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MABEL'S PROGRESS.

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

From "All the Year Round,"

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 208.

CHAPTER VII. A FAMILY DINNER AT BRAMLEY MANOR.

Mrs. Charlewood was a member of the Reverend Decimus Fluke's congregation. So was Miss Augusta. The latter, indeed, was very much given to profession of piety of a somewhat melancholy and soul-depressing character. Miss Augusta, though a beauty and an heiress, eschewed the wordly amusements which might have appeared most calculated to tempt a young lady of her age and attractions. She went to balls occasionally, but she never waltzed. She sometimes attended the performance of an oratorio but she seldom went to a secular concert. And as for the play!—Miss Augusta would not have entered the doors of the theatre on any pretext or persuasion whatsoever. Stay, I must record one exception to this rule. When the Misses Charlewood once passed a season in London, Augusta, radiant in a rich and elegant toilet, had been seen several times in a box at the Italian Opera. But then, it *was* the Italian Opera. And the élite of London society were there to be seen—and to see. And it cost a great deal of money. So Miss Augusta had been to the Italian Opera.

Her sister Penelope, independent in this matter as in most others, declined to attend the Reverend Mr. Fluke's church, but was in the habit of going to a chapel in the neighborhood of Bramely Manor, where very high-church services were performed, with much elaboration, and where the sermon never exceeded fifteen minutes in length. The chapel was a bran-new construction, of a very florid style of architecture, with cast-iron crosses stuck on each of its many pinnacles, and bits of coloured glass inserted in all the windows. Penelope complained that Mr. Fluke's sermons made her bilious. "Sitting still to be bullied three times every Sunday disagrees with my constitution," said she. "When there's any bullying going, I like to do my own share of it," she added, frankly.

However, though the seven Misses Fluke groaned in concert over the Puseyism — in their mouths the word was almost synonymous with perdition—of the eldest Miss Charlewood, they were very willing to go to Bramley Manor when ever they had a chance of doing so. And the Charlewood family were, to use Mr. Fluke's own phrase, "some of the brightest jewels in his congregation." Thus, it came to pass, that from the Misses Fluke the Charlewoods heard of Mabel's visit to Corda Trescott. Clement had learned the fact from Corda herself, but had said nothing about it, feeling possibly some little pique at Mabel's disregard of his advice, and feeling also, in a half unconscious way, very reluctant to canvas the subject at home. But his sisters were not so reticent.

One evening, when the whole family was assembled round the dinner-table, and after the servants had left the room, Augusta opened fire after this fashion :

"What a queer girl Mabel Earnshaw is!"

Her father looked up from his walnuts. He was a very handsome old man, it was from him that Augusta inherited her beauty. He was dressed in a somewhat peculiar fashion, his attire being, in fact, a close imitation of the costume of a well-known nobleman in the neighbouring county, to whom he bore a strong resemblance. Mr. Charlewood had occasionally been mistaken for this nobleman by strangers; and had once been addressed by a fellow-traveller in a railway carriage as "my lord"—a circumstance which, strange to say, afforded him very great gratification.

"Queer? Mable Earnshaw queer?" said he, addressing his daughter Augusta. "Well; hers is a very pleasant kind of queerness, at all events. I thought she was your dearest friend."

"Oh," exclaimed Walter, a good-looking light-haired lad, who was giving himself mighty airs of connoisseurship over his port wine, "don't you know sir, that Miss Earnshaw has been thanked and dismissed the service? Jane Fluke is promoted to the post of dearest friend, vice Mabel Earnshaw, superseded."

"I'm sorry, dear Watty," retorted Augusta, with placid sweetness, "that Jane Fluke is not pretty. For I know *you* can't be expected to like her merely because she's good."

Walter laughed, and held his peace.

"Well, but what *is* Mabel's special queerness?" asked Mr. Charlewood.

"Oh, I don't know, papa," replied Augusta; "but she is queer. I think she's—she's strong minded."

"Gussy," remonstrated Mrs. Charlewood looking quite shocked, "don't my dear. You shouldn't say such things of people, my love."

"Never mind, mamma," said Penelope, "thank Heaven, nobody can say of us that *we're* strong minded. That's a great blessing. But if papa really wants to know what particular oddity Mabel has been guilty of, I think I can tell him what Augusta means. You know the little girl that Jackson managed to drive over on the last day of the festival, papa? We told you all about it. Well, Mabel Earnshaw has taken a craze about the child, and has been to see her."

"Nothing very queer in that; is there?" asked Mr Charlewood, dipping a walnut into his wine.

"Oh, but the child belongs to such dreadful people," replied Augusta, "and lives in such a low neighbourhood. New Bridge-street, papa!"

"Oh," said Mr. Charlewood, shortly. He had reminiscences of still lower neighbourhoods than New Bridge-street, but he kept them to himself.

"The Flukes told us about it, my dear," said Mrs. Charlewood to her husband. "Mabel has joined them in district visiting for a time, whilst Eliza is ill. But Miss Fluke says she fears—she greatly fears—that Mabel 'asn't yet got real conversion. Well, we can but ope and pray for her. Miss Fluke says she's only joined to have an opportunity of visiting the little girl."

"Miss Fluke is the most intolerable fool," said Clement, breaking silence for the first time, and angrily pushing his plate away from him, "and I wonder at Miss Earnshaw having anything to do with her."

"Dear old Fluke!" cried Walter, with a mischievous glance at his sister Augusta. "I think she's charming. Here's her health, with three times three. By jingo, she's a clipper, is Miss Fluke!"

"Really, Watty," observed Augusta, with dignity, "you take more of that old port than is good for you, my dear boy."

"As to being a fool, Clem," said Penelope, rising to follow Mrs. Charlewood out of the room, and speaking into Clement's ear, as he held the door open for his mother and sisters to pass, "Miss Fluke is a fool, of course. But you can't expect her to be as devoted to Mabel Earnshaw's beaux yeux as some people are."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Clement, shutting the door sharply after the ladies, and walking back to his place.

"What was that Penny said?" asked Mr. Charlewood.

"Only nonsense, sir," rejoined Clement, shortly.

"Penny don't often talk nonsense, either," replied his father.

"How modest you are, Clem!" said Walter. "I declare you're positively blushing! 'Pon my soul you are! I couldn't do that to save my life." Walter contemplated his smooth young face in the bowl of a dessert-spoon with much self-satisfaction.

"Where are you off to, Watty?" asked Mr Charlewood, as his youngest son lounged towards the door.

"I'm going down to Plumtree's, sir," replied the lad, after an instant's hesitation.

"To Plumtree's? Don't overdo Plumtree's, Watty. I don't like so much billiards. When I was your age, I didn't know one end of a cue from the other."

"All right, sir!"

"No, I don't know that it *is* all right, sir," returned his father, irritated by Walter's nonchalant tone. "You get through a precious sight of money, as it is, young gentleman, without helping it off by billiards. Do you ever consider what an expense you've been to me? And what a still greater expense you will be if I buy you a commission, as you are always plaguing me to do?"

"I suppose you can afford it, sir," said Walter, sulkily His manly dignity was giving place to a very naughty-boy air, as he stood with his hand on the fastening of the door, turning it backwards and forwards with a clicking noise.

"*I* don't suppose so, though. Giving you money is like pouring water into a sieve. I won't have you hanging about Plumtree's. So that's flat."

"It's very hard," muttered Walter, almost whimpering, "to be kept in like a schoolboy. They'll think me a blessed muff, when I'd promised particularly to go there to-night, to see the match between Lord Higsworth's son and Tiffin of the Carbineers. There's a whole lot of fellows going from the barracks."

"Lord Higsworth's son?" said Mr. Charlewood.

"Yes, young Skidley," said Walter, eagerly pursuing his advantage, as he saw his father's face soften. "And there'll be Captain De Vaux, and Fitzmaurice, and Plowden, and no end of tip-top fellows."

"If you promised, Walter," said Mr. Charlewood, with a moral air, "of course, you are bound to go. I didn't know you had given your word The Honourable Arthur Skidley, you said?"

"Yes, sir. He and I are as thick as thieves. He's no end of a brick."

"He may be no end of a brick, but he is not even the begining of a gentleman," said Clement.

Next moment the fragrance of a cigar was blown across the hall, as the boy opened the house door, and set off gaily down the avenue.

"Surprising what high friends Watty makes!" said Mr. Charlewood, when he and his elder son were alone together.

"I don't like Watty's getting into that set, sir," said Clement. "He is a mere boy, and his head is always turned by his newest acquaintances."

"Men of family, Clem," said his father, moving uneasily in his chair. "Men of family and—and—fashion."

"There are blackguards to be found in all classes, unfortunately; and, I assure you, that Arthur Skidley is looked upon very coolly by the best men in his own rank."

"I didn't think you had so much class prejudice, Clem."

