eyes of my friend Horatio fixed upon me as I opened my letter, and knew that my innermost sentiments were under inspection. Prudence demands all possible caution where the noble captain is concerned. I cannot bring myself to put implicit faith in his account of his business at Ullerton. He may have been there, as he says, on some promoting spec; but our meeting in that town was, to say the least, a strange coincidence, and I am not a believer in coincidences—off the stage, where a gentleman invariably makes his appearance directly his friends begin to talk about him.

I cannot forget my conviction that Jonah Goodge was brought over by a rival investigator, and that Rebecca Haygarth's letters were tampered with; nor can I refrain from connecting that shapely but well-worn lavender glove with the person of my dandy friend, Horatio Paget. The disappearance of a letter from the packet entrusted to me by Miss Judson is another mysterious circumstance; nor can I do away with the impression that I heard the name Meynell distinctly pronounced by Philip Sheldon the last time I was at the villa.

George Sheldon tells me the secret cannot by any possibility have been betrayed, unless by me; and I have been prudence itself.

Supposing my suspicions of Mr. Goodge to be correct, the letters abstracted from Mrs. Rebecca's correspondence might tell much, and might even put Horatio on the track of the Meynells. But how should he get his first inkling of the business?

Certainly not from me or from George Sheldon. But might not his attention have been attracted by that advertisement for heirs-at-law to the Haygarthian estate which appeared in the *Times*?

These are questions with which the legal intellect of my Sheldon may best grapple. For myself, I can only drift with the resistless stream called life; and my motto shall be *Carpe diem.*"

I was so unfortunate as to make my appearance in our common sitting-room five minutes after my patron. There had been time enough for him to examine the superscription and postmark of my letter. He was whistling when I went into the room. People who have been looking at things that don't belong to them always whistle.

I did not care to read my Charlotte's first letter with those hawk's eyes fixed upon me. So I just glanced at the dear handwriting, as if running over an ordinary letter with the eye of indifference, and then put the document into my pocket with the best assumption of carelessness I was capable of. How I longed for the end of that tedious meal, over which Captain Paget lingered in his usual epicurean fashion!

My friend Horatio has shown himself not a little curious about my late absence from the joint domicile. I again resorted to the Dorking fiction—my aged aunt breaking fast, and requiring much propitiation from a dutiful nephew with an eye to her testamentary arrangements. I had been compelled to endow my shadowy relative with a comfortable little bit of money, in order to account for my devotion; since the powerful mind of my Horatio would have refused to grasp the idea of disinterested affection for an ancient kinswoman.

There was an ominous twinkle in the Captain's sharp gray eyes when I gave this account of my absence, and I sorely doubt his acceptance of this second volume of the Dorking romance. Ah, what a life it is we lead in the tents of Ishmael, the castaway! through what tortuous pathways wander the nomad tribes who call Hagar, the abandoned, their mother! what lies, what evasions, what prevarications! Horatio Paget and I watch each other like two cunning fencers, with a stereotyped smile upon our lips and an eager restlessness in our eyes, and who shall say that one or other of our rapiers is not poisoned, as in the famous duel before Claudius, usurper of Denmark?

My dear one's letter is all sweetness and love in a general way. She is coming home; and, much as she prefers Yorkshire to Bayswater, she is pleased to come back to town for my sake—for my sake. She leaves the pure atmosphere of that simple country home to become the central point in a net work of intrigue; and I am bound to keep the secret so closely interwoven with her fate. I love her more truly, more purely than I thought myself capable of loving; yet I can only approach her as the tool of George Sheldon, a rapacious conspirator, bent on securing the horded thousands of old John Haygarth.

Of all men upon this earth I should be the last to underrate the advantages of wealth—I, who have been reared in the gutter, which is Poverty's cradle. Yet I would fain my darling's fortune had come to her in any other fashion than as the result of my work in the character of a salaried private inquirer.

(*To be continued.*)

THE VALUE OF CRONACH.

The Widow M'Hamish and her daughter had seldom travelled beyond the hills which bounded their prospect to the scanty fields about their Highland farm. They found plenty of interest and work in the quiet nook where their lot was cast, for except one or two "men folk" for out-door labour, the widow and her daughter kept the farm themselves. They were excellent company to each other,—the widow had abundant stores of legendary lore, and she had given her daughter the best education in her power, and though Elspeth's reading was, of course, limited, it was not superficial, and she possessed all the originality usually attributed to Celtic blood.

But now, their comfort was about to be disturbed. A great proprietor near had resolved on annexing the widow's land, and though she would fain have kept the fields which her husband had cultivated, her experience of events among neighbouring farmers had convinced her that opposition was worse than useless, since it generally ended in the ruin of the weaker combatant. So she and Elpseth were going to the town to receive from this nobleman's steward the sum which that gentleman considered their due compensation.

They had first to walk to a neighbour's house, whence they could ride on in this neighbour's wagon. Naturally enough, they were not in high spirits. The farm was the scene of their household joys and sorrows. There they had toiled, and spared, and cared, often in anxiety, sometimes nearly in want, and Elspeth had once or twice fancied almost any change must be for the better; but now that change was nigh, it was very bitter. The ownership of the rude house and sterile acres of Cronach, seemed far more precious than the little bag of cash they would possess on their return. The impulsive Highland girl almost longed to hide her face among the dewy heather, and never more confront a world which seemed suddenly very hard and cruel.

But Elspeth did not show this. When once the affair was settled, she took care to display its sunny side. She put on her trimmest apparel, and bustled about, as if the visit to town was really the treat it might have been, under other circumstances, and when she joined her mother in the best room, and glanced at the one looking-glass of the house, she was almost astonished to see how little her face betrayed the pain in her heart.

"Of course we cannot altogether like it," she said to her mother, wisely admitting what she could not deny: "for there is no place like old places, but, still, Cronach was once strange to our grandfathers, and the new home—wherever it be—will be just as dear to our great-grandchildren."

"Great-grandchildren!" echoed the widow, sadly; "nay, Elspeth, child, I know the words are true, that 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' and so, Elspeth, I warn you to give up all expectation of Malcolm Peder's return; and well I know you will marry no other."

For just one moment Elspeth M'Hamish turned her face aside. In her eager consolation she had uttered heedless words, for that young girl of two-and-twenty had no dreams of a careful, matronly future. Four years before, ere a certain Malcolm Peder had departed for Australia, a long quiet conversation between he and she had ended in a promise, that when he returned, he would find her still Elspeth M'Hamish.

She heard from him as often as the fluctuating colonial post permitted, until two years after he had left, when there came a rumour that he was returning—rather suddenly—in a vessel called the *Heathflower;* and all that was seen of the *Heathflower*, after she left Sydney, was a bottle washed ashore, which held a scrap of paper with the words: "The ship is filling with water—her sails are gone. Our trust is in God."

And that was the end of Elspeth's love-story; but still she meant to be Elspeth M'Hamish when she and Malcolm should meet again!

She regained her composure in an instant. "That was only nonsense, mother," she said; "I am the last of our race, and had all things gone on the same, Cronach and the M'Hamishes must have parted in a few years. We might grieve if you had sons, mother; but, as it is, I am not so brave as you are, and if you had grown old here, and I had become mistress of the house, how frightened I should have been—I—who start if a straying stranger comes near us after dark!"

