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The Saturday Reader.

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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 379.

CHAPTER III. THE SAXELBYS.

Mabel Earnshaw's mother had married a second time. Her present husband, Mabel's step-father, was a Mr. Saxelby; and by him she had one child, a little boy of three years old. Mr. Saxelby was chief clerk—he said secretary—to the flourishing company which supplied Hammerham with gas. He was a very thoroughly efficient clerk, and had risen to his present position in the company's employ, through various gradations, until he had come to be a very much trusted and influential personage in nearly all their transactions. He earned a good salary, and, some people thought, had saved money; others maintained that he lived fully up to his income. He had met Mrs. Earnshaw—then a very pretty widow—at a Welsh watering-place, some five years before the date of my story. She was living as companion to a very cross and disagreeable old lady, who combined those attributes with remarkably strong and uncompromising low-church views on religion. She tortured poor, meek, weak, pretty Mrs. Earnshaw with her temper, and frightened her with her doctrine. So when Mr. Saxelby—then a staid bachelor of two-and-forty—fell in love with and proposed to her, the poor woman was grateful to him in proportion to the joy she felt at the idea of escaping from her present lot, and accepted him without hesitation. Her little girl was staying with some relatives of her late father. Very little was ever said about these relatives after Mrs. Earnshaw's second marriage; but Mr. Saxelby at once sent for the child, and had her to live in her own house. He behaved well to Mabel on the whole, and was a kind husband to her mother. But between him and his step-daughter much sympathy was impossible. Benjamin Saxelby's character was rigid, his intellect narrow, his education very limited. His was the intolerant ignorance which is so hopeless to deal with, because it can conceive nothing beyond the circumscribed range within its ken, and takes its own horizon for the boundary of the universe. He had a standard of duty, to which—in justice it must be said—he conscientiously endeavoured to adhere. But unfortunately, this included very few qualities that are calculated to call forth strong attachment. And it was beyond Mr. Saxelby's mental possibilities to perceive that when Mabel's moral measurement failed to coincide accurately with his standard, it was occasionally because she was above, and not below, it. His wife's weaker and more plastic nature accommodated itself more easily to his opinions and prejudices. Besides, all the love of which he was capable was given to her and to her boy. And if there exist any natures in which real love does not awaken an answering affection, Mrs. Saxelby's was not one of them. She was very grateful, very gentle, very humble, and a little selfish, with the soft selfishness that springs from weakness and indolence. Mabel was tenderly attached to her mother, towards whom she assumed at times a sort of protecting air; but she cherished a secret worship for her dead father's memory: crediting him with many more high and noble qualities than he had ever possessed, and clinging passionately to those who belonged to his blood. Mabel had been too young to form any real estimate of her father's character, for he died when she was but six years old. But she had thought

of him, and spoken of him, until she persuaded herself that she retained a vivid remembrance of her dead parent.

The Saxelby household was by no means an unhappy one. Mabel had too much sweetness of nature and clearness of mind to grudge her mother the happiness and comfort she derived from her second marriage. And when the baby-brother arrived, she took the little fellow into her warm young heart, and loved him with a rich abundance of sisterly affection. There was one point, and one only, on which Mabel felt any bitterness or resentment towards her step-father, and this point they both tacitly agreed to avoid. The grievance which rankled in Mabel's mind arose from the mode in which she had been withdrawn from the protection of her father's relatives; and the absolute prohibition which Mr. Saxelby commanded his wife to lay on her holding any communication with them, from the time she left their roof for his. Mabel had been a little girl of eleven at the period of her mother's second marriage, and the five years that had since passed had served to obliterate from her mind in a great degree the impressions of the time spent in her aunt's family. Still she preserved an affectionate remembrance of those tabooed relatives, and had made many high, though rather vague, resolves to seek them out, and renew her old loving intercourse with them, at that distant and constantly receding epoch, which I presume we have all of us pictured to ourselves once upon a time, and which Mabel naively characterised as "the time when I shall be able to do as I like."

The Saxelby's social position in Hammerham was immensely inferior to that of the Charlewoods; and yet the two families were on very intimate terms. Benjamin Saxelby and Luke Charlewood had known each other as men of business for years. Mr. Charlewood being, in fact, one of the principal directors of the gas company, whose shareholders had collectively a right to call Mr. Saxelby their servant. But it was not until after his marriage that the latter had crossed the threshold of Bramley Manor. Augusta Charlewood was just completing her education at the school to which Mabel's step-father sent her, when the little girl arrived there as a new pupil. And Augusta Charlewood had taken a fit of romantic affection for her school-fellow. (Augusta Charlewood was rather prone to take fits of romantic affection. But it is only fair to add that they did not last long.) However, an invitation given and accepted for Mabel to pass some holiday weeks at Bramley Manor, led to an acquaintance between the Charlewoods and Mabel's mother and step-father. And the Hammerham millionaires were not long in discovering that, whatever might be said of Mr. Saxelby, his wife bore the unmistakable stamp of gentle breeding; and that the gloss of their spike-and-span gentility ran no risk of being tarnished by her society. Augusta's short-lived enthusiasm for that "dear, sweet, clever Mabel," had cooled very considerably long ago, but the young girl had ingratiated herself thoroughly with all the other members of the family, and was treated almost like a pet child of the house.

"Don't you think Christian charity is a very, very rare thing, Mr. Charlewood? I don't mean charity in giving. That is not uncommon. But charity in speaking and thinking?"

She always felt a little shy with Clement Charlewood, of whose judgment and sense she had formed a very high opinion. And then he was habitually so grave and reserved, that she had never been able to become on the same terms of easy intimacy with him as with the rest of the family. She even had an idea that he did not particularly like her, although he

was invariably kind and courteous. "I know he looks upon me as a silly little schoolgirl," said Mabel to herself.

"Without going further into your definition of charity, Mrs. Earnshaw, would you mind telling me, in plain words, what unkind speaking you so resent?"

She coloured deeply, but answered with firmness, "I think it was uncharitable to say that the little girl's soul was in peril only because her father plays in the orchestra of the theatre. I believe very good people may belong to theatres."

The young man glanced down at the flushed girlish face by his side in undisguised astonishment.

"They may, certainly, I suppose," he said, slowly. "But forgive me for remarking that you are too young and too inexperienced to know much about it."

"Of course I'm young," said Mabel making the damaging admission in all humility, "but, for all that, I do believe—I do know, that there are good people in theatres."

They had arrived at her home as she said the words, and, without waiting for a reply, she pushed open the garden gate and ran lightly up the path to the house.

The Saxelbys lived in what the agent, who let it, called a "cottage horny." It was a square low house built of light yellow bricks, with long French windows opening to the ground; and it had a pretty bright space of flower-garden in front, separated from the road by one of the thick neatly clipped box hedges for which the shrubs of Hammerham are famous. There was a wooden verandah, painted a very bright green, running round the house; and a very beautiful jessamine twined round the slender pillars that supported the verandah, and filled the air with the delicate perfume of its creamy star-shaped flowers. At the back there was a long narrow stretch of velvet grass, enclosed between walls covered with fruit-trees. Altogether, Jessamine Cottage, FitzHenry's road, was a very pleasant peaceful English-looking residence. And Mrs. Saxelby had contrived to give to its interior arrangements an air of elegance which was wanting to the gaudy splendour of Bramley Manor.

Mabel stopped on the threshold of the glass door that gave access to the little entrance hall, and said with her hand on the bell,

"You'll come in and see mamma, Mr. Charlewood?"

He hesitated. But she seemed to take his compliance for granted, for as soon as the neat maid-servant had opened the door, she passed in, saying without turning her head, "This way, please, Mr. Charlewood. Mamma will be in the morning-room, I know."

So Clement followed her, and found himself unannounced in Mrs. Saxelby's presence. That lady was sitting in a small room looking on to the lawn; and the light chintz-patterned muslin dress she wore harmonised perfectly with the freshness and simplicity of her surroundings. The walls of the little sitting-room were covered with a pale brown paper, touched sparingly with gold. The carpet was also light brown; and the window-curtains were of spotless white muslin. There was not an article in the room that could, strictly speaking, be called ornamental, except an abundance of flowers. And yet as Clement Charlewood paused for an instant at the door, and looked at the sober-tinted room, with its green background seen through the open window, and the delicate feminine figure that rose quietly to welcome him, he was struck by the beauty and harmony of the picture, and made an involuntary comparison in his mind between it and his mother's drawing-room

at Bramley Manor, which was by no means favourable to the latter.

Mrs. Saxelby was still a pretty woman, with a fair smooth skin, and aquiline profile. She held out her hand with a gracious smile in greeting to Clement.

Mabel threw off her bonnet, and, kneeling at her mother's side, began to tell of the accident, and how frightened they had all been at first, and how kindly Mr. Charlewood had given orders for the poor child's comfort. "Oh, mamma," she cried, winding up her somewhat confused recital, "she was such a sweet-looking little creature. I should so like—if I might—to call and ask if I could do anything for her."

"Really," said Clement, quickly, "you mustn't think of it. It wouldn't do at all." Then, checking himself, he turned to Mrs. Saxelby with a half apologetic manner. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Saxelby," he said; "but I assure you the place is not the sort of place for Miss Earnshaw to visit, nor are the people the sort of people for Miss Earnshaw to come in contact with. She could do them no good. I will answer for every necessary care being taken of the little girl."

"Dear Mabel is apt to be a little impulsive," said Mrs. Saxelby, stroking her daughter's hair.

"Mamma, the child's father, Mr. Trescott, is a musician who plays in the orchestra of the theatre," said Mabel, in a low distinct tone.

There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Saxelby's netting had fallen from her hand on to the floor, and had apparently become entangled, for she stooped over it for some seconds without speaking. "How can you persist, Mabel?" she said, still busy with her netting. "You know Mr. Saxelby wouldn't hear of it."

Mabel rose from her knees. "I think it would be right to go and see if I could do the little girl any good," she said, "and I don't suppose, mamma, that you think her father must be wicked because he plays in a theatre." With that she locked her lips into a peculiarly scornful curve, which they had a natural capacity for quickly assuming, and walked out of the open French window into the garden without a glance at Clement.

"I'm afraid," he said, following with his eyes the flutter of Mabel's dress as she slowly paced down the long narrow grass-plot—"I'm afraid Miss Earnshaw is a little displeased with me for venturing to oppose her philanthropic intentions."

"Oh, you must not take offence at her manner, Mr. Charlewood. She is but a child. I shall give her a lecture by-and-by."

"Offence! No indeed. I admire the generous feeling that prompts her. But do you know, Mrs. Saxelby, she seems to me to have some particular tenderness for these theatre people."

How singularly unmanageable Mrs. Saxelby's netting was this afternoon! It had again got itself into a condition which necessitated her stooping over it.

Clement lingered a little, hat in hand. "I must be going," he said, with a glance towards the garden. "Will you say good-bye for me to Miss Earnshaw? and," he added with a smile, "beg her not to think me altogether wanting in Christian charity."

But as he spoke, Mabel returned, and, going up to him, quietly held out her hand. "Good-bye," she said, "and thank you once more."

"Don't thank me, please, but tell me you forgive me."

"I forgive you," she said, with naive gravity, "because you do not know any better."

"You are tremendously uncompromising, Miss Earnshaw, but I am glad to be forgiven by you on any terms. Good-bye. And trust me the pretty little girl shall be well looked after."

"Mamma," said Mabel, when the sound of Clement Charlewood's footsteps had died away along the quiet road, "don't be angry with me. But I cannot bear to hear those things said without protest, it seems like—like bearing false witness."

Her mother drew the girl's head down, and kissed her silently. The autumn twilight seemed

to have filled the room all at once, and she could not see Mabel's face distinctly, but, as she pressed her lips against her child's soft cheek, she felt that it was wet with tears.

CHAPTER IV. NUMBER TWENTY-THREE, NEW BRIDGE-STREET.

"I'm so thirsty."

Poor little Corda Trescott had said these words in a weak plaintive voice four or five times one night before a tall bony woman, who was sitting at the head of the child's bed, roused herself. The woman's gown was dirty, and her sandy hair was rough and unkempt, and she wore it twisted into a meagre wisp, and fastened with a big imitation tortoiseshell comb at the back of her head. She had a glaring red glass brooch at her throat, but no collar; gilt earrings in her ears; and held in her unwashed hands a soiled number of some red-hot romance which was then in course of publication for the sum of one halfpenny weekly.

This was Mrs. Hutchins, the landlady of the house in which the Trescotts lodged, and to whose care the child was necessarily confided during her father's nightly absence at the theatre.

Mr. Hutchins was a hard-working carpenter who earned decent wages. And as they were a childless couple, and as Mrs. Hutchins' domestic duties were consequently not of a nature to absorb her whole time and attention, she was in the habit of letting the two rooms on her first floor and a garret at the top of the house.

More than a week had passed since the accident, and little Corda Trescott was mending rapidly, though she was still weak and helpless. True to his promise to Mabel, and prompted, besides, by a kindly interest in the child, Clement Charlewood had sent to the house such comforts and delicacies as might reasonably be supposed to be beyond the culinary skill of Mrs. Hutchins, and he had called himself at No. 23, New Bridge-street, when business brought him into the neighbourhood. This was not seldom, for there were busy wharves and counting-houses in close proximity to its squalid dwellings, and not a little of the gold that glittered profusely in the suburban villas of Hammerham was dug out of these dingy mines.

On one or two occasions when Clement paid a hasty visit to the little invalid he had heard from an upper chamber the sound of a violin played with remarkable skill and power. Clement had a great love of music, and some knowledge of it. Hammerham people, indeed, mostly praise themselves on their musical knowledge. He was struck by the unexpected finish of style of the unseen player, and asked Corda if it were her father? But the child had answered, "No. Papa can't play like that, though it was papa who first taught Alfred." Alfred, she explained, was her brother. Alfred was a very clever brother, and she was very fond of Alfred. He had a fine tone; didn't Mr. Charlewood think so? Papa said Alfred had a fine tone. Papa said Alfred ought to make a great player. Only—and here Corda's voice was lowered confidentially, and she looked very serious—only he wouldn't practice. Not regularly, that was to say. Sometimes he would take a fit of industry, and practice ten hours a day for a week. But he had promised her that he would work steadily, and she was in daily expectation of his beginning to do so in earnest. Did he, then, do nothing for his living? Oh yes; Alfred was engaged sometimes in the orchestra of the theatre when any extra help was required. He was engaged just now, for an opera company was performing at the theatre, and Alfred could take a first violin, whilst papa could only play second. But papa was very clever too. Mr. Charlewood musn't suppose it was not very difficult indeed to play a good second.

"I'm so thirsty, Mrs. Hutchins."

The little voice came faintly once more out of the poor bed, and the bright feverish eyes looked wistfully at a great earthenware pitcher standing on the mantelpiece.

"Goodness sake, Cordelia," ejaculated Mrs. Hutchins, petulantly, "I hear you. You've said so ten times in a minute." Then glancing at

the patient face on the pillow, her heart was softened, and she got up and poured out a mugful of barley-water from the great pitcher. Approaching the bed, she held the mug to the child's lips while she swallowed a deep draught.

"Ah-h-h! That's good, ain't it?" said Mrs. Hutchins, sympathetically drawing a long breath. Then she smoothed the child's hair back from her heated forehead with a not ungentle hand. But Corda shrank from its touch; for her senses, always delicate in their perceptions, even to fastidiousness, were far from being blunted by illness. And it must be confessed that, without being extraordinary dainty, one might have taken exception to Mrs. Hutchins' hand. But, fortunately, the good lady perceived nothing of the child's shrinking, by reason of her having plunged again into the perils which encompassed "Rosalba of Naples; or, the Priest, the Page, and the Penitent."

"I wonder," said little Corda, after a pause, restlessly turning her hot head on the pillow, "I wonder what o'clock it is?"

Mrs. Hutchins followed Rosalba of Naples into the "deepest dungeon below the castle keep," and heard the massive door locked on her with a "fatal clash," before she answered shortly, "Dunno, I'm sure."

"Because papa said he would come straight home after he had done. It's 'Lucia, to-night. 'Lucia' isn't a long opera. I should think he'd be back by eleven; shouldn't you, Mrs. Hutchins?"

Rosalba, having by this time got her body half way through the narrow loophole looking on to the moat (preparatory to escaping by means of a rope ladder supplied by the page), the situation was too critical to admit of Mrs. Hutchins' having a scrap of attention to spare. So she vaguely murmured, "All right, my dear."

Down in the kitchen a clock was ticking loudly, and some shrill crickets kept up a piercing chorus on the hearth. Black-beetles, fortunately, are silent creatures, or they might have contributed a formidable addition to the noises that fretted the sick child's nerves—Waiting, waiting, waiting! How long the time seemed! Would her father never come home? Suddenly it occurred to her to turn the importunate ticking of the kitchen clock to account. She knew that there were sixty seconds in a minute, and sixty minutes in an hour. She would count the time by the beats of the clock, and that would make it pass quicker. Her father must be home by eleven. She guessed it to be about ten, now. So, she would count for an hour, and at the end of it papa would be here. Tick-tack, tick-tack, one, two, three, four—two, three—one, two—and the small slight fingers that had been tapping on the coverlet relaxed, and were still. The eyelids quivered, drooped, and closed over the lustrous hazel eyes. The breath came regularly from between the parted lips—little Corda was fast asleep.

Almost at the same moment Rosalba succeeded, after various desperate struggles, in wriggling through the loophole, and getting a fair hold of the rope ladder. While she was still "poised with one fairy foot upon its topmost round," the number came to an abrupt termination.

"Lord bless us!" cried Mrs. Hutchins, impatiently, "to think of its leaving off at that there interestin' pint! It's like as if they done it 'e' purpose."

Laying down the story, she refreshed herself with a copious draught from the earthen pitcher.

"Very good barley-water," said Mrs. Hutchins, "though it might ha' been better for a sup o' sherry in it. I s'pose they dussn't put it, 'cos of fever. Uncommon kind of young Charlewood to be so attentive to Cordelia, and send things a'most every day. I never knowed the family was renounced"—Mrs. Hutchins probably meant renowned—"for troubling themselves too much about other folk's wants. Old Luko's a hard old fella. That's about what he is."

Mrs. Hutchins pursued her meditations half aloud before an oval looking-glass hanging over the chimney-piece, which so defied all the recognised laws of gravity and perspective in the reflected image of the room which it presented,

as to cause an instant sensation of sea-sickness in any unaccustomed beholder.

"Ah! she's a nice little creature," Mrs. Hutchins went on, "but spoiled. Trescott's too uppish by half. I can't think why them sort of people should give themselves airs. But they mos'ly do. Young Alfred's the flower of the flock, for my money. He do so remind me of Sir Leonardo Gonzaga of the Sable Plume. Just the pictur of Leonardo he is, accordin' to my fancy. Only he's younger, and his hair ain't quite coal-black; and he don't flash so continual with his eyes, as Leonardo do."

