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# The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 96.

FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 6, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

## MABEL'S PROGRESS.

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

From "All the Year Round,"

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 255.

### CHAPTER II. A JULIET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Some six weeks after Mabel had left Hazlehurst, her mother received from her the following letter:

"Eastfield, December 30, 18—.

"Dearest Mamma. My last letter told you so much of my life here that I have little more to say on that score. The work is irksome and incessant; but, for the present, I am well, though when I saw my pale face in the glass last night, I thought I looked quite *old*. What I am chiefly writing about now, is a discovery I made yesterday. You know that I lent Corda Trescott my *Robinson Crusoe*. Well, her father, it seems, brought it back himself; but it was in the first moments of our great sorrow, and I did not think of mentioning the circumstance to you, nor did I open the book. I don't know why I put it in my trunk to bring away, but there I found it when I unpacked my clothes. Last night I came upon the book, which had been lying beside my little desk ever since my arrival at this place, and I opened it mechanically. Between the fly-leaf and the title-page I found the enclosed little note from Corda. Now, dear mamma, I mean to write to the Trescotts to ask for Aunt Mary's address, and then I shall send her a letter, which I will first forward for your perusal. I hope, dear mamma, that you will not oppose my doing so. My life here is wretched; that is the truth. I would keep it from you if there were any hope of an improvement in the state of things, but there is none. As to my profiting by the masters' lessons, that is a farce. I am wasting my life; and for your sake and Dooley's, as well as my own, I feel that I must make an effort another direction. I promised you to give this school-plan a six months' trial, and I will keep my promise; but I am convinced that it will never afford a decent livelihood for myself. How, then, can I hope to do anything for Dooley or for you? Let me have your consent to attempt the career that has been my dream for so long. I think—I believe—I could achieve success; at all events, take my most solemn assurance that I cannot be more miserable in mind than I am here. I grieve—oh how I grieve!—to distress you, darling mother, but I know it is right. Love me, and forgive me, dearest mamma, and kiss my own sweet Dooley's soft cheeks for your ever loving

"MABEL."

The following was Corda's little note enclosed in the letter, and written in a large round childish hand.

"Dear Miss Mabel. I am very obliged to you for lending me this book, and I am very glad to find that Miss Walton is your aunt, for she is a very kind lady, like you, and she gave me the fairy stories and she was very kind to me, and papa knew her in Yorkshur, and please accept my best love from your grateful little friend,

"CORDELIA ALICE MARY TRESCOTT"

Mabel had indeed passed a weary time at Eastfield. The school was by no means a first-class one. A kind of odour of poverty exhaled from the house. Every necessary comfort was pinched and pared down to the narrowest possible dimensions. Mrs. Hatchett, the schoolmistress passed her life in that most depressing of human occupations, a struggle to keep up appearances. Gentility was her Moloch, to whom she offered up such little children as came within

her clutches. Perhaps, however, the parents who sent their children to Mrs. Hatchett's school, were more to blame than that lady herself. Second-rate tradespeople in a small way of business chiefly composed her clientele; and these people expected that their daughters should receive a "genteel" education, at a yearly rate of payment which would scarcely have sufficed to board and lodge them in a thoroughly good and wholesome manner. So the little girls were crammed four into one small sleeping room; and had their stomachs filled with heavy suet-pudding instead of eating nourishing food, and breathing pure air. But they learned to torture a pianoforte, and they had a foreign governess who taught them lady's-maids French with a Swiss accent (though this was of less consequence, as none of the girls were ever able to speak a syllable of the language thus imparted), and their parents flattered themselves that they were doing their duty by them, and giving them a "genteel" education.

The contemplation of this state of things was painful to Mabel's clear sense and upright conscience. But she had little leisure to consider the abstract evils of the case, for the pains and penalties inseparable from a system of hollowness and falsehood pressed very closely upon her.

As she had told her mother, the promise that she should have opportunities of profiting by the lessons of the masters was a mere farce. The literal words of her engagement were, that she should be allowed to devote her "leisure hours" to her own studies. She had no leisure hours. Her days were occupied in an incessant round of drudgery of an almost menial kind. Having arrived at Eastfield so late in the year, it was arranged that she should not return to Hazlehurst for the Christmas holidays. They were not of very long duration in Mrs. Hatchett's establishment, and Mabel did not think herself justified in draining her slender purse by a journey to her home and back again for only a short stay. So she made up her mind to wait until Easter for a sight of her mother and Dooley.

Mrs. Hatchett was not cruel, or malicious, or arrogant, unless driven to those vices by the Moloch whom she worshipped, and to whom she sacrificed herself quite as much as others. But she was covetous, and immeasurably dull.

Mabel passed the Christmas holidays in utter dreariness and desolation; and still that phrase can only, strictly speaking, be applied to the first few days of that period. After a little while, though all the outward circumstances of her life remained unaltered, she discovered a new interest and occupation.

Her discovery of the note in her copy of *Robinson Crusoe* had confirmed a vague impression she had previously entertained, that Corda's kind friend and her Aunt Mary might be one and the same person. It had, moreover, opened a possible channel of communication with her uncle's family. The more she tried to peer into the chances of her future life, the stronger grew her desire to attempt the stage as a profession. The daily pressure of her present existence was squeezing all the buoyancy out of her heart, and she feared, would crush her bodily health. The atmosphere of Mrs. Hatchett's house was slow poison to her.

She had a great enjoyment in dramatic expression. She had a large share of that idiosyncrasy which delights in the portrayal of strong emotion, under the sheltering mask of an assumed individuality. Of her own feelings Mabel was reticent. But she thought she could abandon herself freely in the utterance of Imogen's wifely love, Cordelia's sorrows, or the witty witcheries of Beatrice. She knew something of the seamy side of a player's life, and was not dazzled by that seductive brilliancy of

the footlights which has enchanted so many young eyes. She was devotedly fond of her little brother, and ambitious to obtain for him the education of a gentleman. This motive strengthened her resolution. She would lie awake for hours, painfully considering how it would be possible for her to make a beginning as an actress. It was naturally towards her Aunt Mary that her main hopes and expectations turned. But, in her ignorance of Mrs. Walton's present place of abode, she cast about in her mind to find some practical and immediate object on which to expend her energy. She had the very useful habit of doing, first, the duty that lay nearest to her.

All Mrs. Hatchett's pupils went home for the Christmas holidays with the exception of two little South Americans from Rio Janeiro, who remained at the school. These children were entrusted almost entirely to Mabel's care.

Among the two or three books she had put into her trunk on leaving home, was a pocket Shakespeare—a little old well-worn edition, in terribly small print, that had belonged to her father. During the holidays, when all the sleeping-rooms were not needed for the children, Mabel enjoyed the luxury of a chamber to herself. On many and many a cold winter's night did the lonely girl sit on the side of her little bed, wrapped in a shawl, and straining her eyes over her Shakespeare, by the dim light of a miserable candle. She was studying the principal female characters in Shakespeare's plays.

Poor Mabel! As she committed to memory, line after line of that noble music whose cadence has so special a charm for the ear, and as she declaimed aloud whole speeches of Portia, Imogen, Cordelia, Rosalind, Juliet, the sordid cares, the monotonous drudgery, the un congenial associations of her life, were all forgotten. *The mean room, with its bare scanty furniture, faded away, and Mabel roamed, in doublet and hose, through the sun-flecked forest of Arden, seeing the mottled deer glance by under the great oaks, and hearing the stream that "brawled along the wood" babble a murmurous accompaniment to the deep voice of the melancholy Jaques, or Touchstone's dry satiric laughter. Or, she walked through the quaint mazes of a garden in Messina, and sitting bidden in the*

*pleached bower,  
Where honeysuckles ripened by the sun,  
Forbid the sun to enter,*

listened with a "fire in her ears" to Ursula and Hero discoursing of the Signior Benedick and her disdainful self.

Or, she paced the stately halls of Belmont; or, stood before the choleric old King, to speak Cordelia's simple truths and lose her dowry. Or, she leaned forth from a balcony amidst the soft beauty of a southern summer night, and drank in the passionate vows of Romeo, as he stood with upturned face whereon the moonlight shone, beneath her window.

O youth, O poetry, O mighty wizards, ruling boundless realms of fancy and of beauty, bow at the touch of your enchanted wands this "muddy vesture of decay grows clear and light, and we hear all of the quiring of the spheres!"

She would wake to the realities around her at the closing of her book, as one wakes from a dream. And having no one to whom to confide her hopes and plans, or from whom she could look for sympathy with her wonder at, and admiration of, the genius whose creations were, for her mind, living, breathing, immortal realities, she grew to look forward to the solitary hours spent in her own room as the only hours worth her living for.

With her dreams, too, mingled at times bright prospects. Visions of fancy, and of the sweet

incense of praise, and the triumphant music of applause. She was but seventeen, and in spite of all her practical sense and severe repression of too sanguine hopes, there were moments when her youth asserted its rich privilege of building fairy castles in the air. But the castles, however stately, were always peopled by those she loved.

As the last days of the holidays drew nigh, Mabel studied hard, making the most of the few precious hours of freedom that remained to her, before the weary round of school-life should recommence. She had studied herself nearly perfect in Juliet, and was in the habit of reciting long passages from the play aloud at night, until, in her enthusiasm, she would be startled by the sound of her own voice raised in passionate entreaty or vehement grief, and ringing through the desolate house.

One night—the last before the girls came back—she began, while undressing, to repeat the long soliloquy that precedes Juliet's drinking of the sleeping potion. As she spoke the thrilling words in which the love-sick girl breathes out the terrors that crowd upon her fancy, she seemed to see the lofty antique chamber into which darted one blue streak of bright Italian moonlight, the dark shadow-haunted recesses of the spacious room, the dagger with rich handle and sharp blade, the little phial on whose mysterious aid her fate depended. And then she conjured up the appalling picture of the silent stone-cold sepulchre,

The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place.

and all the ghastly remnants of mortality. The unquiet spirit of the murdered Tybalt glided by, seeking Romeo, with an awful frown upon its death-pale face, and with a stifled shriek she raised the potion to her lips, and dashing herself down, fell—not on Juliet's couch, but, from the enchanted realms of poetry, down to Mrs. Hatchett's establishment for young ladies at Eastfield. With a heart yet beating fast, and nerves all quivering with emotion, Juliet transformed crept shivering into bed.

#### CHAPTER III. MRS SAXELBY TAKES COUNSEL.

The receipt of Mabel's letter threw Mrs. Saxelby into a state of considerable agitation. It did not come upon her with the shock of a surprise. She had known, from the tone of the very first letters from Eastfield, that her child was unhappy in Mrs. Hatchett's house, and that the school could not be of such a class as to give any credentials worth having, to a teacher coming out of it. Mrs. Saxelby was weak and selfish, but she had her share of maternal love—of that love which is inseparable from self-sacrifice in some shape. Had it been merely her desire set against Mabel's, she might have yielded without a struggle. But she was a woman whose opinions (if not her tastes) were absolutely the echo of the opinions of those around her. During the past five years she had relied on Benjamin Saxelby's judgment, and had adopted his views. And how unhesitatingly he would have condemned such a scheme as Mabel's, she well knew.

Oh for some one to advise her! By this, Mrs. Saxelby meant, some one to say "I command you to do this thing," or, "I tell you to abstain from doing that." She read and re-read her daughter's letter. "How nice it would be," she thought, "if dear Mabel could be rich and happy and prosperous. Dear me, I've been told that some actresses hold quite a position in society. But, of course, if the thing be wrong in itself, that ought not to weigh with me. Yet, I can't feel sure that it is so very wicked. Philip did not think so, and Mary Walton made his brother an excellent wife. But, then Benjamin thought it most dangerous and improper for Mabel to remain in her home; not that I believe she ever learned anything but good there. Oh dear, oh dear! I wish I knew what to do. I suppose I cannot forbid her writing to her aunt in any case. And perhaps after all, something may happen to prevent her attempting this scheme."

It is no disparagement to Mrs. Saxelby to admit that she certainly did feel the chance of

a comfortable home for herself, and education for Dooley, twatching at her, as a strong temptation. Her life at Hazelhurst was utterly dull and colourless, and she missed Mabel every hour.

The one day in the week that brought her a glimpse of cheerfulness was Sunday. When the weather did not make it absolutely impossible, there was the morning walk to church with Dooley (who had become quite a regular attendant there, and had made the personal acquaintance of the mild old clergyman in the silver-rimmed spectacles). Then, on Sunday afternoons, Clement Charlewood was a frequent visitor. He walked or rode over to Hazelhurst nearly every week, and Dooley never failed to find in a certain outside pocket of his coat a packet of sweetmeats, the discovery of which occasioned ever new delight and surprise. Did Mrs. Saxelby ever entertain any idea that Clement's frequent visits were not made quite disinterestedly? She used to maintain, afterwards, that she had always suspected that he came as much to hear of Mabel as to see herself. But I am inclined to think that she was mistaken there.

On the Sunday afternoon after the receipt of Mabel's letter enclosing little Corda's note, the hoofs of Clement's horse were heard clattering sharply on the hard frosty road. Dooley, stationed at the parlour window with a big illustrated Bible, the pictures in which formed his Sunday diversion, announced that "Mr. Tarlewood was tummin'," and ran to the door to meet him.

"I am riding on to leave Duchess at the inn, Mrs. Saxelby," called Clement, lifting his hat as he saw her at the window. "May I take Dooley so far with me? I undertake to bring him back safely."

Dooley, having received permission to go, rushed into the house again, and had his hat stuck on his head all askew by Betty, whose eyes were occupied in staring at Mr. Charlewood and his steed; then she wrapped the child in a warm shawl of his mother's and lifted him on to the saddle before Clement. Dooley's little pink legs protruded from his bundle of wraps, and stuck out horizontally on either side of the horse. As his hat was all awry, so his flaxen curls were dishevelled and waving. But he looked supremely happy as he grasped the bridle with little frost-reddened fingers, and incited Duchess to put forth her mettle by many imperious gees and shouts of "Tum up! Do along, Dutsess!" and several strenuous though unsuccessful efforts to make a clicking noise with his tongue.

As Mrs. Saxelby watched this from the window, and marked the kind smile on Clement's face as he held the little fellow in his protecting arm, a sudden impulse came into her heart to take counsel with Clement touching Mabel's letter. "He is a very clever man of business, and he is fond of Mabel and of all of us, and he will be able to advise me," thought the poor weak little woman.

When Clement and Dooley returned on foot, having left Duchess in a warm stable at the inn, Mrs. Saxelby received them in the little parlour. She had a bright fire in the grate, and the aspect of the room was pleasant and cozy. Clement wondered to himself, as he sat down beside the clean hearthstone, what it was that gave to that poor meanly furnished little room an atmosphere of peace and comfort such as he never found in any of the rich rooms at Bramley Manor. The cottage at Hazelhurst he felt to be a home, whereas Bramley Manor was only a very handsome house. The difference, though undefinably subtle, was quite appreciable.

"And how is Miss Earnshaw?" said Clement, stroking Dooley's curls. "I hope you continue to have good news of her?"

"Thank you, she is not ill."

There was a tremor in Mrs. Saxelby's voice, and a stress on the last word, that caused Clement to look up quickly.

"You have heard nothing disagreeable, I trust?"

"N—no; that is to say—I wonder if you would mind my reposing a great confidence in

you, Mr. Charlewood? I have no right to ask it, but I should be so grateful for your advice."

"A great confidence implies a great responsibility," returned Clement, gravely. "It was his character to be earnest and to take things seriously; and the bound his heart gave at Mrs. Saxelby's words—suggestive of some revelation regarding Mabel—made him change colour for the moment.

"I repeat, I have no right to burden you with any responsibility," said Mrs. Saxelby, meekly. "But I—I—feel towards you almost as to a son."

Clement flushed, and pressed Dooley's curly head so hard that the child winced.

"Dooley my boy, I beg your pardon. Did I hurt you?" asked Clement, somewhat confused.

"Oo did hurt me, but 'oo is very sorry," returned Dooley, endeavouring to combine candour with courtesy.

"Dear Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement, earnestly, "pray do not suppose that I have any selfish dread of responsibility. I am very sensible of your kindness and confidence. Only I doubted whether you might not have found a more competent counsellor. One who has a higher regard for you and yours, I do not think you would find easily. Was it something concerning Miss Earnshaw that you wished to say to me?"

"Yes. I received a letter from her on Friday morning. I am afraid she is very far from contented in Eastfield."

"I dot a letter from Tibby, too!" said Dooley, triumphantly.

"Yes, my darling. Go and tell Betty to wash your hands and face and brush your hair, and then you may bring your letter to show to Mr. Charlewood. I don't like," added Mrs. Saxelby, as the child left the room, "to speak before him. He is very quick, and his attachment to his sister is so strong, that I really believe, baby though he is, it would break his heart to think she was unhappy."

"But I hope, Mrs. Saxelby, that there is nothing serious."

"Ah, but there is, though. Something very serious. There! Read that letter, and tell me your opinion."

Mrs. Saxelby experienced a little trepidation as she gave Mabel's letter into the young man's hand, and felt that she had taken an irrevocable step. Clement read the letter steadily through, and the long sigh of relief that he drew at its close, came upon him almost as a revelation. The news was very annoying, very distressing, but—it was not hopeless, not irremediable. What revelation regarding Mabel had he feared, which would have seemed to him so much harder to bear? He did not answer the question even to himself, but he knew in the moment when he laid the letter down, that he loved her with all the strength of his heart, and that he would henceforth bend the powers of his will and energy to the endeavour of winning her to be his wife.

"You don't speak, Mr. Charlewood."

"I am not sure that I thoroughly understand the contents of this letter. But I suppose I have guessed their meaning pretty accurately. I presume that the career to which Miss Earnshaw alludes as having been her dream for so long, is—is—the stage?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Saxelby. "Now the truth is out. The Aunt Mary she speaks of in her letter, is an actress. We never mentioned that part of the family during Mr. Saxelby's lifetime, for he had a very strong objection to—" Mrs. Saxelby finished the sentence in her pocket-handkerchief.

"Not an unreasonable objection, I think," said Clement, almost sternly.

"You think so? You really think so? But you ought to understand, Mr. Charlewood, that my sister-in-law has been an excellent wife and mother. Quite exemplary, and"—Mrs. Saxelby blushed a little—"and she was very kind and good to me, and to my fatherless little girl. Mabel was almost brought up in her uncle's family."

"Do I understand," said Clement, "that you are asking my advice as to your answer to Miss Earnshaw's letter?"

"Yes, indeed I am. *What* do you think I ought to do?" Mrs. Saxelby crossed her hands, and raised her soft blue eyes imploringly.

Perhaps no more subtle flattery can be addressed to a man, than through an appeal made to his superior wisdom and experience, by a woman who asks his advice, and appears to lean helplessly and reliantly on his strength. When the appeal is made in the shape of a great confidence, which he supposes to be entrusted to himself alone, and when the appellant is a still graceful and pretty woman, the incense is so intoxicating, as to be well-nigh irresistible.