"Only because she hopes for poor Malcolm," thought the widow; but she said nothing.

"We will live at Peterhead—close to the beautiful sea," Elspeth went on, "and you shall sit like a grand lady, and watch the ships whilst I knit, and spin, and embroider for us both."

"It is she who will watch the ships!" thought the mother, again.

They found their neighbour in his cart ready for them, but it was quite noon before they got to the rambling Highland town, and past noon ere they had signed the formidable deeds which gave to Cronach a new owner.

They were almost silent during the whole of the homeward journey, they did not even speak when they reached the farmhouse door. Elspeth took the key from the little ledge where it always lay when they were out, but before they entered, they paused and gazed around. It was a lovely scene—it was the home of their forefathers—and the house to which Malcolm Peder used to come.

"It's just the Lord's will," said the widow; "its no use denying it's hard enough, lassie; but let us look to him for strength, and then give him the glory!"

"Oh, if it were Bible-days!" sobbed Elspeth, "then angels might come down to change all the trouble into joy! But those times are over now!"

"Don't say that, Elsie," said the widow, quickly, "the Lord always works his own will in his way, and if the ways change, the will doesn't, and it's our Father's will, lassie! Angels visits were wonderful eno', but not more wonderful than the working of what we call little common things. We don't know where we're going, Elsie, nor what will happen; but the Lord does, and when he shows us, we shall see everything has drawn towards that end like a plan."

Then they went into the house, and without another word about the coming change, resumed their usual round of duties.

It was autumn: and the evenings were drawing in, and becoming chilly. Elspeth lit a little fire, beside which she and her mother sat and worked, having carefully deposited "the value of Cronach" in the old carved chest. It had grown quite dark out of doors, when the daughter's quick ear detected an unusual sound outside.

"Only the falling leaves," said the widow.

But they both listened, and the noise was repeated; it was like an animal's whine, accompanied by divers scratchings on the door.

"I think it's a dog," said Elspeth. They had none of their own; an ancient favourite having died not long before.

The widow opened the window to see their singular visitor. It was a large black dog, who bounded towards her with every demonstration of joy, and as she put forth her hand to caress him, he actually leaped through the casement!

"The M'Hamishes never turned away a guest, nor asked questions," said the widow as she prepared food for the panting stranger, "so it doesn't matter that their visitor can't answer. But still this is odd, Elsie—he's none of the neighbours' dog."

"No, and if he belonged to a traveller, it's little likely he'd leave his master to come to a strange house. He's a fine fellow, and seems as fond of us as poor Mona was. But what shall we do with him, mother?"

"Give him supper and lodging if he likes," said Mrs. M'Hamish, "and see what to-morrow brings. He'd be welcome to stay at Cronach, but he'd be out of place in Peterhead lodgings; yet as we need'nt think of that now, we won't."

An old plaid which had been Mona's sleeping-cushion, was brought out for the dog, who seemed highly satisfied in his new quarters, and gave no sign of remembrance of a master out of doors. Before Mrs. M'Hamish and her daughter retired, he was curled up in a sound slumber.

They went up-stairs to their simple chamber, and for some time they lay whispering together, and gazing on the broad harvest moon, as she rode peacefully over the giant hills, and then they sank to sleep.

But in the dead of night, they were suddenly awakened: their faces blanched as they listened, for they heard the stealthy steps of midnight robbers in the garden-path, followed in a second by a sharp crash, which announced that the primitive fastenings of the outer door were forced away.

"The money in the chest!" gasped Elspeth, as she clung to her mother's hand.

But in an instant there arose a fierce and indescribable tumult, overturning of furniture, shrieks, oaths, and growlings unutterable. Startled from their sleep, neither mother nor daughter could at first understand the position of things, but they were soon explained by shouts below.

"You said there wasn't a dog, and there's a horrible brute—yah—h—h!"

"Come out, come out! there must be some one staying there—come away, for your lives!"

They tramped away, furiously banging the door to keep back the dog, and hurried down the rough path, cursing as they went. When the subdued growls of their protector reassured the two women, they got a light and crept down stairs. They found the strange dog in an ecstacy of delight, the chairs overturned, some crockery smashed, and torn linen strewed over the floor, but the oaken chest containing the tempting "value of Cronach" was untouched.

"Wherever you came from, God sent you," said Elspeth, caressing the dog.

"Yes,—as he sent the angels in olden times," whispered the widow, gently.

They could not go to bed again, but sat close together and read the Bible until daylight; then they took a little breakfast, and fed the dog, and Elspeth persuaded the mother to get some breakfast, while she put the kitchen into something like order.

She moved about in that dreamy condition which follows a troubled night. In the mirror she saw a face so wan and worn, that she scarcely recognised it as her own. Ghostly footsteps seemed to follow hers, and when she sat down she feared to turn her head. It was a great relief when John Munro, the farm-servant, came from his hut, and she could relate their adventure, and show their strange guardian, who, though by no means hostile towards the worthy Scotchman, offered him none of the friendly overtures he had made to Elspeth and her mother. Then, reassured by John's trusty presence, she returned to the kitchen, sat down, and soon fell asleep.

She awoke suddenly: the room was bright with sunshine, and John Munro stood at her side, his "bonnet" in his hand, and an awed look on his weatherbeaten face.

"The Lord's been vera guid to you, Miss Elspeth," he said, solemnly. "After his wonderfu' providence the night, ye'll no doubt aught too guid for his lovingkindness the morn."

"The Lord is very good to us," said Elspeth, mistily; "you know I think so, John."

"When you thoct of the resurrection day, miss dearie, has it no been sweet to ye to ken that then the sea wad gie up its dead?"

"John, what do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"Wist! wist!" he said, laying his hand on her arm,—"don't ye flutter so—the Lord's gudeness doesna vanish like a fairy favour; an' when he sends us back our missing ones, they're in the flesh, an' na will-o'-the-wisp ghaists."

In another moment Elspeth M'Hamish was sobbing in the embrace of Malcolm Peder, and her mother was aroused by sounds very different from those of the night.

"I did not take passage in the *Heathflower*," he explained, as he sat between them, "but in it I sent home half of my savings, to pay my poor father's debts, and as they are now at the bottom of the sea, I have come home with the remainder, for I could not rest while any one could say he had lost by my people. And so I'm still a poor man, Elspeth: I must begin again out there as poor as ever."

What did she care for that?

"You should get a bride with a tocher," said the widow, with apparent gravity.

"No, no," he replied, pressing Elspeth's hand, "the Peders were always ready to work for money, or want it, but not to marry or love for it."

"We've told you we're going to leave Cronach," said Mrs. M'Hamish, "I don't believe you've given it twa thoughts. Perhaps you will, when I tell you we mean to take a farm in Australia."

Elspeth had never heard this before, and she started quite as much as Malcolm.

"But I'm ower old to manage a farm," the widow added, "and so I shall e'en find an honest, sensible man to do it for me. I've one in my mind now, but it all depends upon himself; his name is just Malcolm Peder."

"It's the Lord's plan," she said, after the first ecstacies of thankful joy were over. "I should not have thought of selling Cronach, if I had not been obliged by the guidings of Providence; and then the strange dog was sent to guard us in our danger—and so we and our little wealth are safe and sure, when Malcolm is restored to us. Elspeth, is the Lord's arm shortened that it cannot save?"