Mrs. Hutchins was beginning to doze, with her arms folded on the table, and her hair in dangerous proximity to the flame of the candle, when the turning of a latch-key in the house door, and the sound of voices roused her. She jumped up with a start, and hurried down-stairs, arriving in the kitchen as Mr. Trescott and his son, a lad of eighteen, entered it. Each carried in his hand one of those queer coffin-shaped boxes known as violin cases. The dress of both was poor. But while the father's attire made no pretence of smartness, but expressed a sort of resigned and conscious shabbiness, the son's was indicative in twenty ways of an attempt at fashion and rakishness. Alfred Trescott was a remarkable handsome young fellow. His hair was allowed to grow long, and was put carelessly behind his ears, in foreign fashion. His pale face and regular features were illumined by a pair of magnificent dark eyes, shaded by long lashes that many a reigning belle might have envied. These eyelashes gave a look of almost feminine softness to the eyes beneath them. But when you met their gaze full—which was not often, for they shifted restlessly from moment to moment—you perceived that there was nothing soft in the expression of the eyes themselves. But on the contrary, a sinister watchful look, that seemed to hint at mingled ferocity and deceit.

"How's Corda?" asked Mr. Trescott, limping into the kitchen.

"Ah, how's the poor little kid?" said Alfred.

"Well, she's asleep now, Mr. Trescott. I've a' been with her all the blessed evening," said Mrs. Hutchins, resuming (somewhat unnecessarily) an air of fatigue and exhaustion. "And Hutchins, he's been in bed these two hours. So be so good as not to make no more noise than you can help on going up-stairs, Mr. Alfred; for Hutchins he has to be up at his work by five to-morrow, and if he don't get his rest reglar he's good for nothing."

"All serene, Mrs. H.," rejoined Alfred, carelessly; and he proceeded to strike a match wherewith to light a short scientifically blackened pipe, which he drew from his pocket.

"Alf," said his father, speaking in jerks, and with a nervous twitching manner, "I wish you wouldn't smoke now; your tobacco is fearfully strong, and the smell of it penetrates all through the house. I know Corda doesn't like it, and I don't believe it's good for her."

"Does she say so?" asked Alf, poking out, with the unburnt end of his lucifer match, a straggling black-beetle left behind by its retreating comrades in a clink of the hearth-stone.

"Say so? Of course not. What does she ever say, with herself for its subject? But you might have a little consideration for her in her feverish state, without her entreating it."

"Ah!" returned the young man, coolly taking a long slow pull at the black pipe, "just so. Only, you have heard from Mrs. H. that Corda is fast asleep; consequently, sir, this baccy will please me and do her no harm."

While Mrs. Hutchins spread the supper-table in the untidy kitchen, setting forth cold meat, bread, and beer, Mr. Trescott took a candle and stole softly up-stairs to the room where Corda lay still sleeping. Shading the light with his hand, he stood by the bedside, and watched for a minute or two the sweet delicate face flushed with slumber, and the gold-brown curls tossed in disorder over the coarse pillow. Some sense of her father's silent presence must have awakened the child, for though he neither spoke nor moved, she opened her eyes, and held out her

arms to embrace him with a little grasp of pleasure.

"Papa!"

"My pet," said Mr. Trescott, "I have disturbed you."

"No, papa. I haven't been asleep a single minute. I was counting the clock, and that made me drowsy."

"Counting the clock, Corda?"

Mr. Trescott's face twitched as with some painful thought, and he limped uneasily once or twice up and down the room. "I'm afraid, my little one," he said, coming back to the bed, "I am terribly afraid that you are unhappy whilst I am out. What can I do, Corda? I must go."

"I know, papa."

"Isn't that woman kind and attentive to you when I am away?"

"Quite kind, papa. She gives me a drink, and moves me in bed whenever I ask her. I don't want her to talk to me. It don't amuse me, papa. I would rather lie and think."

"Well, don't think, but sleep now, Corda. You'll soon be strong again, and able to go out with me."

"Does—does Alf know I'm awake?" asked the child, wistfully.

"I think not, my darling. Mrs. Hutchins said you were asleep when we came in."

"Do you think he would mind coming to kiss me and say 'good night,' if he did know I was awake, papa?"

Mr. Trescott went to the head of the stairs and called to his son. "Your sister wants to say good night to you."

After a minute's pause, Alfred, muttering something which perhaps it was as well that the pipe between his teeth rendered unintelligible, came slowly up the stairs.

"Well, young 'un," he said, bending over his sister, "what's the latest intelligence? How are the breakages progressing?"

"Oh, my bone's coming all mended, Alf. Mr. Brett said so," answered Corda, smiling up into his face. Then, as he stooped to kiss her, the strong odour of the tobacco made her turn her head away with a little choking cough.

"What the deuce is up now?" asked Alfred, dropping the hand she had put into his.

"I couldn't help coughing a little, Alf dear. You smell of smoke so."

"It's a way I have, child, when I've been smoking. That's not a very brilliant discovery of yours."

He spoke in a dry sullen tone, and was turning to go, when his sister caught his sleeve and drew him to her.

"I know you can't help it, dear. And I don't mind it a bit, generally. Not a bit," she added, with a quiet old-fashioned air of experienced wisdom, "except when you do it too much for your health. Excess—si—sive" (Corda found the long word a little unmanageable, but surmounted the difficulty with dignity), "excessive smoking is very injurious indeed to young people, Mr. Brett says."

Alfred's ill humour was not proof against the child's caressing touch, nor the earnest loving look in the clear eyes she raised to his.

"Mr. Brett's an old woman," he replied, with a laugh. "You may tell him I say so. There, there! Never mind. Don't look shocked! As to you, you're an old woman too—the most respectably venerable party going—and I'll turn over your words of wisdom in my mind. Good night, pussy-cat!"

"Thank you, Alf dear!" returned Corda. For pussy-cat was her brother's highest term of endearment. She listened to the retreating footsteps of her father and brother as they resounded on the uncarpeted stairs, and turned her head on her pillow to sleep, with a grateful smile on her face.

"The young 'un's getting on like a house a-fire," said Alfred, when he and his father were seated at their supper, and Mrs. Hutchins had retired to bed. "It won't be long now before she's all right again."

"I don't know," returned his father. "I don't know. She's delicate, and will need care for a long time to come. Still, she is much better, certainly."

"It's been a jolly expensive game, this," remarked Alfred. "I hope she don't mean to get run over often."

"Good God, Alfred!" ejaculated Mr. Trescott. "Why do you talk in that way? I suppose you do, in your heart, care for your sister?"

"Care for her? You know I care for her. She's a first-rate little article is poor pussy-cat. All the same, I take the liberty of repeating that this accident has been a jolly expensive game."

"Mr. Charlewood has made himself responsible for the doctor's bill," said Trescott, contemplating the dirty tablecloth, and crumbling a piece of bread in his fingers.

"Damn Mr. Charlewood," said Alfred, fiercely. "What the devil should we take his charity for? A purse-proud upstart. I'm sick of Mr. Charlewood."

"Charity? Who spoke of charity? He says he considers himself responsible, and so do I. If any serious injury had happened to Corda I'd have made him smart for it."

"Bosh!" responded the son, briefly.

"What I say may or may not be bosh, but I'll tell you what is bosh, and that is your giving yourself airs to Charlewood whenever you come across him. I know, as well as you do, that he's like all these Hammerham people—that he thinks money is the be-all and the end-all of creation—and that he has no more notion of the respect due to Art and Artists than one of his father's navvies. But he has been kind—yes, he has been kind—to Corda, and why quarrel with him?"

"I don't want to quarrel with him," said the young man, rising and taking up a tin candlestick, wherein about an inch of attenuated tallow candle was embedded in a thick roll of newspaper. "I don't want to, and I don't mean to quarrel with him, if he keeps a civil tongue in his head. But let him beware of such impertinent nonsense as inquiring if I'm industrious—laugh!—and if I mean to follow music as a profession, and if I wouldn't like some regular employment. He shall not come the high and mighty over me, a confounded hodman!"

Forgetful or unmindful of Mrs. Hutchins' caution, Alfred Trescott tramped noisily up to his bedchamber at the top of the house, where the deep snores of Mr. Hutchins in the adjoining room would have sufficed to assure him (had he felt any anxiety on the subject) that his landlord was enjoying that repose which awaits the just man, especially after twelve hours' hard work.

Mr. Trescott sat for nearly an hour brooding by himself in the dreary kitchen. He did not utter his cogitations aloud; but the latter portion of them, put into words, might have run somewhat after this fashion: "I cannot think who it is that young girl reminds me of. Her face was familiar to me when I first saw her in the carriage; and to-day, when she saw me in the street, and stopped me to ask how Corda was, I could not get rid of the impression that I had known her long ago. Well, it don't much matter. It's pretty clear I never have seen her. As to long ago, why, she wasn't born long ago."

And then Mr. Trescott also betook himself to his rest, and Number Twenty-three, New Bridge-street, Hammerham, was wrapped in slumber.

(To be continued.)

Prof. Freill, undismayed by Dr. Livingstone's probable fate, has started for Algeria, hoping to solve the Saharan problem, whether it be possible to unite the two French African colonies of Senegal and Algeria by a caravan road passing through Timbuctoo; and M. de Saint is still prosecuting his researches in Central Africa, with, it is stated, great probability of their yielding a rich scientific harvest.

Mr. Robert Bell, a journalist and writer of some repute, died recently after an illness of three months. Mr. Bell was the author of 'Temper,' a comedy, produced at the Haymarket under Webster's management,—of 'The Ladder of Gold,' a novel,—and of some minor works, including an article on Table-rapping in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Mr. Bell died in his sixty-eighth year.

CASTLE AND COTTAGE.

I
 THERE stands a castle by the sea,
 With an ancient keep and turrets three,
 And in it dwells a lady rare,
 Rich and lovely, with golden hair,
 By the wild waves plashing wearily.

II.
 In it dwells a baron bold,
 Gallant and young, with store of gold,
 Store of all that man can crave,
 To cheer his pathway to the grave,
 By the wild waves plashing wearily

III.
 The lady bright is kind and good,
 The paragon of womanhood;
 And her wedded lord is leal and sure,
 Beloved alike of rich and poor,
 By the wild waves plashing wearily

IV.
 There dwells a fisher on the strand,
 In a little cot with a rood of land,
 With his bonnie wife, and girls and boys,
 That climb to his knee with a picaunt noise,
 By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

V.
 And the lady of the castle sighs
 When she meets the fisher's gladdening eyes,
 And wishes that Heaven to bless her life
 Had made her mother as well as wife,
 By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

VI.
 The lord of the castle riding homo
 O'er the hard sea sand where the breakers foam,
 Oft sees the fisher, his labour done,
 Sit with his wife in the glint o' the sun,
 By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

VII.
 Sit with his wife, and his boys and girls,
 Dandling the youngest with golden curls,
 And turns his envious eyes aside,
 And well-nigh weeps for all his pride,
 By the wild waves plashing wearily.

VIII.
 "I'd give," quoth he, "my rank and state,
 My wealth that poor men call so great,
 Could I but have that fisherman's joys,
 His happy home and his girls and boys,
 By the wild waves plashing cheerily."

TWELVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE.

Continued from page 175.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

It is needless to set down here how often at this time Mrs. Hatteraick came to see me, how many cream cheeses and sweet shortbreads, how many baskets of strawberries of their own picking, and nice new books just fresh from London, were carried triumphantly into my room by the good Samaritans, Polly and Nell. And invariably with these other gifts came the bouquet, of which Polly was not unreasonably proud as the handiwork of Uncle Mark. "He matched the colors himself," this little woman would cry, "and you should have seen him going picking and snipping around the greenhouses, gardener John following him with tears in his eyes." These flowers used to oppress me in my small room sometimes. They were richer and of stronger perfume than any about the Mill-house. Often during these visits of Mrs. Hatteraick's, when Sylvia had carried off the children, and the old lady and I sat alone, she talked to me sweetly and wistfully about her tall soldier son, of his goodness and bravery, and her desire to see him married to some one who could appreciate him and be worthy of him, some one he and she could love. When should I be able to go back to Eldergowan? was her constant cry.

And as often as she talked to me in this manner, just so often had I right impulses to open my heart to her, and tell her all about Luke. But physical weakness and suffering had made me a coward, and I still kept putting off the evil day. Each visit was too short and precious to be darkened by the cloud which I felt must come between me and that gentle face whenever my

story should be told. I cheated myself with fair promises and the finest reasoning in the world. I said that by-and-by, when I was stronger, and less foolishly nervous and lackadaisical than I found myself now, I should be able, in the telling my news, to speak up with a better dignity, and guard the honour of my father, my future husband, and myself. I felt that I could never confess to Mark's mother that I did not like Luke Elphinstone, and, as I was determined to hold up my head and walk with pride in the way I had to go, I had better have no slipping and hesitating, no gonding commiseration and counsels. Advice could not avail me, and sympathy could only sting.

One golden afternoon, I sat alone in my own room at the open window. The grass, the trees, the river, and sky, all were golden. The very rolling monotony of the distant dashing wheels was molten gold poured out in sound upon the air. Idleness and sunshine are sore irritants to a troubled heart. Many disturbing questions had been teasing me all morning with oft-silenced "whys" and "wherefores." The birds and the flowers had been giving me bad advice, and my solitude obliged me to listen to them.

Elspie came hobbling in with her knitting, and sat down beside me in her privileged way, "speering" at my face, though I kept it turned from her till the sun had dried it. But Elspie's eyes, with the help of a pair of huge wry spectacles, were as keen as any I have met with.

"It's sair to see you sittin' greetin' her: for lonesomeness," said Elspie, "when there's ane o' yer ain years i' the house might bide wi' you for company."

"You are very cross, Elspie," I said. "I thought you had given up your ill-will to Miss Ashenburst. Do you think I would sit in-doors on such a day as this if I could help it? And it is new to her, you know. You never were in London, Elspie, and how should you understand why she loves to be so much in the open air here?"

"She's no' i' the open air the noo," said Elspie, grimly. "She's doon there," pointing with her thumb towards the drawing-room below. "I saw her yonder awhile ago, walkin' about the floor, and singin' and talkin' to hersel', just daft-like. She's no' sae found o' the open air unless when she's ane to walk wi' her."

I smiled at Elspie as she tugged her needles.

"I don't think she'll find any one to walk with her here," said I, "except it be the dogs or the crows."

"Oh ay! that indeed!" said Elspie. "Wait till the sun's a bit low, an' she's off to meet Luke, wi' her hat on her arms sae simple, an' her bare locks shining like a wisp o' goud. You might mind yer auld nursery window, Mattie, an' how far a body might see roun' the orchard out o' its we crooked panes. Gin ye were sittin' there insteod o' here the length o' the simmer's day, ye might see mair than the river runnin'."

"What might I see, Elspie?" I asked, knowing that I must speak and humour her.

"Mair than I'd like to tell ye, lass," said Elspie, peering at me from under her shaggy grey brows, "only I'll say ane word to ye that's worth a score. Get you smooth-faced bizzie oot the Mill-house the soonest day ye can, gin ye think o' Maister Elphinstone for yer husband."

"Elspie!" I said, sharply, "I never knew before that you were a cruel and unjust woman. I know you have always had a strange dislike to my friend, whom every one else loves, but you ought not to let it carry you too far. If Mr. Luke and Miss Ashenburst are better friends than they used to be, I am very glad of it, and no more need be said on the subject. Why, you silly old thing," I added, "if you only knew how far you are astray with your ridiculous notions!" And I smiled as I thought of the doctor's blushes.

"Eh lass!" said Elspie, leaning her chin upon her skinny hand, and looking at me mournfully, "yer ower young to deal wi' a wicked world,

an' yer ower prood an' simple to look after yer ain right. Gin ye were free an' coaxin' wi' yer lover yersel', ye might snap yer fingers at a' the saft-faced strangers on airth, but ye will not even crook yer finger to bring him to yer side. I tell ye, bairn, that a man likes a bonny woman that'll laugh in his eyes, an' blush when he comes by, better than a bonnier woman that's could an' sad. An' I tell ye mair, that gin ye do not stir yersel' it's Sylvia an' o' Mattie that'll sit at Luke Elphinstone's fireside. Wae's me! I did not yer mither pass me a waft i' the gloom'ing' last night. An' I spoke to her oot lood on the lobby as she went flittin' by. 'Gaug hame, maistress,' I said, 'an' tak yer sleep. Elspie'll speak to the bairnie afore anither day.'"

At this point Sylvia came singing up the stairs, and Elspie hobbled abruptly from my room. The young woman and the old woman exchanged glances of distrust upon the threshold. Sylvia looked saucily after her enemy, and, turning to me, asked me guily what Gooly Crosspatch had been saying to make me look so glum. I told her we had been speaking of my mother. Sylvia sat down beside me and talked sweetly and kindly, as she knew how to talk. I half closed my eyes and ears, and tried to look at her apart from her fascinations, but it was like swimming against a current, and the tide of her good humour bore me with it. It seemed to strike her that I was sad, and she excited herself to amuse me, which proved to me that her neglect at other times could be owing to no deliberate unkindness. But she soon wearied of her task and left me, and the old state of things went on.

I began to ruminate seriously upon Elspie's suggestions. I had felt so certain that Sylvia was encouraging the doctor, that I had never thought of the possibility of her preferring Luke. How should I, since she and Luke had been almost at enmity when I saw them last together? But they had been much thrown upon each other's society since then, and must have at least become good friends, unless Elspie could be supposed to have gone mad. Reflection made me uneasy for Sylvia, and I resolved that, at all events, she should no longer be kept in ignorance of the engagement between me and Luke Elphinstone.

"My dear," said Miss Pollard, bursting in on me one morning, all rosy and breathless, "I wanted so much to come and see you, so I made a little jelly for an excuse. I got up at four this morning, partly to make it, and partly because I could not sleep. If Miss Ashenburst is not about, I should like a little private conversation."

I assured her that we should not be disturbed.

"Should Miss Ashenburst come in," she said, "promise me you will immediately change the conversation. Miss Ashenburst makes me feel as if I were sitting on pins, or had my gown hooked on crooked, or my shoes on the wrong feet, or something else very uncomfortable the matter with me. If she happens to call at my house when Dr. Strong is paying me a visit, as he often does, on the subject of broth and petticoats, she gives way to such extraordinary merriment that I quite blush, my dear, besides being uneasy lest it should end in hysterics."

I promised that if Sylvia happened to come in, I should immediately begin to talk about canaries. When Miss Pollard said, "I quite blush, my dear," it was literally true, for her cheeks had turned as red as a rose. She put off her bonnet with trembling hands, and the lappets of her little cap stirred with great agitation. She had on her best black silk gown, so I knew that a matter of importance was to be discussed.