"I hope I have no class prejudice, father. But I know that Skidley and his associates are no more to be accepted as specimens of English gentlemen, than drunken Dicky Dawson, the mason, is to be taken as a fair type of an English artisan."

Mr. Charlewood emptied his glass in silence, and then rose and walked to the fire, where he stood with his back against the chimney-piece. The autumn evenings were beginning to get chilly, and there was a touch of frost in the air, which made the fire blaze briskly.

"Well Clem," said he, with a sharp glance that recalled his daughter Penelope's glittering eyes and shrewd expression; "since we seem to be in the lecturing line to-night, let me say that I hope and suppose it *is* all nonsense what Penny said about you and little Earnshaw."

"Oh, you did hear it then, sir?"

"Why, I heard something. Penny used some French word or other, but I believe I made out the meaning."

"Well sir?" said Clement, rising also, and standing opposite his father on the hearth-rug.

"Well, that's all, Clement. I hope and suppose it is all nonsense."

"I don't quite understand why you should hope it, father; but I can truly say that I never thought of Miss Earnshaw in that way. She is almost a child compared to me. The idea is absurd. At the same time I beg of you to understand that I am not binding myself in the least degree to any prescribed course of conduct in the matter."

"Of course, of course, Clem. I'm not meaning to dictate to you, my boy."

"I cannot understand what objection you could have to Miss Earnshaw, supposing—but it's altogether preposterous. Chattering girl's folly of my sister's."

"No objection in the world to Mabel Earnshaw—as Mabel Earnshaw, Clem. She's a nice bright well-behaved little girl, and as good as gold. But it isn't the sort of connexion I dream of for you, my boy. Money is not to be despised, but I waive money—we are not beggars. What I hope," said Mr. Charlewood, pausing with his hand on the door; "what I hope you'll look for, is family, Clem. You know my history. I have raised myself a good many degrees in the world, and I should like to set my son after me a few rounds higher on the ladder." With those words, Mr. Charlewood walked out of the dining-room without giving Clement an opportunity to reply.

The young man threw himself into a large arm-chair by the fire, and shading his eyes with his hand, fell into a deep meditation until the servant came to ask if he would go up-stairs to take coffee, or whether it should be brought to him in the dining-room?

"I'll go up to the ladies," said Clement, rousing himself with a start. "I've nearly sat the fire out here." Then when the man had left the room again, he passed his hand over his forehead, with a half laugh. "Tut," he muttered, "what a fool I am! It's preposterous, and out of the question. Confound all silly, chattering tongues! By Jove, if such a thing *were* to happen, they might thank themselves for it. I swear it never entered my head before. But its altogether absurd. Quite absurd." And Clement walked up-stairs, humming an air with somewhat defiant cheerfulness.

CHAPTER VIII. DOOLEY AT TEA.

Mabel had no opportunity for some time of repeating her visit to little Corda, for Mr. Saxelby fell ill, and was obliged to remain at home. Enforced idleness is irksome to most men, but to Mr Saxelby it was positive torment. And it was by no means a pleasant time for those on whom the duty of nursing him devolved. Mr. Saxelby could scarcely endure to lose sight of his wife for an instant If she quitted his room he would ask where she was, and why she did not return, eight or ten times in the course of as many minutes. And he would take neither food nor medicine except from her hands.

On Mabel, therefore, fell the government of the house, and the care of her little brother. This last was no tax on her patience or good will, for she loved the little fellow dearly. The child was a fair pretty boy of nearly four years old. Somewhat delicate and frail in body, but with an active intelligence that was ever eager to learn. He looked upon "sister Tibby"—so he called her—as an inexhaustible encyclopedia of information. He was christened Julian, but had translated that appellation in his baby fashion into "Dooley," by which name he was habitually called at home.

Mabel was sitting at tea one evening with the child (having sent up a tray to the sick-room), when some one rang the house-bell, and after a few minutes the door of the sitting-room was gently opened, and a figure stood on the threshold. It was already dusk, though not late, and the fire-light did not suffice to show the visitor's face distinctly.

"Who is it?" asked Mabel. But almost as she spoke she recognised Clement Charlewood, and rose to greet him. "I are having tea," observed Dooley, for the benefit of all whom it might concern, "b'own tea."

"Good evening, Miss Earnshaw. Our people sent yesterday to ask for Mr. Saxelby, and as I was coming into the neighbourhood of Fitz-Henry-road, I said I would call myself and inquire." This was true in the letter, but not in the spirit, since it was to no member of his family that Clement had announced his intention of visiting Jessamine Cottage, but only to the servant charged with making daily inquiries. "I'm going myself, James," he said, briefly. And James, though glad enough to be relieved of his duty, had doubtless canvassed his young master's decision in the servant's hall with judicial impartiality.

"It's very good of you. Papa is better." It was a characteristic of Mabel that she invariably called Mr. Saxelby "papa," as soon as he was ill or suffering.

"I," repeated Dooley, with increased emphasis, "are having tea. B'own tea."

"Why, that's famous, Dooley," said Clement, with his hand on the child's flaxen curls.

"What's that?" asked Dooley, pausing in the act of conveying a spoonful of the pale cinnamon-coloured liquid into his mouth, and thereby inundating his pinafore.

"What's famous? Capital, first-rate, very good. You know what that means?"

Dooley nodded. "Tibby's firs' yate," said he clutching his spoon after the fashion of a dagger, and thoughtfully rubbing his forehead with the bowl of it.

"Don't do that, darling," urged the subject of his panegyric. "I am so much obliged to you for coming, Mr. Charlewood. I believe papa will be quite well in a day or two."

"And Mrs. Saxelby?"

"She is a little worn, but it's nothing. I would send to tell her you are here, but papa can't bear her out of his sight. And I have just sent her a cup of tea into his room."

"B'owner tea dan mine," announced Dooley, in an explanatory manner. "But dis ain't white, is it?"

"No indeed, quite brown."

"Sometimes my tea *is* white," said Dooley, as though impelled by a sense of candour to state the whole case, though it was evidently a sore point with him.

"Pray, Miss Earnshaw," said Clement, "don't think of disturbing your mother. I have not many minutes to stay."

"He can 'top till I go to bed, Tibby, can't he?" said Dooley. Mabel laughed frankly, and took the child on her knee. The maid had come to remove the tea-things, and had brought with her a lamp whose light was shed full on the brother and sister. Clement thought within himself that they made a charming picture. Mabel in a neatly fitting grey dress, whose subdued tone brought out the girlish freshness of her face, and the yellow curls of the child nestling against his sister's dark shining hair.

"I understand," said Clement, with the least possible touch of stiffness in his manner, "that you have been to see Corda Trescott."

"Yes," replied Mabel, quietly, "I told you I should go, if possible."

"You went with Miss Fluke, did you not?"

"No; not exactly. Miss Fluke and Louisa called for me at Mr. Trescott's. But I could not have gone without their aid, certainly."

"Miss Fook," murmured Dooley, sleepily, jerking his leg backwards and forwards; "Miss Fook's hugly."

"Hush, Dooley. You must go to bed."

"Oo're pitty," said Dooley critically. "So's mamma, so's papa."

"And what do you think of little Corda, Miss Earnshaw?"

"I think her the most engaging little creature I have ever seen. So sensitive and gentle, and yet so full of vivacity. I want you very much to do me a favour, Mr. Charlewood."

"If I can," said Clement. He had not quite got over Mabel's cool disregard of his advice. And yet he liked her none the less for it. Somewhat the more, perhaps. But he gave himself no account of his feeling.

"It is this. Little Corda is fond of reading; and I have some children's books that were given to me long ago. I should like so much to lend her some of them. Would you mind—I know you are in the neighbourhood sometimes—leaving them with her for me?"

"I will do so with pleasure. But let me, even at the risk of offending you, say once more that I do not think you are acting wisely in mixing yourself up personally with these people."

"Surely Miss Fluke is a tower of strength, Mr. Charlewood?"

"Miss Fook is a towow," observed Dooley with drooping eyelids.

"Dear child, you *must* go to bed," said his sister, kissing him.

"I may 'top till he goes?" urged Dooley, waving a very diminutive thumb, which was not at all under command, in an endeavour to point at Clement Charlewood.

"Well, one little minute then. I really can't see, Mr. Charlewood, why you, who seem to have a liking for, and appreciation of, Corda, should be so urgent against my going to see her."

"Miss Earnshaw, if I may venture to say so, I have also a liking for, and appreciation of, *you*."

Mabel looked straight at him with clear eyes in which there was no trace of affectation or embarrassment. "Thank you," she said, smiling very slightly. "Well?"

"Well, believe me it is not good for you to seek those people. If it were only the little girl, poor baby, I should say no word against it. Even her father, weak and shiftless as I take him to be, might not be utterly objectionable. But there is a brother——"

"Yes but I have never seen him. Stay! Is he not singularly handsome, with the air of a foreigner?" Ah, yes; I met him coming into the house as I left it. I should never be likely to come into contact with him."