Clement—far from being a vain man—was not insensible to this flattery. And though Mrs. Saxelby had just confessed her utter inability to form a judgment for the guidance of her own conduct, he had a confused impression at that moment that she was a very sensible person, and that he had never hitherto done full justice to her discernment.

"Dear Mrs. Saxelby, I appreciate your confidence very highly indeed, and I feel diffident in offering advice on so delicate and important a matter. But, since you ask me, I will frankly tell you, that if Miss Earnshaw were my sister, or my—my cousin—I would not hesitate to put a decided veto upon her schem."

"I thought so," returned Mrs. Saxelby. "I fancied that would be your opinion. But what am I to do with her? You see what she writes. And after all you know, Mr. Charlewood, her chief anxiety is for me and Dooley."

"Miss Earnshaw is the most excellent young lady I know. Believe me, I have the highest admiration and—and—respect for her. But it is the duty of her true friends to shield her from the consequences of her own generosity and inexperience. Of course, as her mother, you feel that strongly."

"Mabel is not easily turned from what she thinks right, Mr. Charlewood."

"Undoubtedly. But if this course could be shown her to be not right?"

"Ah, how is one to do that? I may have my own convictions" (Mrs. Saxelby never did have her own convictions being always willing to cling to other people's); "but to persuade Mabel of their correctness—that is not so easy."

"She would not disobey your commands?"

"No. She would not do that. She has always been a loving and dutiful child. But how can I have the heart to condemn her to the hopeless drudgery she is now engaged in? You see she fears that her health may absolutely give way."

"But, Mrs. Saxelby, it does not follow that all her life need be sacrificed to this drudgery. Surely a better position might be found for her. And, besides: would you not like, Mrs. Saxelby, to see your daughter, and talk to her yourself?"

"Oh, so much! But that is out of the question until Easter. The Christmas holidays are just over."

"I mean, could you not run over to Eastfield for a day? I have long been intending to ask my friend Dooley to a bachelor dinner. If you would come too, Mrs. Saxelby, I should esteem it a great honour."

"To dinner?"

"Yes; at Eastfield. I have business that will oblige me to go there, at the end of the week. We could dine at the hotel, and I would convey you and Dooley home in the evening. You might thus have an opportunity at once of speaking to Miss Earnshaw, and conferring an obligation on me."

"You are very good; but——"

"Pray don't raise any difficulties, dear Mrs. Saxelby. If it were summer-time, I would bring a carriage and drive you over. But in this weather I fear I must ask you to come by the train. You will be warmer. And the journey will be so much shorter for Dooley at night."

Mrs. Saxelby hesitated only at the idea of going to Eastfield as Clement Charlewood's guest, for she had an uneasy sense that Mabel would disapprove of her doing so. However, Clement's strong purpose prevailed; as almost

any strong purpose, strongly urged, was sure to prevail with Mrs. Saxelby. She at last consented to accept the invitation; meanwhile, she would write to Mabel to prepare her for the visit, without returning any decisive answer to her letter.

"Of course you will hold my confidence sacred, and mention what I have said to no one," said Mrs. Saxelby, as Clement was about to take his leave.

"I shall certainly mention it to no one without your express permission. I did think at one time of asking one of my sisters to play hostess for us at our little dinner; but, under the circumstances of our visit to Eastfield, you will prefer that no other person should be asked?"

"Oh, please no. I don't want *anybody* to know a word. If Miss Fluke were to hear——"

"Miss Fluke!" exclaimed Clement, with a start. "The last person on this earth to be thought of! If she were to speak to your daughter on this subject—which she would not refrain from doing—would be certain to do if confided in—she would drive Miss Earnshaw to extremity, and offend her beyond forgiveness. Miss Fluke! In Heaven's name do not think of Miss Fluke!"

"Benjamin thought very highly of her," said Mrs. Saxelby, in a deprecating manner.

"Good-bye till Saturday, and no Miss Fluke! I will send a fly for you at twelve o'clock, if that will suit your convenience, and will meet you myself at the station in Hammerham."

"Good-bye; and thank you very, very much, dear Mr. Charlewood."

Dooley had been standing wistfully for some minutes by Clement's side, holding a letter in his hand, finding himself unnoticed, he had crept away to the window, where he climbed upon a chair, and knelt with his forehead against the glass.

"Good-bye, Dooley!" said Clement, coming behind him.

"Dood-bye," said the little fellow, in a low voice, but he neither moved nor looked round.

"Won't you shake hands?"

"No," returned Dooley, dryly.

"Dooley, I'm ashamed of you," cried his mother. "Not shake hands with Mr. Charlewood?"

"Dooley turned round slowly, and held out his tiny hand, then they saw that the child's eyes were full of tears.

"Why, Dooley, my boy, what's the matter?" asked Clement.

No reply.

"And there's your sister's letter, that you never showed me, after all. Mayn't I see it now?"

"No."

"No?"

"Oo don't want to tee it," said Dooley, checking a sob, and turning resolutely towards the window again, with the letter pressed against his breast.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Saxelby aside to Clement, "I see what it is. He is so sensitive about any slight to Tibby. Her letters are his great joy and pride, and he fancied you did not sufficiently appreciate the privilege of seeing one."

Clement took the child in his arms, and kissed his forehead with almost a woman's tenderness. "Dooley," said he, "I will be so grateful to you, if you will let me see Mabel's letter. I will indeed. I love her, Dooley," he whispered, pressing his cheek against the child's. Dooley looked at him with a solemn searching gaze, and then gave the letter into his hand without a word.

Clement read it and duly admired it, and was careful to remark that it was addressed to "Dooley Saxelby, Esq., Hazlehurst, near Hammerham," upon his reading which direction aloud, Dooley chuckled with irrepressible glee, and stuffed a corner of his pinafore, still wet with tears, into his mouth.

Clement walked to the village inn for his horse, mounted, and rode briskly toward Hammerham. His head was full of whirling thoughts, and the beat of his horse's hoofs seemed to be keeping time to the rhythmic repetition of a name.

What name?

MABEL, MABEL, MABEL, EARNSHAW.

#### CHAPTER IV. THE TRESGOTTS AT HOME.

"I'm blow'd if this ain't a rum game!" exclaimed Mr. Alfred Trescott to his father, enunciating the words with some difficulty, by reason of the cigar which he held between his teeth.

The Trescott family was assembled in Mrs. Hutchins's front kitchen on the Sunday evening on which Mrs. Saxelby had taken counsel of Clement Charlewood. The mistress of the house was from home, and the master had retired to the attic in which he slept. Mr. Hutchins, poor hard-working man, always went to rest at about seven o'clock on Sunday evenings, and usually enjoyed a long and uninterrupted slumber, to judge by the sonorous snores that made the lath and plaster of Number 23, New Bridge-street, tremble.

Mrs. Hutchins had become an ardent disciple of Miss Fluke, and was, at that moment, listening to the supererogatory sermon which Miss Fluke denominated "Sabbath evening lecture." Mrs. Hutchins found, to her pleased surprise, that she got nearly as much excitement out of Miss Fluke's spiritual exercises as from Rosalba herself; and she found, too, that whereas she must frankly own to seeking Rosalba for her own personal amusement and delectation, it was possible to lay claim to great merit and virtue on the score of her frequent attendance at the religious meetings held under the patronage of the Reverend Decimus Fluke and his family. In short, the profession and practice of the Flukian school of piety combined the usually incompatible advantages of eating one's cake and having it too. So Mrs. Hutchins was at present a model parishioner, and had—to use the jargon in vogue amongs the congregation of St. Philip-a-the-Fields—"got conversion."

Little Corda, still pale and delicate, but quite recovered from her accident, was sitting on a wooden stool before the hearth, with her head leaning against her father's knee, and her musing eyes fixed on the glowing caverns in the coal fire. Mr. Trescott was copying music at the deal table, which was strewn with loose sheets of manuscript orchestral parts, gritty with the sand that had been thrown upon the wet ink to dry it quickly, and save time. Alfred took his cheap cigar from between his teeth, and repeated with more emphasis and distinctness than before that he was blowed if this wasn't a rum game.

"Alf," said Corda, looking up very seriously, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. I wish you wouldn't say blowed 'and rum.' They're quite vulgar words, and you ought not to use them. People might think it was because you didn't know any better. But you do know better, don't you?"

"Pussy-cat. I haven't time for your nonsense," was her brother's gracious reply; "I was talking to the governor."

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Trescott, irritably, "what is it? What do you want? One, two, three, four—tut! you've made me write a bar twice over."

"Don't be crusty, governor," returned his son, coolly. Alfred was of an irascible and violent temper himself, but his father's nervous irritability usually made him assume a stoically calm demeanour. He felt his own advantage in being cool, and besides he had an innate and cruel love of teasing, which was gratified by the spectacle of powerless anger. "You needn't flare up; it'll only make you bilious, and I shan't be frightened into speaking pretty. I was saying that the letter of Miss Earnshaw's is a rum game."

Mr. Trescott finished the page of manuscript on which he was engaged, sprinkled some pounce over it, plied the loose sheets one upon the other in a neat packet, and then, gently moving Corda's head from its resting-place, turned his chair round from the table, and stared at the fire with hands buried deep in his pockets, and a thoughtful frown on his face.

"It's very natural," he said, after a long silence, "that if Mrs. Walton is her aunt she should want to get her aunt's address. I was sure, from the first moment I saw that girl's ace, she was very like some one I know. And

it's Mrs. Walton's blind husband, of course. There's a likeness between her and Polly, too, but Polly isn't so handsome."

"But ain't it a little odd, don't you think, that Miss Earnshaw shouldn't know her own people's address, but should have to write to us for it? Or is that very natural too?"

"Well, said Mr. Trescott, "I will send her the last address I heard of their being at. That's all I can do. I suppose Mrs. Walton is still in the York circuit."

"Umph!" said Alfred, with a dry mocking laugh, "I wonder what my high polite friend Mr. Clement Charlewood would say if he knew. His folks all go to old Fluke's shop, and fall into sky-blue convulsions at the very mention of a theatre. I pick up a lot about them from that young ass, Walter."

"What should Mr. Clement Charlewood say if he knew? What is it to him?" asked Mr. Trescott.

"Why, I should think it wouldn't suit his stuck-up airs to have a wife whose relations were cadding about the country, as the Waltons did when we first knew them."

"A wife."

Alfred nodded emphatically. "I ain't going to spin a yarn as long as my arm to explain it, governor, but I have good reason to believe that it's a case of unmitigated spoons with my friend the hodman."

Corda was listening attentively. She asked with flushed cheeks and eager eyes. "Is Mr. Charlewood going to marry Miss Mabel, Alf?"

"I don't know, pussy-cat," rejoined her brother, carelessly. "But look here, young 'un: just you keep your little tongue between your little teeth. Don't chatter to the fair Mrs. H., or to any one, about what I may say before you?"

"I never talk to Mrs. Hutchins," said Corda, with a mortified expression of countenance; "and I'm sure would never chatter about what you say to anybody. But I should like Mr. Charlewood and Miss Earnshaw to be married! They're both so nice, and kind. Wouldn't it be beautiful, papa?"

"Perhaps it might, darling. But we know nothing about the matter."

Alfred laughed provokingly, and nodded again.

"Well, said he, "I don't care a rap for the whole boiling. They may all go to the devil, head-foremost, for me!"

"I do care," said Mr. Trescott, nursing his lame leg, and beating the sound foot upon the ground rapidly, "I do care."

"That's a blessing for all parties," said Alfred, "but if you take that family under your patronage, you'll have your hands full. Walter is playing a nice little game with Skidley. Those chaps at the barracks are settling his business as clean as a whistle. Ha! ha! ha! 'Pon my soul, it was as good as a play to see 'em the other night at Plumtree's! That fool Wat Charlewood thinks he can play billiards. Lord, how they gammoned him! Old Charlewood will have to stump up to some tune, if Master Wat goes on much longer. Skidley's got lots of his I.O.U.s. So's Fitzmaurice."

"Set of scoundrels!" muttered Mr. Trescott between his teeth.

"Well, pretty well for that," said Alfred, "but they can't do me."

"Ah, Alf, Alf," said his father, with a sigh, "I wish to Heaven you would give up that sort of thing altogether!"

Alfred shrugged his shoulders impatiently, but made no reply. There was a long silence amongst the three. A silence broken only by the loud ticking of that clock which Corda had listened to so many nights in her sick-bed.

"I spoke to Copestake yesterday morning about the close of the season," said Mr. Trescott at length. Copestake was the manager of the Hammerham theatre.

"Well?" said Alfred.

"Well, he don't see any chance of going on much after Easter, and it falls early this year. He wouldn't re-open till September. I don't quite know what to do."

"What to do? Why, we can't afford a six

months' vacation. We must cut it, as soon as we get a chance."

"I was thinking, Alf, whether we mightn't manage to hang on about the neighbourhood without going quite away. In a musical place like this, there are always chances of something to do. And I have a few pupils already. And there are people's concerts, round about. And perhaps I could get a little copying to do, and so eke it out till next season. I think it's so much better to take root in a place if possible. So much better for her," he added, glancing down at Corda. (His face always softened when he looked at his little girl, but now it grew sad as well.)

"Ah, you'll find that won't pay, governor. No; better cut it. I would write to old Mollatt at once, if I was you, and go to Ireland, bag and baggage."

He had no strange desire to "take root," as his father phrased it. Alfred Trescott never cared to remain long in one place. He was conscious of possessing very considerable musical powers; and many of those who heard the lad play in his early youth, still maintain that he had gifts which might have gained him an European reputation; but they perished, for want of the one talisman that alone can ensure success—industry. It was strange to listen to the tones breathing exquisite tenderness and feeling which his bow produced, and then to hear himself the next moment uttering hard insolent cynicisms that chilled the heart. He could make his violin discourse eloquently and pathetically, carrying one's very soul aloft, as it seemed, on the soaring sounds. But the music ceased, and the musician remained cold, selfish, cruel, and cunning; sneering at sentiment, and denying goodness. Nevertheless, he was possessed at times by a feverish ambition, and indulged in wild dreams of brilliant success, and of all the sweets that such success can bring. Then he would delude himself into thinking that in a new place among strangers, and surrounded by other scenes, he could, as he phrased it, "make a fresh start," and work his way upward. But the fresh start must have been within him; and no outward circumstances or surroundings could avail him anything.

## ON LITTLE HATERS.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

DOCTOR JOHNSON is reported to have said that "he loved a good Hater." The assertion is, in the first place, a paradox; for Hatred is one of the worst of human faculties, and clearly derivable from the Devil, who, if he was the first yhibi (another Johnsonism), was likewise the first Hater, seeing that he hated Good, and rebelled against it, and was so thrown down into the Pit. Dr. Johnson's paradox may be allowed to pass, however; for that learned and prejudiced, but good man, dearly loved to be paradoxical. It is extremely questionable whether, throughout his long life—embittered as it was by disease, by poverty, by bereavement, by superstition, and by hypochondria—he ever sincerely hated anybody—excepting, of course, the First Whig aforesaid, whom he must naturally have detested as the sworn foe of all good things. But he was too noble to hate, in the real sense of the word, any human being. His temper was violent. "He was frequently provoked," writes Lord Macaulay, "to striking those who had offended him." He quarrelled fiercely with booksellers. Once upon a time he knocked one down with a folio. He morally floored Andrew Miller with a cruel gibe. He thought Henry Fielding a "low dog." He was furiously angry with the Hanoverian party for hanging Doctor Cameron. But I cannot see that he absolutely or actively hated anyone. He was continuously and unjustly sarcastic towards Scotland and the Scotch, and with narrow little pebbles of obloquy and disparagement paved a broad highway for the brilliant and triumphant revenge taken forty years after his death by Sir Walter Scott; yet his most intimate friend was the "bravest" of Scotchmen.

He drew a brief for the defence of a Scotch schoolmaster charged with cruelty to his pupils; and he undertook, in the decline of his life, a pleasure journey through Scotland, even to districts then most difficult of access, and was received with the most cordial hospitality by the people he had so persistently maligned. Now, if we hate a man we don't go to dine with him, save with the Borgian view of popping a pinch of poison into his pea-soup. We do not ordinarily take the person whom we bitterly hate to be our chum and boon companion. You can't drink rum-punch with a man you hate, unless, as I hinted, you have put some Prussic acid in it. I may be somewhat weakening my own argument by granting that Johnson felt something akin to hatred towards Voltaire. But I am persuaded that the pious, bigoted old Doctor did not hold Monsieur Aroutet to be a human being. He esteemed him a fiend, the eldest son and heir of the First Whig, sent on earth—like Mr. Southey's walking demon—to see how his "snug little farm got on." You may quote the case of Signor Piozzi against me, and maintain that the Doctor hated him. He had some reason to do so. Piozzi was his rival. Piozzi had supplanted him in the favour of a woman whom, if he did not love, he admired and revered beyond all women, and for whose health and happiness he prayed night and day. That confounded Italian music master plucked—all involuntarily it may be—the cushion of soft down from under the weary limbs of a hipped and broken invalid. He robbed him—quite unconsciously I daresay—of the nice dinners, the choice brown legs of pork, the warm bedroom at Streatham Park, the obedient lacqueys, the not less obedient circle of admirers. The old, the tired, the feeble, the gouty—those who should have had enough of life, yet cling to it, and are desperately afraid to die,—ah! what an inexpressible solace it must be to them to be tended by a comely and graceful woman—to feel the pressure of kind young hands, to hear the silvery freshness of a young voice. Can you imagine a more horrible lot than that of Jean Jacques, gray and poor and infirm, and bullied by a cross, ugly, unfaithful old woman? Can you imagine a more delightful expiry than that of his fortunate rival, Voltaire, crowned in his nonagenarianism by nymphs of the opera, and surrounded on his dying couch by court beauties? Was it a delightful expiry, though? Was Mirabeau's delightful? He had wine and beauty to the last. Was Charles's? He was gambling and toying with his mistresses, and listening to "the French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery," as Mr. Frith shows us in his good picture, until within a week of death. To inquire whether this was the best way of making an end of it, would take me too far. I return to Signor Piozzi, and I repeat that, the lost delights of Streatham Park and the falling away of Hester Thrale notwithstanding, it is not at all established that Doctor Johnson entertained for the Italian an actual feeling of hatred. He despised him—that was all. He contemned him because he was a professional singer—because he earned an honourable livelihood by the exercise of rare vocal talents. There was nothing else to be said against Piozzi, who, by all accounts, was a most amiable and honourable and even an instructed and witty man. The Doctor, however, classed him with fiddlers and jongleurs, with the *ambubææ* and *pharmacopola*, with buffoons and quacks who wept at the death of Tigellus; with the minstrels and "all the rascal company" described in the old ballad as being turned out of Sarcus' house. As Mr. Hayward has observed in his admirable book on Mrs. Thrale's Life and Letters, the haughty old Johnson, had he lived in this age, might have regarded with equal scorn a Mario, Sims Reeves, or a Santley. Did we not indeed see the palest relex of the Johnsonian contempt in the snobbishness of the stuck-up purists who protested against the Brighton schoolmaster numbering among his pupils the son of an eminent English actor and honourable English gentleman, Mr. Alfred Wigan? Johnson had every reason to be proud of his own attainments and

celebrity. But Piozzi could meet him on grounds as honourable, though of a different nature. *L'un valait l'autre*. If I were a famous author, I should deem Signor Sivori my equal, and myself the equal of Professor Owen. On the score of birth or original social position, Johnson had not the slightest claim to contempt Piozzi, who was an Italian gentleman. The Doctor was the son of a tradesman. He had been a schoolmaster, and an unsuccessful one to boot. He had been a bookseller's lack, and next door to a beggar; and he despised Piozzi, and thought that a London brewer's wife had brought herself to undying shame by marrying a foreigner with a fine vice and cultivated taste, who had been wise enough to turn his talents into guineas. The Doctor is not to be blamed perhaps, however much we may argue in this instance against the narrow-mindedness of one who was usually the largest-hearted of humanitarians. Doctor Samuel had his full share of a quality which I call "British beefiness"—a quality by no means extinct among us at this day. My grandmother, who was as haughty an old lady as you would wish to meet on a day's march, used to say that there were two kinds of pride—"proper pride" and "stinking pride." The adjective is not pretty; but my grandmother was born in the last century. "Stinking" pride decried George Canning as an "adventurer" because his mother was an actress. "Stinking" pride, although it is forced politically to eat humble-pie and accept Mr. Disraeli as a leader, does not consider Mr. Disraeli as quite up to the mark of the "county families," because his grandfather was a Venetian Jew, and because he himself once sat on a stool in an attorney's office, and afterwards wrote novels for a living. It was the real, malodorous, beefy pride that impelled one of the best and wisest men that ever breathed to despise a harmless Italian vocalist; and I have often thought, when reading and re-reading the incomparable *Life of Savage*, that the biographer—old friendship to the contrary—would not have been quite so indulgent to the hero, whom he knew to have been an idle, drunken, lying, worthless profligate, had he not always borne in mind the story—since pretty well ripped up and shown to be a bare-faced imposture—of Richard Savage being the bastard son of a Peer of the realm.