"I am speiring after that bonny dog," said John, putting his head in at the door, "I cannot find him no gate. Will Miss Elspeth ca' ?"

But all John's "speiring" and all Elspeth's calls never brought him back. As he came, so he went. The would-be robbers were detected through the injuries he had done their apparel and themselves, and the tale spread far and wide; but no one was found able to account for the animal's mysterious appearance, or departure, and to this day it remains "a strange story."

Mrs. M'Hamish tells it to her grandchildren, as they sit in an Australian farmhouse, with their father's fields stretching far and wide around. She is very proud of those fields, and though she still says "there is no place like the old place," she does not regret that some of them were bought by "the value of Cronach." I. F.

Sergeant Cockle, a rough, blustering fellow, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of the right of fishery he asked the witness, "Do you like fish?"—"Ay," replied the witness with a grin, "but I dinna like Cockle sauce with it."

SCENE IN AN OMNIBUS.

Fat woman with a fat baby: "Must get in."

French gentleman: "Impossible, madam." (To the conductor): "You full?"

Conductor "You're a fool yourself. Squeeze in there."

DAVY JONES, JUNIOR.

BY DUTTON COOK.

CHAPTER I.

Although they admitted that she might possibly, by some people, be accounted "pleasing," Miss Nancy Block's friends always said of her "that she was certainly not pretty," for, as they were good enough to explain, "she had not a feature in her face." The observation was not, of course, to be interpreted literally. It was indisputable that Miss Block was in possession of certain lineaments which answered sufficiently well all the purposes which features are presumed to serve, and are ordinarily applied to, albeit they might not satisfy the critical requirements of her friends, nor accord completely with their ideas on the subject of abstract beauty. But our friends, it may be noted, are, as a rule, a little exacting in this and some other matters. They are disposed to constitute themselves our critics, and to judge us by a rather superior standard. They are fond of holding the scales concerning us,—our mental and bodily endowments;—and they hold them up a little too high sometimes. It is one of their privileges to pronounce freely and frankly upon our defects and short-comings; and the privilege, so far as one can see, is not likely to suffer abatement from falling into disuse. Miss Block's friends spoke their minds in regard to her with a candour that was excessive: almost disagreeably so. For candour is one of those good things, of which, the proverb notwithstanding, one *can* have too much.

No doubt the motive of this openness of speech on their part was praiseworthy enough. "They did not want," they averred, "nonsensical ideas to get into the girl's head." A misfortune of that kind, they were determined, should not happen if they could help it. And they deemed it "a nonsensical idea" that a girl should think herself pretty. Whatever might be the real state of the case as to her looks, it was far preferable that she should consider herself plain; or, at any rate, that she should be content with a very inferior estimate of her attractions. Upon this subject Miss Block's friends, (especially those of her own sex, who were of an age riper than her own, and of an aspect which Time had probably altered for the worse,) held forth with untiring, if somewhat monotonous, eloquence. They were never weary of recounting—and always with especial reference to Miss Block's personal appearance, and for her particular benefit,—that beauty was but skin deep; that looks went for nothing; that intellect was everything; that handsome was who handsome did; with other valuable statements of like effect, much swollen with commentaries and disquisitions. Miss Block always listened, or appeared to listen patiently, or, at all events, silently. The discourse for a time concluded, she hurried to her chamber, and looked in her glass. She found there a mute but adequate answer to all that had been said, and she smiled with coquettish contentment. For, from her own point of view, she beheld in the glass a reflection of a very charming young person. Insomuch that her friends' labours to persuade her that even if she might be "pleasing," she was certainly not "pretty," were, upon the whole, of the nature of that unprofitable toil which we associate with the fable of Sisyphus and his stone.

Miss Nancy Block beheld in the glass for one thing, a thoroughly English maiden's blush-rose and milk, pink and white sort of complexion. Even her most conscientious and candid friends admitted that her complexion was unimpeachable. But then, they urged, there was nothing in *that*. The young woman was not entitled to credit on such account; because it was well known that time out of mind the Blocks had been noted for their nice complexions. And after all, her skin wasn't nearly so clear and fair as had been the skins of certain other members of her family, who pertained to the past rather than to the present. Moreover, she freckled quite dreadfully in the sunny weather; as for her blue eyes,—well, there they were—as blue as the blue on a willow pattern plate, for those

who cared for trifles of that nature. Miss Block's friends, for the most part, preferred eyes of any other colour; black or brown, gray, or even green. Nor did they set greater store upon the long silky lashes, the daintily arching brows, the coral-red lips, or the pearl-white teeth which Miss Block also had an opportunity of contemplating when she consulted her mirror. They preferred to pass over these items in the sum of Miss Block's looks, and to dwell rather upon the fact that her nose had a kind of heavenward aspiring inclination about its tip; and that a thread of golden-red was here and there woven into the glossy texture of her tresses. They agreed in lamenting that her nose was "such a snub," and that her hair was "so dreadfully sandy;" for in a fashion thus coarse and extravagant did they presume to allude to very simple and by no means unattractive facts in connection with Miss Block's personal characteristics.

Her figure, they decided, was unformed, and, therefore, not worth considering. (They were plainly people who would disparage a rose-bud because it wasn't a full-blown rose.) As for her mind; Miss Block's friends glanced upward and raised their hands; their looks and gestures signifying hopeless despair. She *had* no mind, they affirmed; none whatever! For her disposition, poor thing; well, perhaps it was not so much *her* fault—she had been badly brought up—thoroughly spoiled by her absurdly indulgent old father.

Mr. Block's daughter, if she is still living, (and I am not certain whether she is or not,) must be now a very old lady; though, I will venture to say, a very nice looking old lady, whatever may be asserted to the contrary; remarkable, at any rate, for that goodness which is the chief beauty of old age, and an irresistible attraction at all times. For it is now more than half a century since Miss Block was in her teens, "pleasing but not pretty," and when the circumstances occurred which I am about to narrate.

Mr Block styled himself "a ship breaker;" that is to say, he purchased the hulls of old ships of all shapes and sizes, and broke them up in order to sell again, piecemeal, the wood and iron of which they were constructed. His wharf was on the south bank of the Thames, in the parish of St. Mary, Rotherhithe. In those days traders made it a rule to live where they carried on their business. Mr. Block lived in a small comfortable house attached to his wharf-premises, and looking on to the river. He traded under the name of "Block & Co.;" and had lately taken into partnership a young man named Godfrey Starkie, who had been of much service to him as clerk, book-keeper, and general assistant. Mr. Block was regarded by his neighbours as a prosperous, "well-to-do" man. He was about sixty years of age, remarkable in appearance for his clean, clear, family complexion, and for the silvery whiteness of his hair. He was amiable and benevolent, and it had been said of him that his only enemy was himself. He was fond of his ease and of good-living; indeed to his excessive partiality for port wine and punch, the ailing health to which of late he had been liable, was very generally attributed. His wife had been dead some years. His only child was the Miss Nancy Block of whom some mention has already been made, and to whom he was tenderly attached. His establishment consisted of one female servant, who acted as cook and housemaid, and who, having originally been Miss Block's nurse when that young woman was an infant in arms, had of course been many years in the service of the family, and obtained its entire confidence and regard; and an apprentice, one David, or, as he was more often called, Davy Jones, a workhouse lad, deserted by his parents, and brought up therefore, by that unpleasant step-mother the parish. His appellation, it may be stated, was due to the active and somewhat jocose fancy of the beadle of St. Mary's, Rotherhithe, who was pleased to discover in the swarthy little imp of a child left naked at the workhouse door, some resemblance to that arch enemy of mankind—and old offender with many an *alias*—who has oftentimes answered to the sobriquet of Davy Jones among other nicknames: *nick*-names being quite the right word to use under all the circumstances of the case.