"God forbid! I am not speaking at hazard, Miss Earnshaw, when I assure you that that young man is a thoroughly worthless fellow. I might be justified in using a stronger word. Watty, whom I am sorry and ashamed to say has got into a set I very much disapprove of, has lately met young Trescott at billiard-rooms, and in much lower haunts. He is a thorough-paced young vagabond. Keen and cunning as an old experienced gambler. Vain and boastful as a boy.'

He continued to speak of Walter and of the Trescotts, feeling it very sweet to have the warm ready sympathy and quick intelligence with which Mabel received his confidence. In the midst of his talk, Mrs. Saxelby came in. She was pale and worn, and bore the look of one who has been blanching in a close dark room, away from free light and air.

"How is Mr. Saxelby?" asked Clement.

"He has fallen into a doze, and I have come down for a little change. I believe he is better. There is no serious evil. But you lords of the creation, are terribly bad patients. I think he might have been well, a week ago, if he had not increased his fever and irritation by fretting. Why is this dear boy not in bed? Dooley, you are fast asleep, my pet."

"I ain't s'eepy, mamma," said Dooley, strug-

gling into a sitting posture, with his hair all over his eyes, and one cheek flushed a deep burning red, from his having pressed it against his sister's shoulder. Mrs. Saxelby rang the bell for the maid. "Go with Sarah my boy. It is bedtime."

"Ain't *he* doin'?" asked Dooley, making one desperate effort to stand on his legs, and sliding down against his sister's dress on to the hearth-rug.

"Yes, Dooley, I am going too," said Clement. Dooley looked down at him doubtfully from the elevation of Sarah's arms.

"*Is* he doin', Tibby?" Dooley asked, with evident confidence in the truth of the reply he would get from his sister.

"I think he is, Dooley. But even if he doesn't go, you must. Because he's a grown up man, you know, and you're only a tiny boy."

"Good night," said Dooley, resignedly. The view of the subject that Mabel had presented to him was one with which he was not prepared to deal in his drowsy condition.

"I *must* not stay after that," said Clement, when the child had been carried away.

"I will go and get the books I spoke of," murmured Mabel, gliding quietly out of the room. Her mother threw herself into an easy-chair with an air of weariness. She was tired in body and harrassed in mind by the monotonous attendance in the sick-room; and Clement's presence was a welcome change.

"Miss Earnshaw has become a disciple of Miss Fluke's, I understand," said Clement

"Not altogether a disciple," answered Mrs. Saxelby, "but she has consented to assist her in district visiting, for a time. I don't mind telling *you* frankly that I do not like it. Mabel is not adapted for that kind of thing. She is the best, the most unselfish, the dearest child in the world. Helpful and unwearied in serving those she loves. But she is not quite—what shall I say?—not quite amenable."

"Not quite amenable to Miss Fluke, that is," said Clement, smiling.

"Exactly. You see, poor dear Miss Fluke, though actuated by the most charming motives, and—and—and evangelical things of all sorts," said Mrs. Saxelby, breaking down somewhat in her eulogium, "is not clever. In a worldly sense Miss Fluke is *not* clever. Now Mabel is clever. You know that it is not mere mother's partiality which makes me say so, Mr. Charlewood, but Mabel has really remarkable talent and intellect for her age."

"I know it," said Clement. But although he did not speak insincerely, it may be doubted whether he had ever looked upon Mabel in the light of a very intellectual person before. Many of our latent judgments, which otherwise might have lain dormant as the spark lies in the flint, are thus elicited by sudden contact with another mind.

"I have been taking the liberty, Mrs. Saxelby," pursued Clement, "of again speaking to your daughter about those Trescotts. You will think me very audacious to return to the charge, after the severe snubbing I got from Miss Earnshaw on the subject the other day."

"Not at all audacious. Very friendly, on the contrary. But, entre nous, Mr. Charlewood, I don't see any such strong objections to her seeing the child occasionally, under the auspices of Miss Fluke. Mabel's sympathies were strongly excited by the circumstanes under which she first saw this little girl. As the child grows stronger, and does not call for her pity, Mabel's enthusiasm will cool. Though," added Mrs. Saxelby, after an instant's pause, "Mabel is not apt to be fickle, I must own that."

"Mrs. Saxelby, I have been telling Miss Earnshaw something of which you will better appreciate the weight and bearing than she can. The brother, of whom I have chanced to hear a good deal lately, is a worthless young vagabond. I suppose most people of his class and profession are dissipated and careless. But this lad is worse than that. He is a frequenter of billiard-rooms and taverns. The Trescotts are very poor. The money with which he gratifies his self-indulgence must be got in, to say the least, a disreputable way, by gambling. It is a bad case. Think, Mrs. Saxelby, of the possibility of Miss Earnshaw's name being bandied about in low public-houses by this young fellow and his associates." Clement's hand clenched itself involuntarily as he spoke.

"I will talk to Mabel, myself," said Mrs. Saxelby, nervously; "she will hear reason. Hush, she's coming. Say no more at present, I beg of you."

Mabel came into the room with a little packet of books under her arm. "Mr. Charlewood has promised to take these to Corda Trescott for me, mamma."

"He is very kind."

"There is the White Cat with illustrations, coloured in a very high style of art by myself. Poor white Cat! The common paint with which I bedaubed her, has grown discoloured and made her into a brown cat by this time. Never mind; there is the story. Then I have Robinson Crusoe, Edgeworth's Rosamond, and a volume of Han's Christian Anderson's tales. It is quite a library for Corda."

"Good night Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement, taking charge of the books. "Good night Miss Earnshaw. I hope Mr, Saxelby will be quite well and at work again in a day or two. He is not fond of idleness, I know."

Then Clement took his leave and went away. He looked up at the starlight autumn sky as he walked along the surburban road, with its trim hedges on either hand, and all sorts of unpractical and vague fancies danced through his brain.

If another Asmodeus, instead of lifting the house-tops and showing the scenes that are being enacted within, could unroof the mysterious dome wherein our thoughts and imaginations are busy, and could make palpable to the senses their goings and comings—the unlikely guests lodged in one brain, and the unsuspected vacuity of another, the odd corners full of romance and fantasy in some minds that pass for mere unvarying machines, and the hard practical calculation of intellects which an admiring world supposes to be "of imagination all compact"—could such a familiar demon be found, I believe we should witness a far more strange and wonderful spectacle than any of those which greeted the astonished eyes of the Spanish student.

To be continued.

FENIANISM IN IRELAND.

JAMES FITZPATRICK.

THE day's partial thaw is succeeded by a clear sharp frost to-night. A solemn stillness reigns over field and fell. The very air is sleeping, and not a cloud flickers the great dome of heaven. All the expanse is flooded with pale moonlight. The fir-trees, still bearing fleeces of snow in tiers upon their fan-like arms, cast grotesque shadows on the lawn. Three bright lines of light blaze in the barracks yonder on the hill. They keep the lights burning all the night through now, for there are few men within, and they are watching. A solitary owl hoots in the deep thicket near our barn. From the distant steeple, white and clear against the sky, ring out the chimes. A dog disturbed, barks sharply far away down in the valley, others of his kind take up and repeat his warning, for a moment there is a chorus of sharp terriers and deep-toned mastiffs, then all is still again. The silence saddens and oppresses one; we feel to be alone in the vast world. Our favourite constellations glitter in the sky unclouded and serene, but silently. I count them all, the Pleiades, Orion, Perseus and Andromeda. Some set and disappear behind the range of hills, others to rise and flash above the wood. All are asleep within, and I long for some sign of active life to break the grave stillness of the hour.

Yes, there is life. A mile away behind the house they are burning furze upon Knockrea. The huntsmen will not thank those who destroy the cover. Yet these are not furze-burners, now that I look again. The light is too steady and too red. It must be just above the ledge on which the police-station can be discerned, white above its own dark shadow. It is extinguished, and flashes out again. Once more I try to fix the spot where it appeared, once more it blazes out, and stronger than before. Is that an electric flash, marking out a path of light amongst the trees, and glancing off the red-barked pine? Signal answers signal, as I live! They speak to each other across the gorge, those men upon the hill and some round my own homestead. All is still as death, but near me there are others awake, and watching like myself.

The stealthy drawings of a bolt, the rattling of a chain, the creak of a hinge upon the gate, and suddenly the clank of hoofs on the hard roadway. My horses are away! Have they broken loose, or are they ridden? I shout, and in reply hear from the skirt of the wood, horrible in the night's quiet, that demoniac war-hoop which James Fitzpatrick learned of the Indians—a succession of yells ending in chuckling laughter. It is Fitzpatrick; he has thrown off the mask at last! Distant, ever more distant, is the clatter of the hoofs, now ringing more clearly as they mount the hills, now dying away in the hollows. At last it is heard only at distant intervals, and then no more.