My conclusion on the whole amounts to this, that there cannot be such a thing as a "good Hater." I not only mean that a good man cannot hate, but I deny the possibility of "good" hating. We hate badly, or not at all. Ignorance and Envy are the grand parents of Hatred, and there cannot be anything good in Envy or Ignorance. The savage, priest-ridden populace of Toulouse, who loathed the Calais family because they were Protestants, and industrious, and virtuous, and who hounded on their law-officers to destroy them even to the second and third generation: is an apology to be found for the hatred of these ferocious wretches in their ignorance? Are the Dominicans who persecuted Galileo Galilei, are the Florentines who murdered Savonarola, to be free from blame because their hatred was prompted by ignorance? Are the Capuchins who burned Urbain Grandier as a sorcerer, and in fiendish mockery held a red-hot crucifix to his lips ere the first faggot was lit—are such demons to be held scot-free because their hatred was the child of Envy? Yet all these creatures were of the "good Hater" tribe whom Johnson in a capricious moment declared that he loved. The *odium theologicum* "Good Haters" abound among the talapoinis and medicine-men: yet is their hatred "good?" Dalvin sending Servetus to the stake, Milton and Salmasius wallowing in mutual invective and insult; Warburton hating half the bench of bishops, and being hated by the other half; Gibbon flinging mud at the English universities in foot-notes, and the English universities throwing rotten eggs at Gibbon in pamphlets; and, finally, Tom Paine running a-muck against everything in a black cassock and bands, and the rawest curate, preaching his first sermon, inveighing against Tom Paine as the "fraudulent gauger and impious bankrupt staymaker"—I could go on multiplying examples of "good

hatred," that is, violent, vehement, venomous detestation, but I will never admit that the people who hated so were "good haters."

There have been Great Haters and Great Hatreds, that I know. Nelson hated the French in a noble, grandiose manner. He did not know much about them personally, it is true, and he ignored many of their good qualities, but ignorance was not the chief governing motive of the dislike which he entertained for Gaul. That he must have been fully aware of the chivalrous bravery of their soldiers and sailors, and the high sense of honour prevalent among their officers, may be, with almost certainty, assumed. It is quite certain that he would have disdained to treat a captive Frenchman with rudeness or contumely. But he hated the French collectively and personally, nevertheless. He deemed them to be deadly and implacable foes of his King, of his country, of the House of Lords, of the Church of England, of the British navy, of everything which he, Horatio Nelson, the Suffolk parson's son, held in love and veneration. He prayed against them, actively, fervently, and, we are bound to believe, sincerely. Had he been a swearer—the which he was not, I think—he would have d—d the French as roundly as our fathers were wont to do over their port-wine. And he beat the French whenever he could—which was almost always—not only because it was his duty, but because he detested them. It cannot be said that the French—the government and the naval officers who had felt his terrible swift sword always excepted—hated him. His victories were kept a profound secret in France, and I question if at the present day ten Frenchmen out of twenty have ever heard of the Battle of Trafalgar, or whether more than twenty per cent of the entire French nation ever heard of Horatio Viscount Nelson and Duke of Bronte. Every Frenchman has heard of the Duke of Wellington.

"*Faut que Lor Vilanton ait tous pris  
Il'y a plus d'argent dans ce gueux de Paris*"

So sing "*ces demoiselles*" in one of Béranger's earlier ballads. The name of the conqueror of Waterloo—always translated, however, into "Vilanton," and never rising higher in the peevage than "Lor"—was familiar to the lowest and most degraded classes of the French population. Yet I question if they really hated him. The ultra-Bonapartists of course—the *vieux de la vielle*, who had been at Salamanca, at Vittoria, and at Mont St. Jean—abhorred him. The opposition journals held him up to odium for political reasons. A cracca-brained fellow, who afterwards turned grocer in Brussels, made an attempt to assassinate him. But these ebullitions apart, I fancy that it was in rather a comic disparagement that the French held "Lor Vilanton." I bought a French caricature of the Great Duke the other day dated 1815, and almost good enough to be by Carle Vernet. The Wellingtonian type is wonderfully preserved, although the nose is monstrously exaggerated. He is riding down the Champs Elysées, mounted on a bony "screw," the plumes of his cocked hat, his short cloak, and his horse's tails flying "all abroad." The back-ground is composed of nursemaids and children, crying in chorus "Aow! beautiful!" Now this does not look like real, virulent hatred. It is not, at all events, the kind of hatred which, during the year of occupation, the French had for the Cossacks and the Prussians; nay, it did not equal in intensity the loathing with which they regarded their emigrant nobles and their own Bourbons. To hate a man thoroughly you must have felt his power, his cruelty, and his wickedness. Wellington had thrashed the French a good many times; but it was always a long way off—in Spain and Flanders. In 1814, after Toulouse, his march to Paris was an uninterrupted military promenade. So was the march from Brussels to Paris in the following year. It is true that our Guards were encamped in the Champs Elysées, that our Highlanders stood sentry at the Louvre, and that as "next best friends" to the King of Holland, we were forced to insist on the restitution of some priceless Flemish and Dutch pictures, but we didn't take anything for ourselves; we didn't want to blow up any bridges; we didn't burn the

cells and crack the champagne bottles in the Rheims cellars as the Austrians did, we didn't stable our horses in the ball-room at Chantilly as the Prussians did; we didn't eat the tallow candles and drink up the train-oil in the lamps as the Cossacks did. We did not, in fact, lay waste fertile provinces with famine, fire, and slaughter. As Mr. Thackeray told us in *Vanity Fair*, the Duke of Wellington's army was essentially one "that paid its way;" and there is not a prettier passage in John Scott's *Paris Revisited* than where he describes the French farm-wife going tranquilly out to her labours in the field and leaving Donald the Highlandman, who is billeted on her, to rock the baby in the cradle. No, I will not believe that our quondam enemies across the Straits really hated Wellington and his brave soldiers. But they are incorrigibly moody, grinning, parodying people. Their "revenge" for Waterloo was to invent an absurd myth of the English general—a preposterous creature with red whiskers, gleaming white teeth, a swallow-tailed coat, and Hessian boots, and produce him over and over again for sixty years in vaudevilles, ballets, woodcuts, pictures, and comic songs. Their "revenge" for Blenheim and Malplaque is the inexpressibly absurd and senseless ballad called "*Malbrouc s'en va t'en guerre*." There is no more venom in it than in our "Young man from the country;" and a people among whom such a silly chant as this could have become popular could not have felt any very deep hatred for the formidable John Churchill. As for Marlborough himself, I don't think he hated the French. He had served in the French army. He had been a friend of Turenne. For the rest, he loved himself and his wife and his money too much to hate anything very deeply. So, too, I think that Duke Arthur did not hate the French so actively as his compeer Nelson did. He had been to school in France. He spoke French tolerably if not fluently. He must have respected the talents and bravery of the French marshalls whom he had encountered and beaten, he regarded "Bonaparte" as a "person" whose existence was dangerous to the peace of Europe and whom it was his "duty" to put down; but his inimical feelings were of a passive nature, and may be best summed up in that word "duty." Altogether, perhaps, the Duke's real sentiments towards Napoleon have always been passably inexplicable. He "put him down" very completely, and should have been inwardly proud of his conquest, but he bragged about it no more than he exerted himself to save the life of Marshall Ney, or to "rubbed himse" to intercede with the gaolers of Napoleon to mitigate the horrors of exile captivity. He thought it, perchance, no part of his "duty" to take such steps. He must have had some inward consciousness that Napoleon was a great man, and that it was rather a big thing to have beaten him, for there were pictures and statues of Prometheus vincetus all over Aspley House, and the duke himself owned that he considered the presence of "Bonaparte" on a field of battle to be equal to a reinforcement of fifty thousand men. But he has said less about his mighty antagonist, either for or against him, than perhaps any other prominent public man of his time has done. I could never help fancying that the duty-loving duke always looked upon himself as a kind of international superintendent of detective police. It was his duty to hunt down the great criminal against the tranquility of Europe. The criminal led him a pretty dance, and gave him an infinity of trouble, but he caught him at last, and, after a terrible tussle, succeeded in throwing and handcuffing him. After that, what became of the criminal was no concern of the superintendent. He had left him to justice and the international Old Bailey.

Napoleon hated much and bitterly. He hated Pichegru, he hated Moreau, he hated Toussaint l'Ouverture—the poor brave black man—ho hated the Queen of Prussia, he hated Sir George Cockburn, he hated Lord Bathurst, and he hated Sir Hudson Lowe—not a very lovable man under any circumstances, it may be admitted; but still it was a little too bad of Napoleon to loathe the unhappy governor as he did so soon

as he set his eyes upon him, and, after his first interview with him, to send away unlasted a cup of coffee, declaring that the governor's very look had poisoned it. But I have no wish to re-open that old St. Helena sore. Let bygones be bygones. The camp-bed at Longwood was not precisely a bed of roses; and at fifty-one, ruined, banished, in gaol, separated from your wife and child, blistering on a rock or shivering in a leaky bungalow, with your coat out at elbows, mutton at two-and-elevenpence a pound, and no salad oil obtainable—with the knowledge of having slaughtered a good many innocent men, and left many thousands of widows and orphans—with all this, and an ulcer eating away your stomach, it is rather hard not to be allowed to hate your neighbours with feverish fierceness. But the earlier hatreds of Napoleon were far less excusable, and they were the worst of all hatreds—the little ones. He was pretty jealous of Moreau and Bernadotte. He was afraid of the shrewdness and envious of the wit of Madame de Staël, and hated her accordingly. His dislike of the patriot of St. Domingo was as ludicrous as it was wicked; and, with infernal ingenuity, he caused the hot-blooded negro, accustomed to swelter in the tropical sun, to be couped up in a cold damp casemate, there to have chills and rheumatism till he died. He hated his brother Louis pettily, miserably, because Louis was quiet and unambitious and conscientious, and, caring nothing for his crown, was still determined to do his duty to his subjects after he had been thrust on to a throne. He hated Sir Sidney Smith, too, with a mean personal hatred, because he drove him from before St. Jean d'Acrc. He hated Ducis because he would not pen fawning lines in his praise; and Admi al Brucey—whom he would have struck with a horse-whip at Boulogne had not the admiral laid his hand on his sword—because Brucey as a sailor knew his duty better than the emperor. I suppose there is not, among Englishmen, a greater fanatic in hero-worship, and a more enthusiastic worshipper of Napoleon the Great, than I am. If there can be demigods—if Hercules was one, so too was Bonaparte. But I cannot be blind to the fact, that immeasurably great as was my hero, he condescended to hate in a very mean and paltry manner. But are there not spots on the sun? His hatreds were little, but I shrink from considering him as a Little Hater.

Ah, it is the Little Hater, after all, who is the meanest of the mean, the vilest of the vile, the crawlingest of the crawler! He is all horrible. He is bad from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. He has no good qualities. He cogs, he lies, he bears false witness, he wriggles and ramps, he crawls upon his belly in the sand, covering your boots with slime, till he is strong enough to raise himself on his hinder end, when he shakes his rattle and spits forth his poison. And he hates always. His hatred never dies. He will malign your children before they are born, and libel you after you are dead. He will whisper that you committed larceny when you were two years old, and that you had an ancestor who was hanged for coinng base money in the reign of Edward IV. He goes on hating until his hair is white and his limbs are paralysed, and if you are so fortunate as to survive him, you will find that he has left you an insult in the preamble to his will. He would look out of his herse and curse you on his way to Kensal Green if he could. As it is, you have the consolation of knowing that he is hating you down below, in brimstone, as virulently as ever.

Little Haters may be divided into twelve principal classes. 1. People to whom you have lent money, who are too dishonest or too mean to pay it, and who hate you for having lent it. 2. People whom you have helped, not pecuniarily, but by a timely word or letter, when they were obscure and poverty-stricken, and who hate you when they have become prosperous because you knew them when they were in the mud. 3. People who imagine that the women they know like you better than they like them. 4. People who have written little poems, and whose poems you have refused to purchase, to read, or to criticise. These are among the most implacable of all little haters. 5. People whom you have detected and exposed as arrant hum-

bugs. 6. People who are uneasily aware that your wife doesn't like them. 7. People about whom you have hazarded the unlucky verbal blunder known as "good things." The little hater never forgives a joke at his expense. 8. People with whom you have refused to dine, knowing as you do that their wine is bad, their melted butter execrable, and their guests are bores. 9. People who have failed in some very little enterprise, while you have succeeded in some large undertaking of an analogous nature. 10. People on whose toes you have accidentally trodden, or the "gutters" of whose skirts (these are lady haters) you have accidentally torn. 11. People who are aware that their children are ugly or abominable little nuisances, and know well that you don't like them, and so hate you. 12. People about whom you know too much. Stay, there shall be a baker's dozen. In the thirteenth and most malignant category I class the people who don't know you at all. They hate with a vengeance.

## LETTY'S TEMPTATION.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS, BY I. D. FENTON.

### CHAPTER III.

THE mists had blown over next day, the sun was out again, and the sea calm and blue. Lettice accounted for her pale face by saying she had a headache, and thus got off accompanying her aunt to the castle, where there to be a formal giving over of linen. As soon as the house was cleared, she brought down her hat, and set off for her favourite seat amongst the rocks, where, with the sea lashing and breaking among the rocks at her feet, the gulls shrieking over head, she thought she could look her fate in the face, and form some plan to avoid a meeting with the Squire.

She had not been on the rocks half an hour when a quick, firm footfall sent the blood to her cheeks, and she and her false lover were face to face.

It would be difficult to say which was the more confused—Gawain, who had sought the meeting, or Lettice, who had been telling herself it must come.

He was the first to speak, but he made no attempt to approach nearer as he did so. He said, "My wife found your ear-ring, and then I knew who Mrs. Lloyd's niece was."

Lettice held out her hand mechanically, but instead of putting the ear-ring into it, Gawain clasped it closely, bursting into an explanation of his actions, excusing, condoning, and lamenting his course in one breath.

Lettice was powerless while he spoke of his love and of the bright hopes he once held out, but when he tried to excuse his marriage, and told her he had taken a rich wife to retrieve his fortune, the girl's indignation and outraged love spoke forth.

Mr. Gawain was prepared for this. It only showed him that Letty's heart was still his, that however her judgment might condemn or virtue plead, the power he had once was as strong as ever. Seeing this he could afford to listen patiently.

"I will do nothing to torment you, Letty; be merciful to me, that is all. I am reaping the punishment of my sin. I did not seek you out, Letty, we have met for some good end. For God's sake, do not drive me desperate, give me some chance of happiness, or, at least peace. I never was a good man; but if you do anything rash or cruel now, you'll drive me to destruction. Do not avoid the Castle for fear of seeing me; my wife wishes to have you. I will be out of the way. The terms are not so hard for you as for me,—and what they are to me you can never know. A man's love is a different kind from a woman's, in spite of what the poet says; perhaps it is because men seldom give all their love, as I did."

And with a bitter laugh, he went away, and Lettice, left to herself, did what was only natural and womanlike—she sat with her head on her knees and cried, little thinking that anyone saw her agony; but there, glaring out from a crevice between the rocks, were the bloodshot

eyes of Sam, who had brought all the cunning of madness to aid him in concealing himself, and thus kept constant watch upon Lettice, and for this he had toiled through many a dark night, hollowing out a hidingplace which he could reach without going along the path round the point.

Letty had no easy task to perform: it was impossible for her to avoid going to the Castle without giving a reason for so doing, and that reason she, of course, could not give. There was nothing for it but to trust in Mr. Gawain's promise, and for a time there seemed no cause to doubt it. She never saw him, and began to speculate upon her own strength again, telling herself that he could never have loved her as he professed, or that it would be impossible for him to act as calmly and coldly as he now did.

So reasoning, Lettice fell into the habit of spending day after day with Mrs. Gawain. Many a time during the next six or eight weeks there stole over Lettice an undefined sense of danger. She would start from her sleep in the dead of the night with tears streaming down her face, and her heart throbbing wildly. Once or twice, while sitting at her favourite place among the rocks, she had been seized with a sudden fear, and impelled by some uncontrollable feeling, had run home, not even daring to look behind her. Lewis met her one day when this fit was on her, and the quarrel that had separated them was made up. He saw her pale, wild face, and interpreted it to his own satisfaction, and she, harassed and perplexed as she was, fit comfort and strength as Lewis put his arm round her, and told her how she had tormented him, and that henceforth he meant to take charge of her entirely, and not let her sit dreaming by the sea. Poor Lettice! the temptation was sore. Lewis was gentle and humble that night, and, after all, what right had she to exact so much, or why should she be jealous of what had gone before? Would he still care for her if her own story was told, and worse still, her heart laid bare? Lettice thought not; but determined then and there to risk it, and confess all at the first opportunity. Not that night; she must wait and tell Mrs. Gawain first, then she would be happier. And in the meantime Lewis and she would meet as usual; there would be no engagement, nothing more than there was at the present; but he would stay at home more: and when she was at the Castle he would come to fetch her home; for the nights were dark now, and Mrs. Gawain often kept her until night had set in, and only let Lettice escape when the Squire was returning from shooting. Mrs. Gawain had taken a violent liking to Lettice, and now that she was ill and weak, Rachel would not allow her niece to thwart her in her fancy to see her every day, saying such fancies were excusable under the circumstances.