"It is about Dr. Strong, my dear," she said, speaking with a quaint mixture of elation and distress in her manner, and adding, with a slight incoherency, "though ostensibly it was only about broth and petticoats."

In a moment I guessed what was coming, and in the shock of amazement I felt through my mind for my familiar idea of Dr. Strong as a lover of Sylvia's. But all ideas were in confusion, and I could only listen.

"It is all notes, my dear," said Miss Pollard, "and I put a few in the bottom of my bag, under the jelly, for a sample. I had one from him last year on the subject of beef-tee, but it began, 'My dear Madam,' and ended exactly like a circular, and that, you know, is very different from 'My very dear Miss Pollard,' and 'My dearest Jenny.' I think it is rather free of him," said the little lady, drawing herself up, and making efforts to control her blushes, "considering that I never answered any of his notes, nor gave him the slightest encouragement, unless it may have been running up-stairs to put on my bonnet when I saw him advancing to my cottage, and making believe I was going to pay a visit, because it is so much easier to talk to him walking down the road than sitting face to face in the parlour, which is such a nervous position."

I read the notes which she gave me. The first was written in polite terms of friendliness, while the last, beginning "My dearest Jenny," was the nearest possible approach to a love-letter. It was very nicely worded, yet eminently calculated to flatter the vanity and touch the heart of the simple little maiden lady to whom it was addressed, especially if her heart were at all inclined to be soft towards the writer.

"That is the one, my dear," said Miss Pollard, her blushes rising to their climax—"that is the one which cost me a sleepless night, and jelly-making at four o'clock this morning. That is the one which resolved me to come and ask your advice, should Miss Ashenhurst not be in the neighbourhood."

Having examined the notes, I could not but give my opinion that they could only mean that Dr. Strong wished to marry Miss Pollard. I had at first suspected a hoax, but it chanced that I had very recently had an opportunity of seeing the doctor's handwriting in a note which he had sent with a nosegay to Sylvia. The evidence, to me, seemed conclusive, and the little spinster testified her joy at my verdict by falling upon my neck and kissing me. Sylvia came in after that, and I thought she must have seen or overheard something, there was such a mischievous laugh in the corner of her eye. But the conversation immediately turned on canaries.

It was shortly after this that I saw one day the unusual apparition of my father coming up the walk from the river quite early in the afternoon. I thought he looked stooped, and flushed with the heat, and my mind misgave me that he was not well. He espied me at my window, and came up to my room.

"All alone, Mattie!" said he, "and looking as woe-begone as if the mills had stopped. What have you done with that scamp, Luke? You are idling him finely these times!"

"You are quite mistaken, papa," I said, "I have not seen Luke more than twice during the past ten days."

"Nonsense!" cried my father, quite aghast.

"Indeed!" I said, "it is truth."

Then he broke out in wrath against the senseless contradictiousness of women. "You have kept him doing errands for you through the country," he said; "matching silks, or buying bobbing, I'll be bound. I am not going to scold you," he added, "but it interrupts business badly, lass; it plays the very Devil with business. There, there, you've been too long shut up in this oven of a room—infernal hot—would kill me in a week. Where is that fine London madam that was supposed to have broken her heart—pish!—why does she not give you her arm into the garden to get the air?"

"An arm would not do," I said, "but I am not very heavy. You could carry me to the summer-house, papa."

He chafed and frowned at the audacity of the proposal, but I got my arms about his neck, and we accomplished the journey together. A year before I had hardly ventured to lift my voice in my father's presence, but he was altered, and I was altered, and since then I had learned my value. I remembered that day that I was worth thousands of capital to the mill, and I dared to claim affection and consideration. I had been a good obedient daughter, and I was reaping the reward of my conduct.

"Papa," said I, "if Luke is making holiday on his own account, I do not see why you and I should not have a little feast;" and I sent for some wine and fruit.

"Luke is a good industrious lad," said my father, sipping his wine, "and he has never been given to gadding till lately. The mills are thriving; spinning gold every day. Gordon and Elphinstone will be foremost among the merchant-princes of the country. But it will not do if Luke takes to gadding. I thought he had been dangling after you, but if there is anybody else, it is worse. I tell you what it is, Mattie, you must cut the year short, and get him into harness at once."

Ah me! how I had cheated myself with false faith in my own meekness. Just now I had been enjoying my father's better humour and the new fresh taste of the open air; but at these last words some spirit of evil seemed to leap up in the quiet garden there and wrestle with, and go nigh to choke me. A wicked despair took possession of me, and I dashed my glass with its wine into the bushes near.

"I bargained for a year," said some one who seemed beside me; and then a convulsion caught me, and shook me like a punished child.

"Good God!" cried my father. "Stop, girl! Hush! for mercy's sake. Confound women! Mattie, lass, you shall have your own time, only stop crying, and don't kill yourself. Do what you please, only cure Luke of his gadding. And, by-the-by, I ought to be back at the mills. There, child, good-bye; and I'll send Elsie to give you another glass of wine."

And my father actually ran away, scared by my frantic passion. Things were strangely altered when I could frighten him, whom all my life I had feared. After he had gone, I wept more quietly to see how he was broken down in mind as well as body. Dependence on Luke Elphinstone, dependence on a child's obedience, had left its wearing mark upon his proud spirit. The stern reticent man was falling into a timorous and choleric old age.

I think I have told before how the old garden was built high on little walls, how the twig summer-house stood at the lower end with the burn running behind it, and how the lilac-trees that lined the summer-house hung over the shady path beside the burn. I know not anywhere a sweeter, stiller, dreaming place than that pathway behind the garden, and there were little breaks in the lilac-trees, through which I had often, when a child, thrust my face to see the sun dancing in the thickets, and the stickle-backs leaping in the stream.

On this day after my father had left me, I was sitting very quiet in the summer-house, having finished my tears, when I heard steps in the lane below the lilacs, and voices coming murmuring from behind me. At first I did not heed it, for the lane led to meadows and pasture lands, and was frequented by milkmaids and haymakers. I forgot that it was not milking time, and that the haymaking was over. For full half an hour the murmur of the voices went on behind me, while I sat motionless with my face between my hands, too weary and too drowsy with weakness and trouble to think of putting my eyes to the opening in the lilacs to learn who were the gossips in the lane. At last the tone of a half-raised voice came familiarly to my ear, making me start, while a tingling sensation gave new life to every vein in my body.

I looked through the trees and saw Sylvia and Luke Elphinstone sitting side by side on the grass between the pathway and the burn. Sylvia's hand was lying in Luke's clasp, her bright head was bent, her face in shadow, but the light was full upon Luke Elphinstone. Never had I seen him look so well. There was a flushed, softened, generous look upon his face which was not familiar to it. But it was Sylvia who was speaking, softly and eagerly, her voice at times almost lost in the murmur of the burn.

I do not know one word they said. I drew my shawl over my ears so that I could not hear, and laid my head down on the seat, so that I could neither see nor be seen. The murmuring went on a long time after that, and then it ceased. I lay thinking in the summer-house all the long

sunny afternoon. I guessed that at dinner-time my father, who had doubtless forgotten to tell Elsie where to find me, would hear questions concerning me, and would send Luke to carry me into the house. I could have managed to attract notice and get home to my room sooner, but I chose rather to wait for Luke Elphinstone where I was. This were a good quiet place to hold a painful talk.

And in the meantime I could ponder on what I should say to him when he appeared. Many strange thoughts passed through my mind while the sunset hours buzzed past, seemingly on the wings of the bees. I was mad enough to give way to joy, thinking that Fate and the fickleness of a lover were about to undo for me what Fate and the selfishness of a father had so cruelly done. I imagined that to-morrow I might fire the stubborn diamond ring from my finger, and return it broken into the hands of the giver. And then, "Oh Eldergowan!" I cried aloud in the silent garden, lifting my head to see the red sun dropping behind the brown distant woods. A blackbird began to pipe in the hedges beside me; and Luke came down the garden, seeking me.

CHAPTER VII.

Luke came down the garden with a rod in his hand, switching the heads off the roses as he passed. I could see him better then he could see me, for the sun was in his eyes, and I gave myself new license observing him. I looked at him straight with the downright eyes of my own prejudice, feeling it no longer necessary to varnish him with any lying gloss.

He lifted his hat from his head a moment and shook back his hair. His face looked flushed and troubled. I rejoiced to see him suffering a little wholesome compunction, and thought with some bitterness of the cruel persistence with which he had held me to his will, to be released now at his pleasure. For I could not doubt but that he was eager to dissolve our engagement.

He gave me a furtive glance as he entered the summer-house, and smiled nervously.

"So, Mattie," he said, sitting down beside me, and assuming an off-hand manner which sat upon him unasily, "so you have stolen a march on us to-day. It was hardly fair. Your father says he left you here quite early. You must have been sitting alone the whole of the afternoon?"

"Yes, Luke," said I, "I have been sitting here alone the whole of the afternoon."

Again he looked at me with a furtive questioning glance. I saw that he was uncertain as to whether I had overheard his conversation with Sylvia or not, but I felt too much distaste for this interview to think of prolonging it by keeping him in suspense. I kept my eyes on his face while I spoke; but he persisted in watching his little rod, with which he flicked at the gravel like a nervous school-boy.

"I heard people talking in the lane," said I, "and I looked through the trees for one moment. After that I rolled my head up in this shawl. It is pretty thick, and you will believe I heard nothing that the people said. You do believe that?"

"Why yes," he said, looking somewhat relieved, though he did not lift his eyes. "I never knew you to say what was not the truth to a tittle. But most women would have listened. You are a rare girl, Mattie. You might make anything you liked of a fellow, if you were only a little softer."

There was a dash of regret in his voice as he said this which touched me, and indeed I was in the humour to forgive him. "Well, never mind that now, Luke," I said, stooping kindly to him from my imaginary pedestal. "I know well that Sylvia will suit you much better than I ever could. She has just the softness that I lack. She is a lovely sweet woman, and will make sunshine for you where I should only make gloom. I think it is quite natural that you should change your mind, having seen so much of her lately. I am not at all hurt, and I think it is perhaps better that I happened to come here to-day, as it has saved you the awkwardness of seeking this inter-

view of yourself. But you will speak to my father soon; he will take it better from you than from me."

Luke heard me quietly to the end of this long speech, but curious changes of expression passed over his face whilst he broke his little rod bit by bit to pieces in his hands. He threw them all from him at last, lifted his head, and looked at me straight.

"I do not understand you," he said. "You seem to have got the idea that I wish to break my engagement with you and marry Miss Ashenhurst?"

"Yes," I said, "certainly. I believe that you cannot have any other intention. What would you wish me to think?"

"Anything you please," he said, carelessly, "except that I have no more idea of breaking my engagement than I have of deserting the Streamstown Mills, which are thriving nobly. I will give up neither for any new speculation."

I felt my heart getting sick.

"Your conduct to Sylvia—" I began.

"What has it been?" he interrupted, hastily. "I meet her in the fields of a summer's day, I walk down the lane with her, and sit on the grass, talking to her about old times—about Dick—" He went on feeling his way with his words, and giving rapid glances from the ground to me, to see how his story told upon my face. "Well, I flirt with her a little," he added, seeing, I suppose, disbelief gathering in my eyes, "the day being fine, and the lady being pretty, and you being, as I believe, removed from my reach. Is this a crime past forgiveness?"

"But Sylvia—" I began again, and then stopped short. I could not speak out more plainly, without comprising my friend. I could not drag forth the gossip of servants, nor make it appear that I had acted the spy. I knew in my heart that Luke was false, but I also felt how weak was my case against him. And I saw that with his sidelong glances he read my thoughts, and took ready advantage of my difficulty.

"You need not be uneasy for the lady," he said with a slightly sneering laugh. "It is not her first essay in flirting, as she will tell you, I dare say, if you ask her. She and I have passed a summer afternoon foolishly, I own, and you are jealous, and that is all about it. If you talk more on the subject, I shall feel inclined to ask an explanation concerning that fine soldier who comes riding here with anxious inquiries so early in the mornings. Ah! have I touched you there, my most high and mighty Mattie? We are quits, I think!"

And he coolly lifted a handful of dry gravel from between his feet and began pelting the full blown roses outside, till the leaves fell in flowers over the bed.

The blood rushed to my face, and a pain shot through my head. It was true, and yet it was false; for had I not struggled, had I not suffered? Yet the random blow hit sorely home.

"I will not be dragged down to your level!" I cried, passionately. "You have bought my promise, and you may refuse to release me, but you shall not insult me!" Something like this I said.

Luke stared. It was a little raving outburst which he seemed to think ridiculous. Perhaps it sounded so, for he smiled and threw all the pebbles from his hand.

"At all events, Mattie," he said, "I must say that candour is one of your virtues. You never let me forget the terms on which you entered on our engagement. But come now, let us be friends," said he, drawing near, and trying to put his arm round me, "forgive and forget, and let me carry you into the house. Your father will be waiting dinner."

I shrank from him. "Go away to your dinner," I said, "and leave me alone here for another little while." And I drew my shawl round my shoulders again, and laid my head down upon the bench. Luke stood gazing at me for some moments in sullen anger, then turned on his heel muttering something like a curse, and strode out of the summer-house.

Where would be the use of setting down all the little details of what I thought and felt in the minutes that ensued? Half an hour does quite as much mischief as a whole week of unreasonable hope. I was very tired and heated, and I thrust my shoulders through the cool bowery leaves of the trees, and lay with my head on a pillow of lilac-blossoms, looking up at the sky and down at the stream. I believe I fell into a doze, from which I was roused presently by the jangling of the iron gates, and a voice saying, "Why, Mattie!" as if calling over the hills from Eldergowan.

I started up and saw Major Hatteraick coming quickly towards me. I was in time to see the flush of delighted surprise still beaming on his face, and I began to tremble. Here was too much joy coming, and I could not run away. I felt confused by the unexpected nearness of danger, as if a pistol had suddenly been presented at my head.

But it was only for a moment. I could not save myself from the delight of this meeting. There were little niches for feet in the wall, made by the boys who stole the raspberries, and Mark was quickly by my side, grasping both my hands, and searching my face with all his great loving blue eyes.

"Could they not afford you a bed or a sofa in the house," he said, "that you must lie sleeping about the garden-walls like a kitten?"

I said, "I am like a parcel now, you know, and I got left here by accident. You can make yourself very useful if you will give me your arm and get me back to the house."

"Wait awhile, Mattie," he said, softly; "it is pleasant here. Can you not sit beside me a little and talk. In the house I should not have you all to myself." And he drew my crutch gently away from me, and laid it across his knees.

So I sat there a prisoner, reckless and happy. I felt that no one in the world loved me so wholly and kindly as this big brave man sitting beside me, and I could not but be glad, though my whole life might weep for it afterwards. Have I not said well that I was very far from wise? He told me about Eldergowan, and how it missed me. The house was dull, and the inmates moped; the fields seemed deserted, the gardens lonely. Polly had said that the taste of Mattie was gone from everything, and nothing had any relish. Does it not seem laughable to relate? But it made my heart ache to bursting.

"We want you," he said, "we want you badly. You had no right to come to Eldergowan creating such a need unless you intended to return."

I tried not to mind the tones of his voice. "That is all very well," I said, gaily "and I am very much obliged to Eldergowan for missing me so much; but I want my crutch at present; I want it badly. And when you see me hobbling along the walk, you will perceive that Eldergowan must rest content without me."

Still he withheld the crutch. "Wait awhile, Mattie," he said again; "I am in no hurry to see you hobbling down the walk. We used to sit together in the gardens over yonder by the hour, and it is inhospitable of you now to deny me the only thing I coveted in coming to your house—a little of your company alone. Do not let me feel that you are altered in anything besides the wearing of that fresh pretty gown that makes you look as if you were dressed in snow-drops. Say you are not changed, Mattie."

"I am not changed," I began; and then started up, crying wildly, I think, "give me my crutch; give it to me at once, and take me home."

He rose on the instant, looking hurt and surprised, placed my crutch without a word, gave me his arm, and we went home to the house together. When we drew near the door, I said:

"My pains have made me very cross; please forgive me my rudeness."

"I could forgive you more than that," he said; and we went in, and found my father still in the dining-room, and alone.

My father had some awe of, and much respect for, Mrs. Hatteraick, and it pleased him to be

friendly to her son. He marshalled Major Hatteraick into the drawing-room—a room which he himself rarely entered. Miss Pollard and Sylvia were there, and the tea-things were spread upon the table. Sylvia was cutting cakes for the tea, and Miss Pollard was tugging so fiercely at her worsted-work, that I was sure the poor little lady had been lately made to feel as if her gown were hooked on crooked, or she had her shoes on the wrong feet. Luke came in presently, but sat sullen and silent all tea-time, and directly it was finished disappeared. My father talked of the wars in courtesy to Major Hatteraick, and Major Hatteraick talked of the mills in courtesy to my father who was evidently well pleased with his new friend.

After tea, Mark announced the object of his visit.

"I am my mother's ambassador, sir," he said, giving my father a note. There was also one for me, and another for Sylvia. They were all to the same purpose. Mrs. Hatteraick wanted Sylvia and me to come to Eldergowan. Sylvia flushed up and looked grave. She did not want to go.

"They may do as they like," said my father, who was pleased with Mrs. Hatteraick's letter. Mark looked eagerly towards me.

I shook my head. "You had better let me limp about the Mill-house a little longer, papa," said I. "I am not just in order for paying visits."

"I do not suppose Mrs. Hatteraick will expect you to walk the whole way," said my father, sharply. "And you may as well limp about Eldergowan as the Mill-house." He was in eminent good humour with the Hatteraicks at the moment, and I saw that he was bent on our going.

Mark's face had clouded over. "My mother will, of course, bring the carriage for you," he said.

"Well, well," said my father, getting impatient, "let them talk the matter over, and make up their minds. Only no nonsense about limping, Mattie. There is no reason in the world against your accepting the kindness of your friends."

And saying this, he marched off with Major Hatteraick to inspect some new machinery at the mills, and we three women were left looking at each other.

"Mattie, my dear," said Miss Pollard, "I should not have believed that a few hours in the open air could make such a change in any person. I never saw wild hair and a tumbled gown so becoming in my life. You are shining and blooming, like a new-blown rose."

"It is my new muslin gown, Miss Pollard," I said, hastily.

Sylvia, who had been very demure all evening, nodded her head sagely.

"It's my mind, Mattie," said she, "that if you go to Eldergowan you will look like that every day you are there. But if you go at present you must go alone. I do not know the people, and I had rather stay at the Mill house."

"I am not going to Eldergowan, Sylvia," I said. And then a servant came into the room with a letter.

THE TRUNK-BEARER.