According to his own story, James Fitzpatrick had left Ireland three years before "the war." Wandering through "the States," doing a turn of work, now here, now there, he became a sort of slave-driver on a cotton-plantation in South Carolina. When the war between North and South broke out, he bore arms in the Confederate ranks, and fought at Beaufort and New Orleans under the Balmetto flag. Either as a deserter or a prisoner, he changed sides, and served with Sherman during his famous march from Atlanta to Charleston, and fearful were the tales he told to our frightened but eagerly listening children of blood, and death, and plunder he had seen. Leaving this service, too, he never told us how or why, he became "lifter" to a corn-merchant at Chicago—an employment for which his powerful and active frame well fitted him. He offered his services to me a few weeks after his return to Ireland "for any wages I pleased to give." I had just obtained a life interest in a small farm of twenty acres of arable land, with ten acres of ornamental wood. The place had been shamefully neglected, and my ignorance of farming was supreme. Fitzpatrick was recommended to me as a "handy man," ready to "put his strength" to any kind of labour; and such I found him.

His experience in "the territories" of America had taught him much. He was equal to three ordinary men in capacity for work and facility in expedients. He kneaded and baked our bread, cared and milked our cows, made our butter, did a trifle of blacksmith's work, repaired our gates and fences, and executed rough jobs of carpentry. We found out that he washed, clear-starched, and "did up fine things" as well as any laundry-maid. There was nothing he was not willing to attempt and could not manage to do in some way, so as to answer the purpose for a time. He soon brought our small farm "to rights," working himself energetically but noisily, and making others work. With our children he was all in all; their great authority and lawgiver in the art of constructing rabbit-hutches, setting snares for hares or birds, and building toy ships to sail upon the pond. He knew where the hawk had her young, and the woodquest built her nest. Great was the store of wild birds' eggs the boys gathered on the moor and "blew" under his direction. As a help he was invaluable to us, but there was a restlessness and wildness, sometimes a degree of violence, in his character which caused uneasiness. He spoke of our farm as his own, and openly said what he would have done next year; but the Irish steward indentified himself so far with his master, that this occasioned no surprise. We knew not then that he had purchased an "Irish bond" on our small estate. He boasted more than once to others that "he could buy and sell us" if he pleased. I was informed he threatened to leave those behind him who would revenge him if I dismissed him, but the evidence was vague and wavering. The Irish peasant was not "peach," and if in passion he blurts out a charge, under examination he softens down his words and leaves you powerless. In this case I

could find no fair reason to dismiss Fitzpatrick, and placed as I was amidst strangers not of my own creed, I would do nothing without the clearest proof. One part of his character did give me real uneasiness. He hated, or professed to hate, the priests of his own communion. He forsook his "duty," seldom going to chapel, never to confession. The language he ventured to use towards his own priest was unmeasured in abuse; yet the parish priest was a gentle aged man, kindly and charitable, never interfering in politics save to condemn the Fenians.

Early in the month of October, Fitzpatrick requested me to sign, in evidence of his identity, an American draft for one hundred and eighty dollars, drawn in his favour at New York. This, he said, was the amount of his savings at Chicago, which he had left in bank until "gold got cheap." His account was not improbable, for I knew him to be hard-working and thrifty. On the third Sunday of December he brought another note, but this time for two hundred and fifty dollars. I refused, but in quiet terms, to sign such a document on Sunday. A sudden fear flashed across my mind, for these American bills were objects of suspicion. I determined on the moment, come what would, to dismiss Fitzpatrick. On my refusal to sign the note his face grew purple, and he dashed from the room, more resembling a maniac than a sane man. On that night he fled.

There was no rest for the remainder of the night. We closed the yard-gates, bolted and barred the rooms below, and waited for the winter's dawn. To send for the constabulary, I should leave the house to females and children. I should have to pass through the wood to reach the lodge; and who could tell whether the keeper was not in the plot? An hour passed away, and then came the tramp of men upon the gravel. They paused before the house, and the sound of grounded arms was plain. A short rapid glance from the window showed us the police. There was twelve in the patrol. Three, and the sergeant a little in advance, faced the hall door full in the moonlight, two were dimly seen in the dark shadow of the trees on either side; the rest had mounted the yard gate, for we heard them moving on the payment.

"Werry sorry to disturb you, sir, but we have orders."

"Wait one moment, sergeant, I will let you in."

"We have a warrant, sir, against Fitzpatrick which is his room?"

A few words sufficed to show that Fitzpatrick, had known the warrant was issued almost as soon as the police themselves. The accurate and timely information possessed by the leading Fenians was sometimes a complete puzzle to the authorities. They seemed to know beforehand when and where, and in what force, a search would be made. The escape of Stephens from Richmond Bridewell was only one of a series of proofs that the conspiracy had active and unsuspected agents in offices of trust. Two, if not three years had been spent by Stephens and his colleagues in preparation. Efforts were made, often aided innocently by most loyal men, to obtain situations for confederates in prisons, hospitals, and public offices. There were confederates in the camps, in barracks, and in the neighbourhood of police-stations. The slightest movement on the part of the constabulary, the receipt of a letter at an unusual time, the arrival of a mounted orderly at a guard-house, the silence and mystery generally observed by men about to be engaged upon a movement of importance, were all noted by vigilant, but unseen or unsuspected watchers. A simple system of light signals by night, scouts on the tops of hills during the day, betrayed the line of route taken by military or police. The uncouth and silent peasant screening the sand on the mountain-side; the tramp who infested your grounds, the pedlar with his "lucifers," and song books, and bits of showy ribbon; the labourer looking for work with his spade upon his shoulder, the ragged and shoeless urchin pretending to mind the sheep; the girl half hidden among the furze playing with her kid, were all scouts, well-paid scouts—for a trifle serves as a great bribe where the wages of a working man are but seven shillings weekly—doing the bidding of an unknown agent under pain of death. Chiefly the leaders sought to place confederates, or persons likely to be seduced, about the families of persons holding office under the crown. A word casually dropped at the breakfast-table would be repeated in the servants' room or stable-yard. During the crisis the master of the household generally stated where he would be found at any hour of the day, and when he intended to return. Any movement out of the routine course was suspected and watched. A sentence heard at the dinner-table, and most innocently mentioned in the kitchen, seemed to have wings. The purport of it, if it concerned the conspiracy, was known miles away before nightfall.

A search was made in the room so recently occupied by the fugitive. Little was found: a pair of military gloves, two copies of the Irish People—not the genuine Irish People suppressed by the government, but an American publication transmitted in quantities to Ireland, either separately or folded in the pages of other New York newspapers. A plank of the floor had been taken up, and lay on its side against the wall. Here, it was supposed, "the rifle" had been secreted. Bedding was tossed up and carefully examined, with no result. In passing down the stairs leading to the room, the lamp held by the sergeant flashed its light upon a paper affixed to the wall. It was wafered up, and covered with short pencil strokes, opposite words written in ink. Under the words "Head," "Hands," "Fingers," "Feet," "Toes," were marks I did not comprehend. The sergeant knew at once the importance of the document. These names indicated the position held by the members of the conspiracy. The "hands" were superior to the "feet," but both had authority. The "fingers" were the "privates who had been supplied with arms. The "toes" were unarmed as yet. The down-strokes indicated the attendance at drill.

"There is evidence here to hang him, if he's caught," said the sergeant. "A document like this we do not often find."

So the very man whom we had, until lately, trusted most, and who was thoroughly acquainted with the whole tenor of our lives, was the chief organiser and paymaster of the Fenians in our district!

Before mid-day on Monday we knew all. They amongst whom we lived, and who never had uttered one word of warning, were voluble in offering information now. Every one knew something about Fitzpatrick, and came to tell it. On holidays, or in the evenings after the hours of work, "our man" drilled his recruits among the sand-hills, or seduced and swore men in at the canteen. He reviewed his levies and distributed pay, on starry nights, at the edges of the moor. Now was explained why we often heard the sound of horses' hoofs so late at night, and why our ponies appeared exhausted and spiritless in the morning.

Five arrests were made early in the morning of Fitzpatrick's flight. Two publicans, who had a thriving trade, disappeared, without informing their nearest relatives why, or whither—at least, so they said. The whole district was in commotion, and every labourer was suspected, or professed to hold others in suspicion. I sent my family up to Dublin, although we were guarded more securely than we had reason to suppose. Our children told us how they had seen "the sergeant and his men" lying flat among the trees around the house by night. My wife and daughters found that, on their visits to the village, men of soldier-like bearing, but in civilians' clothes, hovered near them. Often I hailed and spoke to the patrol, who appeared to rise up out of the earth. Our servants, however, gave warning, and we feared to engage others. The lodge-keeper alone stood his ground, and kept the house with me.