One night, late in October, Lettice started for home; she was earlier than usual; the wind was coming over the bay in fitful gusts, bringing heavy drops of rain. Just as she turned out of the grounds into the fields, she met the Squire coming home from shooting.

"It's a cold, lonely walk, Miss Lettice," he said, stopping, while the keeper walked forward; but Lettice only dropped a curtsey, and passed on. Then he followed her, repeating the words, but in a lower tone, and adding, "How cross you are, Letty; here am I out all day, wind or rain, to make it more comfortable for you at the Castle, and even when I meet you by chance and speak a civil word that any man might say, you won't vouchsafe a look even. What have I done to make you treat me this way?"

"Indeed, I don't treat you any way wrong, sir."

"Sir!" exclaimed Gawain, with an oath; "what do you think I am made of, that you mock me? You didn't call me 'sir' in the happy days I am always thinking of and cursing myself for having lost the right to make you remember. Why don't you speak, Lettice?" he went on, presently. "Why don't you scold, reproach, bully me? I deserve it all, for I am a selfish beast to remind you of old times, and tell you how miserable I am; but I must be selfish still. I meant to meet you to night; I have

something to tell you that you must hear. Will you stand still here a few minutes and listen, or sit down upon the hill?—it is dry and sheltered a little from this cursed wind. I wish I could see your face, Letty, I've not seen it this week, except in my dreams, and then it always looks as it did that day I saw you again on the rocks."

"You wanted to tell me something," said Lettice, desperately. All this talk was play to him, but death to her, she could not listen to his voice or feel her dress touch him without the old poison stealing through her life again. She was weak as a child in his presence, and in her heart she was wishing that Lewis, who generally came to meet her, would come.

"If I heard him coming, I would speak out,—shame would make me a better girl," she thought. But Lewis did not come, and Mr. Gawain told her what he had to say—told her that his wife was dying, that the doctor who had seen her the week before, had confirmed the opinion already given that she might live until the spring, but only by going to a warmer climate. "We must go at once; and Letty!"—he paused, and drew a little nearer, she could feel him stooping over her, and fancied she heard his heart beating her own, was throbbing so fast that she had to consider again before she was quite sure that she had heard his next words right: "Come with us, Letty," he said, speaking low hurriedly, "and when I am free you shall be my wife!"

The wind was blowing harder than ever, beating down the slender heads of the young fir-wood through which the path lay, scattering their perfume around, and all her life after a waft of scent from a fir-plantation brought back to Lettice the scene of her temptation—temptation which Providence suddenly turned aside, for clear upon the cold blast came the ring of a man's whistle.

"Who's that?" asked the Squire, as Letty sprang to her feet.

"My cousin Lewis, he always comes to meet me," said Lettice, a sense of protection coming upon her, although at the same moment she felt as if she loathed and hated her cousin, and all the love and old visions of happiness flashed up—love and happiness now offered her, but ere she had time to think, Gawain had thrown his arm round her, and pressing his lips to her face, whispered passionately,—

"Take care what you do, for, by G—! I am a desperate man! I bartered you away once for money, but the Mint itself shall not come between us now if I can help it."

The whistle was close to them now, and the footstep audible. With a desperate effort Lettice freed herself from Gawain, and clambered over the stile, almost falling into Lewis's arms, and the Squire heard him exclaim,—

"Hallo, Letty! what a hurry you are in. Why you are shaking like a leaf, darling. Has anything frightened you? Why didn't you wait, and I'd have been at the gate. I am rather late, for the Squire has been up at the farm, and mother stopped me to tell me how he'd been saying his wife was ill, and had to go away."

And then their voices died away in the distance, and Mr. Gawain turned homewards, coming up with the keeper where he had left him a quarter of an hour before, and half inclined to think he had been watching him. He gave the man a rating that he did not forget in a hurry, and which, curiously enough, raised Lettice greatly in his opinion, concluding that she, having given the Squire "a setting down," had thus ruffled his temper.

As they walked on, a figure came slouching along the path, close under the hedge.

"Who's that?" said Mr. Gawain, drawing back.

"Sam Bach, sir, he lives up at the farm, and follows Miss Lettice about like a shadow."

"Is he a lover of hers?"

The keeper laughed. "He's an idiot, sir."

"A madman! and suffered to run about this way?"

"Sure, he's safe enough, sir. He's better than a watch-dog to Miss Lettice. She's kind to him, and saved him many a thrashing from young Lewis."

"But I've never seen this boy about."

"He was beating for us last Friday, you remember, sir, the cocks you shot tight and left Sam flushed them."

The Squire said no more, he remembered the lad and the chill of repulsion that had crossed him at the time, and made up his mind to speak to Mrs. Lloyd about it.

Instead of going straight to the Castle next day, Lettice went to the rocks. She had no opportunity to think quietly at the farm, where there seemed to be a continual bustle, and where her aunt was now full of lamentation about the young Squire's sorrow, about his leaving so soon again, and the chances of the wife dying before the baby saw light. Down among the rocks and by the sea, dark, stormy, and noisy as it was, Lettice knew she could think, accordingly there she went and there Mr. Gawain found her.

"I have come for my answer, Letty," he said, sitting down by her side, and barring her escape. "By Jove! what a night it was. I hope your cousin made himself agreeable. If all one hears is true, he's rather a dangerous companion for a young lady to choose as an escort every night. My keeper rather amused me by his account of the young gentleman's doings. It seems he does not keep his love affairs secret either, or let them lose in the telling."

Lettice's cheeks grew fiery red, and Gawain saw he had gained one step, and went on with a laugh. "Ah, well! it don't much matter. To you Letty, he's on his good behaviour of course. For their ways down here are not like our ways. Lewis will sow his wild oats and settle down into a respectable farmer some day, and populate the land legitimately. We'll give him the Church Farm, it's the best next to his mother's, which of course goes to Evan. Now, Letty, tell me you'll go with my wife."

"No, no! you know I cannot. How could I? You told me once you loved me too dearly to wrong me, and so left me; and now you would make me the vilest thing living."

"You are wrong, Letty,—before God, you are wrong! I'll never speak to you—come near you—without your permission, you'll only be there with her, and when I am free again—"

Lettice got up, her face white and her eyes flashing.

"Do not tempt me again, for pity's sake."

You know I am weak—you know once I'd have given up everything for you; but you left me then. I could never trust you now."

He stretched his hand out, and caught hold of her dress. "Sit down, child, you cannot get away, the tide has turned. You are my prisoner—at my mercy, Letty, for the next six hours!"

With a bewildered, helpless look, Lettice sat down, covering her face with her hands.

"Am I so very terrible, Letty, that you dare not stay with me for a few hours? My pet, I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for worlds!—only listen to me."

And Lettice listened to the old story, and tried to think that there was happiness in store for her.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Next morning there were pale faces and hurrying feet upon the beach, where a crowd soon gathered round the body of Sam, the idiot boy, which, washed up and left by the tide, lay face uppermost amongst the bingle. When the torn coat and shirt were taken off, there were thick blue weals, where blows had fallen.

Murder, foul and cowardly at all times, is in some cases especially so. The lad had been afflicted from his birth, harmless, and like most of his kind, rather a favourite in the village, and loud were the denunciations against the atrocity of the deed, and the guilt of the door.

Men looked suspiciously into each other's faces as they stood round the public-house into which the body had been carried, and at the door of which was a policeman. Evan Lloyd was there. He had been riding past, and lent his horse to carry the messenger for the doctor, while another man had ridden off to the nearest magistrate.

Lewis was not there then, but presently he too came down the hill, and afterwards the

people said how white his face looked, and that he staggered in his walk as he drew near. Nor were they wrong, and good enough cause Lewis had for both; for when the intelliger of the murder reached him, there had flashed upon his mind, like the vision of a drowning man, the many quarrels, the anger, and the evil temper he had so often vented upon the helpless boy, and the very last time he had seen him, his hand had been on the lad's neck, whose usual outcry of "murder" seemed to ring again, like a fatal warning in his ears.

He had thought all this when his mother came to tell him, and although he would have rather cut off his right hand than face the crowd and look at the body, he was too great a coward to yield to his fears.

"You're not used to death, Lewis," said the doctor, looking in his white face, as he stood in the room while the examination of the body went on.

"No," said the other, shuddering, "I don't know how you fellows are so cool."

"Wilful murder," was the verdict, and the following day Lewis Lloyd was arrested on suspicion. No one ventured to charge him with deliberate murder. But even manslaughter, with a man of such well-known violence of temper, would go hard.

Rachel was inconsolable, the arrest of her boy was a disgrace deep and deadly, and loudly as she asserted his innocence, a cold shudder of apprehension fell upon her as she recalled the various scenes of passion she had witnessed, and felt. "If the evidence is too strong for him, they will swear to the hatred between the two; there's not a man or child about the farm that has not seen it."

When they came to take Lewis away, Lettice had fainted, and passed from one fainting fit into another, so that every one, even the sorrow-stricken mother, said or saw "how she had loved him."

Circumstantial evidence went hard against Lewis. Upon the night preceding the finding of the body—the night when it was conjectured the murder had been done—Lewis could not account for himself, true, he said that expecting to meet his cousin Lettice coming home from the Castle he had waited up till midnight, and only upon getting home found that she had come in by another way, and gone up to her bed-room directly.

Then some one spoke of the way in which the idiot had attached himself to Lettice, and the case against the unhappy man grew stronger. At this juncture, however, a totally new aspect was given to the trial, for, to the consternation and amazement of all who know him, his sweet temper, well-regulated mind, and universal kindness to every living creature, Evan Lloyd stood forward and took the guilt of the deed upon himself. He had seen the boy dogging his cousin's steps, and had often apprehended mischief; that day he had caught him at her favourite resting-place among the rocks, evidently waiting for her coming; wor's had grown high, the boy grew angry and flew at his master, who, losing his temper, struck him, and as they struggled on the narrow platform, threw him accidentally over the cliff.

The explanation was simple enough, but not a word of it fell with any appearance of conviction upon the listeners. Lewis was, of course, liberated, and sought to remain with his brother, but this Evan refused, bidding him go home and comfort Lettice and their mother, adding, "They will be more merciful to me than they would have been to you."

He went home, but comfort was a mockery, there was nothing but disgrace and misery. In the midst of her anguish Rachel had taken it into her head that Lettice was somehow at the bottom of it, and all the fury of her outraged pride, and all the agony of her fear for her child's safety, concentrated themselves against the girl, who wandered about the house apparently more dead than alive.

"Take her out of my sight," said the miserable woman to Lewis, as he stood by her side, trying to soothe and reason with her. "It's all her doing, this curse fell upon us the day she



crossed the draw-way. And Lewis, seeing nothing else for it, went over to the Castle and told Mrs. Gawain what his mother said, and Lettice found a home for the time being, and finally accompanied them to the south of France, Lewis persuading her to consent to the offer. Lettice weakly opposed the plan; but nothing she said now seemed to have any influence. The shock had fallen like a blight upon her; and though Lewis was safe, they said that it would take time to restore her nervous system. And Lettice's name, Lettice's unhappy lot, and Lettice's great love were as much spoken of as the crime itself.

The assizes at which the trial would come off were held in the spring, and the long winter months, during which her first-born lay in a jail, completely bleached Rachel Lloyde's dark hair. It was a terrible time for her when the day of the trial came—worse still when the sun went down and the case stood remanded. Then the next day fresh evidence was called, and as she sat in the inn parlour, the parson and his wife on either hand, Lewis burst into the room.

The verdict had been brought in "Manslaughter," the sentence mitigated to four years' penal servitude; and when the worst danger was past, the mother knew how great the mercy of God had been. Neighbours and people she had never seen or heard of pressed forward to congratulate her and bid her be of good cheer. The Squire, who had come over from France to be present, had worked day and night, had spared no time or expense to bring about this result, and the public mind was divided between admiration for him and relief as to Evan's sentence.

"The Squire had worked himself to death," they said, so ill and fagged did he look, and so restlessly excited and busy had he been. There was one peculiarity about his conduct—he would not see Evan. This was scarcely noticed at the time; but, afterwards, as is generally the way with the multitude, even this became a virtue, and when he went back to his dying wife, he carried with him the admiration and blessings of the whole neighborhood, a burthen Mr. Gawain seemed to find both irksome and painful.

Before leaving the Castle, Mr. Gawain gave the Church farm to Lewis, then fortunately at his disposal; offering, moreover, to lend sufficient to stock it thoroughly, besides draining and rebuilding. And it was very soon said and very soon seen that the Squire did not seem to think he could do too much for the Lloydes.

For three or four months after she had left Pembrokehire, Lettice had written pretty regularly to Lewis. Then the letters grew fewer, and at last, after a lapse of nearly a month, there came a short letter, bidding him forget her. Strange to say he took the matter very little to heart. In spite of the way the old folks shook their heads over the new-fangled notions Lewis was adopting in his farming, things prospered. Everything he put his hand to turned out well, and Mrs. Lloyde began to hold up her head again. The bitterness of the first shame was being lost in the success that had been showered upon them ever since the day of grief. Evan wrote often. He was well, and, as far as circumstances would permit, happy. Most of the letters were filled with questions about Lewis, and for the first year never one came that did not refer in some way to Lettice, and express a wish to hear that she and Lewis had made up matters.

Three years had gone by, when one day the post brought Mrs. Lloyde a letter which startled her. It came from Evan, and told her how he had got a ticket of leave, and was, therefore, comparatively a free man; that he would not, however, come to the old farm, but intended to settle in some other part of the country, where everything would be new, and where, by changing his name, he could start clear of the cloud that would always rest upon him where the past was known. The letter ended by asking her to meet him in London, giving her the day, the place where she would find him, and full directions about the route.

There was not a word about Lewis. "You'll go with me?" said his mother, as he gave her

back the letter; but Lewis did not answer. His face grew dark, and the veins in his temples sprang up.

"You ought to see him, Lewis," pleaded Rachel. "Sure if he's brought trouble on us, he's still your brother, and the Lord's been gracious to us in many ways. You'll never let your old mother ask in vain?"

"Yes, I'll go, mother," answered Lewis, hoarsely.

"There's my own dear lad, always the same, always ready to do a good turn. We'll go together to your poor brother."

Evan had given such clear directions, that there was no difficulty in the journey.

"He'll be changed," was the thought that filled the mother's heart. But Evan was little altered; a little graver, perhaps a little older; but handsomer than ever.

"This is good of you, Lewis," he said, holding out one hand to his brother, while with the other he clasped his mother. "I did not bid you come, I thought you might not like. Hallo! Lewis, lad, what's the matter?"

Lewis had burst into tears, and thrown himself upon a sofa.

"Let me alone, mother," he sobbed, shaking off Rachel's hand. "Oh, Evan, I didn't do it. Brother, brother, I didn't murder the lad."

"I know you didn't, Lewis."

Lewis lifted up his face for an instant.

"My God! Evan, you never did?"

"No, Lewy; neither you nor I did, though we've both suffered for it. I thought wrong of you at first, brother: you'll forgive me that?"

Lewis threw his arm round his brother's neck.

"As I hope God will forgive me."

"That's right lad; and him, too, the unhappy man who did it. Say you forgive him too; he's been punished worse than either you or me, and he's tried to pay you back tenfold, Lewis."

A deep flush crimsoned Rachel's face, as she bent forward, listening eagerly. Lewis shuddered, and whispered almost too low to be heard,—

"Why did he do it, Evan? tell me that first."

"It's a long story, but it must be told sooner or later. Mother, dear, for my sake be merciful." He crossed and laid his hand upon Rachel's shoulder, looking down into her flushed, exciting face.

"Mercy," she cried, bitterly, "Mercy! Ah, lad, the mercy he showed you, may he meet the same. Merciful!—ask a mother to be merciful to the man who blighted her fairest dreams—who's brought disgrace and shame upon her name—who's—Oh! Evan, Evan, shame on you! Shame on you! What was he to you?"

"Be calm, mother; you must bear it sooner or later."

And what the reader already knows of Lettice's history, Evan repeated. The boy had followed her to the rocks upon the day Gawain made his last appeal; the Squire had seen him, and angry at being watched and in the boy's power, had struck him; in avoiding the blows, Sam sprang back and fell over the cliffs.

"Still, I don't see why you were to let them call you the murderer," said Rachel bitterly.

"Mother, I thought Lewis had done it, by accident always, but still that it was his hand; and you remember how Lettice was struck down? I loved her, mother, from the first day I saw her; but she liked, or I thought she liked, Lewis better, and when I saw her so broken-hearted, I said to myself, why did I care for life that I should let my brother die? Besides, mother, I did not think it would go so hard with me, and I knew that any punishment would be lighter than seeing her fade before my eyes, and die for the brother I could save. But it's not all told:—mother, Lewis, give me your hand, I've been selfish after all, I've been but a sham martyr—Lettie is my wife."

Lewis sprang up and threw both his arms round his brother.

"Then you're not angry, Lewy?"

"Angry! no. Thank God you've won something. Mother, come and kiss him; she was too good for me, and never cared rightly for me, though I made her think so when I thought so myself. Where is she? Come, mother, this is

the best news of all—Where is she, Evan?"

"You'll take her, mother, and forgive me?" whispered Evan. "You gave me a strong heart, mother; and him that you took as the husband of your youth taught me that a 'true heart is better than gold.' You've not forgotten him, mother. And now may I bring them to you?"

"Them, Evan!"

"Aye! them, mother; Letty and my baby." Then a great cry broke forth from the woman's heart.

"Oh! Evan, my son, my son, bring them that I may bless them, even as the Lord will bless you."

Little remains to be told. Evan took his family to Australia to begin a new life. Lewis and his mother followed the next year, and the farm has changed hands more than once; so, indeed, has the Gawain estate, for shortly after the Lloydes left, the property was sold, and report said that the Squire had left the country for good.

## SONG OF THE TROJAN CAPTIVE.

(Freely translated from *Hecuba*, 905.)

I.

O my Iliou! once we named thee  
City of unconquer'd men;  
But the Grecian spear has tamed thee,  
Thou canst never rise again.  
Grecian clouds thy causeways darken;  
Ah! they cannot hide thy glory!  
Ages hence, shall heroes hearken  
To the wonders of thy story.

II.

O my Iliou! they have shorn thee  
Of thy lofty crown of towers;  
Thy poor daughter can but mourn thee  
In her lonely captive hours.  
They have robbed thee of thy beauty,  
Made thee foul with smoke and gore,  
Tears are now my only duty—  
I shall tread thy streets no more.

III.

O my Iliou! I remember—  
'Twas the hour of sweet repose,  
And my husband in our chamber  
Slept, nor dreamt of Grecian foes.  
For the song and feast were over,  
And the spear was hung to rest—  
Never more my hero lover,  
Aimed by thee at foeman's breast!

IV.