WHEN Mr. Lowe separated himself from the rest of his party upon the Reform Bill of last year, and incurred from them the reproach of being "impracticable and dangerous," a "leader"-writer in a certain penny paper stigmatised the honourable member, with greater wit than courtesy, as an "irreclaimable Rogue Elephant." Of the many that chuckled over that metaphor, only a very few were cognizant of its meaning; and perhaps, to make the joke more widely understood, Sir Emerson Tennent has published the monograph now lying before us.* In his late admirable account of Ceylon, there was so much about the elephant, that we had thought ourselves fully acquainted with him from trunk to tail, but the present little volume shews us that, like a thrifty cook, who does not lavish all his richest materials upon a single

* *The Wild Elephant*. London: Longmans,

dish, our author reserved many details respecting the "huge earth-shaking beast," to the gratification of all lovers of natural history.

It is true, that exhaustive and scientific narratives of this sort detract something from the popular estimation of its subject, just as histories written by dispassionate critics offend the general belief in heroes: we confess that it is a shock to our feelings to learn that an elephant is not so very large after all, the Ceylon species seldom exceeding nine feet, and it is a terrible blow to be told that there never was such a thing as a white elephant. It is not only as rarely to be seen as a black swan (*that* we could have tolerated, from its early associations connected with the Latin Grammar), but it is not to be seen at all. What has been taken for one has been merely an elephant who is an Albino. "The tint is little else than a flesh-colour, rendered somewhat more conspicuous by the blanching of the skin, and the lightness of the colourless hairs with which it is sparsely covered." Moreover (this is a most painful fact to one like the present writer, whose youth has delighted in a picture of elephants tossing a wounded tiger from one to the other after the manner of a shuttlecock), Sir Emerson calmly assures us that the tusk of an elephant is not an offensive weapon. The chief reliance of the elephant for defence is on its ponderous weight, the pressure of its feet being sufficient to crush any minor assailant, after being prostrated by means of its trunk. "In using its feet for this purpose, it derives a wonderful facility from the peculiar formation of the knee-joint in the hind-leg, which, enabling it to swing the hind-feet forward close to the ground, assists it to toss the body alternately from foot to foot until deprived of life.

A sportsman who had partially undergone this operation, having been seized by a wounded elephant, but escaped from its fury, described to me his sufferings as he was thus flung back and forward between the hind and fore feet of the animal, which ineffectually attempted to trample him at each concussion, and abandoned him without inflicting serious injury.

"Knox, in describing the execution of criminals by the state elephants of the former kings of Kandy, says, "they will run their teeth (*tusks*) through the body, and then tear it in pieces, and throw it limb from limb; but a Kandyan chief, who was witness to these scenes, assured me that the elephant never once applied its tusks, but, placing its foot on the prostrate victim, plucked off his limbs in succession by a sudden movement of the trunk." What doubtless materially influences Sir Emerson Tennent's view regarding the tusk-question is, that in Ceylon the elephants very rarely wear them; those that do being called "tuskers;" from their singularity. The only use these latter, when in a wild state, put them to is to split up the juicy shaft of the pigntain, which the tuskless elephant crushes under foot, thereby soiling it, and wasting its moisture. But in captivity and after training, a new use is found for the tusks in moving stones, piling timber, and carrying heavy burdens. The following example of the last-specified operation is surely deserving of a high place among the Anecdotes of Instinct:

"One evening, whilst riding in the vicinity of Kandy, towards the scene of the massacre of Major Davie's party in 1803, my horse evinced some excitement at a noise which approached us in the thick jungle, and which consisted of a repetition of the ejaculation *Urmph! urmph!* in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. A turn in the forest explained the mystery, by bringing me face to face with a tame elephant, unaccompanied by any attendant. He was labouring painfully to carry a heavy beam of timber, which he balanced across his tusks; but the pathway being narrow, he was forced to bend his head to one side, to permit the load to pass endways; and the exertion and this inconvenience combined led him to utter the dissatisfied sounds which disturbed the composure of my horse. On seeing us halt, the elephant raised his head, reconnoitred us for a moment, then flung down the timber, and voluntarily forced himself backwards among the brushwood, so as to leave

a passage of which he expected us to avail ourselves. My horse hesitated! the elephant observed it, and impatiently thrust himself still deeper into the jungle, repeating his cry of *Urmph!* but in a voice evidently meant to encourage us to advance. Still the horse trembled; and anxious to observe the instinct of the two sagacious animals, I laid the rein upon its neck, and forbore any interference: again the elephant of his own accord wedged himself further in amongst the trees, and manifested some impatience that we did not pass him. At length the horse moved forward; and when we were fairly past the elephant, I looked back, and saw the wise creature stoop, and take up its unwieldy burden, trim and balance it on its tusks, and resume its route as before, hoarsely snorting its discontented remonstrance."

Considering that this elephant was without a human attendant, the sagacity evinced on the unforeseen emergencies is most remarkable; but indeed the word instinct hardly describes the intelligence of this wonderful creature. Dr. Hooker, in describing the ascent of the Himalaya, says that the natives in making their paths despise all zigzags, and run straight up the steepest hills, whereas the elephant's path winds with judgment, and is an excellent specimen of engineering. In their periodical migrations in search of water, they will keep along the backbone of a chain of hills, avoiding steep gradients, "and one curious observation was not lost upon the government surveyors in Ceylon, that in crossing valleys, from ridge to ridge, through forests so dense as to obstruct a distant view, the elephants invariably select the line of march which communicates most judiciously with the opposite point, by means of the safest ford." When trained, they appear on all occasions to comprehend the purpose and object that they are expected to promote, and voluntarily execute a variety of details without any guidance whatever from their keeper; but even when not trained, they would deserve the suffrage if only an intellectual qualification were required of it.

A Singhalese gentleman gave Sir Emerson Tennent the subjoined account of his own personal experience of this matter, which must have been almost as exciting as conclusive. He was in a forest with other natives and an Englishman, and was attacked by a certain elephant, which, having done much damage to his crops, they had come out to kill. "The Englishman managed to climb a tree, and the rest of my companions did the same; as for myself, I could not, although I made one or two superhuman efforts. But there was no time to be lost. The elephant was running at me with his trunk bent down in a curve towards the ground. At this critical moment, Mr. Lindsay held out his foot to me, with the help of which, and then of the branches of the tree, which were three or four feet above my head, I managed to scramble up to a branch. The elephant came directly to the tree, and attempted to force it down, which he could not. He first coiled his trunk round the stem, and pulled it with all his might, but with no effect. He then applied his head to the tree, and pushed for several minutes, but with no better success. He then trampled with his feet all the projecting roots, moving, as he did so, several times round and round the tree. Lastly, failing in this, and seeing a pile of timber, which I had lately cut, at a short distance from us, he removed it all (thirty-six pieces), one at a time, to the root of the tree, and piled them up in a regular business-like manner; then placing his hind-feet on this pile, he raised the fore-part of his body, and reached out his trunk; but still he could not touch us, as we were too far above him. The Englishman then fired, and the ball took effect somewhere on the elephant's head, but did not kill him. It made him only the more furious. The next shot, however, levelled him to the ground." Nor is the intelligence of the elephant, like that of many other animals, merely selfish, but admits of plot and plan for the benefit of the whole herd to which it belongs. One member of the herd—usually the largest, and a tusker, if there be one among them, but there is no Salic law; a female, if of superior energy, is as

readily obeyed as a male—is chosen commander, and, by common consent, implicitly obeyed. The rest not only obey, but are so devoted to him, that, when driven to extremity, they place him in the centre—form square, with the general within it—and crowd so eagerly in front of him, that the sportsman, if bent upon his particular destruction, have to shoot a number they might otherwise have spared. Vidette-duty, too, is as thoroughly understood by them as by any veteran in Her Majesty's service. Major Skinner, while on survey in a thickly-wooded district, was witness to a striking example of this fact. "During one of the dry seasons, I was encamped on the bund or embankment of a very small tank, the water in which was so dried that its surface could not have exceeded an area of five hundred square yards. It was the only pond within many miles, and I knew that of necessity a very large herd of elephants, which had been in the neighbourhood all day, must resort to it at night.

"On the lower side of the tank, and in a line with the embankment, was a thick forest, in which the elephants sheltered themselves during the day. On the upper side, and all around the tank, there was a considerable margin of open ground. It was one of those beautiful, bright, clear, moonlight nights when objects could be seen almost as distinctly as by day, and I determined to avail myself of the opportunity to observe the movements of the herd, which had already manifested some uneasiness at our presence. The locality was very favourable for my purpose, and an enormous tree projecting over the tank, afforded me a secure lodgment in its branches. Having ordered the fires of my camp to be extinguished at an early hour, and all my followers to retire to rest, I took up my post of observation on the overhanging bough; but I had to remain for upwards of two hours before anything was to be seen or heard of the elephants, although I knew they were within five hundred yards of me. At length, about the distance of three hundred yards from the water, an unusually large elephant issued from the dense cover, and advanced cautiously across the open ground to within one hundred yards of the tank, where he stood perfectly motionless. So quiet had the elephants become (although they had been roaring and breaking the jungle throughout the day and evening), that not a movement was now to be heard. The huge vidette remained in his position, still as a rock, for a few minutes, and then made three successive stealthy advances of several yards (halting for some minutes between each, with ears bent forward to catch the slightest sound), and in this way he moved slowly up to the water's edge. Still he did not venture to quench his thirst, for though his fore-feet were partially in the tank, and his vast body was reflected clear in the water, he remained for some minutes listening in perfect stillness. Not a motion could be perceived in himself or his shadow. He returned cautiously and slowly to the position he had at first taken up on emerging from the forest. Here in a little while he was joined by five others with which he again proceeded as cautiously, but less slowly than before, to within a few yards of the tank, and then posted his patrols. He then re-entered the forest, and collected around him the whole herd, which must have amounted to between eighty and one hundred individuals—led them across the open ground with the most extraordinary composure and quietness, till he joined the advanced-guard, when he left them for a moment, and repeated his former reconnaissance at the edge of the tank: after which, having apparently satisfied himself that all was safe, he returned, and obviously gave the order to advance, for in a moment the whole herd rushed into the water with a degree of unreserved confidence, so opposite to the caution and timidity which had marked their previous movements, that nothing will ever persuade me that there was not rational and preconcerted cooperation throughout the whole party, and a degree of responsible authority exercised by the patriarch leader.

"When the poor animals had gained possession of the tank (the leader being the last to enter), they seemed to abandon themselves to en-

joyment without restraint or apprehension of danger. Such a mass of animal life I had never before seen huddled together in so narrow a space. It seemed to me as though they would have nearly drunk the tank dry. I watched them with great interest until they had satisfied themselves as well in bathing as in drinking, when I thought how small a noise would apprise them of the proximity of unwelcome neighbours. I had but to break a little twig, and the solid mass instantly took to flight like a herd of frightened deer, each of the smaller calves being apparently shouldered and carried along between two of the older ones."

Even where there are no tanks, and when the scanty streams disappear, leaving only broad expanses of dry sand, this astute animal is at no loss for his favourite element. He manages to sink what are called "elephant-wells" for his own use, by scooping out the sand to the depth of four or five feet, and leaving a hollow for the percolation of the spring. Also, as his weight would force in the side if left perpendicular, one approach is always formed with such a gradient that he can reach the water with his trunk without disturbing the surrounding sand. Water is extremely necessary for him, and his stomach is so contrived that he carries about with him a large reservoir of it, from which he can draw with his trunk, as from a cistern, and squirt over his back and sides. When bathing he lies on his side, pressing his huge head under water, with only the tip of his trunk protruded, whereby to breathe; and crossing rivers, he prefers, notwithstanding his uncommon buoyancy, to submerge himself wholly, with the same exception, so that a stranger may easily take him for a water-snake, and must be much astonished, if not alarmed, at discovering his error. From the earliest times, this huge beast has been a prolific subject of error among mankind. For many ages, it was believed that he did not bend his knees and that when he fell, he could not get up again. Even Shakspeare writes (in *Troilus and Cressida*):

The elephant hath joints, but none for courtsey,
His legs are for necessity, not flexure.

And Donne follows suit with:

Himself he up-props, on himself relies;
Still sleeping stands.

The popular notion of the mode of his capture was, that the sportsman, having marked his favourite tree for sleeping against, would saw it almost asunder, so that the next time the beast came to lean against it, it gave way, and rendered him an easy prey. That ridiculous idea being thus far plausible, that the structure of an elephant's legs is so massive, that reclining scarcely adds to his enjoyment, so that in captivity he will, for months together, take sleep without lying down; moreover, he delights in rubbing himself against the trees.

Another fable, much more to the animal's discredit, has survived to our own times—that he is dangerous and inimical to man. Now, in Ceylon, from which the export of elephants to India has been going on from the first Punic War, they abound both on the plains and the forests—wherever there are food and shade, vegetation and water, even to the environs of the most populous native towns; and yet, only sixteen persons are recorded in the coroners' inquests to have been killed by elephants during six years! The only exception to the general harmlessness of this gigantic creature is found in what are called Rogue Elephants—such as the Singhalese gentleman found so ready to climb a tree. "It is believed by the natives that these are either individuals who, by accident, have lost their former associates, and become morose and savage from rage and solitude, or else, that being naturally vicious, they have become daring from the yielding habit of their milder companions, and eventually separated themselves from the rest of the herd, which had refused to associate with them. Another conjecture is, that being almost universally males, the death or capture of particular females may have detached them from their former companions in search of fresh alliances. It is also

believed, that a tame elephant escaping from captivity, unable to rejoin its former herd, and excluded from any other, becomes a 'Rogue' from necessity." These Rogues spend their nights in marauding and destroying plantations: prowl about the by-roads and jungle-paths, demanding not your money, but your life; and thus, like *mauvais sujets* among ourselves, bring their whole family into much discredit. But it is unfair to judge the race by such specimens, the fact of whose being outcasts, ought to recommend the community that disowns them. Nothing can be gentler or more peaceful than the aspect of the ordinary herds as they browse upon the plants and trees, or fan themselves gracefully with a leafy branch, while their young run playfully among them.

Their trumpeting, indeed, is not musical; but is capable of modulation and variety. The most remarkable sound they emit is, however, a low, suppressed twitter of the lips, called by the hunters "prut," whereby the sagacious creatures communicate to one another that there is something wrong. At night, there is another sort of warning resembling the hollow boom of an empty tun when struck by a wooden mallet. This is caused by the beating on the ground of the flat side of the trunk, which is instantly succeeded by the raising of that member, and pointing it in the direction whence the alarm proceeds—"for all the world like a Christian." But on the whole, the elephant is not a noisy animal, and for so massive a creature, it is extraordinary how noiselessly and stealthily he will take himself off when danger threatens. "At first, when suddenly disturbed in the jungle, it will burst away with a rush that seems to bear down all before it, but the noise sinks into absolute stillness so suddenly, that a novice might well be led to suppose that the fugitive had only halted within a few yards of him, when further search will disclose that it has stolen silently away, making scarcely a sound in its escape, and, stranger still, leaving the foliage almost undisturbed by its passage."

To describe the taming process—wonderfully like that, by the by, used by Rarey for horses—would be only to recapitulate much that has been already stated by our author in his *Ceylon*; but it is well to mention that Sir Emerson Tennent comes to the conclusion that elephant-labour does not pay. Notwithstanding the great strength and intelligence of the creature, yet its liability to disease, enormous consumption of provender, and necessity for human guidance and attendance, more than counterbalance those advantages. Upon the ground of economy, the government stud of elephants in Ceylon has consequently been diminished. About the duration of life of this quadruped, there is still much doubt, the Singhalese believing it to extend to two or three centuries, and the Europeans ascribing to the elephant, as to man, a span of seventy years. But it is a curious fact that no body of a dead elephant that has died a natural death is ever seen in the forests. The natives explain this by ascribing to these creatures the habit of sepulture, and in addition entertain the curious belief, that somewhere in the forests of Ahrajapoor, though as yet undiscovered by man, there is a spot where all the elephants come to die, upon finding themselves disposed that way.

If they don't die, they at all events know how to pretend to do so. Mr. Cripps relates that upon one being led captive from the corral, as usual between two tame ones, the following occurrence took place; "It had already proceeded far towards its destination, when, night closing in, and the torches being lighted, it refused to go on, and finally sank to the ground, apparently lifeless. Mr. Cripps ordered the fastenings to be removed from its legs, and when all attempts to raise it had failed, so convinced was he that it was dead, that he ordered the ropes to be taken off, and the carcass abandoned. While this was being done, he and a gentleman by whom he was accompanied leaned against the body to rest. They had scarcely taken their departure, and proceeded a few yards, when, to their astonishment, the elephant rose with the utmost alacrity, and fled towards the jungle, screaming at the top of its voice, its

cries being audible long after it had disappeared in the shades of the forest."

One word respecting that distressing habit of swinging their heads, which we have all seen elephants indulge in while in captivity, and which goes as near to produce sea-sickness in the spectator as any land-operation can compass. This is *not* learned, as has been supposed, by their having had nothing else to do on ship-board. They are equally addicted to it when in a wild state; some move the head monotonously in a circle, or from right to left (and that is the movement we complain of); others swing their feet backward and forward (like a horrid boy with the fidgets); some, again, flap their ears, or sway themselves from side to side, or rise and sink by alternately bending and straightening their fore-knees, as though they would convince the incredulous that they really could bend them. Upon the whole, their size, their sagacity, and this habit of swaying themselves from side to side, suggest, although Sir Emerson Tennent has refrained from drawing it, an irresistible comparison between elephants and our great Lexicographer which has hitherto been applied only to their trunk and his mind.

"THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE."

Poor faded flower!

Thy pale dead form hath caused the tears to start,
And stirred the waters of my lonely heart
With strange angelic power.

Long years ago,

Thou wast the fragrant offering of a maid,
Fair as this world can show.

Let me call up

The Past's dim ghost by memory's potent spell;
One pearl at least is left for which 'tis well
To drain grief's bitter cup!

'T was summer eve,

And she and I, fair maiden and fond boy,
Together wandered, full of such deep joy
As age can ne'er retrieve.

The cherished scene

Gleams through a mist of tears, and memory sees
The velvet turf, the patriarchal trees,
The woodland cool and green.

A silver lake

Before us slumbered: herds of timid deer
With horns thrown back came trooping to the mere
From many a leafy brake.

With large bright eyes

And ears erect, they marked our coming feet,
One moment paused, then vanished in retreat
Swift as a falcon flies.

A fairy boat

Rocked on the ripples, captive to a bough,
I loosed its chain, and oared the shallop's prow
Through lily-leaves afloat.

Eve's golden rays

Streamed o'er our path; my sweet companion steered
Straight for a greenly-wooded isle that peered
Dimly through crimson haze.

We did not speak:

When bliss is infinite, what need of speech?
Our keel soon grated on the pebbly beach
That fringed a sheltered creek.