Gradually the alarm through the district subsided. Arrests were no longer made, and not the slightest injury was done to person or property. I had my family safe in Dublin, and my mind was free. Six days before the rising there had not existed with us the slightest suspicion that an outbreak was intended. The military authorities and police thought otherwise, and they were right. The precautions taken by the State were now the chief proofs that the conspiracy still existed, and the very means wisely adopted to obviate or anticipate danger gave birth to apprehension.

A hot pursuit was set on foot after James Fitzpatrick, but in vain. He had timed his flight cleverly, and taken the railway to Dublin at a station nine miles off, although there were two stations nearer. My ponies were brought back next day, and gave proofs of having een ridden desperately hard. Who accompanied Fitzpatrick we never knew. It was supposed he had made for Liverpool, and had hidden himself amongst the dockyard labourers for a time, and then started for New York. The constabulary gathered up and carefully recorded all the evidence they could collect concerning him—to little purpose, as I imagined. But they said, if ever a rising should actually take place, "Fitzpatrick would surely be in the thick of it." He would dare anything, they believe, and could not settle down.

During the interval between the flight of Fitzpatrick and the rising at Tallaght, we heard occasionally vague rumours concerning him. "He had become a great man, entirely;" "He was full of money," and "would soon be back in Ireland with the States army." But we gathered some decided information from the New York papers which, in their reports of Fenian meetings, recorded his name as that of an accredited agent of "the Irish republic," regularly commissioned to explain the position of the conspiracy in Ireland. He was named in small capitals as "Head Centre" and "District Organiser of the I.R.B." His story harmonised with that told by all the rest who had fled from Ireland, and appeared as "agents" in the cities of the United States. "There were thousands of men, wholly or partly drilled and disciplined, ready to rise, if they had but arms." Arms, or money to buy arms, would enabled "the men in the gap" to liberate Ireland from the British yoke. He openly announced his determination to return to "the front," and to join in striking "the final blow" against British tyranny. All this was considered as a device to induce the Celtic element in the United States to subscribe once more to the Fenian treasury. We believed Fitzpatrick to be but a type of a numerous class, Irish in nothing but their birth. Habituated to violence and rapine during the American civil war, the return of peace found them unfitted for industrial employment, and, ready to become the instruments of any Amecan intrigue which promised them congenial occupation, Whiteboyism, Terry-altism, Ribbonism, the Phœnix mystery, had been carried to America by a million of emigrants, and there developed into secret societies of vast extent and considerable political influence. The Irish element in these societies was believed to have combined to a man in Fenianism, and to be wielded by clever and unscrupulous leaders for political objects or pecuniary advantage. As a theoretical organisation on paper, the Fenian scheme was remarkably complete; but, as the emissaries of the conspiracy must have known, that not one person worthy to be called, by the most liberal appplication of the term, a citizen — not one in decent position or respectable employment, could be induced to take part in the scheme from first to last, it was not generally believed they would ever oppose to the enormous power of the government the loose and hungry waifs and strays, the debauched and dissolute idler of the towns, and the weak-minded and feeble-bodied youths, who constituted in Ireland the Fenian army.

When this army had melted away at the first touch of the constabulary on Tallaghth Hill, Fitzpatrick was diligently sought for. The authorities were aware that he had acted as one of the leaders in the affray, and it was supposed, rightly or wrongly, that he would willingly purchase his own safety by supplying informa-

tion. "Generals," "captains," "head centres," strove who should be the first to betray those whom they had led, but there was good reason to suspect that Fitzpatrick knew more of the American side of the conspiracy than the rest. He was one whose appearance could not be mistaken. He was not amongst the miserable rabble paraded in the Castle-yard the day succeeding the rising; he was not found among the straying fugitives picked up by the police, he certainly had not succeeded in getting through the Wicklow mountains, or making "for the south." We concluded that he had slipped back to Dublin someway, and hidden himself amidst the crowd.

In the wards of an hospital he lay powerless and moribund when I recognised him. A ball had struck him right on the breast-bone, and, glancing off, ran in a semicircle to the shoulder, and there, breaking the clavicle, passed out. A thick blue welt, tight as a rope, marked the trace of the ball. The blood oozed drop by drop from the narrow puncture, and would not be stanched. The stars in their courses had fought against the Fenians. Never was there known in Ireland so bitter a month as the March which the conspirators madly chose for their attempt. For two endless nights and two inclement days Fitzpatrick had lain in a furrow freezing to death. Then the gathering of a flock of crows around his hiding-place led to his discovery. He was carefully lifted up and borne away no longer an enemy. He could not have been more kindly tended, he could only look his thanks. This only I gathered from his whispered words, spoken at long intervals.—that he had been treacherously shot by one of his American confederates because he knew too much.

All that he knew, lies buried with him. We buried him among "his own people," in a sunny graveyard. He was the last of his kin in Ireland. I see his grave every Sunday, and the children have made it bloom with daffodils and primroses. There is often a little group gathered around the place. They know as yet nothing of treachery or treason, but much of old companionship and pleasant hours on sunny days upon the moorland.

TWELVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE.

IN TWELVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER XI.

I gathered myself under the shelter of the shadow of death. Sitting behind the bed curtains in the darkened sick-room, I fought with my own heart for dear life, till the feeble moans beside me filled me with dismay at the unnatural diversion of my thoughts at such a time, and I drew nearer the bed, keeping my eyes upon the suffering face and holding the suffering hand, while by desperate force of will I concentrated all my existence into one feeling and a hundred acts of sympathy for my stricken father. For he was still my father, and stricken, though he had wrung all the joy out of my life. Must he die now, and take it with him where it could avail him nothing? How gladly would I have gone in his place, and left to him prosperity, with Luke Elphinstone's friendship! I crushed my own identity out of the sick-room into the outer world to which it belonged, and became merely a silent woman with noiseless feet and watchful eyes. I was my father's nurse, nothing more.

Luke Elphinstone was troubled for me; indeed, I think he was. I believe he was troubled about more than me, but at that time I did not know, I would not think about the matter. He used to come to the door to ask for my father, and he looked worn, and haggard about the eyes. I used to think, as I closed the door, I did not believe he had so much unselfish feeling in him. This was because I had shut my thoughts upon other matters.

I have often wondered since, looking back, how any one could so stave off, single-handed, the near assaults of an impending life long misery as I did in those darkened days, sitting in the lonely quiet of a dim room. It was the shadow of death that hung between me and the future like a great shield. So long as the doctor came every day, and shook his head, saying, "Patience my dear young lady!—it is all he will require of you more in this world, and that only for a little time"—so long as he said this, I sat forgetting my own name and features, and deaf and dumb to the voices that came crying to me through the chinks of the door. But when he came at last, and said, "Ah, Miss Mattie, there is hope! Cheer up, my dear, and go out to the garden for a little air," then the pent-up currents of life came rushing back into my veins, and I went forth into the brilliant autumn daylight and moaned for the callousness of the sunshine, and railed in my burning heart against the cruelty of the world.

I shrank from my lonely listless saunters out of doors. The garden was still gay, though its summer glories were dead, there were sad winds about, and the leaves were falling, dropping, dropping. One could not walk but they came fluttering in one's face and beating about one's breast, like passionate tears from the trees, that in all the magnificence of their fading beauty lashed their tawny boughs against the sky, and complained because the fiat of decay had gone forth against them. I hated the harsh rustling of the dead leaves under my feet. I had not even the heart to make myself an autumn posy. I looked at the flowers, and left them as trifles which had no longer any interest, I fled if a blackbird uttered a note. I left the glowing out-door world, in which I seemed already a stranger, forgotten and forsaken by all my old friends of sight and sound, and returned to the dim dull house, to the empty shadowy rooms, to the ticking clock on the staircase, the streak of stealth light on the wall, the muffled step, the whispering voices.

At evenings, when I had to leave Elspie in charge of the sick-room awhile, I made my walk up and down the long lobby where my mother's ghost was believed to pace at night. And here all that had occurred in my last hours at Eldergowan came back, as a dream will return bit by bit far on through the day after it has been dreamed. I remembered that Mark had owned his love for me, had reproached me, invited me to trust him, to tell him my troubles. Had I been less hard, had I shown less coldly determined to go my own way, would he have so suddenly and rashly bound himself to one for whom he cared nothing? Yet why should he not care for Sylvia? What, then, had I lost since his love was so easily transferred? O much—much; I had lost very much! A crazy idea this that I was chasing through my brain. What did it matter to me? What could it ever have mattered to me? I hastened to look on my father's altered face and nerveless hands, lest my heart should cry out against him.