It was a real misfortune to the boy that he was thus designated. He was in truth a dog with a bad name; and many people were found to predict for him the customary fate of dogs so circumstanced. If he neglected his duties in any way, (and in times past an apprentice's duties were very multifarious: he was oftentimes an additional domestic servant quite as much as an apprentice) if he broke a plate, or a window, or neglected to clean the knives or his master's boots, the question was invariably asked what else could be expected of a boy named Davy Jones? Yet it was hardly the boy's fault that he was thus called. Certainly he did not choose his own name; it was given him at a time when he had no will of his own in the matter, or any knowledge at all of what was happening to him. However, he had to make the best he could of it; rather hard work, because everybody else would persist in making the worst they could of it. But he never knew any other name. His parents never came forward to claim him. If any romantic incidents were connected with his birth, they were never brought to light. Probably there was no poetic character about the affair at all: it was very plain prose, most likely. Such an everyday commonplace matter as sin and suffering and destitution. He remained Davy Jones to the end of the chapter.

He was a small, spare, black-haired, dark-eyed lad, still very swarthy; and his natural dinginess of hue was heightened artificially. Grime from the saucepans, from the blacking brushes, from the kitchen grate, from up the chimney, always seemed to find a home and a resting-place on Davy Jones's face. His hands were for ever soiled with the mud of the river, or the clay of the wharf, the rust of old iron, or the pitch and tar of the shipyard. He carried about with him incessantly, visible signs of his visits to the coal-cellar. Certainly he was a dirty boy. And he was said, moreover, to be mischievous and ill-tempered, sullen, and disposed to evil. But his reputation in those respects might have been born of his unfortunate name.

"How can you bear to be so dirty, Davy?" Miss Nancy Block said to him one day, as she tossed her chin, disdainfully,

"Please, I can't help it," the boy answered; "I suppose that's the reason, Miss Nancy."

"But you're always dirty. I can't bear dirty people."

"You'd be dirty, too, Miss Nancy, if you had all these boots to clean," the boy said.

"Don't call me 'Miss Nancy.' You should say Miss Block. You're always grumbling about the boots you've got to clean. What a discontented boy you must be!"

"No, I'm not a discontented boy, Miss Nancy—well, Miss Block, then. I'd go on cleaning *your* shoes till I dropped—you know I would! And the master's too—I'm not afraid of work. But for that Starkie's shoes—I should like to chuck them in the river!" And in a lower voice, he added, "And him after them!"

"You don't like Mr. Starkie?"

"Say I hate him,—that would be nearer the mark."

"You shouldn't hate anybody, Davy; it's very wicked and un-Christian," and Miss Block shook her head gravely and held up a warning forefinger, after a fashion much favoured in the pulpit. "You shouldn't hate anybody."

"Well, I don't hate everybody," said Davy, as though that signified much the same sort of thing, and was as decent an approximation to goodness and Christianity as could be expected of a boy in his situation and of his character. "But as for that Starkie, with his white face, and his white hands, and his white stockings——"

"You hate him because he's clean and you're dirty, Davy."

"Perhaps so. But I'm not *his* servant. I was bound to the master, not to *him*: yet he treats me like a dog. He never gives me so much as a good word."

"Well, do *I* ever give you a good word, as you call it?"

"You're for ever giving me good looks, Miss Nancy; you see, you can't help doing that."

Miss Nancy smiled.

"I'm not a fine gentleman as he is, and never shall be, of course I know *that*," the lad continued; and then he added, glancing curiously at his master's daughter as he spoke, "and of course you'd never let *me* kiss your hand, as you let *him*. Not if I lived for a thousand years you wouldn't. It isn't to be expected you would; is it now, Miss Nancy?"

"You wicked boy!" cried Miss Block, blushing and angry. "How dare you say such things?"

"He *did* kiss your hand, because I saw him do it," Davy Jones said, simply; "I was looking through the crack of the door."

"How could I help his kissing my hand? He *would* do it. I didn't want him to. I'd much rather he hadn't done it. It was very rude of him. And—and it's very mean to look through the cracks of doors, and to watch people, and play the spy upon them, Davy." Miss Block was altogether very much distressed.

"I couldn't help it, Miss Nancy. I didn't intend to be playing the spy upon you; but do what I will, my eyes seem always to be following you about. They're never tired of going in search of you; they're never so happy as when they're resting on you. I'm sure I didn't want to see him kissing your hand. It made my heart ache sorely; and if you'd but given the word, I'd have had him on the floor in a minute, and given his white neckcloth a twist he wouldn't have liked. Anything rather than that such a fellow as that should have kissed such a hand as yours, Miss Nancy."

Did Davy Jones come of Irish progenitors? But it avails not to ask the question, for no answer can be given to it. Perhaps an Irish nurse had tended his infancy in the workhouse. Certainly there was a sweet and touching and especially Irish plaintiveness now and then in his voice and manner when he addressed his master's daughter.

"There's sixpence for you, Davy," said Miss Block, in a softened tone, as she drew the coin from her long silken purse. "Don't you ever tell anyone what you saw through the crack of the door, there's a good boy. You won't see me again for some little time, though you look through the cracks of doors never so; nor I shan't see Mr. Starkie. We're going to Margate, father and I are, to-morrow, by the hoy. I hope the change will cure poor father's asthma, and make him well again. Mind and behave properly while we're away. Don't get quarreling with Mr. Starkie. Do you hear, Davy? No good will come of your quarreling with Mr. Starkie, but only harm."

"I won't quarrel with him if he won't quarrel with me," said Davy.

"And if you'd only be a little more tidy and wash your face, Davy——"

"Well, what then, Miss Nancy?" the boy demanded, eagerly.

"Why, you'd look ever so much nicer and cleaner. What did you think I was going to say?" And she tripped away from him with a laugh.

David remained speechless and motionless for some time. Then he kissed the sixpence, tossed it in the air, as though he were having a little solitary gambling with it; finally, after much trouble, he bored a hole in it with a brad-awl, and tied it round his neck under his shirt with a bit of string.

On the next day Miss Block and her father, accompanied by their female servant, drove in a cart to Greenwich, and there embarked in the hoy for Margate. Mr. Block was said by his friends to be by no means the man he had been, but to be looking very ailing and feeble indeed. All hoped his trip to the sea might restore him to health.

CHAPTER II.

ADJOINING Mr. Block's wharf stood the, well-known, old-established, river side tavern, The, Traveller's Joy, kept by one Mrs. Barford, a widow woman, much respected in the neighbourhood. It was a well-conducted, house ; its tap-room much frequented by Thames watermen, sailors, and colliers, and its parlour the resort of such sensible, sociable tradesmen of the district as liked a genial glass, a friendly talk, and a peaceful pipe before they went to bed. The Traveller's Joy bore a good name. Its liquors were excellent, and its patrons were, for the most part, peaceful, orderly people. It was oftentimes said thereabouts that Mrs. Barford managed her hostelry as well as any man could—better, if anything. There had hardly ever been anything like disturbance or discomfort known in the house.