So strayed we on,

Through shadowy aisles of close-embracing trees
Whose restless foliage murmured like the seas
A slumbrous monotone.

Slant sunbeams lit

Green twinkling leaves, and tremulously made
Quaint shifting arabesques of light and shade
Such as nought earthly weaves.

The Zephyr's sigh,

And hum of insect-swarms alone were heard,
Save when some squirrel leapt, or nestling bird
Sang vespers from on high.

With silent joy

We stood and gazed and listened. There was nought
To mar the spell by one intrusive thought
That might our dreams annoy.

Each sense seemed drowned
In waves of happiness: I turned to tell
My soul's deep bliss to her who know it well,
Her looks perused the ground:

There flowering wild
Mid emerald leaves and buds with ruby tips,
Crimson and dewy as her own sweet lips,
A fragrant blossom smiled.

With loving heed
I stooped to pluck it from its verdant nook,
When she with playfully capricious look
Stooped, and forestalled the deed;

Then, arch coquette,
She flashed upon me her bewildering eyes
In saucy triumph, and displayed the prize,
And then—our fingers met:

Her soft white hand
Sent a keen shiver through my tingling flame,
Each vein seemed glowing with a subtle flame
That each pulsation fann'd.

I took the flower,
I caught her hand and clasped it in my own,
And murmured vows in fond impassioned tone
Accordant with the hour.

She did not check
The heaving tides of passion's fiery flood,
But the quick current of her tell-tale blood
Rushed over face and neck;

The faint pink flush
Of dainty sea-shell or deep-bosomed rose,
Rich sunset hues asleep on virgin snows
Scarce typify her blush.

And then she sighed:
The small white teeth within her lips apart
Gleamed like the rain-drops that some bud's red heart
Caressing half doth hide.

She did not move,
Her eyes half closed in languor's dim eclipse,
I pressed upon the blossom of her lips
The first sweet kiss of love.

Ah! mo, ah! me,
Our fondest joys endure but for a day
While pains make nest-homes of our hearts and stay,
And so 'twill ever be.

That maid is gone!
She, whose rare nature formed my soul's delight,
Long since to kindred angels took her flight,
And I am left alone!

But there is balm
Still for my woe; the memory of her smiles
Back to youth's morning-land my heart beguiles,
And brings elysian calm;

And thus I vow,
Though color, beauty, fragrance, all are fled
From the pale flower that lies before me—dead,
I hold it sacred now.

And I would fling,
The queenliest blooms aside that scent the breeze
In odoriferous isles of blue Pacific seas,
For this poor withered thing!

MONTREAL.

G. M.

A MAN'S HEAD AND A COLD IN IT.

IT is a self-evident truth, and one that has often been demonstrated since the experiment upon Goliath, that a man can better spare any part of his body than his head. Fingers and toes, arms and legs, have been sliced off by the million, artistically as a hussar or mill-saw could do it, and the remainder of the anatomy has lived; but with the exception of some of the Pagan and Papal saints, there is no reliable instance on record of a man having survived the amputation of his head. And who knows but these reputed exceptions were familiar with the illusive tricks of the pantomimists: though, *mirabile dictu!* there are some French *savants* who tell us the brain lives for some minutes after beheading, continuing to express its feelings through the eyes!

When one of the heads of the hydra which Hercules killed was cut off, two instantly grew

up in its place, but a man's head cannot be severed from its body with the same impunity; though you may chloroform a vigorous, healthy Indian, for instance, and by a peculiar process of sapping and mining not laid down in the principles of engineering, so excavate and dissect the living head upon his shoulders that the mere connection with the trunk would be about all that would be left of its framework and beauty. Begin by snaving your patient, or rather your victim; scalp him, extract his upper and lower teeth, cut off his ears, gouge him, take out his inferior maxillary, or lower jaw, amputate his tongue, tonsils, uvula, and lips, trepan his skull, and extract the bones of his face. Should any enthusiastic medico meet with a subject willing to submit to this grand series of operations for the sake of science—as St. Martin subjected the orifice into his stomach made by a gun-shot wound, to the investigations of Dr. Beaumont—and I have no doubt any first year student would operate—let him remember to work by slow degrees, and by all means to save the pieces; and if his patient dies not to blame me.

I fancy Guillotine rather mistrusted the dead certainty of the gallows, the cold-bloodedness of executioner, and the steadiness of his stroke, when he constructed the beheading apparatus bearing his name; and Herodias knew there was no possibility of deception when she instructed her daughter to ask for the head of John the Baptist.

So much for the necessity of a man's head remaining on his shoulders for usefulness. I suppose we suffer more pain in and through the head than in any other member of the body, sympathising as it does with the rest so intensely; and among the many petty ills its skull and flesh are heir to—ills not serious in their course and termination—I know of none more thoroughly distressing than a severe catarrh of nose, as Chaucer calls a stuffing of the head from cold. Intolerably vexing, though not always painful; distorting the features, parching the skin, making the face look seely and forlorn—save us from the catarrh!

I have a friend whose pocket handkerchiefs bear on their corners the highly respectable name of *John Biggs*, as good a fellow as ever stepped on snow-shoe; but, alas! since his christening—when he caught his first cold—seemingly predestinated to catarrh. Mr. Biggs' reputation for good nature under adverse circumstances is as firmly established as that of Mark Tapley, his flow of animal spirits is unbounded as the flow of mucus from the afflicted membranes of his nostrils; his heart is where nature intended an honest man's should be; his conscience is void of offence; his loyalty is unimpeachable, and he had the good luck to fall heir to a sum sufficient to make him comparatively independent—a combination of circumstances tending to make Mr. Biggs the happiest of men, was it not for that endless, that pitiable catarrh. From his infancy he has been a martyr to sneezing; and his nose required such constant attention that his nurses were literally wet ones, and the unfortunate child into the bargain of these fated washings which babies in general so emphatically remonstrate against, had to choke and combat periodical assaults with handkerchiefs on his soft little nasal organ which required constant wiping; and it may be here chronicled as a warning to young mothers, that the infant undeveloped pug of young Biggs was wiped and blown into a monstrous cross between the Grecian and Roman, destroying the hereditary family nose which his mother and her side of the house so much admired. His childhood was an era of horehound, hot baths, and pocket handkerchiefs, and the brightest pleasures of his boyhood were alloyed with miseries of a cold in his head, and the nick-name of "Nasal Organ."

One of his earliest reminiscences of school days was an examination by the master upon the use of the several organs of sense, the particulars of which are not only green in his memory, but also in the memory of hundreds of his school fellows. The boys were in a row—Biggs was boy No. 3.

"What are eyes for?"

"To see with, sir," said boy No. 1.

"What are ears for?"

"To hear with, sir," said boy No. 2.

"What is a nose for?"

"To blow, sir," replied young Biggs, as he took his handkerchief down from his organ of smell.

The boys laughed; and as the master could not contain himself, they felt a sort of license, and roared as only boys can, and Biggs was ever afterwards immortalised in the annals of the school; his fame following him to college, where continuing to blow and sneeze in class hours, he would have been voted a nuisance but for his extreme popularity as a jolly, good-natured fellow.

The contingencies and many ridiculous circumstances of his constant cold, and the accidents and incidents which result from it, afford material for a month's writing; but Mr. Biggs objects to being held up to ridicule by relating them all, though he is good-natured enough to give the world a laugh now and then over some of his miseries.

Mr. Biggs was one day suffering from tooth-ache, and passing one of those advertising, show-case dental quacks, who extract teeth—often the wrong ones, and more than you want, if they can—without pain (?) he was entrapped in by a knock-kneed Yankee in a grey beaver, who induced him to take "the gas," and under its influence relieved him of five front teeth slightly decayed, necessitating an artificial set, which the owner of the grey beaver assured him could not be made to his satisfaction elsewhere than in his office. Mr. B. submitted, but the set supposed to be held up by atmospheric pressure, was always dropping and tumbling out; and one day at dinner he consummated its success by sneezing it out on the floor, to the alarm of some juveniles and the delight of a young setter, who immediately made off with it, pursued by the above youngsters and Mr. Biggs.

Mr. Biggs is an unfortunate man. If he is at the opera he is sure to sneeze in the sublimest parts when every one is enraptured, for which he receives fierce looks, and perhaps a "put him out." One concert he had a paroxysm of sneezing, letting off a volley of a dozen and a half as if he would sneeze himself away, and there was such a general laugh, and cries of "a-chew!" that Mr. Biggs left the room, highly disgusted.

Though one of the worthiest knight templars he is continually accused of hard drinking; and to judge from the flushed appearance of his face, one would hardly believe that the lozenges he uses to clear his throat are not to conceal the perfume of Dow's XXX. Once when he was upon the platform by invitation, it was rumored among the audience that he was a reformed inebriate, exhibited as an example of the effects of alcohol upon the physiognomy.

Mr. Biggs joined the volunteers at the time of the *Trent* affair, and at the inspection of his corps, his nose and eyes began to stream just as the inspecting officer reached him, and for his life he couldn't resist the desire to use his handkerchief, for which he was instantly and sharply reproved, though he thought that as he had repressed two sneezes he might have been allowed to "blow his dose under the circumbstances."

Mr. Biggs still retains his good nature, and I dare say always will—likewise his catarrh—but it grieves him to think that his trained pointer has a cold in his head, and the very cats in the house sneeze. He offers his everlasting gratitude, a drawer full of new pocket handkerchiefs, and any sum he can command, to whoever will give him an effectual and permanent cure.

I intended to finish here, but I hear Mr. Biggs singing "Rule Britannia," and a verse of his peculiar English would not be amiss:

"Whed Britods first at Hebeds commad,
Arose frob end do ayuro maid,
Dis was de charden od do lad,
And guarden agobs sag dis stralb.
Rube Brittabia!
Brittabia rules de wabes,
Britods neber, neber, neber will be slabes."

MONTREAL.

W. G. B.

BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Continued from page 169.

Book the Fifth.

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

Perhaps if the lady's piety—which seems to have been thoroughly sincere and praiseworthy, by the bye—had been a little less cold and pragmatical in its mode of expression, poor Matthew might have taken heart of grace and made a clean breast of it.

That there was a secret in the man's life I feel convinced, but that conviction goes very little way towards proving any one point of the smallest value to George Sheldon.

I transcribe an extract from each of the two important letters, the first written a month before Matthew's death, the second a fortnight after that event.

"And indeed, honour'd sir, I have of late suffered much uneasiness of spirit concerning my husband. Those fits of y^e mopes of w^h I informed you some time back have again come upon him. For awhile I did hope that these melancholic affections were y^e fruit forth by a regenerate soul, but within this month last past it has been my sorrow to discover that these gloomy disorders arise rather from y^e promptings of the Evil One. It has pleased Mr. Haygarth of late to declare that his life is nigh at an end, and indeed he affects a conviction that his days are number'd. This profane and impertinent notion I take to be a direct inspiration of Satan, of a like character to y^e sudden and unaccountable fits of laughter which have seized upon many pious Christians in the midst of earnest congregations; whereby much shame and discomfiture has been brought upon our sect. Nor is there any justification for this presumptuous certainty entertained by my husband, inasmuch as his health is much as it has ordinarily been for y^e last ten years. He does acknowledge this with his own lips, and immediately after cries out that his race is run, and y^e hand of death is upon him; which I cannot but take as y^e voice of y^e enemy speaking through that weak mouth of y^e flesh.

"On Sunday night last past, y^e gloomy fit being come upon him after prayers, Mr. Haygarth began all on a sudden, as it is his habit to do.

"There is something I would fain tell thee, wench," he cries out, "something about those roystering days in London which it might be well for thee to know."

"But I answered him directly that I had no desire to hear of profane roystering, and that it would be better for him to keep his peace and listen reverently to the expounding of the Scriptures, which Humphrey Bagot, our worthy pastor and friend, had promised to explain and exemplify after supper. We was seated at y^e time in y^e blue parlour, the table being spread for supper, and were awaiting our friend from the village, a man of humble station, being but a poor chapman and huckster, but of exalted mind and a most holy temper, and stills me the same growth of Bohea as that drunk by our gracious queen at Windsor.

"After I had thus reproved him—in no unkind spirit—Mr. Haygarth fell to sighing, and then cries out all at once,

"When I am on my death-bed, wife, I will tell thee something, be sure thou askest me for it; or if death comes upon me unawares, thou wouldst do well to search in the old tulip-leaf bureau for a letter, since I may tell thee that in a letter which I would not tell thee in these lips."

"Before there was any time to answer him in comes Mr. Bagot, and we to supper; after which he did read the sixth chapter of Hebrews and expound it at such length for our edifying, at the end whereof Satan had obtained fast hold of Mr. Haygarth, who was fallen asleep and snoring heavily."

Here is a plain allusion to some secret, which that pragmatical idiot, Mrs. Rebecca, studiously

endeavoured not to hear. The next extract is from a letter written when the lips that had been fain to speak were stilled for ever. Ah, Mistress Rebecca, you were but mortal woman, although you were also a shining light amongst the followers of John Wesley; and I wonder what you would have given for poor Matthew's secret then:

"Some days being gone after this melancholic event, I bethought me of that which my husband had said to me before I left Dewsdale for that excursion to the love-feasts at Kemberton and Kesfield, Broppudean and Dawnfold, from which I returned but two short weeks before my poor Matthew's demise. I called to remembrance that discourse about approaching death which in my poor human judgement I did esteem a pestilent error of mind, but which I do now recognise as a spiritual admonition; and I set myself earnestly to look for that letter which Matthew told me he would leave in the tulip-leaf bureau. But though I did search with great care and pains, my trouble was wasted, inasmuch as there was no letter. Nor did I leave off to search until every nook and crevice had been examin'd. But in one of y^e secret drawers, hidden in an old dog's-eared book of prayers, I did find a lock of fair hair, as if cut from the head of a child, entwined curiously with long plait of dark hair, which by reason of y^e length thereof, must needs have been the hair of a woman, and with these the miniature of a girl's face, in a gold frame. I will not stain this paper, which is near come to an end, by the relation of such suspicions as arose in my mind on finding these curious treasures; nor will I be of so unchristian a temper as to speak ill of the dead. My husband was in his latter days exemplarily sober, and a humble acting Xtian. Y^e secrets of his earlier life will not now be showne to me on this side heaven. I have set aside y^e book, y^e picture, and y^e plaited hair in my desk for convenience, where I will show them to you when I am next rejoiced by y^e improving conversation. Until then, in grief or in happiness, in health and sickness, I trust I shall ever continue, with y^e same sincerity,

"Your humble and obliged servant and disciple,

"REBECCA HAYGARTH."

Thus ends my excerpts from the correspondence of Mrs. Haygarth. They are very interesting to me, as containing the vague shadow of a vanished existence, but whether they will ever be worth setting forth in an affidavit is extremely uncertain. Doubtless that miniature of an unknown girl, which caused so much consternation in the mind of sober Mrs. Rebecca was no other than the "Molly," whose gray eyes reminded me of Charlotte Halliday.

As I copied Mrs. Rebecca's quaint epistles, in the midnight stillness, the things of which I was writing arose before me like a picture. I could see the blue parlour that Sunday evening, the sober couple seated primly opposite to each other, the china monsters on the high chimney-piece, the blue-and-white Dutch tiles, with queer squat figures of Flemish citizens on foot and on horseback, the candles burning dimly on the spindle-legged table, two poor pale flames reflected ghastly in the dark polished panels of the wainscot; the big open Bible on an adjacent table, the old silver tankard, and buckhorn-handled knives and forks set out for supper, the solemn eight-day clock, ticking drearily in the corner; and amid all that sombre old-fashioned comfort, gray-haired Matthew sighing and lamenting for his vanished youth.

I have grown strangely romantic since I have fallen in love with Charlotte Halliday. The time was when I should have felt nothing but a flippant ignorant contempt for poor Haygarth's feeble sighings and lamentations, but now I think of him with a sorrowful tenderness, and am more interested in his poor commonplace life, that picture, and those two locks of hair, than in the most powerful romance that ever emanated from mortal genius. It has been truly said, that the truth is stranger than fiction; may it not as justly be said, that the truth has a power to touch the human heart which is lacking in the most sublime flights of a Shakespeare,

or the grandest imagings of an Æschylus? One is sorry for the fate of Agamemnon; but one is infinitely more sorrowful for the cruel death of that English Richard in the dungeon at Pomfret, who was a very insignificant person as compared to the king of men and ships.

CHAPTER III.—HUNTING THE JUDSON'S.

Oct. 10th. Yesterday and the day before were blank days. On Saturday I read Mrs. Rebecca's letters a second time after a late breakfast, and spent a lazy morning in the endeavour to pick up any stray crumbs of information which I might have overlooked the previous night. There was nothing to be found, however; and, estimable as I have always considered the founder of the Wesleyan fraternity, I felt just a little weary of his virtues and his discourses, his journeying from place to place, his love-feasts, and his prayer-meetings, before I had finished with Mrs. Haygarth's correspondence. In the afternoon, I strolled about the town; made inquiries at several inns, with a view to discover whether Captain Paget was peradventure an inmate thereof; looked in at the railway-station, and watched the departure of a train; dawdled away half an hour at the best tobacco-shop in the town on the chance of encountering my accomplished patron, who indulges in two of the choicest obtainable cigars per diem, and might possibly repair thither to make a purchase, if he were in the place. Whether he is still in Ulterton or not, I cannot tell; but he did not come to the tobacco-shop, and I was fain to go back to my inn, having wasted a day. Yet I do not think that George Sheldon will have cause to complain of me, since I have worked very closely for my twenty shillings per week, and have devoted myself to the business in hand with an amount of enthusiasm which I did not think it possible for me to experience—except for—

I went to church on Sunday morning, and was more devoutly inclined than it has been my habit to feel, for although a man who lives by his wits must not necessarily be a heathen or an atheist, it is very difficult for him to be anything like a Christian; even my devotion yesterday was not worth much, for my thoughts went vagabondising off to Charlotte Halliday in the midst of a very sensible practical sermon.

In the afternoon I read the papers, and dozed by the fire in the coffee-room—two-thirds coke by the way, and alternating from the fierceness of a furnace to a dreary blackness—still thinking of Charlotte.

Late in the evening I walked the streets of the town, and thought what a lonely wretch I was. The desert of Sahara is somewhat dismal, I daresay; but in its desolateness there is at least a flavour of romance, a smack of adventure. O, the hopeless dullness, the unutterable blankness of a provincial town late on a Sunday night, as it presents itself to the contemplation of a friendless young man without a sixpence in his pocket, or one bright hope to tempt him to forgetfulness of the past in pleasant dreaming of the future!

Complaining again! O pen, which art the voice of my discontent, your spitting is like this outburst of unmanly fretfulness and futile rage! O paper, whose flat surface typifies the dull level of my life, your greasy unwillingness to receive the ink is emblematic of the soul's revolt against destiny!