There seemed to me something inexpressibly sad in the fact that Mark had loved me. Had I, being free, made a mistake which women have made before now, giving forth the music of their hearts and finding no response, it would not have been half so hard. Had I learned that his happiness was in the keeping of others, I could have plucked the love out of my heart—and shed it in flowers under his feet—ay, and under the feet of his bride. But Mark had set his heart upon me, had stretched out his hand to me, and I had turned away. This was what I had to forget as I sat by my father's head, and counted the hours of each weary day going past.

Luke dropped completely out of my life at this time. Where was he? What was he doing? I did not know. I did not think at all of the future. I thought only of what I had lost.

How faithful and kind were my two friends, Dr. Strong and Miss Pollard, I could never tell. The little woman shone out in the time of trouble like gold thrice refined. She watched me as tenderly as a mother, and mourned over my pale cheeks and thin hands. In the goodness of her heart she became a sort of Nemesis, and overtaking me at all hours of the day with spoonsful of tonic draughts, glasses of wine, and mutton-chops. I did not like her doses, but I liked the hand that gave them, and often swallowed them against my will for the sake of seeing her look happy. So neat she was, so quick, so quiet and cheery, with her kind sympathetic eyes that saw everything and intruded into nothing, and her childish button of a mouth touched at the corners with a simple content. When I had a thought to spare, I gave it to her, big with admiration.

"If ever you are ill, Dr. Strong," I said to him one day when we had both been watching her at some of her handiwork—"if ever you are ill, I hope you will have Miss Pollard to nurse you."

"No man could have a better fate," said the doctor, solemnly, and put on his hat and went out. And, after he had gone, I could not help wondering at the oddity of his answer, and thinking that he had taken my words for more than they were worth.

Mrs. Hatteraick had come to the Mill-house several times while my father lay waiting, as we thought, for death, but I had never spoken to her outside the door of the sick-room, and never even there except in whispers about the patient. But one afternoon she came during the time when my father was supposed to be recovering, and we walked up and down the orchard paths together.

The chill of advanced autumn was in the air, the dear old lady had on her furs; a fire burned invitingly in the drawing-room; but it seemed that by mutual consent we must go out of doors and walk while we talked. The winds hurried about as if they should never have time for all the devastating work they had to do. River and sky were cold and grey as steel. Yellow leaves flapped on the creaking boughs, and the crimson apples glowed between. A sad unthrifty ripeness of beauty struggled with the disfigurements of decay. It was a hectic, withering, weeping world.

"You have heard our strange news, Mattie?" said Mrs. Hatteraick, clinging to me as she leaned with her frail hand on my arm.

"Yes, Mrs. Hatteraick," I said; "I hope it will make you all happy."

"I do not look for it," she said. "It is too strange—it is unnatural. She will never make my son's happiness. He is so changed—he is gloomy and bitter. He has not done this thing in his right senses. If the woman loved him, I should not despair, but she does not Oh, Mattie, Mattie! the world has gone wrong with my son! and it's your fault. We took you into our hearts; we counted you all our own. You saw how it was with us, and you never said a word."

"Do not blame me," I said—and I said it very meekly, for my heart felt quite broken at the time—"Do not blame me. We have each our own share of trouble to bear."

She stopped our walk, put back the hair that was blowing about my eyes with her trembling hands, and looked in my face.

"Mattie dear," she said, "you are not happy in this engagement of yours. Tell me about it. I am not Mark. I am not Sylvia. An old woman going fast towards her grave can keep a secret. Tell me, are you happy?"

I felt what was coming, for my pride was sinking, sinking, but I struggled as long as I could.

"It need not matter to any one," I said, "whether I am happy or not. It must not matter."

"Those are hard words for the young, my darling," she said. And oh, she said it so pitifully, so lovingly. "You do not like this Mr. Elphinstone, who is to be your husband," she went on; "I know that, and I may as well know the rest. He is very rich, I hear, but it is not that which influences my Mattie. There is something else that cannot be got over?"

"Mrs. Hatteraick," I said, "don't you think that when there are things that cannot be got over it is best to be silent?"

"Silence is an excellent rule, my love," she said; "but there must be exceptions, or hearts would break."

Had mine been sheathed in steel, it must have been pierced by the home-thrusts of her tenderness. I spoke at last, and told my story, passionately, stormily. I could not stop myself, and yet while I was speaking I knew that it would have been better I had kept silent. Where is the

use of saying that which can only be said ill? I think Mrs. Hatteraick felt this as my words rang about her ears. I think, by the failing of her voice and the whitening of her cheek, that she did. Sympathy is but the aggravation of some sorrows when hope is a dead letter. Silence had been best for me.

CHAPTER XII.

My father continued to get better, and Sylvia returned to the Mill-house. I knew that she had no home to receive her, and I wrote, asking her to come to us before her marriage, for as long a time as might suit her. In the beginning of November she came.

Mark drove her over, one wet evening. I stood at the open hall door to welcome her. I had tasked myself to do everything kind. Mark would not come in, though he came up the steps, carrying Sylvia's cloak. He must return to Eldergowan at once, he said, and neither I nor Sylvia pressed him to remain. He was very straight, and stern, and soldierly, as he walked up the steps, and the idea passed across my mind that this was how he must have looked going to battle. I kept my eyes on Sylvia as I shook hands with him, and I said it was a very wet evening indeed, and after he had driven away I stood a minute on the threshold looking out through the drifting rain, and wondering, with a sort of frantic fear, if I should always feel like this, all through my life.

At this moment, Luke came round the house talking to a farm-servant about the cattle plague which had made some appearance in the neighbourhood.

"Stamp it out!" I heard Luke saying in a high voice. "The only thing to be done is to stamp it out."

The words came to me suddenly on the wind like a sort of wild reply to my wondering, and I took them home and made my own of them.

"Stamp it out!" I cried, starting out of my sleep that night. "Stamp it out!" I whispered, clenching my hand under my apron, when I saw a photograph on Sylvia's dressing-table. "There is nothing to be done but to stamp it out!" I murmured, when I happened on a dead flower pinned in the bosom of one of my muslin gowns, and dropped it deep into the heart of the fire.

I wonder how Sylvia felt coming back that evening. She looked battered with the wind and rain, and very worn and weary, as she stood in her wrappings in the hall and looked around her. I dare say everything she glanced upon had its own tale to tell her, in the way that still life has got, of restoring to you unexpectedly with interest whatever you endowed it with in the heyday of your sorrow or delight. Her face was thinner and sharper, and her eyes had an uneasy look. I knew what she had done, and I guessed what she suffered. I ought to have pitied her.

There was no sweet words nor caresses between us. "Thank you, Mattie, for this kindness," she said, in a graceless sort of way, and went up to her own room. Her reception was dismal enough, though I did wish it had been otherwise. I had done nothing to make the house less dull than was its wont. The gilding seemed to have got rubbed off my finger-tips. What they touched they left as sombre as they had found—and this little loss had a pain of its own, for a woman loves the charm that her fancy sheds here and there in her home, and when her household magic leaves her, she knows it for a woful sign that her life has gone awry.

I had asked Miss Pollard to stay with me that evening, so that we three, Luke, Sylvia, and I, might not have to sit at table alone. She left early, however, and soon after she went away I was summoned up-stairs to my father's room. An hour passed, and I could not help wondering how Sylvia and Luke had spent it tête-à-tête. At the end of that time I heard the drawing-room door open, and the hall door bang violently, notwithstanding that it had come on a furiously wet and windy night. When I went down to drawing-room half an hour later, Sylvia was sitting alone, bent over the fire, her face flushed and tear-stained. I think I came upon her unawares, for I had of late got the habit of moving noiselessly; and she seemed ill-pleased to see me. She gave me such a wild angry look that I had almost turned and left the room to her without a word, but it came across my mind that the estrangement between us would grow too bitter to be endurable if I did so. I went up and put my hand upon her, and said, "What is the matter, Sylvia?" And I tried to put all the softness that I could into my voice.

"Matter?" she said, laughing; "why, prosperity is turning my head a little, I think. Luke has been congratulating me on my wonderful good fortune, and I have been sitting here since, reflecting that I ought to be a little distracted by delight. Think of it, Mattie! I came here a poor, penniless, friendless creature, with only a few gay gowns between me and beggary, and, lo and behold! instead of having to go back into the world to seek for a roof to cover my head, I am about to be raised to the rank of wife of one of the noblest gentlemen God ever made! This is what people's congratulations tell me every day, and if I believe firmly in my own bliss, it is no wonder I go a little mad thinking about it sometimes when I am left alone!"

"Sylvia," said I, "I think if you have no feeling of respect or affection for that noble gentleman you have mentioned, you ought at least to feign a little. It would be more for your own dignity, never to speak of his honour."

"Dignity!" she said; "do you think I care any more either for myself or my dignity? There was only one thing I cared for, and you denied it to me, and there is nothing left in the world that can cause me one touch of regret. As for affection, I give as much as I have received, and that is fair enough."