Some days had passed since Mr. Block's departure for Margate. It was an autumn night, cold for the time of year. A thick, unwholesome mist hung about the river and its banks. Mrs. Barford was very busy in her bar, for her customers made frequent demands upon her for warm and cordial glasses which counteract the unpleasantness of the weather. In the tap-room it was unanimously agreed that it was " an uncommon nasty night, to be sure." The parlour was of opinion " that we should have Christmas upon us now before we knew where we were." Mrs. Barford, a stately woman with a glowing face, tall as a grenadier, and almost as muscular, was equal to the occasion. In truth, she was equal to most occasions She stirred the bar fire till the kettle sang again, she replenished glasses, she squeezed lemons ; her punch had seldom been so hot or so strong, or so thoroughly admirable altogether, as on that disagreeable and unseasonable autumn night.

A man entered hurriedly, and stood for a moment irresolute in the passage of the Traveller's Joy.

" Why, mercy on me, Mr. Starkie, how white you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Barford. " He's white at most times you know,' she said afterwards to Betsy, her assistant handmaid in the bar, " but I never saw him look so white as he looked then."

The new-comer was tall and well-proportioned. He was said generally to be " a fine figure of a man." His features were very regular, handsome, and clean cut, and from his complexion being so colourless there was a look as of an ivory carving about his head. As he lifted his broad-brimmed hat (the hat was then in a transitional state; having abandoned its old three-cornered form, it was on its way to the chimney-pot pattern of our own times, but its crown was as yet low and undeveloped), his hair was seen to be carefully combed and crested on his forehead, after the fashion then prevalent. His dress was of a sober kind, yet it was worn with a certain air of pretence. His coat was of snuff-coloured cloth, double-breasted, high in the collar, and adorned with close rows of bright pewter buttons. His waistcoat was of a broad striped taffeta. His ribbed cotton stockings were spotless and white as his cambric neckcloth. His shoes were brilliantly polished. It seemed as though he were proud, as he had some reason to be, of his shapely legs and small feet. A broad green silk watch ribbon, with a cluster of seals and keys attached, depended from his fob. Altogether he looked somewhat superior to his real position, which was simply that of junior partner in the firm of Block & Co., Ship-breakers.

" Did you not hear the report of firearms?" he inquired anxiously of the landlady of the Traveller's Joy. His voice trembled somewhat as he spoke.

" When? Just now? Two minutes ago? Well, I did hear something. But I was so busy, I'd hardly time to give it a thought. Yes, I remember now, I heard a gun go off. I thought it must have been fired from some police-boat on the river, in chase of smugglers. But then the parlour-bell rang——"

" It was fired at me," said Mr. Starkie, gravely.

" You never mean it, Mr. Starkie! that you don't."

" It was fired at me as I sat alone in Mr. Block's parlour facing the river. The bullet passed close over my head and lodged in the wall behind me. It was well aimed. An inch or two lower, and I had been a dead man."

Whom did he suspect? He did not know whom to suspect. He could not think that the shot had been intended for him. He had no enemies that he knew of. He was inclined to think that the shot must have been intended for Mr. Block.

" But why for Mr. Block?" asked the landlady. " Surely Mr. Block had no enemies either. No one could dream of attempting the life of good old Mr. Block."

That was so, certainly—Mr. Starkie confessed himself wholly at a loss to understand the matter. But Mr. Block was in the habit, it was well known, of sitting at night in the parlour facing the river. If any one had fancied himself aggrieved by the firm—it could but be fancy, yet who could account for fancy?—he would surely seek to avenge himself upon the senior member of the firm rather than the junior—who had until quite recently been Mr. Block's clerk and servant. It was by the merest chance that he, Mr. Starkie, had been in the parlour at all. He had been taking care of the house and managing the business in the absence of Mr. Block at Margate. He was quite alone in the house at the time.

" Quite alone?" repeated Mrs. Barford. " Where then was the lad Davy Jones?"

" Was he not at the Traveller's Joy?" Mr. Starkie asked in some surprise. He had sent the boy out some twenty minutes before, to get two dozen oysters and some ale, for his (Mr. Starkie's) supper. He admitted that he had some words with the boy—who was a very idle and ill-behaved boy. Mr. Starkie had frequently had occasion to reprimand him for his carelessness and inattention and neglect of duty; and Mr. Block was constantly complaining of him.

" A young limb, if ever there was one, its well known," Mrs. Barford commented.

Yet still Mr. Starkie couldn't believe that the boy had any hand in the attempt upon his life. It was curious, however, Mr. Starkie was compelled to admit. The boy had been a long time gone upon a very simple errand. He could have done all that he was required to do in less than five minutes. Mr. Starkie had fully expected to find Davy Jones at Mrs. Barford's house.

A little group had by this time assembled in the passage of the Traveller's Joy. There had been a suspension in the supply of drinks, and the thirsty had emerged from both the parlour and the tap-room, to make personal inquiry why their necessities were not heeded. But they forgot the object with which they had approached the bar, as they found themselves auditors of the interesting converse between Mr. Starkie and the landlady. Presently they were agreeing that things looked very black indeed as against Davy Jones; and Mrs. Barford's solemn denunciation—" depend upon it that young limb's at the bottom of all the mischief," met with general support. It was the universal opinion that the boy had not been called " Davy Jones," for nothing.

Just then the door opened. The boy himself entered, carrying a dish of oysters. He walked to the bar as coolly and unconcerned as might be, and ordered a jug of strong ale for Mr. Starkie.

He was questioned as to what he had been doing? where he had been? why he had loitered? He answered with prompt impudence, " that that was *his* business; and that he had seen no reason to hurry over Mr. Starkie's errands, who was no master of his." Being pressed and threatened, he was a little disconcerted. Finally he admitted " that if they *must* know, he had been playing 'pitch-and-toss,' with Tom the pot-boy,—of whom they might make inquiry on the subject, if they listed. Tom the pot-boy was discovered, and confirmed the story. He said " they had been playing 'pitch-and-toss' for a matter of ten minutes—or, it might be, a quarter of an hour. And if they *had* been playing pitch-and-toss," both boys demanded, with one consent, where was the harm, and what need all that to-do about it?"

" We know what pitch and toss leads to, my fine fellows," said a bystander, severely. But, upon the whole, Davy's judges were somewhat shaken. He was, they held, either altogether innocent, or else a hardened criminal; the latter for choice. Suddenly Mrs. Barford placed a lighted candle on the ground.

" If he's been out in Block's wharf this night,' she said, " his shoes will be covered with wet clay."

But submitted to this test Davy came out triumphant. His shoes were as clean as were Mr. Starkie's. Indeed his appearance generally was distinguished by an order and a neatness altogether new to him. There was even some evidence to the effect that his hands and face had been washed recently in soap and water, and that his hair had received the unaccustomed benefits of brushing and combing.

" It doesn't prove very much," said Mrs. Barford, thoughtfully, as she took up her candle; " for he had time to change his shoes."

" It would be difficult," Davy remarked, quietly, " seeing that I've only got one pair of them."