This afternoon brought me a letter from Sheldon, and opened a new channel for my explorations in that underground territory, the past. That man has a marvellous aptitude for his work, and has what is more than aptitude, the experience of ten years of failure. Such a man must succeed sooner or later. I wonder whether his success will come while I am allied to him. I have been used to consider myself an unlucky wretch, a creature of ill-fortune to others as well as to myself. It is a foolish superstition, perhaps, to fancy oneself set apart for an evil destiny, but the Eumenides have been rather hard upon me. Those "amiable" deities, whom they of Cologne tried so patiently to conciliate with transparent flatteries, have marked me for their prey from the cradle—I don't suppose that cradle was paid for, by the bye. I wonder

whether there is an avenging deity whose special province it is to pursue the insolvent, a Nemesis of the Bankruptcy Court.

Mr. Sheldon's epistle bears the evidence of a very subtle brain, as I think. It is longer than his previous letters. I transcribe it here, as I wish this record to be a complete brief of my proceedings in this Haygarth business.

"Gray's Inn, Sunday night.

"Dear Hawkehurst,—The copies of the letters came duly to hand, and I think you have made your selections with much discretion, always supposing you have overlooked nothing in the remaining mass of writing. I will thank you to send me the rest of the letters, by the way. You can take notes of anything likely to be useful to yourself, and it will be as well for me to possess the originals.

"I find one very strong point in the first letter of your selection, viz., the allusion to a house in John-street. It is clear that Matthew lived in that house, and in that neighbourhood there may even yet remain some traces of his existence. I shall begin a close investigation to-morrow within a certain radius of that spot; and if I have the good luck to fall upon any clear-headed centenarians, I may pick up something.

"There are some almshouses hard by Whitecross-street Prison, where the inmates live to ages that savour of the Pentateuch. Perhaps there I may light upon some impoverished citizen fallen from a good estate who can remember some contemporary of Matthew's. London was smaller in those days than it is now, and men lived out their lives in one spot, and had leisure to be concerned about the affairs of their neighbours. As I have now something of a clue to Matthew's roystering days, I shall set to work to follow it up closely; and your provincial researches and my metropolitan investigations proceeding simultaneously, we may hope to advance matters considerably ere long. For your own part, I should advise you forthwith to hunt up the Judson branch. You will remember that Matthew's only sister was a Mrs. Judson of Ullerton. I want to find an heir-at-law in a direct line from Matthew; and you know my theory on that point. But if we fail in that direction, we must of course fall back upon the Judson's, who are a disgustingly complicated set of people, and will take half a lifetime to disentangle, to say nothing of other men who may be working the same business, and who are pretty sure to have pinned their faith on the female branch of the Haygarthian tree.

"I want you to ferret out some of the Judson descendants with a view to picking up further documentary evidence in the shape of old letters, inscriptions in old books, and so on. That Matthew had a secret is certain, and that he was very much inclined to reveal that secret in his later days is also certain. Who shall say that he did not tell it to his only sister, though he was afraid to tell it to his wife?

"You have acted with so much discretion up to this point that I do not care to trouble you with any further hints or suggestions. When money is wanted, it shall be forthcoming; but I must beg you to manage things economically, as I have to borrow at a considerable sacrifice; and should this affair prove a failure, my ruin is inevitable.

"Yours, &c., G. S."

My friend Sheldon is a man who can never have been more than "yours et cetera" to any human creature. I suppose what he calls ruin would be a quiet passage through the bankruptcy court, and a new set of chambers. I should not suppose that sort of ruin would be very terrible for a man whose sole possessions are a few weak-backed horse-hair chairs, a couple of battered old desks, half a dozen empty japanned boxes, a file of *Bell's Life*, and a Turkey carpet in which the progress of corruption is evident to the casual observer.

The hunting-up of the Judsons is a very easy matter as compared to the task of groping in the dimness of the past in search of some faint traces of the footsteps of departed Haygarths. Whereas the Haygarth family seem to be an extinct race, the Judsonian branch have bred

and mustered in the land; and my chief difficulty in starting has been an *embarrass de richesse*, in the shape of half a page of Judsons in the Ullerton directory.

Whether to seek out Theodore Judson, the attorney in Nile-street East, or the Rev. James Judson, curate of St. Gamaliel; whether to appeal in the first instance to Judson & Co., haberdashers and silk mercers, of the Ferrygate, or to Judson of Judson and Grinder, wadding manufacturers in Lady-lane—was the grand question. On inquiring of the landlord as to the antecedents of these Judsons, I found that they were all supposed to spring from one common stock, and to have the blood of old Jonathan Haygarth in their veins. The Judsons had been an obscure family—people of "no account," my landlord told me, until Joseph Judson, chapman and cloth merchant in a very small way, was so fortunate as to win the heart of Ruth Haygarth, only daughter of the wealthy nonconformist grocer in the market-place. This marriage had been the starting-point of Joseph Judson's prosperity. Old Haygarth had helped his industrious and respectable son-in-law along the stony road that leads to fortune, and had no doubt given him many a lift over the stones which bestrew that toilsome highway. My landlord's information was as vague as the information of people in general; but it was easily to be made out, from his scanty shreds and scraps of information, that the well-placed Judsons of the present day had almost all profited to some extent by the hard earned wealth of Jonathan Haygarth. "They've nearly all of them got the name of Haygarth mixed up with their other names somehow," said my landlord. "Judson of Judson and Grinder is Thomas Haygarth Judson. He's a member of our tradesmen's club, and worth a hundred thousand pounds, if he's worth a sixpence."

I have observed, by the way, that a wealthy tradesman in a country town is never accredited with less than a hundred thousand; there seems a natural hankering in the human mind for round numbers.

"There's J. H. Judson of St. Gamaliel," continued my landlord, "he's James Haygarth Judson; and young Judson the attorney's son puts 'Haygarth Judson' on his card, and gets people to call him Haygarth Judson when they will—which in a general way they won't, on account of his giving himself airs, which you may see him any summer evening walking down Ferrygate as if the place belonged to him, and he didn't set much value on it. They do say his father's heir-at-law to a million of money left by the last of the Haygarths, and that he and the son are trying to work up a claim to the property against the Crown. But I've heard young Judson deny it in our room when he was spoken to about it, and I don't suppose there's much ground for people's talk."

I was sorry to discover there was any ground for such talk; Mr. Judson the lawyer would be no insignificant opponent. I felt that I must give a very wide berth to Mr. Theodore Judson the attorney, and his stuck-up son, unless circumstances should so shape themselves as to oblige us to work with him. In the meanwhile any move I made amongst the other Judsons would be likely, I thought, to come to the knowledge of these particular members of the family.

"Are the Judson family very friendly with one another?" I artfully inquired.

"Well, you see some of 'em are, and some of 'em ain't. They're most of 'em third and fourth cousins, you see, and that ain't a very near relationship in a town where there's a good deal of competition and interests often clash. Young Theodore—Haygarth Judson as he calls himself—is very thick with the Judson of St. Gamaliel's—they were at college together, you see—and fine airs they give themselves on the strength of a couple of years or so at Cambridge. Those two get on very well together. But Judson, of the Lady-lane Mills, don't speak to either of 'em when he meets them in the street, and has been known to cut 'em dead in my room. William Judson of Ferrygate is a dissenter, and keeps himself to himself very close. The other Judson's are too fast a lot for him;

though what's the harm of a man taking a glass or two of brandy-and-water of an evening with his friends is more than I can find out," added my host musingly.

It was to William Judson the dissenter, who kept himself to himself, that I determined to present myself in the first instance. As a dissenter, he would be likely to have more respect for the memory of the Nonconformist and Wesleyan Haygarths, and to have preserved any traditions relating to them with more fidelity than the Anglican and frivolous members of the Judson family. As an individual who kept himself to himself, he would be unlikely to communicate my business to his kindred.

I lost no time in presenting myself at the house of business in Ferrygate, and after giving the servant George Sheldon's card, and announcing myself as concerned in a matter of business relating to the Haygarth family, I was at once ushered into a prim counting-house, where a dapper little old gentleman in spotless broadcloth, and a cambric cravat and shirtfrill which were soft and snowy as the plumage of the swan, received me with old-fashioned courtesy. I was delighted to find him seventy-five years of age at the most moderate computation, and I would have been all the better pleased if he had been older.

I very quickly discovered that in Mr. Judson the linen-draper I had to deal with a very different person from the Rev. Jonah Goodge. He questioned me closely as to my motive in seeking information on the subject of the departed Haygarth, and I had some compunction in diplomatising with him as I had diplomatised with Mr. Goodge. To hoodwink the wary Jonah was a triumph, to deceive the confiding linen-draper was a shame. However, as I have before set down, I suppose at the falsest I am not much further from the truth than a barrister or a diplomatist. Mr. Judson accepted my account of myself in all simplicity, and seemed quite pleased to have an opportunity of talking about the Haygarths.

"You are not concerned in the endeavour to assert Theodore Judson's claim to the late John Haygarth's property, eh?" the old man asked me presently, as if struck by a sudden misgiving.

I assured him that Mr. Theodore Judson's interests and mine were in no respect identical.

"I am glad of that," answered the draper; "not that I owe Theodore Judson a grudge, you must understand, though his principles and mine differ very widely. I have been told that he and his son hope to establish a claim to that Haygarth property, but they will never succeed, sir—they will never succeed. There was a young man who went to India in '41; a scamp and a vagabond, sir, who was always trying to borrow money, in sums ranging from a hundred pounds, to set him up in business and render him a credit to his family, to a shilling for the payment of a night's lodging or the purchase of a dinner. But that young man was the great-grandson of Ruth Haygarth—the eldest surviving grandson of Ruth Haygarth's eldest son; and if that man is alive, he is rightful heir to John Haygarth's money. Whether he is alive or dead at this present moment is more than I can tell, since he has never been heard of in Ullerton since he left the town; but until Theodore Judson can obtain legal proof of that man's death he has no more chance of getting one sixpence of the Haygarth estate than I have of inheriting the crown of Great Britain."

The old man had worked himself into a little passion before he finished this speech, and I could see that the Theodore Judsons were as unpopular in the draper's counting-house as they were at the Swan-Inn.

"What was this man's Christian name?" I asked.

"Peter. He was called Peter Judson; and was the great-grandson of my grandfather, Joseph Judson, who inhabited this very house, sir, more than a hundred years ago. Let me see, Peter Judson must have been about five-and-twenty years of age when he left Ullerton; so he is a middle-aged man by this time if he hasn't killed himself, or if the climate hasn't killed him long ago. He went as supercargo to

a merchant vessel; he was a clever fellow, and could work hard when it suited him, in spite of his dissipated life. Theodore Judson is a very good lawyer; but though he may bring all his ingenuity to bear, he will never advance a step nearer to the possession of John Haygarth's money till he obtain evidence of Peter Judson's death, and he's afraid to advertise for that evidence for fear he might arouse the attention of other claimants."

Much as I was annoyed to find that there were claimants lying in wait for the Rev. testate's wealth, I was glad to perceive that Theodore Judson's unpopularity was calculated to render his kindred agreeably disposed to any stranger likely to push that gentleman out of the list of competitors for these great stakes, and I took my cue from this in my interview with the simple old draper.

"I regret that I am not at liberty to state the nature of my business," I said, in a tone that was at once insinuating and confidential; "but I think I may venture to go so far as to say, without breach of trust to my employer, that whoever may ultimately succeed to the Rev. John Haygarth's money, neither Mr. Judson the lawyer nor his son will ever put a finger on a penny of it."

"I am not sorry to hear it," answered Mr. Judson, enraptured, "not that I owe the young man a grudge, you must understand, but because he is particularly undeserving of good fortune. A young man who passes his own kindred in the streets of his native town without the common courtesy due to age or respectability; a young man who sneers at the fortune acquired in an honest and respectable trade, a young man who calls his cousins counter-jumpers, and his aunts and uncles 'swaddlers'—a vulgar term of contempt applied to the earlier members of the Wesleyan confraternity; such a young man is not the individual to impart moral lustre to material wealth, and I am free to confess that I had rather any one else than Theodore Judson should inherit this vast fortune. Why, are you aware, my dear sir, that he has been seen to drive tandem through this very street, as it is, and I should like to know how many horses he would harness to that gig of his, or how openly he would insult his relatives, if he had a hundred thousand pounds to deal with!"

For a second time Mr. Judson the draper had worked himself into a little passion, and the conversation had to be discontinued for some minutes while he cooled down to his ordinary temperament.

"I will tell you what I will do for you, Mr.—Mr. Hawkeshell," he said, making a compound of my own and my employer's names, "I will give you a line of introduction to my sister. If any one can help you in hunting up intelligence relating to the past she can. She is two years my junior—seventy-one years of age—but as bright and active as a girl. She has lived all her life in U'berton, and is a woman who hoards every scrap of paper that comes in her way. If old letters or newspapers can assist you, she can show you plenty amongst her stores."

Upon this the old man wrote a note, which he dried with sand out of a perforated bottle, as Richard Steele may have dried one of those airy tender essays which he threw off in tavern parlours for the payment of a jovial dinner.

Provided with this antique epistle, written on Bath post and sealed with a great square seal from a bunch of coracalian monstrosities which the draper carried in his watch-chain, I departed to find Miss Hezekiah Judson, of Lochiel Villa, Lancaster Road.

(To be continued.)

PARAFFIN.—Dr. Stenhouse, who is well known for his applications of chemistry to practical uses, has recently discovered an additional use for paraffin—namely, that it renders leather waterproof. The leather, being coated several times with paraffin and oil, is exposed to heat after each coating, by which rapid absorption takes place. Like gutta-percha soles, paraffined-leather soles give out a wooden sound when struck; and boot made of paraffined leather last as long again as those made of ordinary leather.

SPRING.

I.

O GRASS, old earth of God's and ours,
Once more thou doffest winter's veil,
Once more the budding trees and flowers
And bird's sweet music bid thee hail!

II.

Is it a time for joy or care,
O earth? a time to laugh or weep?
What myriads in thy bosom sleep,
And we shall soon be sleeping there!

III.

O earth, 'tis hard to understand
Why thou shouldst thus thy children crave!
For art thou not a mighty grave,
Though strewn with flowers by God's good hand?

IV.

Thou hearest not, amid thy mirth,
Nor carest though thy children die.
And senseless in thy bosom lie,
Cold and unthought of, cruel earth!

V.

And yet, O earth, a little seed,
Dropt by man's hand within thy heart,
Thou makest great and dost impart,
To him again for every need!

VI.

O earth, if seed that man lets fall,
Into thy heart, thou givest thus,
Back, thirty, sixty-fold to us,
Thou are not cruel, after all!

VII.

Nor dost thou, earth, thy children crave,
'Tis God that sows them as His seed,
And by and bye they shall be freed,
As beauteous flowers for him who gave.

VIII.

O gay, Spring Earth of God's and ours,—
Nay, rather, thou and we are His,
And sun and stars and all that is—
We bid thee hail with birds and flowers!

JOHN KEADE

May, 1867.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MISS TABITHA TRENOODLE.

IT is a very fine thing doubtless to have a man to protect one; but then it doesn't always turn out so satisfactory as one expected. There was my friend Mrs. Squeamish, a widow with a pension and no children. She said to me once, "O, I wouldn't go to a theatre without a gentleman for all the world!" Soon after this she went to a certain little country theatre with a gentleman who got "screwed," and made a disgrace of himself in the boxes, and was carried out over the heads of the people, crying out "Shame! shame!" Poor Mrs. Squeamish fainted, and came to just as twenty voices were shouting, "She's drunk too!—dead drunk! Bundle her out!" Upon which she fainted again, and was "bundled out" with ignominy, and her dress quite spoilt, besides her chignon pulled down and left behind on the seat. Then the pit got it, and stuck it on a stick, and went round asking the boxes would they buy it, or own it. Mrs. Squeamish left. She has never been seen in that town since.

Such an accident would not have driven me away, although I don't pretend to belong to the strong-minded lot either. As to the circumstance of her being a widow and my being single, I don't see at all how that can make the case different. The fact is, I've gone through a worse a venture than Mrs. Squeamish's, and faced it out boldly: the difference in our characters led to her running away and my standing my ground—that's about the truth of it. Getting married is all nonsense, it no more alters a woman's brain than it does a man's beard. I have seen plenty of my friends get married, and never perceived that they could reason or chop logic—whatever condiment that may be, or why

always chopped, I can't say—with more success than in their maiden days. If I were to marry to-morrow, I feel certain of this—I shouldn't be able to understand Euclid one atom more than I do now. I should still look upon it—somebody says I ought to say *him*; but that's absurd—as a book full of ridiculous puzzles, scratchy drawings like the Freemasons' arms without the compass, and capital letters stuck upways, and downways, and sideways, and any way except straight on like a Christian alphabet. And how any man can study all that without being addle-headed is beyond me to tell. For my part, I never look at a page or two without feeling as though I was gone crazy, chasing a lot of runaway letters, all bumping over one another, and all swearing A was 3, and B was C, and D was nothing in particular. That's how I feel; and if Euclid really was a man, I can only suppose he was some poor slave or savage, who tattooed himself with the alphabet, because he couldn't learn it any other way, and then he was made a Freemason of, and tattooed himself with that too. After saying which, I hope I've proved satisfactorily that my being single was not the cause of my following a course diametrically (I got that from Euclid) opposed to the conduct of Mrs. Squeamish. If my arguments don't convince folks, it will only be because they are a set of know-nothings, with no brains worth convincing. At all events I've convinced myself, and that's enough.

After which, here's my adventure in black and white—which is a very different thing to mud and water, and that's how it came to me.

I live out of the world, down in Cornwall; but my house is in a cheerful spot, the sea is on one side of it, and the English Channel is on the other; and behind is an old mine, with a good many worked out shafts. These being stuck about the pathways make an evening walk rather exciting; and I generally take with me a large umbrella spread and a speaking-trumpet, the first to break my fall, and the second to make my position known to my neighbours. I am not without neighbours: there's a lighthouse on the sea side, which can be reached in fine weather; and on the Channel side there's an island with a coastguard station on it, whereon reside three men and a boy. They pass their time cheerfully in taking sights at the ships going up and down Channel, punching the boy,—who seems to do all the washing and cooking, as far as I can make out with my telescope,—and in fishing for conger-eels. At first government placed a woman with them as housekeeper; but after a week's trial, they put this female into an open boat, and sent her adrift. When the monthly provision-boat came to them, they very properly mentioned what they had done, adding they should all have died if they had kept her on the island, as she tyrannised over them to that extent that they never knew what to eat, drink, think, or avoid, much less sleep. "In fact," said the eldest man of the party, "that woman had neither sense, shape, recollection, nor smell! I ain't seen her since we sent her packing;—have you, comrade?"

The men in the shore-boat, with a wicked twinkle in the eye, said they hadn't seen her either.