She had picked up a ball of wool that Miss Pollard had left behind her on the floor, and was tossing it and catching it, like a child at play, while she tripped these speeches lightly off her tongue, only the gleam of her eye as it followed the ball in the air and a sort of grating strain in her voice telling that all she said was not meant for an extravagant joke.

And this was Mark Hatteraick's wife. A brave soldier, who had fought well, lived purely, ripened into such a man as any heart could worship, was to end by having a woman like this sitting by his fireside. Pity for him made me savage.

"You had better change your mind," I said, "before you wreck a good man's happiness."

"Ha! Mattie, has he found a champion at last?" she said; and then she rose from her chair with a yawn. "I wonder," she said, "if all our lives long you and I will be such friends as we are to-night?"

"God forbid!" I said, "for the sake of Christian charity".

"You speak pretty plainly," she said, "considering I am a guest in your house."

"You make me forget where I am, and who I am," I said, trembling so that I could hardly speak or stand.

"Oh, never mind!" said Sylvia, carelessly, as she took her candle. "What a night it is!" she went on, as a dash of rain came across the window. "Luke will be pretty well drenched, wherever he is. He might as well have been sitting there by the fire, preventing, by his presence, our amiable conversation. Good night!" she added, pleasantly, and went away with as light a step as if she had already forgotten every word that had passed between us.

Though I had asked Sylvia to be my guest for her own convenience, my time was so occupied by my father that I could pay her but little attention. She was left much to her own resources, and passed her days in any way she pleased. She shopped in Steamstown with Miss Pollard, and received parcels from London. She sewed a little at muslins and laces, but a dreary idleness engrossed her more than anything else. She seemed to dread loneliness, and would beg of Miss Pollard to bring her work and sit with her; or boldly walk into the nursery to bestow her company on Elspie. She sometimes even crept into my father's sick-room and sat silently behind the curtains. More than once she heard things thus, which I had rather she had not heard, rambling regrets and self-accusations from the poor sufferer, in which my mother's name and mine were constantly mentioned, eager recounting of his gains and plans, allusions to the time when ruin had so nearly come upon him and Luke Elphinstone had saved him. I did not know whether Sylvia listened to, or minded, these things. Sometimes I thought she heard none of them.

Mark appeared at the Mill-house occasionally—very seldom, I thought; but Sylvia seemed to think he came often enough, and, indeed, judging by the shortness of his visits, and Sylvia's frame of mind after they were over, one would be inclined to think these two could have little that was agreeable to talk about. Her manner and temper grew worse and worse. When Luke and she and I met at table, she was gay enough, but there was a harshness in her gaiety that made it painful. Only for stray little gleams of kindliness that sometimes shone out of her still, I should have thought her nature had undergone a thorough change.

One day I came down the stairs and hall when Mark was just descending the steps outside. I had not seen him for a long time, but he merely bowed and raised his hat; he did not turn back to speak to me. I felt the colour rush over my face, perhaps for the coldness, perhaps for the slight, perhaps for the sudden memory of what had been, and what might have been. While I stood gazing blankly through the doorway into the copper-beech tree, Sylvia came forward from somewhere and stood beside me.

"He is generous and honourable, but not changeable," she said abruptly, with a touch of her old softness. "It was all my doing. I was determined to do it, from a crazy motive of my own, and I did it. Never blame him. It was all my fault—all of it, at least, that was not yours. Blame yourself most. If I had a lover so true, I would go through fire and water to cleave to him."

And then she walked away into the drawing-room and shut the door, without waiting for my answer.

For some time after Sylvia's return to us, Luke went out regularly every night after tea, and spent the remainder of the evening in his counting-house at the mills. I do not know when he first began to give up his habit, nor do I remember even thinking much about how Sylvia and he got on during the long evenings together; but I recollect that it was just about that time my father got a relapse, and occupied more fully than ever all my time and thoughts, that Sylvia left off coming tapping to the doors for admittance, and begging to be allowed to bestow her company upon some one.

For about a fortnight I saw very little of her, and then I remember meeting her on the lobby one evening just as I was leaving my father's room.

"Let me go in," she said.

"My father is asleep," I said, holding the door.

"Let me in," she repeated, "or I shall go mad."

I was too much accustomed to her oddities to heed this, but I allowed her to go into the room and sit to watch, while I went down-stairs to speak to an old servant who had come a long way to see me. I was almost an hour absent, and when I came back I found her pacing up and down the lobby. She put her arm through mine, and made me walk with her.

"Elspie is in there," she said. "Stay here. This is where the foot goes pattering up and down at night. Is it true the story that Elspie tells about it?"

"I cannot say," I said. "I'd rather not speak of it. It is too painful."

"Elspie says," she continued, "that it is when you are in trouble that your mother cannot rest. I hear her up and down, up and down, every night Mattie! would it not be an act of mercy to give that poor soul rest?"

"I don't know what you mean, Sylvia," I said. "I tell you again, this is too painful to be talked about."

"If you were happy, she would rest," persisted Sylvia, not appearing to take the least note of my replies. "I have been hearing a story about you from your father; yes, he wakened

up and began telling me about it. It is hard that the world should have gone so crooked with us both, Mattie, but it might come right still. While there is life there is hope."

"Yes, Sylvia," I said, thinking she alluded to the prospect of my father's recovery,

She put her arms round my neck and kissed my face all over—my forehead and eyes, my cheeks and lips.

"I am sorry I ever tormented you, Mattie," she said. "will you let us be true friends?"

"I do not understand your humours, Sylvia," I said, "but I have no objection to be your friend. I wish you nothing but good."

And here my story narrows itself down to one keen point. A day arrived when two great events came and clashed together: the day of my father's death.

I had been sitting with him all the forenoon, as usual, and he had been talking to me in a manner that was quite new with him. He had become very gentle and chastened. His mind was quite clear, and he looked at me with love in his poor eyes, held my hand, and called me his "good child!" The change wrung my heart, but it was very sweet. I did not remember that these holy spells of peace came sometimes before death, as if enough had been suffered, and the tired body rested a little, while the soul awaited the heavenly order for release.

In the afternoon I felt ill, over-excited, and over-fatigued, and Miss Pollard having come and taken my place, I went away at her desire to rest awhile in the quiet of my own room. Coming out of the darkened chamber to the bright daylight on the lobby, I looked out of the window and noticed what a clear brisk frosty day it was. The wheels were plunging on, as usual, with their sturdy song of work. It was a superstition of mine that their sound had different tones and meanings at different times, and at this moment it struck me that they were holding forth to the cold smiling sky and the bracing air about how people can live very well without sunshine if they have only their liberty and a strong will. And I admitted the hope that when my father should be quite recovered he might help me to break my engagement with Luke, and we two might go away to some quiet corner of the world where no one should know us, and we might spend our lives together in peace.

I had just drawn my white curtains between me and the world when my door opened, and, starting up, I saw Sylvia come in. She was equipped for out of doors, and looked splendidly beautiful, all dressed in grey silk and black velvet, with a swansdown ruff round her neck, and some bright berries under the brim of her bonnet.

"I am going for a drive with Luke, Mattie," said she, smoothing a wrinkle out of her glove as she spoke, and clasping it round her wrist.

"Are you, indeed?" I said, looking at her in amazement.

"Yes," she said. "I thought I had better tell you. Have you any objection?"

"No," said I, "certainly not, if you have none yourself."

"Remember, I asked you," she said, "and that you told me I might go." And then she disappeared.

I have said before that I had grown so accustomed to Sylvia's oddities that I could hardly be surprised at anything she might say or do; nevertheless, I wondered a good deal about this new freak, and in wondering about it I fell asleep, and slept soundly till the mill-bell, ringing at six for the workpeople to go home, wakened me. It was quite dark, and Miss Pollard came in and stirred up my fire and lighted my gas.

"Dinner is ready, my dear," she said; "but Mr. Elphinstone has not come in, nor can I find Miss Ashenhurst."

"Have they not come back yet?" I asked.

"Come back!" exclaimed Miss Pollard.

"Yes," said I. "Sylvia came in here before I went to sleep, and told me she was going for a drive with Luke."

"You must have dreamed it, my dear," said Miss Pollard. "She could not do such a thing."

"I don't think I dreamed it," said I.

We went down to the drawing-room and sat by the fireside, waiting. Six o'clock was our dinner-hour; Miss Pollard and I waited till half-past seven, and still there was no news of Sylvia and Luke. Then we dined together, and when it grew later yet I begged Miss Pollard to send away the maid who came with her cloak and umbrella, and to remain with me all the night.

Early in the evening it had come on wet and windy, and towards midnight there was a perfect hurricane battering about the windows.