" I'll see to the bottom of this, if I die for it. I can't have such a scandal as this going on in the neighbourhood of the Traveller's Joy. Who's man enough to go round with me and search the wharf?" demanded Mrs. Barford, resolutely.

This inquiry had rather the effect of thinning the group that had collected about the bar. Many went quietly back to their seats in the tap-room and parlour. They were men of peace. It was not their vocation to go in quest of murderers and such like. Least of all on such a night as that. Besides, who knew but that the man who fired the shot had other shots in store for those seeking his arrest?

Still two or three proclaimed themselves men enough for Mrs. Barford's purpose. Thereupon the landlady lighted a stable lantern which she gave to Mr. Starkie to carry, took down a blunderbuss from over the mantelshelf in the bar, put out the old-fashioned head-gear known as " a calash," prudently removed the massive silver watch which swung from her girdle, (worn very high up—short waists were the vogue,) and proceeded upon the proposed reconnoissance of Mr. Block's premises.

" Hold up the lantern, Mr. Starkie," said Mrs. Barford. " Be very careful where you tread, all of you. The shot was fired level with the window. The man who fired it must have stood on this part of the wharf. The shot couldn't have come from the river. It wouldn't in that case have struck the parlour wall where it did. We shall find foot-prints in the clay, depend upon it —close under the window."

They found none, however. The night was very dark—all was quiet, save only the distant sound of the Thames licking its mud banks. A man could hardly have escaped from the premises by means of the river, for it was quite low water, and if he had attempted to leap from the raised platform of the wharf, he must have broken his neck by the fall, or have been smothered in the dense, deep mud below. On either side were wooden palisades of frail make, which must have given way had any one climbed them endeavouring to seek refuge in the adjoining premises. They had been lightly constructed, especially with that object. Yet the palisades remained whole; there had apparently been no escape over them.

It was very strange.

Was the man still hidden in the wharf? Search was made among the grisly skeletons of decayed ships. Here was a fragment of the hull of the Clive, East Indiaman. The mutilated figure-head pointing significantly with its broken right arm to the parlour where Mr. Starkie had been sitting when the bullet struck the wall at his back. Here were capstans, windlasses, cranes, chain cables, anchors, mastheads, and a

thousand other items strewed about in rusty, rotting heaps: the stock in trade of Messrs. Block & Co., Shipbreakers. Yet never a trace was found of the man who had fired at the junior partner in the firm. The search of Mrs Barford and her party was diligent but fruitless.

"I'll advertise in the newspapers. I'll print handbills," said Mr. Starkie; "I'll offer a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the offender. That is, of course," he added with a change of tone, "if Mr. Block consents to my doing so. I can do nothing without his permission."

"We'll sit up all night with you if you like, Mr. Starkie," said Mrs. Barford, speaking for herself and her friends.

Mr. Starkie thought it would not be necessary. He was under no fear. He did not think that there was any more danger for that night, at any rate. The offender would not return. Besides Mr. Starkie slept in an upper chamber away from the river front of the house. Mrs. Barford complimented him on his courage, but insisted on leaving with him her blunderbuss. "And now," she said to her party, "there's a rummer of hot grog at the Traveller's Joy for whoever likes it,—and without charge. We shall none of us be the worse for it, I'm thinking. Such a night as it is too!"

CHAPTER III.

Soon it was known in the neighbourhood that Mr. Starkie had written to his partner, informing him of what had happened; and that Mr. Block, much disturbed by the intelligence, and little benefitted in health by his sojourn at the sea-side, was returning to town, personally to investigate the matter. Popular suspicion still pointed in the direction of the boy Davy Jones, though it did not appear that the case against him had gained strength in any way. Yet it was held generally to be a sort of outrage on common sense, and the nature of things, that there should be mischief done upon Mr. Block's premises, and that the boy Davy Jones should have no hand in it. The company meeting nightly in the parlour and tap room of the Traveller's Joy, formed themselves into a sort of extra-judicial tribunal, and sat in judgment upon the case. Without much regard for the principles of law or the rules of evidence, they decided that the boy Davy Jones was guilty of the attempt upon Mr. Starkie's life. For if he wasn't guilty, why then, who could be? they demanded. The case was narrowed to that issue. And upon Mrs. Barford frankly stating her opinion that the boy "was a limb who wasn't born to be drowned," an unanimous verdict was given against Davy Jones, and it was adjudged that he certainly ought to be hanged in Horsemonger Lane at the very earliest opportunity, or, at the very least, transported to His Majesty's plantations in the West Indies for the remainder of his natural life. Meantime, however, no formal proceedings were taken. The officers of the Crown did nothing. It was believed that they were waiting until the public advertisement of a handsome reward had stimulated their well-known zeal for the discovery of crime. As yet Mr. Starkie had not issued his handbills, and it was understood that he had refrained from putting himself in communication with the police on the subject. This forbearance, supposing it to arise from clemency towards the boy Davy Jones, was regarded by Mrs. Barford and her friends as beyond anything weak and mistaken and preposterous.

The return of Mr. Block was awaited and witnessed with much interest. He appeared to be in a worse state of health than when he had quitted London. He could hardly walk into his house without assistance. But then he had been much upset by the news of the attempt upon his partner's life. Moreover, the Margate hoy had met with very rough weather on its passage to London. Both Mr. Block and his daughter had suffered very much from sea-sickness. Still he had shown a proper spirit on the occasion. He had declared that he wouldn't rest a moment until the offender had been discovered and brought to justice. He had already had long deliberations with Mr. Starkie on the subject. He had determined that a handsome reward should be offered, and that the Bow street officers should be at once consulted.

Miss Nancy Block had also been much distressed. She feared that all this excitement would have a very injurious effect upon her father's health. At Mr. Sharkie's request she had favoured him with a private interview in the counting house. She had come forth pale, and shivering, and faint, with streaming eyes, and encountered the boy Davy Jones close outside the door.

"Listening and spying again, Davy!" she said, in a tone of reproach, yet still gently and kindly. She seemed not to possess strength enough to be angry.

"I couldn't hear what he said—I couldn't see anything. The door was shut so close. But you're crying, Miss Nancy?"

"Oh! Davy, if what he says is true? That my father—— But I ought not to tell you."

"What did he say? Did he insult you? Can I help you, Miss Nancy? Oh! if I only could! Let me help you—let me try and help you, Miss Nancy. Don't cry so—it breaks my heart to see you crying so."

"You're a good boy, Davy."

"You're the first that's ever said so much for me. Bless you for it, Miss Nancy," Davy interposed, softly.

"I know you'd help me if you could; but you can do nothing, nothing. He says—I *must* tell some one—he says my father's a ruined man; that even if he regains his health, he must give up all he possesses; and that if he dies he leaves me a beggar. Not that I care for that; but my poor father! If I should lose him! And then —then he spoke—he spoke again of his love for me," and Miss Block blushed, and bowed her head upon her breast.

"He did, did he?" muttered Davy, between clenched teeth. "And *you*, Miss Nancy; what did you answer him? You didn't tell him you loved him; don't say that, Miss Nancy. You didn't tell him you loved him? You never could have told him that!"

"Could I talk—could I think—at such a time, of *his* love, or of mine, or of anybody's?"

"You couldn't, Miss Nancy, of course you couldn't," Davy acquiesced, eagerly.

"Hush, not a word more now. There's a footstep." And they separated, as Mr. Starkie approached them.