O my Iliou! at the mirror  
I was binding up my hair,  
When my face grew pale with terror  
At the cry that rent the air.  
Hark! amid the din, the Grecian  
Shout of triumph, "Troy is taken,  
Ten years' work have now completion  
Iliou's haughty towers are shaken."

V.

O my Iliou! forth I hid me  
From his happy home and mine;  
Happier! soon the Greeks descried me  
As I sat at Phæbe's shrine.  
Then, my husband slain before me,  
To the shore they hurried me,  
And from all I loved they tore me  
Fainting o'er the cruel sea.

JOHN READE.

AN ENGINEER'S PRESCRIPTION.—When the last Conway tube was being raised, the following colloquy took place between Mr. Stephenson and another distinguished engineer:—Mr. Stephenson: "Hallo! what is the matter with you, Mr.—? you seem out of sorts." Mr.—: "I am a martyr to a periodical nervous headache, and must go up to town to be cupped." Mr. Stephenson: "Cupped! pooh! nonsense! lessen the supplies—eat less at meals; it is always better to damp the fire than to blow off steam."

## THE BATTLE OF A MINORITY.

IN the arena of the House of Commons resistance is rarely exerted to excess. The preponderance of the majority once proved, the minority generally accept defeat and docility. The minority, however, are but men; defeat is never pleasant: temptation occasionally arises, delay may procure what argument could not accomplish. This temptation is strongest when prorogation tide approaches: in the dusk of the session, the season of Parliament drawing to a close, the loss of a day may involve the loss of the bill. By utter weariness the majority may be driven to yield that day; and repeated divisions upon reiterated motions for adjournment, are the instruments by which this weariness is produced.

Resistance in such a form has no intellectual dignity wherewith to commend itself: it is wholly physical. Consequently, this course is rarely adopted against measures of signal importance, or when the House is thronged. Whatever be the result,—of the mode of gaining that result the minority have never reason to feel proud; certainly not while it is in action. A spectacle more singular than seemly is then presented by the House of Commons. Division rapidly succeeds division; every ten minutes the scruffy gathering of members is dispersed into the lobbies; and each proclamation of the dwindling numbers of the assembly is greeted with louder shouts. Passion heats; order in conduct almost disappears, in debate almost entirely. Speeches are solely directed to the encouragement of ceaseless obstinacy: are declarations that divisions shall continue while there exists a leg to move. To such speeches, yells, groans, and delirious laughter form fitting response. And so the Commons go round and round, dancing out the small hours, through each division lobby; made as much "like unto a wheel," as their enemies could desire. At last, the clear grave grey of dawn-light brings utter weariness to the body, if not conviction to the mind. Of what was "excellent sport, 't' faith" at two o'clock—"would it were done" is felt at four.

The "Waterloo" among parliamentary battles of this kind was fought on the 12th of March, 1771. The game of obstinacy was then played out to the full. Delay solely for delay's sake, and annoyance only to annoy, were that day inflicted by Edmund Burke upon the House of Commons. Led by him, the minority did all their possible to obstruct the majority; and as their object was freedom of the press, we, at least, may pardon an obstinacy that seemed instinct with faction.

The year 1771 was central, it will be remembered, in the period of national unrest that preceded Pitt's supremacy. All classes of society then were aiming at mastery; but master there was none. Riots disclosed the power of the people, and libels of the press. The strength of Parliament was shown by arbitrary exertion of their privileges. The city of London addressed unconstitutional language to the sovereign; and he extended unconstitutional influence wherever he could reach. Everybody's hand was against everybody; but it was only to irritate. The Lords quarrelled with the Commons, and the Commons with the Lords, and both with the people. The King quarrelled with his Ministers, and would have quarrelled with his Parliament, had he not preferred to bribe it. One power alone maintained its ground, namely, the power of the pamphleteer; nor was that without trial. Printers were fined and imprisoned by the Lords: the Commons reprimanded and committed them to the Serjeant. The Crown gave to these proceedings both countenance and counsel. But it was in vain. The orders of Parliament were evaded: the laugh was turned against it; and laughter usually bespeaks the winning side.

The evening of 12th March, 1771, was the climax of the struggle between Parliament and the press. The libeller, however, was not then selected for attack: it was only the mere publisher of parliamentary debates. And if popular

feeling was too strong for Parliament, when the cause of literary decency was advocated, success was hardly to be anticipated in the case of a mere breach of privilege. Then, as now, publication of parliamentary debates was a direct infraction of the orders of both Houses; nor had the spirit of the rule, though departing, ceased to animate the latter. The efficacy of that order was this year, for the first time, openly tested. The magazines were commencing to print the debates, giving, without disguise, the names of the debaters. Nor was this after the session had concluded; the narrative of parliamentary transactions was made public, while the Houses were sitting. This was a signal proof of the audacity of the press. By stealth only, however, the reporter still exercised his calling; and to impose undue concealments on a harmless effort, often acts as a prompter to harmfulness. Undesired obscurity tempts an undesirable publicity. Reports of the debates were accompanied often by most irregular comments: members were not only mentioned by name, but openly abused. And newspapers naturally attacked those that would naturally attack them. The two Onslows, for instance, the Colonel and George, were by family tradition specially bound to maintain the dignity of the Commons. They were son and nephew of the late Speaker: their very name is still redolent of a parliamentary savour. "Cocking George," "pultry, insignificant insects," and "scoundrels," the "greater and the lesser," were prefixes too commonly appended to their names. The Onslows not unnaturally did what they could in return. Early in this session of 1771, at their instigation, the Commons ordered two printers into custody. It was competent to the House to make the order; to enforce it, proved impossible. London sided with the printers; the messengers of Parliament were hustled away; they returned to Westminster empty handed.

This sign of the times was, however, unheded by the champions of privilege. On the 12th March, 1771, Colonel Onslow lodged a formal complaint against "the printed newspapers intitled" *The Morning and The St. James's Chronicle*, *The London Packet*, *The Whitehall Evening Post*, and *The General and The London Evening Post*, and against their printers and publishers, Woodfall, Baldwin, Evans, Bladon, T. Wright, and J. Miller. The charge was made with due formality. It was alleged that these newspapers contained the debates, and misrepresented the speeches of members of Parliament, "in contempt of the orders, and in breach of the privileges of this House." Then followed the great battle of delay. The majority at the outset mustered 140, and the minority 43; these numbers dwindled to 72 and 10 during the twelve hours' struggle that ensued.

Lord North, then in the second year of office, led one party; and Edmund Burke the other. The side befitting the King's "own" Minister need not be stated. The fury of the two Onslows took, indeed, the matter out of his hands. North supplied the authority of Government: but they led the attack. And with them ranged Welbore Ellis, a veteran placeman; and also another placeman, not quite so old in office, bearing a name rather more celebrated, namely Mr. Charles Fox, he was then a member and a Lord of the Admiralty of two years' standing. He had, in body, barely attained the legal age of manhood: he certainly had not then reached full mental maturity. His impulsive nature, swayed by the arbitrary principles of his father, made him zealous for authority. He did not speak much; but he was diligent as division-teller. The party opposed to liberty thus included, by the accident of a year, this noble, still-loved man. Otherwise the roll of well-known names among the minority, would have been indeed preponderant.

There was their leader, Edmund Burke, foremost eye-way. His cousin William fought under him to the last. So did Sir William Meredith, whose memory will live with the history of our religious liberty; and Governor Pownall, also, taught by the sound judgment that inclined him to the right view of the great question of

that era. All these, indeed, having maintained the cause of freedom beyond the Atlantic, were not likely to forget the printer at their door: and in both cases they were content to play what seemed to be an utterly losing game. Col. Barré, too, who gave the help of his rude and ready tongue. And, thanks to the "Rollind," we find among the rank and file a name not quite undistinguishable—Sir Joseph Mawbey's, who was coupled with Thrals in the representation of Southwark. He dealt somewhat in poetry, but more in pigs, a conjunction of aim that prompted that scoff of the satirist, that has given duration to the name of Mawbey. And one who, if he lives at all in our recollection, owes that life to the hiring writers he abused, appears in the characteristic attitude of a neutral: for

"To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote,"

seems on this occasion to have been unattainable by Burke. If, according to the receipt of epic poetry, description of a coming storm was ushered in by invocation to the genius of disorder, the invocation would be claimed by the demoniac Wilkes: for the tumult was not only to his heart, but of his making. He it was, who incited the press to an open publication of parliamentary debates; and his influence was present during the evening of 12th March, 1771, though not his person, for that was under sentence of expulsion from the House of Commons.

Mischief was Wilkes' element; and nothing would have pleased him more than to hear speaker Cust put the first question in that debate, for not less than forty motions were to spring out of that unpretending sentence, and forty-fold irritation to that impatient gentleman. The first question put was, "That the said paper, intitled *The Morning Chronicle*, Monday, March 4th, 1771, printed for W. Woodfall, be delivered in at the table, and read." The House "divided," as the Journal tells us; "the Yeas went forth," and were 140 against 43.

Such was the commencement of the sport that Colonel Onslow had provided for the Commons. He undertook to bring before them "three brace of printers." His argument was, "that it is nonsense to have rules, and not to put them in force;" and, having got the newspaper read, he moved that Woodfall be summoned before the House. George Onslow seconded the motion; and a member spoke in its favour. Language used in parliament, he said, was constantly misrepresented by the magazines; though, with a mighty simplicity, he admitted that the reporters "often made for him a better speech than he could have made for himself." The name of one so honest should survive—it was a Mr. Ongly. To him responded Mawbey, the poetic pig-dealer. In pleading, however, the counsel of moderation, his cockney tongue brought on him derision. He reverted incautiously to Colonel Onslow's metaphor, "the three brace of printers;" he desired to exhibit humour; he begged the House to refrain from "hunting down the covey."—"Who ever heard of hunting partridges?" was Lord Strange's crushing retort. My lord was also strong for dignity of the House.

The tactics of opposition being unmaturing, Woodfall was ordered to the bar without opposition, and the summons of a second printer was proposed. The spirit of controversy here aroused itself. Sir H. Cavendish, our ear-witness, jots down on the paper in his hand, "very warm." And in answer to exclamations—"weary out the printers, weary out their pockets," "this is no trifling matter, it must and shall be punished," is heard a threat,—"I will divide the House on every one of these papers."

The idea is caught up by the minority: it is improved on by Colonel Barré. He proceeds to invent an amendment that to be appreciated requires explanation. The reporter to the *St. James's Chronicle*, the culprit then in question, had sinned thus against propriety. In his narrative of a debate, he suggested that Mr. Dyson, Webmouth's representative, was "the d—n of this country." This stood for bigoted Conservative, or veteran placeman in the language of the day. So delicate an indication of dislike to Mr. Dyson was, however, somewhat veiled. The

name of the borough was substituted for that of the member: "Jeremiah Weymouth" was declared to be England's curse. This feature in the libel was taken hold of by Barré. He advocated strict accuracy. It was not correct that that mis-statement should be entered on their proceedings: no member bore the name of Weymouth. So Barré clothed the point in parliamentary shape, and put into the Speaker's mouth a motion, "That Jeremiah Weymouth, Esq., the 'd—n of this country, is not a member of this 'House.'" The question was gravely argued. The Premier rose to reply. And to parry this formal absurdity another formality was used: the "previous question" was resorted to; and by a majority of 82 it was determined "That that question be not now put."

The Jeremiah Weymouth motion was thus warded off. But the joke was too good to let slip: the unwearied minority started another technical difficulty. Colonel Barré and Mr. Onslow rose together. "As being first in the Speaker's eye," Onslow claimed priority in debate. That Barré had stood up first was asserted by his party. With whom lay the right of speech was tenaciously disputed. The opportunity for vexation and delay was most acceptable. Motions and amendments were originated, some comic, some serious. Burke, with mock earnestness,—of course, at length,—argued upon the point of "the Speaker's eye." It was, he said, a novel doctrine: he desired to be shown the passage in the Journals that contained those words, "the Speaker's eye." And, with that curious observance of order in disorder that marks the House of Commons its Journals were examined up to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The appetite for "precedent's" being thus satiated, the more common tactics of delay were persistently employed. These for a moment became exhausted, though the patience of the minority was not. The question from which the House had been severed by an interval of some hours' duration, was replaced in the Speaker's mouth; and Mr Baldwin's summons to the bar, as printer of the *St. James's Chronicle*, was finally moved and carried.

He was, however, but the second offender in the motion of complaint. Six hours had been spent. Only one of the three brace of printers was, to use Mawbey's phrase, "hunted down." Symptoms of distress arose: a member querulously remarked that it was half-past ten o'clock; that at the rate at which they were proceeding, it would take, at least, thirteen hours to procure the committal of the four remaining printers. This was much too feeble a remark to please any one. The House was still "very warm." A few quotations will show the state of the atmosphere. Mr. Onslow exclaimed, "Good God, 'Sir' let any one think of the language used in 'the newspapers, and say whether it is not 'high time for the House to interfere.'" Sir Wm. Meredith retorted, "So long as I have 'health and strength I will stay here to oppose 'this wretched proceeding.'" "I shall not be 'hindered from going on with these divisions because gentlemen call it a childish business," added Burke. "Constitutions are in such a 'case of little consideration: I am for going on 'till to-morrow night,'" asserts another member. Nor were these plucky declarations left unfulfilled. Both sides were properly obstinate. It took seven more motions and divisions to procure the summons of the printer who stood next upon the list of proscription.

Mr. Whitworth here distinguished himself by a successful sally upon the victorious majority. He claimed that if the printer did come before them, it should "be together with all his compositors, pressmen, correctors, blackers, and 'devils.'" The idea pleased Mr. Burke: his fancy kindled at the absurdity. The printer's train suggested analogous illustration. "These 'are the fitting symbols of the printer's vocation," he said; "without his 'blackers and 'devils' a printer would be no more than the 'Speaker would be without the mace, or a First Lord of the Treasury without his majority." To a polite ear one of the printer's satellites had a name quite intolerable. It was pleaded that

the word "devil" should be omitted from the sentence. The proposal came from one of Burke's own band, but in vain. The devil might not be spared: "he is the most material personage in 'the whole business,'" was the leader's answer. Respect for the unseen world could not hold its ground in the House, nor could respect for the solemn record of its proceedings. The speaker is plaintively appealed to. "Can, Sir, such a 'disgraceful motion as this be placed on our 'votes?'" The Speaker makes plaintive reply, "This motion will go into the Journals. What will posterity say?" The motion has gone into the Journals, it certainly has a singular appearance on pages generally so solemn. The hope that the Speaker is not now as annoyed by this entry, as we have been amused, is all that is left to posterity to say.

The journal dated March 12, 1771, has truly a singular aspect. The page contains, of course, those samples of an extra-parliamentary vocabulary. The words also, "the House divided," are repeated, time after time. The page is perfectly studded with the records of these divisions. The Yeas go forth—the Noes go forth—it is being perpetually moved that "this House do now adjourn;" that "the said paper be not delivered in and read;" that "the question be now put;" and all these motions are as persistently negated as they are affirmed. A review of that evening's debate suggests a rejoinder to Speaker Cust's interrogatory. Posterity must say for its own part, that, extraordinary as is the look of that Journal page, the conduct of the Speaker himself must have been still more extraordinary. He increased, rather than diminished the indecorum of the scene. To be solemn, unbending, statuesque, is the demeanor that is expected of the occupant of the chair. But, and not once only, ejaculations such as these were heard issuing from beneath the canopy: "I am weary, sick, tired." "I am heartily tired of this business;"—cries only answered by Barré's ironical condolence, "I will have compassion on 'you, Sir; I will move the adjournment of the 'House.'" A very doubtful act of sympathy, that causes at least an half hour's further detention.

Even stoutest parliamentary "zealoters" must yield to utter weariness of body. Sir H. Cavendish, to whom we are indebted for an insight into this singular debate, went away before the close; and with his disappearance, disappears the scene. Unknown must remain the jests, threats of further resistance, and argumentative incoherencies that attended the conclusion. The Journal, however, reveals a continuance of divisions and motions, and that the game was carried on till the voters dwindled down to a majority of 72 and a minority of 10. After a struggle of twelve hours' duration, the last of the six printers were ordered to attend the House, no one contradicting. Five o'clock had struck before the combatants separated.

Though beaten outwardly, the minority in reality were the victors. Burke stated, in justification of conduct that appeared so unjustifiable, that it was with deliberation that he "abandoned argument for adjournment:" that he had succeeded in his object, that those twenty-three divisions "will make gentlemen sick of the business." So it was. This stubborn opposition, this proof that coercion of the press should be "as troublesome as possible," was a lesson not thrown away. Though subjected to occasional exclusion, and much inconvenience, reporters were never again wholly debarred from exercise of their useful labours. And with the sense of power came the feeling of propriety. Touching this debate, as we have seen, Speaker Cust appeals for sympathy to a future age. Burke did the like; but it was in a tone of exultation. Experience teaches us to agree rather with Burke than Cust: "posterity" does "bless the pertinacity of that day" REGINALD PALGRAVE.

A work of great literary interest (says the *New Zealand Herald*) has been accomplished—viz., a complete translation of the Old Testament into Maori, copies of which have been presented to the Bishops of New Zealand and Wellington, by the Rev. Dr. Maunsell.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Continued from page 263.

Book the Sixth.

### THE HEIRESS OF THE HAYGARTH.

CHAPTER II.—VALENTINE'S RECORD CONTINUED.

October 15th. I left Omega-street for the city before noon, after a hasty breakfast with my friend Horatio, who was somewhat under the dominion of his black dog this morning, and far from pleasant company. I was not to prevent myself to the worthy John Grewter, wholesale stationer, before the afternoon; but I had no particular reason for staying at home, and I had a fancy for strolling about the old city quarter in which Matthew Haygarth's youth had been spent. I went to look at John-street, Clerkenwell, and dawdled about the immediate neighbourhood of Smithfield, thinking of the old far-time, and of all the rioters and merry-makers, who now were so much or so little dust and ashes in city churchyards, until the great bell of St. Paul's boomed three, and I felt that it might be a leisure time with Mr. Grewter.

I found the stationer's shop as darksome and dreary as city shops usually are, but redolent of that subtle odour of wealth which has a mystical charm for the nostrils of the penniless one. Stacks of ledgers, mountains of account-books, filled the dimly-lighted warehouse. Some clerks were at work behind a glass partition, and already the gas flared high in the green-shaded lamps above the desk at which they worked. I wondered whether it was a pleasant way of life theirs, and whether one would come to feel an interest in the barter of day-books and ledgers if they were one's daily bread. Alas for me! the only ledger I have ever known is the sainted patron of the northern racecourse. One young man came forward and asked my business, with a look that plainly told me that unless I wanted two or three gross of account-books I had no right to be there. I told him that I wished to see Mr. Grewter, and asked if that gentleman was to be seen.

The clerk said he didn't know; but his tone implied that, in his opinion, I could not see Mr. Grewter.

"Perhaps you could go and ask," I suggested. "Well, yes. Is it old or young Mr. Grewter you want to see?"

"Old Mr. Grewter," I replied.

"Very well, I'll go and see. You'd better send in your card, though."