As far as I can learn, no one has seen her since; at all events, she hasn't been heard of up to this time. Perhaps she is at the Scilly Isles, or she may have drifted up to London. If any gentleman in chambers knows a tyrannical female without sense, shape, recollection, or smell, may be he'll have the kindness to send me information of the fact through the editor. My kindly neighbours on the island will, I am sure, be glad to hear of it. They are too good-natured to owe the woman a grudge.

My other neighbours are a few fishermen and their families—capital people!—and the parson and his wife. The wife, however, is a howling maniac—through loneliness, he says, which is nonsense. You perceive, therefore, I am very agreeably placed with regard to locality and neighbours, so there is no necessity for me to go gadding about for a change. However, when a cousin asked me into Devonshire for a week, I resolved to oblige her, since she was so very pressing.

I started in a kittercon,* and after a goodish drive reached the rail, by which I made my way to Saltash—a little town where the women row about in boats stronger than men, and the streets are so steep you want to run down by yourself, like a wheelbarrow; or if you are going up, you feel like a pole with a leg of mutton atop, or ought to be, which I needn't say it isn't. And the Royal Albert Bridge is there, which nobody ever calls Albert, leave alone Royal, but simple Saltash Bridge—and quite enough too, I think.

My cousin lives up a little creek—lakes they are called here—on the Devonshire side of the Tamar, and of course I thought the right way to get to it was to walk across the bridge. But, bless you no! The very first step I take a man starts up and says, "Ma'am, you can't go this way."

"What! isn't a bridge made to be walked over?" I asked.

"This bridge isn't, ma'am; it's made only for the trains."

"That's a mighty sensible arrangement, young man," I answer, as provoked as an owl in daylight. "Here's a bridge joining two counties, and a side-walk no consequence to directors, with company's money like dirt. And yet respectable people are to drown, or stay in Cornwall for ever. Dear me!" I said, working myself up a bit, "anyone would think a Cornishman was to have his head cut off, if he went into Devonshire, just as he had in King Egbert's days."

"Not at all, ma'am," says the man, quite civil. "You might have passed over in the train as safe as the Queen herself."

"I must have gone to Devonport, then," I answered, cooling down, "and that would be six miles out of my way. I'm going to Tavytree."

"There's no conveyance to be had here, ma'am; you had better have gone to Devonport and taken a fly."

"Tavytree is only two miles from this; I can walk that distance, and save my shillings. Only I must cross the river first," I said, as sweet as I could speak. "I'm sure you'll have no objection to let me over the bridge. You don't wish to see a lady drown herself, I suppose."

"I hope not, ma'am. But as for the bridge, ma'am, it's impossible, and more'n my place is worth. A boat will take you over for a shilling; or if you wait for the steam ferry-boat, which crosses every half-hour, you can go by that for a penny. It's because of the ferry, ma'am, we are bound to let no passengers cross the bridge. Special clause in the Act, ma'am, to protect the interest of ferry people."

"Since that's the case," said I, highly indignant, "that ferry shall never see a penny of mine as long as there's a bucketful of sea round the Land's End."

Upon which, wishing the young man good evening, I walked down to the river's edge and called for a boat. "It's very muddy walking in the lanes after you've crossed, ma'am," said the boatman, "leave alone it's being very lonesome for unprotected lady. I'll take you right up to Tavytree quay for eightpence, ma'am and nothing to fear with a man with you all the way, ma'am."

"Ah, well!" I thought to myself, "there's nothing like having a man with one, after all. I'll close with this proposition."

We started immediately. I was quite calm and tranquil, having a man with me; and I must say, while we kept to the Tamar, I had a beautiful time. The water was smooth as crystal; and though the night was dark, yet since there was nothing to be afraid of—no steamers bursting about, or lazy barges rolling along like porpoises in liquor—dark or light mattered little. But when we turned into Tavytree lake, this being much narrower than the Tamar, and the banks very high and wooded, I certainly did wish the days were a bit longer,—or even a lantern would have been cheerful.

"Tavytree lake has got a very cranky channel," I said to the man. "I suppose you know it pretty well?"

"All right, ma'am," says the man. And he rowed on without another word.

"Don't fidget," is my motto. If you are under a man's care, leave him alone; don't pull the reins out of his hand, and pretend you can drive better than he, because the chances are you can't. Acting up to my motto, I didn't suppose that I could row, or understand the tide, better than the boatman. It was darker than I liked; but he said nothing, and I said nothing, till at last the boat bumped a bit, and then stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" I said very civilly.

"We are stuck, ma'am."

"Stuck!"

"In the mud, ma'am; and the tide is running down very fast."

"If it is running fast, it may take the boat with it," I remarked.

"More likely to leave her high and dry, ma'am; lesatways, unless I can push her off."

"Then push her off, by all means."

Having a man with me, of course I did not feel in the least alarmed, but I was certainly a little shocked when he divested himself of shoes and stockings right before my eyes, then clambered over the side of the boat and disappeared bodily. I screamed.

"No harm done, ma'am; the water is rather deep this side, that's all. I'll find the channel, and get this boat in it in a jiffy."

Off he went, taking soundings on his way with a pole.

It was so dark by this time, that he had not taken three steps before he became invisible. At first I heard a good deal of floundering, but at last that died away in the distance, and all was quiet. Fifteen minutes went by, and the boat got rather one-sided, with a queer inclination to tip over. Still I was placid: nothing can go wrong when an unprotected female has a man to take care of her. Nevertheless, when half-an-hour slipped on, and there was not a sound to break the stillness, and no signs of the man, I grew nervous.

"It may be pleasant to have a man with one, but I don't know that it's pleasant to have a drowned man," I said to myself; "especially if this drowned man goes 'bobbing around' all night while I sit in this boat. Of course I must sit here all night, if he doesn't return. And in the morning, when his corpse goes floating by, I shall have to catch it and tie a string to it, and tow it home to his wife. That's horrid enough; but how do I know that I shan't be accused of killing him? Who is to prove I didn't? I can't be a witness for myself. I know exactly how the newspapers will put the case: A weak man, lame of one foot, is seen to depart in the darkness, with a muscular and bony female—I am bony, I don't deny it—and this man is never seen again alive. But in the morning the audacious murderer returns to Saltash, towing the body of her victim, attached by her scarf and pocket-handkerchief to the boat, and tells the incredible tale that the man has drowned himself. Her story is, that he deliberately flung himself from the boat, and went on foot through the river; and she affirms she never saw him again, till his dead face bobbed up before her eyes, at six this morning. We leave this incredible statement to the comments of our readers. For ourselves, we assert that no man would quit a boat to walk up a river, and no lady, worthy of the name, would remain in an open boat all night. No! this female ruffian has murdered that poor, lame, harmless man; and in the name of Man we demand justice!"

This was the sort of paragraph that would appear, and I felt myself get damp as I thought of it. At this instant a faint voice reached me, gradually developing into frantic cries of—
"Hoy! hoy! boat there!"
"Boat there!" I said to myself. "Of course the boat is here; and it's tipping over more and more, too."
"Boat! Hoy, ma'am! Boat!"

It was impossible for me to condescend to make any reply to this nonsense. But the cries only grew more frantic from my silence.

"Boat! hoy! Holler, ma'am! holler!"

"Hollow!" I observed. "It's my private opinion the boat won't be hollow much longer, for if she tips a little more she'll fill."

"Holler, ma'am! I can't see nothing! I can't find the boat! Holler for marcy's sake!"

O, I understand the matter now! The poor man had lost the boat in the darkness, and had been wading and floundering up and down the river all this time in search of it. Of course I "hollered" immediately, only I didn't quite know how to do it.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! O!" I said very genteelly.

"Holler, ma'am! holler! I'm getting the cramps!"

Upon this I stood up—the boat tipped dreadfully—and cried out, more genteelly, "O! O! O! Ah!"

"Boat there! I'm most done! Holler! or can't you show something white!"

Good heavens! show something white! Was the horrid man mad? Ah, I would wave my handkerchief.

This was getting exciting and romantic. I would do a noble deed; I would wave my handkerchief, and save the man's life.

I waved it.

A great splash—a floundering—a grasp—a bubbling—then a choked voice, desperate,

"Boat! boat! Holler!—for life's sake, holler!"

I dropped my handkerchief, I dropped my gentility, and I "hollered," ay, and like a boat-swain too.

I did more. I showed something white. The man's life was at stake, and mine—for if he owned I should hang. My petticoat was of dimity, ironed and starched that morning; it glistened, it gleamed like a beacon; the drowning man saw it—he had not the least idea in the world what it was—and made for the boat. When he reached it, gasping and trembling, I was a modest mass of dark drapery—not a tny of white about me. And he positively was not grateful; but then I confess he asked no questions. Thus do woman's noblest sacrifices ever remain unseen, unappreciated by man!

Unconscious of my devoted act, this man sat down, wet as a shag, and blowing like a porpoise, not uttering a word of thanks. His first sentence was even a reproach:

"Why didn't you holler before, ma'am? I've come near bein' drowned."

"My good man, I did holla," I answered with dignified calm. "Now why don't you get the boat off at once?"

"Because I can't, ma'am. And if I could, there's no water to float her higher up."

"The fact is, you don't know the channel," said I severely.

"Couldn't find it in the dark, ma'am. And if I could, one man's strength wouldn't shove the boat into it off this mud."

"Then what's to be done?" I asked with a little scream, as the boat went right over on her side, nearly tilting me over into the man's lap.

"We can't do nothing but sit here till five o'clock to-morrow morning; by that time I reckon the tide'll get her off."

"What! sit here in this stick-in the mud boat all night with you?" I shrieked—"that's impossible."

Good gracious, I thought, here's a position for an unprotected female! Sitting up till five in the morning, in pitch darkness, up a lonely creek, with a boatman. O, this is nice, this is respectable!—this is having a man take care of one, this is! I had better have let the creature drown himself.

"If you won't sit here till high tide, what'll you do, ma'am?" said the man.

"What will I do? I'll wade the river," I answered.

"You will ma'am!" he cried. "Well, I must say you are a plucky one."

He bent forward towards me, and shook the wet off himself upon my tea-green silk. I held myself very stiff in order to let him see that I wanted no admiration.

"Now, my good man," I said, "let us start." at the same time I prepared myself to show boldly my white dimity, my scarlet stockings, and balmoral boots.

* A covered cart or van.

"La bless you, ma'am, you can't wade yet; you must wait a hour at least; the tide isn't low enough, you'd be drowned now."

"Very well, I'll wait an hour."

I said this with the composure of a martyr.

The boat was very much on one side. I sat on the high or tilted side; the man moved over to the same bench. I pretended not to see him, this appeared to me the most proper mode of noticing his conduct.

"Beg pardon for sitting so near you, ma'am, but I'm feared she'll go quite over if I stay t'other side. Don't want to capsize her, you see."

"Sit where you please," I responded. After this there was a dignified silence of ten minutes; then I knew by the sprinkles that reached me the man was getting fidgety, and shaking out his garments as it were to the night.

"If you please ma'am, may I ax—" I coughed as loud as I could to discourage him—"ax a favour of you?"

"My good man, this is really not a time—"

"Seems to me, ma'am, 'tis the very time; 'tis uncommon lonesome and dark here, and I'm as cold as a lump of ice 'most. 'Twould warm me a bit, if you didn't mind it, ma'am."

"Why did I holla?" I said to myself. "Why didn't I let this man drown? I should feel more comfortable if he was a corpse tied on to the stern than I do now."

"Please, ma'am, I wouldn't ax if I hadn't got the shivers. And some ladies don't object—leastways my wife never does."

"Perhaps not," I said drily. I really could not tell how to keep up a conversation with this man.

"And it's a very small pipe, ma'am, and good bakker—and I'll sit as far off as I can without capsizing the boat, ma'am."

"There, there," I answered, "not a word more; smoke if you like."

He smoked; and by the light of the glowing weed I saw his eye fixed on me with a droll expression. Was he wondering where I kept my purse? was he thinking how easy it would be—No, this was not a land of thieves and sharpers; I would banish such London fancies from my mind.

He finished his pipe, knocked the ashes out, put it in his pocket, then jumped over the side of the boat. This time he returned in a few minutes.

"I think the water is low enough now, ma'am, I've sounded it all along to the bank. If you are really serious about wading, I believe you can go safe."

I looked into the river, running on in black darkness, and I felt a little bit of a shiver. Not that I was afraid. O dear, no!

"Must I really either wade or sit here till five o'clock?" I asked.

"Why, you see, ma'am, the tide has been running down three hours; it'll be on the turn about half arter one, and I reckon there won't be water enough in this creek till nigh upon five—"

"Enough; I'll go."

I tucked up my tea-green silk, I tied my shawl tightly around me, I put one foot outside the boat.

"'Tis a power pity," said the man; "them nice boots—and knee-deep the mud is quite. I arn't so wet as I was, ma'am; and if you don't mind my back being in a way moist, and if you put both arms round my neck tight, and hold on hard, I think I could do it."

I looked up the river and down—all was darkness; a glimmer of starlight on the water making us but dimly visible to each other—of course it was ridiculous and horrid—of course if it were daylight it would be impossible; but in this pitch darkness, and the respectable Mrs Grundy slumbering far away, and the river so muddy and cold, and all my things would be spoiled—mightn't I act like a sensible woman and—

I put my arms round the man's neck

"I am not very heavy, and you'll promise to be careful," I said.

"I'll be as kearfal as though you were a babby."

We started—I, Tabitha Treoodle, with my

arms round a man's neck for the first time in my life. And I must confess I could not consider the thing in itself at all pleasant. My hands were clasped beneath his chin; and I felt it would be more convenient if my feet could be there too, for my boots dangled in a remarkably unpleasant way, and shrinking them up from contact with the river gave me the cramp. For a few paces all went well, then I felt a sudden giving way of my supporter on one side, and my right stocking went into the water.

"You arn't clinging harf tight, ma'am. Hold me round the neck close as chokes, please."

Was I come to this? Well! after all, I am not a Mrs Squeamish, and its useless to fidget. I held him tighter. But now there was a giving way on the other side, and my left stocking went into the river—deep. Another moment there was a giving way altogether; but feeling the catastrophe coming, I sprang of my pillar of support on to a mud-bank, just as he himself disappeared bodily down a hole.

The water was nearly to his neck, but with my help he scrambled out, and stood by my side dripping.

"I missed my soundings then," he said. "Do you think you could unnage to hold on again, ma'am?" he added, presenting his back with great politeness.

"No, boatman, I could not. I'll trust to my own feet this time."

The poor man was profuse in his sorrow; but he was lame, and he had staggered painfully beneath my weight. I felt it would be cruelty to animals to put such a load on him again. And besides I couldn't be much muddier than I was.

Thus thinking, I stepped boldly into the river, following my conductor, who, taking soundings and warning me of danger, walked before.

We crossed safely. By the bye, did Julius Cæsar wade the Rubicon? If he did, I admire him; but if he went in a boat I really don't see why his boastful exclamation of having passed the Rubicon should come down to posterity with so much fuss.

Well, we were on the Tavytree side, landed safely among the rushes; but O, the pil-garlic I was! Walking behind the man had given me full liberty to protect the white dimity and the tea-green silk, but the rest of me would have astonished a flounder.

"What are we to do next? Can we walk along the river-side?"

No, the mud was too deep; and in some places, where the channel was narrow, the water was too deep.

Devonshire and Cornish rivers—always tidal—do not resemble the streams of the midland counties; the banks are high, rocky, wooded, and the course of the river can usually only be followed above cliff. This was the case here; so there was nothing for it but to mount the rocks and get into the wood above.

If the river was dark, the wood was a chimney, only blacker, and no soot. The man by my side might have been on the Monument as far as I could see him.

"Have you been in this here wood before, ma'am?" he said in a frightened voice.

"Often. I know my way in it well enough by day, and even by night if I could get into the path. It runs through the centre."

"In that case, ma'am, we must go straight upwards, and we shall be sure to strike it."

"I'll 'ry by myself. You had better go back to your boat."

"No one will run away with my boat, ma'am. I'll find her safe enough at five in the morning; but you'll never get out of this yur wood without a man to help you—never ma'am."

It was dark as a bag. I might have been tied up in one for aught I knew, and the place was horribly lonesome. I confessed to my own mind that I should be afraid to take a step by myself. And besides, what greater happiness can befall the unprotected female than to have a man to take care of her?

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," I said gratefully; "and my cousin, to whose house I'm going, will give you a bod, or a seat by the

kitchen fire; and that will be better than sitting in your boat till the tide is high enough to take her off."

"Certainly it will, ma'am. Please come along."

I came along; and in two minutes I knocked my bonnet off against a tree, and in another minute knocked my nose, and made it bleed like prize-fighting.

"You'd better give me your hand, ma'am," said my protector, "and let me lead you along."

After perching myself on his back, with my arms round his neck, I felt it would be folly to refuse this aid. I took his hand and went on with confidence. Bang! he pulled me plump against another huge tree, and I felt a big bump rise on my forehead, and knew my bonnet-cap was dangling round my neck.

I was nearly stunned, but replied faintly that there was life in me yet.

"I reckon t'will be easier to go this way," said the man, grabbing my hand tight, and dragging me in a direction from Tavytree.

"Now he's going to show himself in his true colours. Now he's going to turn out a villain and murder me," I said to myself. I stood still with horror, and rooted my soaked boots deep as I could in the mud.

"I'll not go that way," I cried.

"But, my dear lady, we shall strike the path then, and if we keeps the course of the river we never shall; and we shall knock our brains out agin the trees. In course they grows thickest by the water, and the undergrowth too."

"I don't care. I won't stir a step that way. Let go my hand."

He immediately grasped it tighter.

"No, ma'am, I can't. If I lets go, and you stirs honly a hinch, I shall never catch you hup again."

O, the blood-thirsty villain! He would not give his victim even a chance for her life.

"Please, ma'am, can you see me?"

"No, man, no; no more than if you were your own ghost," I answered.

"Nor I you, ma'am. So you perceives if we lets slip hands, we may go hollering all night through this yur wood like them blessed babies, the robins was undertakers to, and yet never lay holt to one another again. I can't see your hand, ma'am, I declare, though I'm gripping of it."

It was true that the darkness was even as intense as this; and the thought of being alone in such blackness, or of being hunted through it, made my flesh creep.

"There's a shimmer of light on the lake," I said in my civillest tone; "that will surely help us a little if we keep to its course."

"That ain't nothing of a help, ma'am. If we goes straight hup, we must strike the road; but if we keep along here, we may be two hitches hof and yet not find it."

Ah! he knew of some pit in which he could throw me, or of some horribly lonely place "straight hup" where a throat could be cut, and the unpleasant body never be found!

"What's the good of wasting time, ma'am? Come along!"