In the course of the evening following Mr. Block's return to town, his usual medical attendant, a near neighbour, one Mr. Jasper, called upon him. The doctor gave, upon the whole, a not unfavorable account of his patient's state. He had great hopes of Mr. Block's speedy restoration to health; though he admitted he found him somewhat nervous and excited, and a little the worse for his rough journey from Margate. "But care, and attention, and quiet," said Mr. Jasper, "will do much, very much for us. We have an admirable constitution; a good nurse in our daughter, Miss Block; a trusty man of business, who'll relieve us from all unnecessary trouble, in our excellent partner, Mr. Starkie. Well, we couldn't ask for much more, could we, now?" And so Mr. Jasper bowed politely, and went his way.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The late Bishop Russell, of the Scottish Episcopal Church, when incumbent at Leith, gained much favour from the late Duke of Wellington, when commander-in-chief, on account of the manner in which he discharged his duties as chaplain to the troops at the Piershill barracks. When the bishop was in London, the great duke paid him marked attention, and invited him to dinner. At table he addressed him as "My lord." After dinner the bishop took occasion to remind his grace that Scottish bishops, as a voluntary body, had no claim to such title, the see being unconnected with Parliament or with the State. "*Yes, yes, I know that,*" said the duke; "but if I did not call you 'My lord,' the servants would not believe you were a bishop at all."

PASTIMES.

ANAGRAMS.

FAVOURITE SONGS.

1. Henloft: Headstone.
2. Lay on! guard rib.
3. Thick blight: lame slave:
4. Death dew on the brow.
5. We quit the halls.
6. Fresh as ether.

B. N. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Here skill alone, not chance, decides the fray;
There chance may win in spite of skilful play.

1. In mazes I can show the way.
2. Be still! oh, make no noise, I pray.
3. Dying with me the weary say.
4. If I attend, get on you may.
5. Far in the west I close the day.

R. F.

CHARADES.

1.

When wearied out with toil and care,
My *first* is welcomed eagerly;
In my *next* you, on your chair,
Most likely have your seat;
My *whole*, without my *first*,
Would never be complete.

2.

Before the fire, on wintry nights,
My *first* has often sat;
My *next* a note in music is,
Oft sharp, but sometimes flat;
At Christmas time, to cheer us up,
And make our hearts feel light,
Burning before us on the grate,
My *third* is brought to light;
When Edward to the library goes,
My *whole* is oft-times sought;
Now, reader, have you found this out?
'Cause, if you've not, you ought.

3. My *first* is in my *whole*, which is made of my *second*.

4. I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 1. 12, 3, 16, is hypocrisy.
My 13, 14. 7, 8, 5, is a part of the body.
My 10, 4, 6, 2, 13, is a seat.
My 9, 11, 7, 8, 16, is to fasten.
My 15, 3, 12, 14, 13, is a creeping thing.
My whole is a person engaged in a scientific dispute.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. I'm connected with the sea; transpose me, I'm an animal; behead and transpose me, I'm a flower.

2. I'm often given to the poor; behead and transpose me, I'm a conveyance; once more behead me, and transpose me, I'm an animal.

3. I'm a boat; behead and transpose me, I'm conversation; once more behead me, I'm an article of dress.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A farmer bought a lot of oxen, sheep, and horses for 127*l*., each horse cost 15*l*., each ox 10*l*., and each sheep 1*l*. 10s., and the number of sheep was equal to twice that of the horses and oxen together. How many did he buy of each?

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM &c., No. 101.

170.—ARITHMOREM.—Trinidad—Dominica, thus:—TashkenD, RealejO, IshiM, NaxiaI, IndiaN, DelhI, AtlantiC, DalmatiA.

166.—ENIGMA—Ell ll (double l) 1.—Five quarters to an English ell; six to a French ell; three to a Flemish ell. This measure was once extensively used by clothiers; hence the proverb—"Give a man an inch and he will take an ell."

Answers.—1. John Dryden; 2. Nahum Tate; 3 Colley Cibber; 4. Thomas Wharton; 5. Alfred Tennyson.

Each of these Poet Laureate.

Decapitations.—1. Swarm; 2. Folio.

Charades.—Christopher, Conundrum.

Double Acrostic.—*Thief*—booty—TuB, HerO, IncognitO, ExpliciT, FrY.

Arithmetical Question.—It would take 98 days, 12 hours——588,000 gallons in 98 days, and 12,000 gallons in 12 hours more.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Arithmorem.—B. N. C., Argus, Soldier, Violet, W. B., Whitby.

Enigma.—Argus, Soldier, H. H. V., Violet, Geo. B., Niagara, B. N. C.

Poetical Arithmorems.—H. H. V., Geo. B., W. B., Soldier, Niagara, Argus, A. R. Y., X. Y.

Decapitations.—Argus, B. N. C., X. Y., Geo. B., Soldier, Niagara, A. R. Y., Whitby

Charades.—Niagara, Ellen B., Argus, X. Y., Soldier, L. E. A., Violet, B. N. C.

Double Acrostic.—B. N. C., Argus, X. Y., Ellen B., Violet, L. E. A.

Arithmetical Question.—Niagara, L. E. A., A. R. Y., X. Y.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lux.—Bachelor of Music is a title of distinction given at the universities to a musician who has obtained his first degree in music, one of the qualifications for which honour is, to compose an exercise for voices and instruments in six parts.

R. A.—The order of the Legion of Honour was instituted by Napoleon in 1802, while consul, for civil and military merit. It consists of different grades of merit, as grand crosses, crosses, commanders, officers and legionaries, all of whom receive pensions with this mark of distinction.

Bertha.—Affinity signifies relationship by marriage only, consanguinity, relationship by blood.

J. M. P.—William the Conqueror introduced into England what was called Troy weight, from Troyes, a town in the Province of Champagne, now in the department of Aube, where a celebrated fair was held. The English were dissatisfied with this weight, because the pound did not weigh so much as the pound in use at that time in England. Hence arose the term "Avoir du poids," which was a medium between the French and English weights.

H. Rowe.—Asbestos is a fossil stone which may be split into threads or filaments.

D. C. C.—There are two Lord Mayors in England and one in Ireland.

W. M.—Among English writers, Horace Walpole is admitted to be one of the best models for lively epistolary correspondence. In French literature, Madame de Sevigné stands unrivalled as a letter writer.

M. P. S.—The music in Macbeth was composed by Matthew Lock, an English composer of great celebrity. He was a chorister in Exeter Cathedral, and was instructed in the elements of music by Wake, the organist. He wrote the music for the public entry of Charles II. into London at the Restoration, and was afterwards appointed composer to that king.

B. B.—We think you are liable and had better compromise the matter.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

To cut glass to any shape without a diamond, hold it quite level under water, and with a pair of strong scissors clip it away by small bits from the edges.

A man in Connecticut has manufactured a knitting machine that will knit fifty pair of stockings a-day, and is so constructed that the stitch can be changed from a rib to a plain stitch almost instantly.

A correspondent of the *Chemical News* offers a suggestion relative to the extinction of fires resulting from burning oil. He proposes that in such cases clay or lime should be thrown upon the flames. It is the only means of extinguishing oil fires, as has been proved in several instances.