I produced one of George Sheldon's cards, which the clerk looked at. He made a little start as if an adder had stung him.

"You're not Mr. Sheldon?" he said.

"No, Mr. Sheldon is my employer."

"What do you go about giving people Sheldon's card for?" asked the clerk, with quite an aggrieved air. "I know Sheldon of Gray's-inn."

"Then I'm sure you've found him a very accommodating gentleman," I replied politely.

"Deuce take his accommodation! He nearly accommodated me into the Bankruptcy Court. And so you're Sheldon's clerk, and you want the governor. But you don't mean to say that Grewter and Grewter are—"

This was said in an awe-stricken undertone. I hastened to reassure the stationer's clerk.

"I don't think Mr. Sheldon ever saw Mr. Grewter in his life," I said.

After this the clerk condescended to retire into the unknown antres behind the shop to deliver my message. I began to think that George Sheldon's card was not the best possible letter of introduction.

The clerk returned presently, followed by a tall, white-bearded man, with a bent figure, and a pair of penetrating gray-eyes—a very promising specimen of the octogenarian.

He asked me my business in a sharp suspicious way that obliged me to state the nature of my errand without circumlocution. As I got farther away from the Rev. John Haygarth intestate, I was less fettered by the necessity of secrecy. I informed my octogenarian that I was

prosecuting a legal investigation connected with a late inhabitant of that street, and that I had taken the liberty to apply to him, in the hope that he might be able to afford me some information.

He looked at me all the time I spoke as if he thought I was going to entreat pecuniary relief, and I dare say I have something the air of a begging letter writer. But when he found that I only wanted information, his hard gray eyes softened ever so little, and he asked me to walk into his parlour.

His parlour was scarcely less gruesome than his shop. The furniture looked as if its manufacture had been coeval with the time of the Meynells, and the ghastly glare of the gas seemed a kind of anachronism. After a few preliminary observations, which were not encouraged by Mr. Grewter's manner, I inquired whether he had ever heard the name of Meynell.

"Yes," he said; "there was a Meynell in this street when I was a young man—Christian Meynell, carpet-maker by trade. The business is still carried on—and a very old business it is, for it was an old business in Meynell's time—but Meynell died before I married, and his name is pretty well forgotten in Aldergate-street by this time."

"Had he no sons?" I asked.

"Well, yes; he had one son, Samuel, a kind of companion of mine. But he didn't take to the business, and when his father died he let things go anyhow, as you may say. He was rather wild, and he died two or three years after his father."

"Did he die unmarried?"

"Yes. There was some talk of his marrying a Miss Dobberly, whose father was a cabinet-maker in Jevrin-street, but Samuel was too wild for the Dobberlys, who were steady-going people, and he went abroad, where he has taken with some kind of fever and died."

"Was this son the only child?"

"No, there were two daughters. The younger of them married; the elder went to live with her—and died unmarried, I've heard say."

"Do you know whom the younger sister married?" I asked.

"No. She didn't marry in London. She went into the country to visit some friends, and she married and settled down in those parts—wherever it might be—and I never heard of her coming back to London again. The carpet business was sold directly after Samuel Meynell's death. The new people kept up the name for a good twenty years; 'Taylor, late Meynell's, established 1693,' that's what was painted on the board above the window—but they've dropped the name of Meynell now. People forget old names, you see, and it's no use keeping to them after they're forgotten."

Yes, the old names are forgotten, the old people fade off the face of the earth. The romance of Matthew Haygarth seemed to come to a lame and impotent conclusion in this dull record of dealers in carpeting.

"You can't remember what part of England it was that Christian Meynell's daughter went to when she married?"

"No. It wasn't a matter I took much interest in. I don't think I ever spoke to the young woman above three times in my life, though she lived in the same street, and though her brother and I often met each other at the Cat and Salvation, where there used to be a great deal of talk about the war and Napoleon Bonaparte in those days."

"Have you any idea of the time at which she married?" I enquired.

"Not as the exact year. I know it was after I was married; for I remember my wife and I sitting at our window upstairs one summer Sunday evening, and seeing Samuel Meynell's sister go by to church. I can remember it as well as if it was yesterday. She was dressed in a white gown and a green silk Spencer. Yes—and I didn't marry my first wife till 1814. But as to telling you exactly when Miss Meynell left Aldergate-street, I can't."

These reminiscences of the past seemed to exercise rather a mollifying influence upon the old man's mind, commonplace as they were. He

ceased to look at me with sharp, suspicious glances, and he seemed anxious to afford me all the help he could.

"Was Christian Meynell's father called William?" I asked, after having paused to make some notes in my pocket-book.

"That I can't tell you, though, if Christian Meynell was living to-day, he wouldn't be ten years older than me. His father died when I was quite a boy; but there must be old books at the warehouse with his name in them, if they haven't been destroyed."

I determined to make inquiries at the carpet warehouse; but I had little hope of finding the books of nearly a century gone by. I tried another question.

"Do you know whether Christian Meynell was an only son, or the only son who attained manhood?" I asked.

My elderly friend shook his head.

"Christian Meynell never had any brothers that I heard of," he said, "but the parish register will tell you all about that, supposing that his father before him lived all his life in Aldergate-street, as I've every reason to believe that he did."

After this I asked a few questions about the neighbouring churches, thanked Mr. Grewter for his civility, and departed.

I went back to Omega-street, dined upon nothing particular, and devoted the rest of my evening to the scrawling of this journal, and a tender reverie, in which Charlotte Haliday was the central figure.

How bitter poverty and dependence have made Diana Page! She used to be a nice girl too.

Oct. 16th. To-day's work has been confined to the investigation of parish registers—a most wearisome business at the best. My labours were happily not without result. In the fine old church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, I found registries of the baptism of Oliver Meynell, son of William and Caroline Mary Meynell, 1768; and of the burial of the same Oliver in the following year. I found the record of the baptism of a daughter to the same William and Caroline Mary Meynell, and farther on the burial of the said daughter, at five years of age. I also found the records of the baptism of Christian Meynell, son of the same William and Caroline Mary Meynell, in the year 1772, and of William Meynell's decease in the year 1793. Later appeared the entry of the burial of Sarah, widow of Christian Meynell. Later still the baptism of Samuel Meynell; then the baptism of Susan Meynell; and finally, that of Charlotte Meynell.

These were all the entries respecting the Meynell family to be found in the registry. There was no record of the burial of Caroline Mary, wife of William Meynell, nor of Christian Meynell, nor of Samuel Meynell, his son; and I knew that all these entries would be necessary to my astute Sheldon before his case would be complete. After my search of the registries, I went out into the churchyard to grope for the family vault of the Meynells, and found a grim square monument, enclosed by a railing that was almost eaten away by rust, and inscribed with the names and virtues of that departed house. The burial-ground is interesting by reason of more distinguished company than the Meynells. John Milton, John Fox, author of the martyrology, and John Speed the chronologer, rest in this City churchyard.

In the hope of getting some clue to the missing data, I ventured to make a second call upon Mr. Grewter, whom I found rather inclined to be snappish, as considering the Meynell business unlikely to result in any profit to himself, and objecting on principle to take any trouble not likely to result in profit. I believe this is the mercantile manner of looking at things in a general way.

I asked him if he could tell me where Samuel Meynell was buried.

"I suppose he was buried in foreign parts," replied the old gentleman with considerable grumpiness, "since he died in foreign parts."

"Oh, died abroad, did he? Can you tell me where?"

"No, sir, I can't," replied Mr. Grewter, with increasing grumpiness, "I didn't trouble myself about other people's affairs then, and I don't

trouble myself about them) now, and I don't particularly care to be troubled about them by strangers."

I made the meekest possible apology for my intrusion, but the outraged Grewter was not appeased.

"Your best apology will be not doing it again," he replied. "Those that know my habits know that I take half-an-hour's nap after dinner. My constitution requires it, or I shouldn't take it. If I didn't happen to have a strange warehouseman on the premises, you wouldn't have been allowed to disturb me two afternoons running."

Finding Mr. Grewter unappeasable, I left him, and went to seek a more placable spirit in the shape of Anthony Sparsfield, carver and gilder, of Barbican.

I found the establishment of Sparsfield and Son, carvers and gilders. It was a low dark shop, in the window of which were exhibited two or three handsomely carved frames, very much the worse for flies, and one oil-painting, of a mysterious and Rembrandtish character. The old-established air that prevailed almost all the shops in this neighbourhood was peculiarly apparent in the Sparsfield establishment.

In the shop I found a mild-faced man of about forty engaged in conversation with a customer. I waited patiently while the customer finished a minute description of the kind of frame he wanted made for a set of proof engravings after Landseer; and when the customer had departed, I asked the mild-faced man if I could see Mr. Sparsfield.

"I am Mr. Sparsfield," he replied politely.

"Not Mr. Anthony Sparsfield?"

"Yes, my name is Anthony."

"I was given to understand that Mr. Anthony Sparsfield was a much older person."

"O, I suppose you mean my father," replied the mild-faced man. "My father is advanced in years, and does very little in the business nowadays; not but what his head is as clear as ever it was, and there are some of our old customers like to see him when they give an order."

This sounded hopeful. I told Mr. Sparsfield the younger that I was not a customer, and then proceeded to state the nature of my business. I found him as courteous as Mr. Grewter had been disobliging.

"Me and father are old-fashioned people," he said; "and we're not above living over our place of business, which most of the Barbican tradespeople are nowadays. The old gentleman is taking tea in the parlour upstairs at this present moment, and if you don't mind stepping up to him, I'm sure he'll be proud to give you any information he can. He likes talking of old times."

This was the sort of oldest inhabitant I wanted to meet with—a very different kind of individual from Mr. Grewter, who doled out every answer to my questions as grudgingly as if it had been a fire-pound note.

I was conducted to a snug little sitting-room on the first floor, where there was a cheerful fire and a comfortable odour of tea and toast. I was invited to take a cup of tea; and as I perceived that my acceptance of the invitation would be accounted a kind of favour, I said yes. The tea was very weak, and very warm, and very sweet; but Mr. Sparsfield and his son sipped it with as great an air of enjoyment as if it had been the most inspiring of beverages.

Mr. Sparsfield the elder was more or less rheumatic and asthmatic, but a cheerful old man withal, and quite ready to prate of old times, when Barbican and Aldergate-street were pleasanter places than they are to-day, or had seemed so to this elderly citizen.

"Meynell!" he exclaimed, "I knew Sam Meynell as well as I knew my own brother, and I knew old Christian Meynell almost as well as I knew my own father. There was more sociability in those days you see, sir. The world seems to have grown too full to leave any room for friendship. It's all push and struggle and struggle and push, as you may say; and a man will make you a frame for five-and-twenty shillings that will look more imposing like than what I could turn out for five pound. Only the gold-leaf will all drop off after a twelve-month's

wear, and that's the way of the world nowadays. There's a deal of gilding, and things are made to look uncommon bright, but the gold all drops off 'em before long."

After allowing the old man to moralise to his heart's content, I brought him back politely to the subject in which I was interested.

"Samuel Meynell was as good a fellow as ever breathed," he said, "but he was too fond of the tavern. There were some very nice taverns round about Aldersgate-street in those days; and you see, sir, the times were stirring times, and folks liked to get together and talk over the day's news, with a pipe of tobacco and a glass of their favourite liquor, all in a sociable way. Poor Sam Meynell took a little too much of his favourite liquor; and when the young woman that he had been keeping company with—Miss Dobberty of Jew-in-street—jilted him and married a wholesale butcher in Newgate Market, who was old enough to be her father, Sam took to drinking, and neglected his business. One day he came to me and said, 'I've sold the business, Tony,'—for it was Sam and Tony with us, you see, sir,—and 'I'm off to France.' This was soon after the battle of Waterloo; and many folks had a fancy for going over to France now that they'd seen the back of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was generally alluded to in those days by the name of monster or tiger, and was understood to make his chief diet off frogs. Well, sir, we were all of us very much surprised at Sam's going to foreign parts; but as he'd always been wild, it was only looked upon as a part of his wildness, and weren't so much surprised to hear a year or two afterwards that he'd drunk himself to death upon cheap brandy—oddyree as they call it, poor ignorant creatures—at Calais."

"He died at Calais?"

"Yes," replied the old man; "I forget who brought the news home, but I remember hearing it. Poor Sam Meynell died and was buried amongst the Mossos."

"You are sure he was buried at Calais?"

"Yes, as sure as I can be of anything. Travelling was no easy matter in those days, and in foreign parts there was nothing but diligences, which I've heard say were the laziest-going vehicles ever invented. There was no one to bring poor Sam's remains back to England, for his mother was dead, and his two sisters were settled somewhere down in Yorkshire."

In Yorkshire! I am afraid I looked rather sheepish when Mr. Sparsfield senior mentioned this particular county, for my thoughts took wing and were with Charlotte Haliday before the word had well escaped his lips.

"Miss Meynell settled in Yorkshire, did she?" I asked.

"Yes, she married someone in the farming way down there. Her mother was a Yorkshire woman, and she and her sister went visiting among her mother's relations, and never came back to London. One of them married, the other died a spinster."

"Do you remember the name of the man she married?"

"No," replied Mr. Sparsfield, "I can't say that I do."

"Do you remember the name of the place she went to—the town or village, or whatever it was?"

"I might remember it if I heard it," he responded thoughtfully, "and I ought to remember it, for I've heard Sam Meynell talk of his sister Charlotte's home man, a time. She was christened Charlotte, you see, after the Queen. I've a sort of notion that the name of the village was something ending in cross, as it might be Charing-cross, or Waltham-cross."

This was vague, but it was a great deal more than I had been able to extort from Mr. Grewter. I took a second cup of the sweet warm liquid which my new friends called tea, in order to have an excuse for loitering, while I tried to obtain more light from the reminiscences of the old frame-maker.

No more light came, however. So I was fain to take my leave, reserving to myself the privilege of calling again on a future occasion.

Oct. 18th. I sent Sheldon a statement of my Aldersgate-street researches the day before yes-

terday, and had a long interview with him yesterday morning.

He went carefully through the information I had collected, and approved my labours.

"You've done uncommonly well, considering the short time you've been at the work," he said; "and you've reason to congratulate yourself upon having your ground all laid out for you, as my ground has never been laid out for me. The Meynell branch seems to be narrowing itself into the person of Christian Meynell's daughter and her descendants, and our most important business now will be to find out when, where, and whom she married, and what issue arose from such marriage. This I think you ought to be able to do."

I shook my head rather despondingly.

"I don't see any hope of finding out the name of the young woman's husband," I said, "unless I can come across another oldest inhabitant, gifted with a better memory for names and places than my obliging Sparsfield, or my surly Grewter."

"There are the almshouses," said Sheldon; "you haven't tried them yet?"

"No; I suppose I must go in for the almshouses," I replied, with the usual resignation of the pauper, whose poverty must consent to anything, "though I confess that the prosiness of the almshouse intellect is almost more than I can endure."

"And how do you know that you mayn't get the name of the place out of your friend the carver and gilder?" said George Sheldon; "he has given you some kind of clue in telling you that the name ends in cross. He said he should know the name if he heard it; why not try him with it?"

"But in order to do that, I must know the name myself," replied I, "and in that case I shouldn't want the aid of my Sparsfield."

"You are not great in expedients," said Sheldon, tilting back his chair, and taking a shabby folio from a shelf of other shabby folios. "This is a British gazetteer," he said, turning to the index of the work before him. "We'll test the ancient Sparsfield's memory with every cross in the three Ridings, and if the faintest echo of the name we want still lingers in his feeble old brain, we'll awaken it." My patron ran his finger-nail along one of the columns of the index.

"Just take your pencil and write down the names as I call them," he said. "Here we are—Aylsby-cross, and here we are again—Bowford-cross, Callindale-cross, Huxter's-cross, Jaranam-cross, Cingborough-cross." Then, after a careful examination of the column, he exclaimed, "Those are all the crosses in the county of York; and it will go hard with us if you or I can't find the descendants of Christian Meynell's daughter at one of them. The daughter herself may be alive, for anything we know."

"And how about the Samuel Meynell who died at Calais? You'll have to find some record of his death, won't you? I suppose in these cases one must prove everything."

"Yes, I must prove the demise of Samuel," replied the sanguine genealogist; "that part of the business I'll see to myself, while you hunt out the female branch of the Meynells. I want an outing after a long spell of hard work; so I'll run across to Calais and search for the register of Samuel's interment. I suppose somebody took the trouble to bury him, though he was a stranger in the land."

"And if I extort the name we want from poor old Sparsfield's recollection?"

"In that case you can start at once for the place, and begin your search on the spot. It can't be above fifty years since this woman married, and there must be some inhabitant of the place old enough to remember her.—O, by the bye, I suppose you'll be wanting more cash for expenses," added Mr. Sheldon, with a sigh.

He took a five-pound note from his pocket-book, and gave it to me with a piteous air of self-sacrifice. I know that he is poor, and that whatever money he does contrive to earn is extorted from the necessities of his needier brethren.

Some of this money he speculates upon the chances of the Haygarthian succession, as he has speculated his money on worse chances in the past. "Three thousand pounds!" he said to me, as he handed me the poor little five-pound note, "think what a prize you are working for and work your hardest. The nearer we get to the end, the slower our progress seems to me; and yet it has been very rapid progress, considering all things."

To be continued.

## "FLIRTATION."

I.

Bending over a face that is smiling and fair,  
In some pleasant scene of refined dissipation,  
Exchanging soft nothings for lighter than air,  
Is what we may term an incipient flirtation.

II.

Sitting far from the crowd, in some sombre retreat,  
Of her voice and her hair lost in deep admiration,  
Its touch is so thrilling, those tones are so sweet,  
And there we no doubt have a budding flirtation.

III.

Hardly ever seen apart, and a blush when they meet,  
On both sides to open a soft trepidation,  
A taste for the still lane instead of the street,  
And we fear it is almost beyond a flirtation!

IV.

A parson, a ring, and a bey in white,  
Of tears and white muslin, a merry ovation,  
A kissing of hands till they are both out of sight,  
And there is the end of your quiet flirtation!

CELEBS.

## A STORY WITH TWO ENDS.

Miss FLUTTERS at home?

Miss Flutters was at home, John said, in the drawing-room. Mr. Flutters had left word he should be home soon, but had not yet returned from his club.

That didn't matter; Miss Flutters would do as well as her papa. John looked doubtful. He had old-fashioned notions, and approved of chaperones, and the street door was held partly open. What was to be done?

Between the hall and the drawing-room there was a great gulf fixed; the resolute old hanger-on resembled adamant. I represented that to an engaged man etiquette slightly unbends, but this John could not be brought to see, and the return of Mr. Flutters would probably have found me still hovering on his door-mat, had I not unexpectedly found an advocate.

Slowly across the darkened hall came a little figure in a white pinafore, with bright curls falling round a sober little face, and grave astonished eyes, wondering at the unwonted sounds that were breaking the stillness of the twilight hour.

"Conny," I said, with new hope, horn of the little figure before me, "mayn't I come in?"