He gave me a frightful tug with his strong hand, upon which my soaked boots gave way, and I went two jerks forwards; then I threw my arm around a tree, and held on. And to make it harder to him to move me, I sat down in the mud—I did—and spoilt my tea-green silk for ever.

"You are very hard to help along, ma'am," he said savagely.

O, you villain! Now you are beginning, are you?

"My good man," I observed blandly, "you are dragging me now against my will. Go my way, and I shall be easier to help."

O my unfortunate stars! if he would only let go my hand I'd run. To have stopped in the boat even would have been better than this.

The man couldn't see I was sitting down in the mud.

"Orikey!" he said to himself, in a very respectful manner, as he kept tugging my arm off without moving me.

I thought I'd try a little Gerceness.

"Man, I won't go!" I shrieked; "I won't! How dare you pull me?"

He turned meek directly. The idea of a man being frightened of me!

"I'll go your way if you like, ma'am," he said, as mild as milk; "but we don't get out of the wood then till daylight. And if you'll strike straight nup, ma'am, I'll be sponsabul for the path."

This was a handsome offer. I reflected—I consented. I had found I could snub the man, and I knew I could knock him down. I determined to be brave. I got up from the mud and unwound my arm from the tree.

"Very well; I'll strike up. I hope you'll find the road at once."

A furze bush caught my dress, and tore it out of the gathers; then I hit my hand against a thorn, and scratched the flesh to the bone. Still I went on. The man was "sponsabul," and I ought to be thankful. I said this to myself so often, that at last I grew quite comfortable in my mind, although my dress was tatters and my bonnet flitters, and I knew my forehead was one great red bump, and my nose another, and my boots were two mud pies. I must say the man was kind; he warned me of branches and trunks, against which he bumped himself first, and took off the first shock, as it were, before they hit me.

Inky darkness! I demolish the last bit of my bonnet against a branch, and nearly leave my best boot in something soft. But this scarcely counts for in another moment the man and I step off upon nothing, and find ourselves upon our faces in something very soft indeed—slush is the only word for it.

The shock strikes us helpless; we lie still, not sure if we are alive. Black darkness, and silence, and no attempt, either on his part or on mine, to move. Then the man's voice, very low:

"My dear lady, are you killed?"

"No, man, I am not."

This was said snappishly, my mouth being full of mud. Certainly that man was meek as Moses, for he was civil still.

"Thank heaven for that! My dear, good, blessed lady, are we down at the bottom of a shaft?"

"No; there are no shafts hereabout."

No sooner had I spoken, than the poor bewildered creature sprang to his feet and recovered his wits.

"I made sure we were down a shaft," he said in an awed tone.

If any accident happens to a Cornish man, his first idea is that he is down a shaft.

"Are you hurt, ma'am?"

"Not a bit," I answered, springing up likewise.

We congratulated each other upon this; and in two minutes more, to my great delight, we stepped off the bushes and brambles and underwood, on to the hard, firm, open road.

Ah! I knowed we should strike the path this way," said the man, triumphant.

I was generous. I did not say, "Yes, but we might have been killed in stepping off that great high bank, which will frighten you a little when you look at it to-morrow morning, Mr. Boatman."

I did not even remark that we might have broken our bones. I simply said, I should like him to look at that place by daylight, that was all.

He said he would.

We clambered over a gate, and found ourselves in the fields, close upon the village of Tartytree.

It was a respectable village—highly respectable. It had eight villas in it, all standing in their own grounds. In the eight villas might be found nine old maids, and one old bachelor on crutches, three widows, poor, with children, and two married couples, rich, without. With the exception of a little scandal about two of the old maids, who had fallen in love with the Methodist preacher and delined to go to church, there was never anything to be seen, or heard, in the village but the most orthodox respectability.

Now in the fields I could see myself a little,

and a nice object I saw. There was nothing left of my bonnet but the cap, and that was hanging round my neck in rags. My face was a cake of mud, mingled with blood from my prize-fighter's nose and scratches. I was torn, and worried, and mangled, and rolled, just like an early Christian virgin and martyr that minute pulled out of the fangs of wild beasts.

And in such a shape as this I was to enter that respectable village, and perhaps greet some of my respectable acquaintances. And a man with me, too! And morals here so severe! Luckily it was eleven o'clock, and everybody went to bed at ten at Tavytree. There was a hope I might not be seen.

As we neared the village, the manly protector to whom I owed my woes seemed to feel some compunction. "Ma'am," he said mysteriously, "if you like to go back, we can wait at the corner of the wood till the first glimmer of daylight; then we can wade to the boat, or I'll carry 'ee I'm sure with all the pleasure in life; and I'll row sharp, and get 'ee in Saltash unbeknown. My wife keeps a hinn; you can clean yourself there, and come here to-morrow respectable-like. Nobody 'll know."

This obliging offer made me smile. O, the simplicity of man! Better face all the outraged virtue of Tavytree, than throw myself on the mercy and forbearance of a wife. After studying human nature so long among my neighbours, I was not quite such a goose as to put my head into a trap.

I declined with thanks, and walked on faster. A man approached us. I rejoiced to see that his gait was none of the soberest; and keeping to the dark side of the road, and folding the remnants of my drapery around me, I deceived his bemuddled eyes; he deemed me a respectable figure—he even touched his hat.

Fortunately this blind individual was the only creature we met. Sneaking along by back ways, I reached my cousin's house unscen. The moment the door was opened I jumped inside. In the blaze of light in the hall I looked at the man; and he looked at me. He was a muddy merman; I was a hideous taterdemalion. The servant screamed; my cousin rushed out from the parlour; she screamed. I could not embrace her; I was too dirty even to give her my hand.

I gasped forth, "Is my box come?"

"Yes," she said.

"Clean things and bath! When I'm a Christian woman again I'll tell you everything. We've had a frightful accident—been nearly killed."

I thought it wise to exaggerate a little; but there was no exaggeration equal to our appearance—judging from that we had both been chewed up by sharks, and resuscitated in a mud-bath.

"Good gracious!" cried my cousin. "And this poor man, I suppose, has saved your life. What a comfort you had a man with you!"

Looking at him gratefully, she handed him over to the cook.

Unlimited supper, and a tub of hot water in back-kitchen.

Those were her orders.

I went upstairs, spoiling the carpets; and feeling myself unequal to the task of dressing, I went from my bath to my bed. The next day I found myself black and blue. When I fell from the high bank I had fancied myself unhurt; but the fact was, the excitement and shock had destroyed pain. I felt it now, and bruised from head to feet, I lay quite helpless for a week.

When I recovered, I faced the entire village, I recounted my adventure at every tea-party, and thereby made a lion of myself for a whole month.

As to the man, he went wading back to his boat at five in the morning, and I never saw him again. Long afterwards I heard that his village was in a commotion at his disappearance that night; and his wife, refusing steadily to believe his meek statement of the fact, bullied him so tremendously that he ran away, and has not been heard of since.

I understand he cursed all womankind before his departure, and declared that I was the cause of all his misfortunes. Such is man!

PASTIMES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

First find the Christian name of one who built
A city by St. Lawrence rolling tide;
Whose spires and domes the autumn sun reflect;
And the fierce winter binds in ice and snow.
His surname next the final letters give
And the completed couplets form his name.

1. The duellist had best remember me
Or by my coup he'll soon defeated be.
2. In vain resists the stubborn Muscovite
The British heroes storm the blood stained height
3. Beneath the livid fires redly gleam
And boiling lava flows with burning stream.
4. Of foaming ale a measure quickly bring
Refreshing draught for peasant, peer or king.
5. Among my mountains you may safely roam,
In every chiblet you will find a home.
6. Repentant tears her sorrowing face bedewed,
Grief for her murdered son her tears renewed.
7. By marks like this the brave his deeds can show:
His body bears the trace of many a blow.

EUCRID.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Y E S H A T T M | = A precious stone. |
| 2. E F I I W R D N | = A woman's name. |
| 3. G N B Y O M A A | = A valuable wood. |

J. H., MONTREAL.

PLACES IN NEW BRUNSWICK ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A bag and a collection of houses.
2. A man's name and a weight.
3. Conversation and an article of food.
4. A liquid and a game at cards.

J. H. MONTREAL.

ANAGRAM.

I read to D'Israeli. A talented lady whose fame is world wide.

CEPHAS.

CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 14 letters.
My 9, 10, 5, 12, 2, 6, is part of my whole.
My 5, 7, 3, 4, is to summon.
My 14, 11, 9, 2, is a flower.
My 6, 4, 1, 5, 13, 9, 13, is a painful feeling.
2. Valour may defend my first
Death alone prevents my next
And life itself though aptly called
The fleeting journey of a day,
Or voyage through a stormy sea
Is but my figurative whole.

BERICUS.

PROBLEM.

A tradesman hired a boy for 16 weeks; for this service the boy was to receive \$54 and a coat; at the end of 10 weeks he was dismissed receiving \$30 and the coat. What was the value of the coat?

CEPHAS.

ANSWERS TO GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS, &c.
No. 89.

Geographical Rebus—Marston Moor, King Charles.—Matamoras, Adelaide, Revel, Saugor, Talavera, Omagh, Nerac, Magdeburgh, Obam, Ostuni, Rustchuck.

Enigma.—Face, face of nature, human face.

Decapitations.—Sharp-harp-par. 2. Carat-rat-at. 3. Whale-hale-Leah.

Charades.—1. Book-worm. 2. William Henry Harrison.

Anagram.—The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray,
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight.
He with his tepid rays the rose renews
And licks the drooping leaves and dries the dews

Problem.—He worked 52 days and was absent 8 days.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Rebus—Niagara, H. H. V., Geo. B., Violet.

Enigma—Argus, H. H. V., Niagara.

Decapitations—B. N. C., Argus, Bericus, Whitby, Ellen B., Niagara.

Charades—Bericus, Whitby, B. N. C., Argus, Camp, Violet, Geo. B.

Anagram—John Wilson, Argus, B. N. C., Bericus, Niagara, Geo. B., Ellen B., Violet.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. BANTER.—Lugi Galvani was born at Bologna in 1737. At an early age he evinced a strong inclination to devote himself to a monastic life; but, swayed by the persuasion of his friends, he relinquished his intention of entering the Church, and determined to follow the profession of medicine. In 1762 he was elected professor of anatomy in the institute of his native city, where his lectures enjoyed much popularity for their accuracy and comprehensiveness. To a purely casual discovery, however, Galvani owes the celebrity attached to his name. Many versions of this circumstance have been published, but the simple fact appears to be that Galvani's wife happened one day to witness the convulsive muscular movements produced in a skinned frog, by its inanimate body having been accidentally brought into contact with a scalpel which lay on the table, and had become charged by contact with an adjoining electrical machine. She hastened to communicate the fact to her husband, who at once instituted a prolonged series of experiments, and published the results of his researches in 1791.

W. C.—The term "Gentoo" was applied by old English writers to the natives of Hindustan, it is now entirely obsolete, the word "Hindoo" having been substituted.

M. HARRIS.—There is one instance on record of the office of sheriff in England having been held by a female; this was in the case of Anne, Countess of Pembroke. On the death of her father, the Earl of Cumberland, without male issue, in 1643, she succeeded to the hereditary office of Sheriff of Westmoreland, and in that character attended the judges of assize, and sat with them on the bench.

A. S. R.—Take of quick-lime 4 oz.; pearl ash $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; lac sulphur $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; reduce to a fine powder, and keep in a close bottle. Mix a little of the powder with water to the consistency of cream, and apply it to the skin; scrape off in two or three minutes with a wooden or bone knife. The above depilatory may, we are assured, be used without injury to the skin.

CEPHAS.—Thanks! We will give our views on the subject in our next issue.

SECRESY.—We cannot, even to oblige a disconsolate one, consent to publish the verses.

J. H., MONTREAL.—Many thanks! Shall be happy to hear from you again.

KENNY.—Although not, as a whole, up to publication standard, we feel warranted in saying that indications of the success of future efforts are not wanting.

•••—Respectfully declined.

V.—We think not at present. The article "On Words" will probably appear in our next.

SUSSEX STREET.—First attempts are generally unsuccessful—yours certainly is not an exception to the rule.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE Americans have introduced a new article of bedding, consisting of sponge cut into minute particles and treated with glycerine, which are said to subserve an excellent purpose for beds, instead of feathers or hair.

TO MAKE A CAST-IRON MAGNET.—Take a smooth bar of cast iron, place the middle of it to the north pole of a magnet and draw it to the end, repeating the stroke always from the middle to the end, and rubbing in the same way each time. Then place the middle of the bar to the south pole of the magnet, and rub towards the opposite end of the bar, repeating as before. Magnets can be made in this way of steel as well as of cast iron, and may be in the form of a horse shoe or star as well as a straight bar.

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.—M. Preterre the well-known dentist of Paris, states that after a considerable experience of the protoxide of nitrogen

as an anæsthetic, he considers it a most precious agent. In one or two minutes, at most, sufficient sleep is obtained to extract a tooth or to perform an operation of short duration. After awaking, the nausea, the loss of appetite, the helplessness, and the fatigue which ordinarily follow an anæsthetic obtained by chloroform or ether, never occur.

CHEAP AND HEALTHY BED COVERINGS.—Some years ago reports were published in the technological journals of Austria concerning the manufacture of wool from pine-trees. The acicular foliage, if such it may be called, of those trees was, by a certain treatment, brought into a state of fibre, which could be woven into a cloth resembling coarse flannel. Great expectations were entertained of beneficial results to follow, but the matter appears to have been forgotten until revived last year by Mr. Pannowitz, of Breslau. And now bed-coverings, woven from pine-fibre, are in use in hospitals, prisons, and barracks, in Silesia and Austria; and in the unwoven state it is used for the stuffing of mattresses, cushions, chair-seats, and other articles. The cost is said to be but one-third that of horsehair, and there is the further advantage that, owing to its aromatic properties, the pine-fibre repels the insects that too frequently lodge in woollen textures.

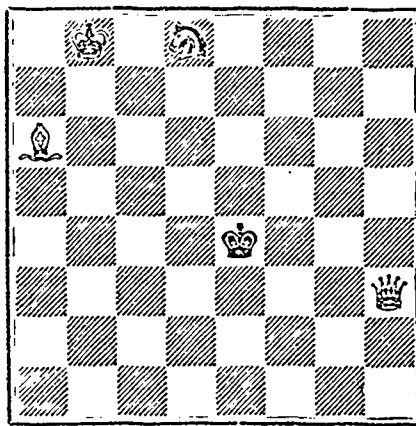
TO MEND BROKEN GLASS.—A much better process for mending broken glass, china, and earthenware with shellac than heating them, is to dissolve it in alcohol to about the consistency of glue or molasses, and with a thin splinter of wood or pencil brush touch the edges of the broken ware. In a short time it sets without any heating, which is often an inconvenient process. It will stand every contingency, but a heat equal to boiling water.

CHESS.

PROBLEM, No. 70.

By T. P. BULL, SEAFORTH, C. W.

BLACK. •



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 68.

WHITES.	BLACK.
1 K to Kt 2	B takes Kt or (a b c d.)
2 Kt takes B (dis ch.)	P to K 4.
3 Kt to B 5 Mate.	
(a) 1 —————	B to B 3 (ch.)
2 Kt takes B (dis ch.)	K to K 5.
3 Kt takes P Mate.	
(b) 1 —————	P takes Kt.
2 Q takes P, ch.)	K to Kt 5.
B Kt to B 6 Mate.	
(c) 1 —————	B to R 5.
2 K takes Kt.	P takes Kt.
3 Kt takes P Mate.	
(If Black plays 2. B takes Kt, White mates by 3. Q to Kt 4, If, 2. K to K 6, White replies with 3. Q to B 3 Mate.)	
(d) 1 —————	K to K 5
2 Kt takes K B 1st P.	P to K 4.
3 Kt takes P Mate.	
(Should Black play 2. K to Q 4, mate is given by 3. B to Kt 7, If, 2. K to B 4, White replies with 3. Kt to Q 6 Mate, and, finally, should he play 2. Kt to B 8, mate is effected by 3. Q to B 3.	

NEW AXIOM.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"PARDON my warmth," as the red-hot poker said to the clown, when he inadvertently put it in his pocket.

NEW WAY OF LEARNING LANGUAGES.—A well-known optician says that when at sea you can, with his glass, at a point most remote from the shore, easily make out the tongue of any foreign land.

STAMMERING.—The reason women never stammer is because they talk so fast, a stammer has no chance to get in. People stutter because they hesitate. But who ever knew a woman to hesitate about anything?

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?"—"Please, ma'am, I don't live nowhere now," rejoined the girl, "I'm married."

What vender of condiments is sure to be a welcome guest at every dinner-table?—A salt-seller.

A schoolmaster was about to flog a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the boy cried out, "Oh, don't! don't! I won't call you so any more! I'll never say what I think again all the days of my life."

A tradesman recently told a youth in his shop to write in large letters on a sheet of paper, "Wanted, a stout lad as light porter." The young scapegrace, either from ignorance or design, wrote, "Wanted, a stout lad as likes porter."

No wonder the squirrel is accused of chattering; he is certainly a great tail-bearer.

An inveterate old bachelor says that ships are called "she" because they always keep a man on the look out.

ONE man asked another why his beard was brown and his hair white? "Because," he said, "one is twenty years younger than the other."

A MAN OF METAL.—A knight in armour.

WANTED.—A feather from the dovetail of a carpenter.

A FACE WITHOUT A BLEMISH.—The face of Nature.

SOMETHING ODD.—That hens should always sit when they lay.

WILL IT WASH?—Why is a laundress like an insult?—Because she gets up your collar.

JUST LIKE HIM.—Old Singleton says that he only knows of one thing better than a Wedding Present—a Wedding Absent.

A QUACK'S MISTAKE.—A regular physician being sent for by a quack, expressed his surprise at his being called in on an occasion so apparently trifling. "Not so trifling, either," replied the quack; "for, to tell the truth, I have by mistake taken some of my own pills."

COME TO THE POINT.—A Yankee youth and a pretty girl sat facing each other at a husking party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the maiden, only ventured a shy look, and now and then touched Patty's feet under the table. The girl, determined to make the youth express what he appeared so warmly to feel, bore with these advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "Look here! if you love me, say so, but don't dirty my stockings."

MANY years ago, when those who were condemned to suffer by the law had more choice than they now have of the particular tree upon which they should be hanged, a Highlander was sentenced to death for some crime or other, of which he had been found guilty. The judge, after passing sentence, said, addressing the prisoner, "Donald, it only remains for you to choose the tree upon which you are to be hanged."—"Well, well," said Donald, "if her ainsel maun be hanged, she be in no way particular, but for a' that, her ainsel will just choose a groser-bush" (gooseberry bush). The judge whereupon remonstrated with him, saying, "It would not be large enough."—"Och!" said Donald, "she be in no hurry, she will just wait till it grows."