Every cigar maker knows the difficulty of keeping cigars dry on shipboard, and of preserving the aroma of a Havana on the sea coast. Travellers and sojourners at the sea shore who have been at their wits' end to devise a means to protect their cigars from the influence of salt air, will find a simple remedy in the use of a common glass fruit jar, fitted with an air-tight metallic or glass stopper.

The sewing machine is likely to have a rival in an American invention recently perfected, by which wearing apparel of all kind—shirts, pantaloons, vests, ladies' mantles, jackets, coats, &c.—are both woven and sewed at the same time. The sewing of the seams is stronger even than hand sewing, and perfectly smooth and even, and the articles are woven and sewed to any pattern, of wool, silk, cotton, or any other material.

Cement for Chemical Glasses.—Mix equal parts of wheat flour, finely-powdered Venice glass, pulverized chalk, and a small quantity of brick-dust, finely ground; these ingredients, with a little scraped lint, are to be mixed and ground up with the white of eggs; it must then be spread upon pieces of fine linen cloth, and applied to the crack of the glasses, and allowed to get thoroughly dry before the glasses are put to the fire.

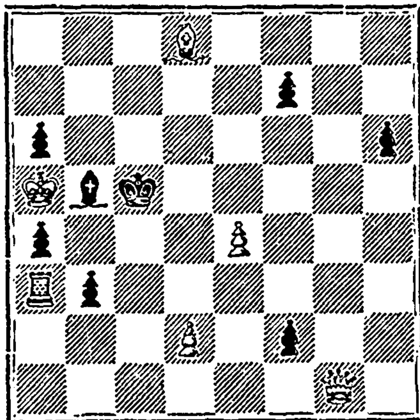
Beetroot-sugar in America.—The ultimate success of beetroot-sugar manufacture in America appears certain. A consignment of over 27,000 lbs. of this sugar from the Germania Sugar Company at Chatsworth, Livingston County, Illinois, was, on June 22, received at Chicago. It is stated to have been made last March, from beets which had been kept in the pits during the winter. This fact is noteworthy as indicating the richness in saccharine of the beets produced in America, and the length of the manufacturing season as compared with that of the beet-sugar countries of Europe.

CHESS.

PROBLEM, No. 82.

By S. Loyd.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 80.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 R takes Kt.	Anything.
2 R to Q 8.	
3 B Mates.	

Game between Mayet and Neumann, in Berlin, Nov. 1861, Mayet having the move against Neumann.

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

WHITE. (*Mayet*)	BLACK. (*Neumann.*)
1 P to K 4.	1 P to K 4.
2 P to K B 4.	2 P takes P.
3 B to Q B 4.	3 P to K B 4.
4 Q to K R 5 (ch) (*a.*)	4 P to K Kt 3.
5 Q to K 2.	5 P takes P.
6 Q takes P (ch.)	6 Q to K 2.
7 Q Kt to B 3.	7 P to Q B 3.
8 B takes Kt.	8 R takes B.
9 P to Q 3.	9 P to K Kt 4.
10 P to K R 4.	10 P to K R 3.
11 P takes P.	11 P takes P.
12 Q B to Q 2.	12 P to Q 4.
13 Q to K 2.	13 Q B to Kt 5.
14 K Kt to B 3.	14 Q Kt to Q 2.
15 Castles Q R.	15 Q takes Q.
16 Kt takes Q.	16 Castles.
17 Q R to K sq.	17 K B to Q 3.
18 Q Kt to Q 4.	18 B takes Kt.
19 P takes B.	19 Kt to K 4.
20 Q R to K B sq.	20 R to K R sq.
21 K to Q sq.	21 K to Q 2.
22 K R to Kt sq.	22 K R to Kt sq.
23 R to K Kt 2.	23 P to Q B 4.
24 Kt to Q Kt 5.	24 P to Q R 3.
25 Kt takes B.	25 K takes Kt.
26 K to K 2.	26 Q R to K sq.
27 K to K B 2.	27 K to K 3.
28 Q R to K Kt sq.	28 K to K B 4 (*b.*)
29 B to Q R 5. (*c.*)	29 R to K 3.
30 B to Q 2.	30 R to K R 3.

Neumann wins. He will play R to K R 6.

(*a*) Ridiculously bad, losing more than the move.

(*b*) Queens being off the board, observe what use fine players can make of Kings.

(c) We cannot see the meaning of this.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Woman's Destiny.—To make fools of men.

To Marriageable Bachelors.—"Beware of the paint!"

When is a ship at sea not only on water?—When it is on fire.

When a young lady marries a rake, she must not be surprised if she has her feelings frequently harrowed.

In ancient days the precept was "Know thyself." In modern times it has been supplanted by the far more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbour, and everything about him."

Wanted—The lid of a box on the ear. The handle of the cup of affliction. The cow that gave the milk of loving kindness. A leaf of the balm of consolation. A few hairs from the tale of woe.

Sir Walter Scott, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet, in apology; "for though all my friends are bad *arithmeticians*, I observe almost all of them to be good *book-keepers*."

Kemble and Mathews.—When Kemble retired from the stage he distributed his costume of *Coriolanus* amongst his brethren. To Mathews he gave his sandals, upon which the comedian exclaimed, "I'm glad I've got his sandals, for I am sure I could never tread in his shoes."

Josh Billings says—"I could never find the meaning of the word 'collide' in Webster, but riding the other day on the New York Central Railway, I saw it all. It is the attempt of two trains to pass each other on a single track. If I remember correctly, it was a shocking failure.

The following is said to be one of the longest pauses on record:—An old gentleman riding over Putney Bridge, turned round to his servant and said, "Do you like eggs, John?"—"Yes, sir." Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman riding over the same bridge that day twelvemonth, again turned round, and said, "How?" — "Poached, sir," was the answer.

Rowland Hill was one day going down the New Cut, opposite his chapel, and heard a brewer's drayman, who was lowering some barrels, swearing most fearfully. Mr. Hill rebuked him very solemnly, and said, "Ah, my man, I shall appear as a swift witness against you.—"Very likely," rejoined the offender; "the biggest rogues always turn king's evidence."

In a school recently, a teacher took occasion to relate an anecdote of the little girl who tried to "overcome evil with good," by giving a New Testament to a boy who had ill-treated her. The story was appreciated, for a few minutes afterwards, one boy struck another: being asked the reason, said he was "trying to get a Testament." This was a practical bearing altogether unexpected.

The credit system has been carried to a pretty fine point in some of the rural districts of America, if we may judge from the following dialogue, said to have recently occurred between a customer and the proprietor:—"How's trade, squire?"—"Wall, cash trade's kinder dull neow, major."—"Dun anything yesterday?"—Wall, only a little—on credit. Aunt Betsy Pushald has bort an egg's worth of tea, and got trusted for it till her speckled pullet lays."

Anecdote of Fontenelle.—He had a great liking for asparagus, and preferred it dressed with oil. One day a certain *bon vivant* abbé came unexpectedly to dinner. The abbé was also very fond of asparagus, but liked his dressed with butter. Fontenelle affirmed that for a friend there was no sacrifice of which he did not feel himself capable, and that half the dish of asparagus he had ordered for himself should be done with butter. Whilst they were talking, waiting for dinner, the poor abbé suddenly fell down in a fit of apoplexy. Upon which Fontenelle instantly sprang up, scampered down to the kitchen with agility, and cried out to his cook, "The whole with oil! the whole with oil, as at first!