"John, what is this?" said my small defender. "Why don't you let Mr. Stevens come in? Open the door directly."

"Beg pardon, Miss Conny," said the old man giving way before authority, "but Mr. Stevens wants to see your papa, and your papa isn't in."

At this unanswerable argument, Conny looked puzzled. "Why don't you go away, then?" she said, frowning a little; for my behaviour seemed to her unreasonable, and Conny had begun to read "Mill's Logic," and was no countenance of folly.

Music was heard from the drawing-room—that drawing-room from which I was excluded—and I became desperate. The minutes were slipping by, precious minutes when spent in the drawing-room, and she who might have saved me had gone over to the opposition, and sided with the butler. "Conny," I said, speaking sensibly as an appeal to her understanding, and looking wretched as an appeal to her heart: "I don't want to see your papa until he comes in, but I'm tired and cold, mayn't I come in and rest

and warm myself a little at your drawing-room fire?"

"There's a fire in the dining-room," said Conny, shrewdly guessing now that John was protecting the drawing-room, and not feeling quite sure herself as to the proprieties; "won't that do?"

"Well, no, Conny," I said, "I don't think it will, it's so cold and draughty; it made me dreadfully ill last time. I couldn't bend my back for a week."

Conny's pity began to show itself in her eyes; she looked at John for instruction, ready to give me, if her ally were so inclined, but that worthy was quite unmoved.

"It's all nonsense, Miss Conny," he said, with a grim smile; "the dining-room ain't draughty a bit. Mr. Stevens can go in there if he likes; there's a beautiful fire, and I'll let him know when your papa comes in."

In fine, John was not to be done—could by no means be got over; so I accepted the compromise, and walked dismally in, followed by Conny who evidently considering herself in the light of my jailor, proceeded to lay herself out to a considerable amount for my benefit. She shut the door firmly, poked the fire into a bright blaze, satisfied herself that the atmosphere was that of a bakehouse, and sat down on the hearthrug at my feet, prepared for conversation.

But I wouldn't speak, and soon the pain in my back caused sundry groans dismal enough to awake pity in Conny's soft little heart.

"What is it?" she said, after she had borne it as long as she could in silence. "Your back? Isn't the fire warm enough?"

Warm enough! I should think it was. Conny must have been a salamander to have mentioned the subject without a blush.

"It isn't the fire, Conny," I groaned, "it's the draught; never mind, you can't help it. I must bear it as well as I can till your papa comes in."

"I can't understand," Conny said, with some impatience at this limit of her knowledge; "the door's fast closed;" and she shook it as proof.

"It's the chinks, Conny," I groaned, in an agony; "oh, this is very bad."

Conny took a resolution. Propriety was one thing, but illness, sudden death, was another.

"Come up-stairs," she said, with a little sigh and a long-drawn breath; and up-stairs I limped with some difficulty.

"Madeleine," said Conny, with a little quiver in her voice; "Mr. Stevens has got a stiff back, through sitting in draughts."

"Very well, Conny dear," said her sister; "I'll take care of Mr. Stevens; you run and play with your dolls, or read Mill's Logic, if you prefer it. Would you believe," she said, turning to me, "that that child reads logic at her age? Of course she can't understand ten words of it, but papa will have it. She's to do as she likes, I think it's a mistake myself, it makes her so quiet and solemn, always poring over books she can't understand. Not like a child."

But I couldn't speak against Conny, whose warm little heart was even now working under her pinafore for imaginary woes, so I took a safe refuge in silence.

"Can I do anything?" asked Conny, reluctant to go, feeling as if in some inexplicable way she was the sole supporter of life in my frame, that with her absence I should droop and fall; "shall I run and fetch some sal volatile, or some steel wine?"

Conny's sister took sal volatile; but Conny herself took steel wine, and believed in its efficacy.

"No, no, Conny," said her sister, with a falter faith in her own powers of healing as compared with steel wine, "Mr. Stevens is all right now. He will do very well till papa comes in."

"I'll come and tell you the very moment he does," declared Conny at the door; and having administered this consolation, she departed, hopping on one foot solemnly down-stairs. Conny was disposed of. Mr. Flutters was from

home. Delicious and rare combination of circumstances, for I had a bone to pick with Madeleine. A bone that could by no possibility have been picked before Conny, whose well-balanced mind thought lightly of sentiment, regarded all love-making as beneath her notice, and brought Mills to bear upon every occasion.

This was the bone:

Madeleine, the queen of coquettes, engaged to me, was yet, I feared, encouraging another man of the name of Prior: a man from our club well dressed, good-looking, if not intellectual-looking, of gentlemanly manners but inordinately conceited, and a confirmed flirt. There was a pleasant character to have about a house! A house, too, where the father was easily pleased, easily satisfied, fond of society, and ready to have any number of gentlemanly fools about him; where the lady of the house was a mere girl, attractive, charming, fascinating, intensely lovable, but a coquette; where the youngest daughter alone absorbed the sense.

"Madeleine," I said, gracefully blurring at once into the subject the moment we were left alone: "I find you have got to know Prior during my absence from town."

No jealousy, I flattered myself, in my tone; no discontent that it should be so.

"Yes," said Madeleine, taking up a pinafore of Conny's, and settling down to work like a staid little woman to whom coquetry was unknown.

"You won't think me a bore, Madeleine, or that I wish in any way to interfere with your choice of friends, but—don't you find Prior an insufferable coxcomb?"

"No," said Madeleine, intensely interested in the formation of button-holes: "I don't know that I do. Is not he generally liked, then? Papa thinks him so very agreeable."

"Since you ask me, Madeleine," I said; "and, mind, it is a thing I should never have mentioned of my own accord; I may tell you that, so far from being generally liked, to know that he was intimate at a house would be quite enough to prevent many men from visiting at it."

"Fancy!" said Madeleine, holding up the pinafore to be admired.

"I among them," I went on.

"No!" said Madeleine, quite unmoved by the assertion.

It was becoming evident that my challenge would not be accepted, and that Madeleine declined to show fight.

So, as after war the next best thing is peace: "Perhaps he does not come here often, after all," I said; "I should think, indeed, you would not allow yourself to be bored by him frequently."

"Oh, I don't know," said Madeleine, "I think I am very often bored, one way and another, it doesn't so much matter by whom, you know."

Whereby it will be seen, not only that Madeleine's views were liberal in the extreme, but that she understood to a nicety the art of erasing delicate questions, and driving her lovers to desperation.

Jack Stevens was the most easy-going fellow in existence, but it was possible to drive him too far. Miss Flutters was relying too much on his sweetness of temper. He had now reached his limit. The lion within his British breast was beginning to require attention.

I put a direct question to her, and waited for an answer.

"Madeleine," I said, "how often has Mr. Prior been here during my absence?"

"I haven't an idea," said Madeleine, slipping at once into feminine resources and accusing her memory. "Conny may recollect, perhaps; but it doesn't matter, does it?"

Another feminine resource. Madeleine abandoned her pedestal of indifference when she saw I was really angry, and descended to coaxing.

"What can it matter? You're not going to pretend you're jealous of Mr. Prior, Jack?"

The "Jack" did it. I was her devoted slave, not in the least jealous, and full of wonder at my own suspicions.

"Well, now," said Madeleine, when the pinafore had been duly admired, and small pieces of my heart had been sewn on to it in a Greek pattern with braid, and we had both approved of the effect: "I will be candid with you; you shall never say I don't tell you everything. Mr. Prior has been here a good deal."

Madeleine's candour always gave me palpitations of the heart; I never knew what was coming next. However, I gulped down this first edition, with the conviction that it would disagree with me when I came to digest it, happily smiling.

"You won't make me jealous now, Madeleine," I said, kissing her; and the pinafore fell from her lap.

"Clumsy!" said Madeleine, pouting. "You won't let me work. Poor Con! I'm ashamed of you, Jack. You don't behave half as well as Mr. Prior; he never does such things."

That is to say, reduced to English, Mr. Prior was not in the habit of kissing Miss Flutters.

I should never have imagined he was, myself; but Madeleine was so terribly suggestive that I began to feel uneasy, and the lion within me gave a roar.

"Madeleine, if I imagined such a thing possible, I should at once resign all claim over you, without even waiting to speak to Mr. Flutters on the subject, or wish good-bye to your sister."

"That's just what I say," said Madeleine, quietly; "so you needn't flare up so, or I shall not be able to be as candid as I wish. Mr. Prior has not only been here a good many times already, but he is coming to dinner;" here Madeleine coughed a little: "to-night. It's very unfortunate for me, as well as for you, for of course I don't want *him* here the very first night of your return; but he asked himself, and papa couldn't very well refuse him then, could he? though I frowned at him to make him say 'No' till I thought my forehead would never come straight again; and Conny was speechless from surprise."

"It is unfortunate," I said, in as gruff a voice as I could manage, with the little jewelled hands pressing me so closely, and the blue eyes glancing—I suppose by accident—at the engagement-ring.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Madeleine, eagerly; and then added, trying to take me by storm, and trusting too much to the softening circumstances: "That's not the worst, either. Mr. Prior makes love to me, and I can't tell what to do to make him leave off. He will do it, no matter what I do. He will to-night. You'll see."

To be told, after a few weeks' absence, that the girl to whom I was engaged was being made love to by the man I most disliked in the whole world; and that he would do it!

"Now, you're not angry with me?" said Madeleine, passing over Mr. Prior's offence, and taking care of number one in a ladylike way, "because it has not been my fault."

"No, I'm not angry with you, Madeleine," I said, "but of course there must be a stop put to it. Leave him to me. He'll not make love to you to-night, I fancy."

This was said with a sneer so very effective, that Madeleine was beginning to look frightened when the door opened a very little way, and Conny looked in.

"Papa's not come," she said, "but the nursery tea is. Come, Madeleine. Perhaps Mr. Stevens will come too," she added, politely, suddenly seeing me in the light of an obstacle to the nursery tea, which it was necessary to remove before she could obtain her sister. "Tea will do him good. It's so refreshing, nurse says."

"I should like nothing better, Conny dear, and I can carry you up-stairs on my back, if you like."

Conny's eyes sparkled at this proposal, and her cheeks grew bright.

"That would be nice," she said, and prepared to mount; then stopped suddenly short. "Your back," she said; "it'll hurt your back."

I assured her it would not, and carried her up, when the queen of the nursery dismounted, placed her horse (myself) in a low chair by the fire, and her sister in another, and proceeded to distribute bread-and-butter, and tea in mugs.

"You can't have the prettiest mug of all, I'm sorry to say," Conny informed me, when she had satisfied herself I could want nothing more; "because I broke it last week. I'm not generally clumsy, you know, but I did do that, and it had roses on it, and green leaves."

I expressed my conviction that it must have been very attractive, professing myself at the same time full of admiration of the mug I was using, and Conny's sense of hospitality was satisfied.

"Could you tell me a story?" she inquired, sitting down from her high chair, when all the bread-and-butter was eaten up, and her sister had refused to cut her any more: "or don't you feel well enough?"

"I'll tell you what, Con," said her sister, decisively, "you'll get no story till you're dressed for dessert. Go and have your hair brushed, your hands washed, and your frock changed, and then you may come and sit with Mr. Stevens while I dress for dinner."

So Conny ran off, and I was left with Madeleine, with the warm glow of the nursery fire throwing red lights on her brown hair, and brightening her sweet face into new beauty. At such a moment, who could have believed she was a coquette, before whose witchery young and old fell alike, fondly believing the while they had "made an impression"? Long I sat thus, drinking in long draughts of happiness, building castles of colossal height, all to be inhabited by one enchantress whose wickedness took the form of beauty, whereby she entangled the hearts of men, wooing them to love her by her gentleness, driving them to madness by the laugh in her eyes. But this beautiful witch had said that she loved me, had promised to come and live in my fine castles, and inhabit my high towers, and from henceforth the sole responsibility of controlling her rested with me and my restraining hand. And I was no ways afraid. Love is a strong subduer; now, sitting beside me, her hands clasped in mine, and her blue eyes watching my castles fade and die out in the fire, Prior was as far from her thoughts as from those of little Conny, who, in white frock and coloured ribbons, had returned from ablutions, as fresh and as bright as a daisy, and was now standing beside me, watching our quiet happiness with some impatience and a little scorn.

"Poor Con," said Madeleine, rousing a little, and blushing under the child's scrutiny: "how stupid we all are, aren't we? I should soon have gone to sleep if you had not come in. I think it must be the tea; that and the fire combined. How are you going to amuse Mr. Stevens while I'm dressing for dinner?"

"I shall show him things," said Conny, promptly. And Madeleine left me to amusement.

"Now for the story," I said, drawing Conny, two puzzles, and a toy pump, up to a place on my knee, and stroking her curls. "What's it to be about? I can tell you a story about anything you like," I declared rashly; and Conny instantly put me to open shame.

"Then tell me," she said, holding on by her pump, and settling herself into a position of perfect ease, with a delighted consciousness that it would be beyond my powers: "tell me the story Madeleine tells me the nights you don't come here."

I was completely taken aback. Some story of Madeleine's? Madeleine, whose brilliant imagination could keep Conny quiet for an hour together?

"You would never guess, I see," said Conny, "what it is, and if you don't guess, you can't, of course, tell it. Shall I tell it to you instead? I know it now as well as Madeleine, I think."

"You have heard it very often, then?"

"Very often," assented Conny. "every night when you don't come here, Madeleine comes and sits in that low chair, and takes me on her lap. She turns up her pretty grey silk, you know, for fear I should crease it, and I sit on her petticoat, and she tells me the story."

"Always the same one?"

"Always the same," said Conny, shaking her

curls, "but I don't get tired, it's so pretty, and the end is different sometimes."

"The end is different, Conny?"

"There are two ends!" said Conny, explaining, "one is very pretty indeed. Madeleine likes that one best. I think she tells it oftenest, but sometimes she tells the other end, and then she is so quiet and grave, and once when I kissed her, her face was all wet."

"I'm afraid it will be too sad, Conny, I think I'll hear the other end first. Begon, please."

"Well, don't wriggle," said Conny, evidently beginning from the usual starting-point, and the story was commenced.

"Once upon a time," said Conny, "there was a young lady who had two lovers, one very good, and one very bad. They were both very fond of her, and very polite." (Conny's notion of love-making was politeness carried to its extreme limit.) "And she liked them both, one in her heart, and one in her manner."

Here Conny gave a little gasp. "Do you like it," she asked.

"Excessively," I assured her, "but I don't understand, Conny, 'and one in her manner.' That was rather odd, wasn't it?"

"I thought so," said Conny, doubtfully, "but Madeleine said, 'No, it often happened.' And I suppose she knows?"

"Probably," I agreed, and the story went on.

"The good one, the one she liked in her heart, you know, had to go away for a long time, where he couldn't see her at all. And while he was gone, the bad one came in, and brought her book—story-books, I suppose—and gave her a paint-box, and a dog with a collar, and went out for rides with her, and took her at night to hear music. Very polite, wasn't it?" Conny looked up in my face, and she didn't understand the expression she saw there. "You don't like it," she said; "I shall leave off."

"I do like it, Conny, it's my back makes me look so. Go on, dear. I want to hear the end. What did the young lady do? Take the things he brought her? Enjoy the rides and the music? Throw the absent one over?"

"I don't understand you," said Conny, in her most sensible manner. "How could she throw him over when he was away; and what should she throw him over? Very silly!" Having expressed her opinion, Conny went quickly on, that she might not be blamed for having given it.

"Well! He talked, and talked (the bad one did), and said such nice things, that sometimes he didn't seem bad at all, Madeleine said: though he was always really, you know. And she could not help liking him very much, and thinking it would be very pleasant to have all his beautiful things for her very own, and go and live with him in his fine large house. Did I tell you he wanted her to go and live with him?" asked Conny, breaking off.

"The end, Conny; did she say she would?"

"Why, no," said Conny, at once sensibly, and with impatience: "that wouldn't have been ending happily, would it, when the other one was good? He was the best fellow in the world," Madeleine said.

"Goodness is not always appreciated."

There was bitterness in my tone, and Conny lifted the pump in reproof.

"Always," she said, "when things end happily."

She had no intention of moralising, but imagined she was stating a fact.

"Well, Conny?"

"Well, she thought all this, till she remembered the other one, and how fond he was of her, and how polite he had always been, though he had not nearly such beautiful things as the bad one had, which, of course, prevented him from being as polite as could have been wished. When she remembered this, she told the bad one he might live in his fine house himself, and keep all his beautiful things (here Conny got considerably excited, she spoke with flashing eyes, and hands that gesticulated, dealing me blows with her puzzles and pump), "that she didn't want them, and wouldn't live with him, because she loved the good one better than she had ever, ever, ever, loved him. And so do I," said

Conny, winding up rather abruptly, and siding with virtue. "Isn't it pretty?"

The pull up was so very sudden that I was not prepared with an eulogium.

"Don't you like it?" asked Conny, disappointed at my silence. "It's so pretty when Madeleine tells it, and much longer. I think I spoil it with my words."

"Like it? It's perfectly charming. I was thinking it over, Con dear, I should so like to hear the other end now."

"I always say, 'If you're not tired,'" said Conny, suggesting.

I repeated the formula, and was indulged directly.

"The other end is pretty, but very sad. When the good one came back, he found that the beautiful young lady—Madeleine didn't say she was beautiful, but I like to think that she was—had—gone—so—far—with—the—bad—one" (the words came very slowly here; Conny was evidently speaking from memory)—"that—there—was—no—drawing back."

"What happened then?" I asked; for the soft voice broke off suddenly.

"I don't know," said Conny, looking frightened. "I'm afraid she forgot the good one, and went to live in the big house, among all the fine things, and that they didn't make her happy, for Madeleine cries so—at least she does sometimes—and sometimes she only kisses me, and sings till I go off to sleep in her arms such pretty sad songs!"

There were no red flashes from the fire now. The room was fast filling with shadows.

"Isn't that sad?" whispered Conny, clinging to me a little, not liking the silence, and secretly afraid of the dark.

"Very sad."

"It doesn't do to mind it, though," she said, trying to combine consolation with sense, "because it's only a story, and not really true, you know. I don't suppose there ever was a beautiful young lady with one bad and one good, and you know there were two ends, and I mean to believe the happy one. Won't you?"

"Dinner, Jack!" said a beautiful young lady in a grey silk dress, and I rose at the sound of her voice.

The dinner was perfection; all my favourite dishes had been thought of. Never had I seen Prior to such advantage. He monopolised Mr. Flutters, and rarely approached the silk dress. Madeleine and I had it all to ourselves. And charming as she always was more than ever so on this evening; happy, I suppose, in the consciousness of her singular beauty, set off to so much advantage by the grey gown, the falling lace of which showed her white shoulders and pretty round arms uncovered.

"Papa," said Madeleine, when dinner was half over, taking a rose from a vase and fastening it into her belt, and looking at it a moment. "Isn't Splutters late?"

Splutters was the only boy of the family, so called by a facetious uncle.

"Is Master Tom in, John?"

"Just in, sir," [said the butler, grinning a little; "but he's all over green paint. He must have knocked up against something, I think he's gone up-stairs to change his things, I was to tell you, miss; and he'll come in to dessert with Miss Constance."

"Dessert!" said Prior. "I know very little of Tom, if dessert will do for him." And Madeleine piled up a plate with solids for Splutters.

Presently the door of the room opened with a rush, and the hope of the house walked in, followed by the second Miss Flutters without her pinafore.

Conny pushed a chair between me and her sister; Splutters planted himself beside me, and stared at Prior. "Lato again, Splutters," said his father. "Take your elbows off the table, sir, and don't stare."

"Cold!" observed Splutter, discontentedly, making digs at the solids with his fork. "Cold greens and lukewarm pie! Who's going to eat that, I wonder?"

"I'm glad it is cold," returned his father. "If you can't come in, in time for dinner, you

don't deserve to get any. No, Madeleine, he shan't have it warmed;" for Madeleine was looking piteous, and commencing an order to the butler.

"I'll not hurt him, Miss Flutters," said Prior. "I've often gone without a dinner myself before this, it'll do him no harm."

"Oh, won't it?" burst out Splutters, delighted to have some one to pitch into. "How do you know? Who are you, I should like to know, putting in your oar? You think yourself very grand, I dare say. Nobody else does."

"If you're going to be impertinent, Splutters, leave the room," said Mr. Flutters.

"He's so precious cheeky," Splutters explained, "coming loitering here every day, and ordering me about! I've had about enough of him. What does he mean by it? Madeleine don't want his books, nor him neither. Stevens is worth three of him."

"Be quiet, Tom, this minute," flashed Madeleine, turning as red as the rose in her belt.

"Tom's a very naughty boy, isn't he, pet?" asked Mr. Flutters of his youngest little daughter, who had listened to this edifying scene with praiseworthy attention, and had brought her whole intellect to bear upon it.

"Very," returned Conny. "I don't like Mr. Prior myself, but Splutters shouldn't talk so."

And Conny swept herself and her sister out of the room.

All this was damping. We were so very dull, that Prior, who was easily bored, preferred the society of the ladies, and absconded to the drawing-room, whither I should certainly have followed him had not Mr. Flutters (who had as much tact as could have been expected from the father of such a boy as Tom) been so very anxious to know the exact point to which stupidity could carry me on the subject of "Reform," that, without positive incivility, I found it impossible to leave him. When, however, it had been clearly proved what a fool I was, there seemed nothing further for which to remain, and I left my future father-in-law to discuss the affairs of the nation with his son.

The evening passed quietly enough, enlivened by snatches of song from Madeleine, who seemed too restless to go steadily through anything, but made the room sweet with beginnings and ends. Tea was placed on the table, and I completely swamped myself in that liquid, Madeleine holding the uncomfortable theory that the more domestic a man was, the more tea he would necessarily take into his system; so Prior and I ran a race for reputation, and Prior won by a cup.

"Going my way?" said that hero at length, admiring his hands in lavender kids, and then generously offering them all round.

I assured him I was not; so, looking surprised, he took his departure.

"Mr. Stevens," said Madeleine, in a low chair, quiet and grave: like the heroine of Conny's story, when she had made up her mind, it would be very pleasant to have beautiful things "for her very own": "I have made a mistake."

I thought the assertion so very likely to be correct, that I made no attempt at contradiction.

"While you have been away," said Madeleine, telling a story I had heard before, "Mr. Prior made love to me, as I told you. I tried at first to prevent him, and, indeed, he knew I was engaged to you, but he went on all the same. He brought me all the last new novels, and—"

"And gave you a paint-box, and a dog with a collar, and took you at night to hear music?" The words were Madeleine's, and she recognised them at once for her own.

"You know all!" she said. And there was silence between us. "Can you forgive me?" she said at length, nestling up to my arms, and laying her bright head down on my coat. "I'm so sorry, Jack! I can't think what made me do so, for I knew all along he could never make me happy, for I love you—"

"Better than you could ever, ever, ever love him!" I said. "Conny told me so. Oh, Made-

leine darling, this is much the prettier ending of the two!"

Madeleine seemed to think so also. She smiled through her tears, and looked up at me from under her eyelashes.

"I'm so sorry," she said again. "I instantly said I was sorry too (that being the correct thing to say under the circumstances)."

"Oh, my eye, what a game it is!" said Splutters, with his usual tact, bursting into the room at break-neck speed. "There's been such a jolly row! The governor's been pitching into Prior about coming here, and Prior says he's 'left for ever!' Ain't it fun? It's an awful sell, though," said Splutters, suddenly, with a face that had lengthened considerably. "Prior was going to have given me silkworms."

"Talking of pets," I said, carelessly, trying to attract Splutters into friendship, but scrupulously addressing Madeleine: "I am quite overrun with them, you know. I have so many dornice I don't know what to do with them; and as to my guinea-pig—but him, of course, I must get rid of."

"Give it us," said Tom, speaking in the plural, but by no means intending that Madeleine should share in the gift; and Splutters and I were friends for ever.

So happily the weeks went on to the eve of my wedding-day. It was getting dusk, and I was sitting by the fire in the dear old drawing-room, holding Madeleine's little hand in mine, and gazing at the sweet face that was so soon to belong to my wife; when to-morrow's little bridesmaid appeared at the door, in a white frock, and with long white mists floating backward from her pretty curls.

"How very nice, Conny!" I said, for she stood quite still to receive compliments; "very pretty indeed, dear."

I rather wish she would go away, for I was enjoying a last tête-à-tête with Miss Flutters, and telling myself that to-morrow I should lose that young lady for ever, and how would that feel! But Conny had caught sight of her sister down on the hearth-rug, and sprang to her with a little cry of pain that made me feel a wicked brute, and completely upset poor Madeleine.

"Hush, hush, darling," she said; "don't cry so, Conny. I shall soon be back, and then you're coming to stay with me, you know, and papa and Splutters and all."

But Conny had lost all her sense. She gave herself a little shake, and the frock and the mists were much injured.

"Conny," I said, taking her from her sister's arm: white as the veil that now hung limp around her, wet with her tears: no longer an emblem of to-morrow's joy: "listen to me. You shall keep Madeleine. I'll not take her from you."

"Oh, hush, Jack," said Madeleine. "Poor little Conny!" But Conny herself looked up.

"Really?" she asked; "not a story?" "You shall keep her," I said, "if you say so."

After this there was a pause, during which I gave vent to some very affecting sighs.

"What will you do?" asked Conny, at length, laying a caressing check against mine, and covering me up with her veil.

"I? Oh, I shall go away, Conny; the beautiful young lady won't come to me."

"Was that you?" asked Conny, in great surprise; "were you the good one, and was Madeleine the beautiful young lady? Oh!"

"How shall the story end, Conny?" Conny looked up with a flash of her old quickness, but the dear head went down again on my shoulder.

"Shall I finish it, Conny?" said her sister, softly; and Conny's grasp tightened round my neck.

"Say 'Yes,'" she whispered. So I said "Yes," and Madeleine finished the story.

Glycerine paste for office use may be prepared by dissolving one ounce of gum arabic and two drachms of glycerine in three ounces of boiling water.

## PASTIMES.

## MODERN HISTORICAL ARITHMOREM.

- |   |           |                     |  |
|---|-----------|---------------------|--|
| 1 | 500 and 0 | <i>Overture A</i>   | = A celebrated battle                    |
| 2 | 1000      | " <i>tar U</i>      | = A general who was made king of Naples. |
| 3 | 61        | " <i>Ezra Stut</i>  | = A celebrated battle.                   |
| 4 | 500       | " <i>No rye</i>     | = An English admiral.                    |
| 5 | 101       | " <i>not P.</i>     | = A general killed at Waterloo.          |
| 6 | 1101      | " <i>E a robber</i> | = An English general.                    |
| 7 | 500       | " <i>Owasa</i>      | = A celebrated battle.                   |
| 8 | 150       | " <i>Leah K</i>     | = An American general.                   |
| 9 | 101       | " <i>afar</i>       | = Is not found in the New World.         |

The initials of the above read forward will name a Turkish general.

## SQUARE WORDS.

My first is a flower, of a beautiful hue,  
And will lead imperceptibly, my second to you;  
My third is a look respectability hates,  
A tar's delight my fourth 'mongst his shipmates.  
My first is an ingredient, much used in our fare;  
My second conscientiously is, "I declare;"  
A name is my third, 'mongst Jews often heard;  
My fourth in music is a familiar word.

JAMES G. PENNY.

## CHARADES.

My first crawls slowly on,  
But still it has its use,  
Though many cruel boys  
Oft treat it with abuse;  
More useful still 's my second  
As everybody knows,  
We could not do without it,  
I very well suppose;  
My whole's a noted shrub, I ween,  
Which you perhaps have often seen

I am composed of 16 letters. My 11, 5, 2, 13 is an article of dress; my 16, 5, 3, 7, 8 is a county of Ireland; my 15, 9, 10, 2, 13, 12, 1 is a man's name; my 4, 12, 7, 14, 6 is a bird; my 13, 12, 5, 15, 4 is a blood-sucker; my 7, 2, 11, 10, 13 is an opponent. My whole names a general who greatly distinguished himself during the Indian Mutiny.

## LOGOGRIPH.

Vesuvius from out its mouth, flames to my whole  
Discharging floods of lava o'er which none have control;  
Reverse and change the scene. I am ever on the move  
And yet no living mortal my ago shall ever prove;  
Again my nature change, and if you now transpose  
On looking in your larder, your cheese may me disclose;  
Again transpose. I may be large or may be very small,  
But take this for a hint, I'm of consequence to all.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Three of my friends A, B, C, owe me some money. Forgetting both the sum and particulars, I remember that the debt of A and B is 47l., that of A and C 71l., that of B and C 88l., How much do they each owe me?

## ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC, &amp;c., No. 94.

Double Acrostic, *Evangeline, Longfellow*.—1. Ethereal; 2. Verona; 3. Aspen; 4. Nag; 5. Gulf; 6. Embrasure; 7. Liverpool; 8. Instal; 9. Nero; 10. Eyebrow.

## Cryptograph.—

On she came with a cloud of canvas  
Right against the wind that blew,  
Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew.

Charade—*Dieu et mon droit*.

Riddles.—1, The Giaour; 2, Nowhere-nowhere.

Double Acrostic—*Fenian, Canada*.—1. Frolic; 2. Elba; 3. Napoleon; 4. Ithaca; 5. Add; 6. Nera.

Decapitation.—*Pearl-pear-ear-rape-ape*.

Arithmetical Question.—Wife's share \$4096, 1st daughter's \$3072, 2nd daughter's \$2304, 3rd daughter's \$1728.

## ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Double Acrostic.—B. N. C., Edith H., H. H. V., Argus. A. W., Niagara.

## Cryptograph.—B. N. C.

Charades.—Bericius, Edith H., A. W., Argus, Camp, Niagara, George B., Allons.

Riddles.—Allons, B. N. C., Bericius, Geo. B., Niagara, Argus, X. Y., F. W.

Double Acrostic.—Bericius, Geo. B., Argus, B. N. C., X. Y.

Decapitations.—B. N. C., Edith H., X. Y., Niagara, Geo. B., F. W.

Arithmetical Question.—B. N. C., Bericius, X. Y., Geo. B., Niagara.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. Y.—The Knights of Sainte Ampoule, or the Holy Phial, were limited to four in number, who were usually the first in point of rank, family and fortune in the province of Champagne. At the coronation of the French Kings they were delivered to the Dean, Priors, and Chapter of Rheims as hostages for the return, by the great officers of the crown, of the holy phial in which the coronation oil was kept, and which, according to the legend, was brought from Heaven by the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, and put into the hands of St. Remy, at the coronation of Clovis—an enormous crowd having prevented the messenger from bringing in time that which had been already prepared. The peculiarity of this order was that the knights were only knights for a day.

H. CARTER.—We cannot give a definite reply to your question.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The Provincial Secretary's recommendation to observe the first of July as a general holiday does not constitute that day a legal holiday; consequently the banks will be compelled to keep open their doors, and notes and other obligations maturing on that day will be protested if not paid.

J. M. Y.—In England the following ceremony is observed in giving possession of a benefice to a clergyman. Having received the Bishops' mandate to make the induction, the inductor takes the clergyman by the hand and lays it on the latch of the church door, then opens the door and puts him into the church and generally the church-bell is tolled to give notice to the parishioners.

MARIAN.—We have no recollection of them. Can you send us another copy?

ARGUS.—An ensign in the infantry or a cornet in the cavalry costs £450 sterling. There is no standard height for officers.

B. G.—Kyrio Eleison is a Greek invocation, used in the Litany of the Church of Rome, and translated in that of the Church of England by the words "Lord have mercy upon us" It is also the commencement of the 12th Mass.

LIZZIE E.—As we do not know from what it arises we cannot advise you.

J.—The tale is respectfully declined. We cannot undertake to criticise rejected contributions.

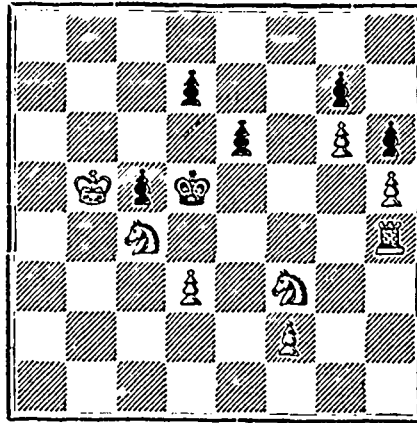
P. R.—Philip is from the Greek, and means "a lover of horses." Reuben—behold a son—is from the Hebrew.

A METEOROLOGICAL CLOCK.—Father Secchi, the celebrated Roman astronomer and natural philosopher, is now in Paris, and passes the greater part of the day at the Great Exhibition, where a curious clock of his invention is to be seen, which automatically marks down on a long strip of paper that is unrolled at one end and rolled up at the other, the hour, the direction and the intensity of the wind, the quantity of rain that has fallen within a given time, the height of the barometer, and the hygrometric state of the atmosphere. All this work is effected by half a dozen pencils constantly in motion, and which perform their task with unerring fidelity.

The following extract from the old Worcester newspaper of 1715 affords a curious illustration of journalism and credulity in those days:—"Aymstry, 4 miles from Leominster in Herefordshire, August 20. A strange Dragon of a vast magnitude, having Wings, 4 Legs, a long Tail, large Scales, of a brightish Colour, has been seen hereabouts. It inhabits about the Black Hill, a mile from hence. We hear it has this day destroyed many Sheep. People are in such fear that none dare pass that way. They have bought Powder and Ball to endeavour to destroy it, but it most commonly keeps in the Caverns of the Rocks.

CHESS.

PROBLEM, No. 16.  
By ST. EDMUND.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play and Mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 73.

- |                           |                  |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| BLACK.                    | WHITE.           |
| 1 Q to Q B sq.            | K to Q 6 or (a.) |
| 2 B to Kt 3.              | Any move.        |
| 3 Q mates at Q sq or K 3. |                  |
- (a) 1 R to K R 8. K to K 4.
- 2 R to K R 8. K to Q 3 or (b.)
- 3 Q to Q B 7 Mate.
- (b) If Black plays 2. K to K 5, or Q 5, Mate given by 3. Q to K 3; if 2. K to K B 3. White mates by 3. Q to Kt 5; and if 2. Kt moves, White replies with 3. Q to K B 4 Mate.

MACKENZIE-REICHHHELM MATCH.

This match for the championship of the United States was commenced at the Philadelphia Athenaeum on the morning of May 23rd. Of the abilities of the combatants it is hardly necessary to speak, as they are familiar to our readers. Mr. Reichhelm has been considered one of the strongest American players. Mr. Mackenzie came to New York from England about three years ago with a reputation established by his victory over the distinguished Anderssen in the handicap Tournament in connection with the Congress of the British Chess Association, held at London in 1862. In this match the Prussian yielded the slight odds of Pawn and Move, and the celerity with which he was defeated proved that Capt. Mackenzie was entitled to rank as a first-class player. Since his arrival in this country constant practice has improved his play, and we believe the ablest European players would find in him a difficult adversary. In play he is perfectly cool and collected. Mr. Mackenzie's games give evidence of a thorough knowledge of all the openings and minutiae of the game, and we know of very few players whose games will stand the test of analysis better. The accuracy with which he conducts his endings is especially remark-worthy. At the conclusion of the contest the score stood, Mackenzie, 7; Reichhelm, 6; drawn 2. We give below the first game.

FRENCH DEFEAT.

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

NOTES.

- (a) Injudicious.
- (b) Q to B 2 appears to be a still stronger move.
- (c) This move loses the game. He should have played K to K 2, and, on his adversary retorting Q to K 5, K to K R sq.
- (d) Winning the Queen for two Rooks.
- Kingston (N. Y.) Journal.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"ENTERTAINING" KNOWLEDGE.—Ascertaining the cost of a dinner party.

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man?—Because both fail to get rich.

How does the Irish Cupid inflict his wounds?—With his "Arrah, be jubers!"

To all this the ruffian made but one answer. He clenched his fist, and striking out at her, felled her with a blow.

A MAN in the City has got so deep into debt that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

Why is it impossible for a person who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies?—He takes every miss for a myth.

THE WRETCH!—A correspondent suggests that "mum" is used as a title for ladies on account of their well-known love of silence.

ABANDONED.—A moral debating society out west is engaged in a discussion on the following question:—"If a man deserts his wife, which is the most abandoned, the man or the woman?"

"ONE might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric handkerchief."

An editor says he has become so hollow from depending on the printing business for bread, that he purposes to sell himself for a stove-pipe.—American Paper.

AN AWFUL TRANSCIENCE.—A writer, in describing the last scene of "Othello," had this exquisite passage:—"Upon which the Moor, seizing a bolster full of rage and jealousy, smother her."

ON DIT.—A new paper will shortly make its appearance, and most likely its disappearance. It is to be the organ of the hotels and chop-houses, and will be called *The Fresh-egg-hammer*.—Punch.

FRIENDSHIP.—"That's a very stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door in a small cart drawn by a donkey, "I never see you but the creature is braying."—"Ah, sir," said the peat-dealer, "ye ken the heart's warm when friends meet."

A MAN advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to enclose her *carte de visite*. A spirited young lady wrote to the advertiser in the following terms:—"Sir, I do not enclose my *carte*, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

The late Dean Buckland is said to have been so intimately acquainted with the properties of all the geological formations of England, that being one night belated, and not knowing where he was, he alighted from his horse, took up a clod of earth, and examined it, when he immediately exclaimed, "Ubridge!" and proceeded on his journey.

When Dr. Johnson asked the widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that he had an uncle hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had no money herself, and though she had not had a relative hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Josh Billings in the *Troy News*, gives us weekly scintillations of ripest wisdom. The last is in the form of advice to a young lady as to how she shall receive a proposal. "You ought to take it kind, looking down hill, with an expreshun about half tickled and half scart. After the pop iz over, if yure luvver wants tew kiss you, I don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind of take its own course. There iz one thing I hayo always stuck tew, and that iz, give me long courtships and short engagements."