"You may as well go to bed, my dear," said Miss Pollard, when one o'clock had struck. "They are not likely to return now. Wherever they are, they must stay under cover to-night." And she looked very white and horrified as she spoke.

But I could not go to bed, and we sat over the fire. We did not talk much; our thoughts were too strange to be put into words. Miss Pollard glanced fearfully at me from time to time, and averted her eyes as if dreading I should read her mind. Every now and again she made some ingenious suggestions as to what might have happened to keep Luke and Sylvia abroad. Two or three times I slipped up-stairs and listened at my father's door, and once I stole into his room, and saw that he slept peacefully. That was the last time I saw him living. I came down again, and found that my faithful little friend had fallen asleep on the sofa by the fireside. I covered her up with shawls, and then I passed another hour walking restlessly about the room, racked with a thousand bewildering thoughts. At last, I threw myself into an armchair in a state of utter exhaustion, and remembered nothing more till I wakened with a sudden shock, and the conviction that something strange and awful had occurred. The fire had died out, and Miss Pollard was gone. There were confused sounds outside the door, hurrying feet, and smothered exclamations. I flew to the door and opened it, expecting to see Luke or Sylvia lying dead in the hall. But it was not that which had sent this panic through the house, I rushed up-stairs, crying, "What?—what? Tell me, for God's sake!" But people met me on the lobby and dragged me into my room. I heard Dr. Strong's voice on the lobby, and a feeble sound of Elspie weeping. By-and-by Miss Pollard came to me, and then I learned it all. My father was dead. A second stroke of paralysis had come upon him in his sleep, and he had died on the instant.

Later on in the morning they allowed me to go into his room, which was all hung with black and white, and kneel down close by the poor grey head that lay so stiff on the pillow, and have out my passion of grief and forlornness, no eye being there to see. Oh, the poor grey head! the straight meek figure, the hand that could never more receive a benefit from me! What mute, piteous reproaches I suffered in those hours, looking at the silent lips from which I could not now remember to have ever heard a hard or angry word. I could only recollect my own bitterness and rebellion against his will, and the sole comfort I had was in the reflection that my enforced obedience had saved him in the day of his tribulation.

I had wearied myself out with weeping, and was kneeling with my face buried in my arms, half stupified, when the door opened, and Sylvia came in softly, a streak of sunshine creeping after her into the gloomy room. It did not shock me to see her. I had so forgotten her absence that it required her restored presence to make me remember all that had occurred before my father's death had stunned me. She came slipping in, gathering her silks about her for fear of noise, knelt and kissed the poor dead hand, while the tears came down her face. Presently she was weeping convulsively, quivering and sobbing; I had never seen her so before. But after she had done, it seemed that it could not have been grief that had shaken her, but rather that she had been casting off with these showers of tears the last of a heavy load with which her heart had been burdened for many a day. She looked more bright and lovely than ever, when she came and put her arms round me and said:

"Poor Mattie! poor Mattie! Come away, I must speak to you."

She drew me out of the room with her. As soon as we were out on the lobby she stopped, and looked in my face.

"Mattie," said she, "there is one thing I must speak of before anything else. I am married to Luke." And she laid her pretty hand on mine, showing the ring shining on her finger.

"You chose a strange time and a strange manner for your marriage," said I.

"It was accident," said she "but you are worn out, your head burns." She almost lifted me in her arms, and carried me into my room, covered me up on the bed, pulled down the blind, bathed my heard in cold water, and then she sat down beside me.

"Now you must listen to my story," said she. "I shall not fatigue you by making it long. I am not going to ask your pardon for what I have done. It will be as much for your happiness as for mine."

"Let that pass, Sylvia" I said. "You consulted your own happiness. Never mind mine."

"You are ungrateful, Mattie, for I did think of you," she said. "But this is how it happened. We drove very far away to a village—I do not know its name—quite close to the sea. The furious rain and storm came on, and we had to seek shelter in a cottage on the roadside. The night got worse, and worse, and the people in the cottage assured me that I could not go outside the door before morning. I went up to Luke and asked him what I should do. He said, 'Remain,' and I did not say another word against it. I knew then that my fate and yours were both sealed. The poor woman of the house, who was a respectable widow, made me a bed in her own little room, and I was comfortable enough, but I heard Luke walking up and down the kitchen all night. In the morning, however, when I came out to look about me, he was not to be seen. I put on my bonnet and walked out, asking my way to the village church. Some marriages were going on, and I sat down in a pew and witnessed them. By-and-by I saw Luke come in and stand waiting beside a pillar. When the other people were ready to go away, he beckoned to me, and I followed him up to the altar, and we were married. I think it was the oddest marriage I ever heard of."

I said I dared say it was, and I felt Sylvia a greater puzzle than ever as I looked at the glow of intense feeling in her face, contrasting curiously with the coolness of her matter-of-fact recital. But some one came in at the moment to tell that Mrs. Hatteraick had arrived and it was a long time after that before I had another conversation with Sylvia Elphinstone.

Mrs. Hatteraick remained at the Mill-house till after the funeral. I did all I could to mollify her exceeding disgust at Sylvia's conduct, but her joy at her son's freedom, and I think at mine, too, did more to move her to forgiveness than anything I could say. Luke was very sheepish in my presence at first. If I had been Sylvia, I should have been ashamed of him, but Sylvia was too happy to be disturbed by any mortal annoyance.

Mrs. Hatteraick carried me off with her to Eldergowan. I was obliged to go; I was not allowed to have any will in the matter. And indeed, I found myself without a home in which I had any claim to stay. Before I left the Mill-house, I went through a little ceremony with Luke. I made him take with his own hand the diamond ring from my finger and give it to Sylvia, who hung it to her chain.

Two quiet months passed, during which all the happy charm of the Eldergowan homestead gathered back about my heart with more than its old force. All around me seemed doing everything in their power to make it the most difficult thing in the world for me ever to leave Eldergowan again. I soon saw that Mark Hatteraick was resolved to make it impossible, if that might lie in his power, I said that it

should not lie in his power, for I was terribly jealous of his short engagement to Sylvia. But the keeping of this resolution was such sore work that it nearly wore me to death, and, lying on a sick-bed, I came at last to the conclusion that it is the merest folly for strong love to think of bearing malice in a woman's heart.

The first day I was able to walk out, Mark asked me to go for a ramble with him and the children to the Eldergowan woods. A high wind was sweeping through the trees overhead with a grand roar, and we could hear the children's voices in the distance shouting to each other about the dry cones, for which they were searching in the underwood. On that day Mark and I had a long, long talk. I am only going to tell a few words of what he said.

"Mattie," he said, "did Sylvia ever tell you anything of how my strange engagement to her came about?"

I remembered her words, "Do not blame him, it was all my fault," and I said:

"She told me something—that it was her doing."

"I am glad she was so generous," he said. "I thought her happiness depended upon me, and I was stung by your conduct, which I then judged unfairly in my ignorance. After I had given my promise, I would have forfeited half my life to recal it, for I knew I never could love Sylvia Ashenhurst. Shall I say any more upon this subject, or shall I let it drop for evermore?"

"Let it drop," I said.

After that he said a great deal more in quite a different maner, but I am not going to write it down here for everybody to read. He finished by asking me to be his wife. I do not know what I answered, but I know that I am his wife now. And this was the way that my year ended.

I have been out in India with my husband, leaving my two little children at home with their grandmother, and now, on my return, I find many things changed. Mrs. Hatteraick is well, and still the dearest mother that ever a husband gave to his wife, but Polly and Nell are quite grown-up girls. Miss Pollard has vanished from the village, but Mrs. Strong is flourishing in the doctor's home. Elspie, who lives, of course with me, is very feeble, and I do believe it is only the sight of my children that keeps her alive. She is peaceful now in her mind, she says, because the bairn is happy, and the mistress takes her rest. It may be that I ought to have kept this part of my story, about my mother's spirit, to myself, but it is written down now, believe it or not, who will.

In the Mill-house those many changes are made which I have described in the beginning of my story. Yesterday I drove over to see Sylvia. She met me with a baby in her arms and two curly heads bobbing about her knees, a beautiful buxom matron. She filled the hands of the little ones, mine and hers, with cakes, and hushed them out into the sun, like a flock of chickens, to play, while she and I had our cup of tea and our chat. Luke came in and joined us. I think he is greatly improved, much better and happier than ever he would have been with a wife who had loved him less than Sylvia. He is pretty well as a man, except when he stands beside my Mark.

I lay down my pen and go to the window to look out on the dear familiar woods and fields of my Eldergowan home. I fancy I can see the smoke from the Streamstow Mills hanging faintly among the clouds in the distance, and the old purring of the wheels comes across my heart like the murmur of memory's voice which has been whispering back to me all the incidents of this little tale which I have been telling. Very solemn thoughts come and go about my father and mother and Dick, and I search along the horizon for the trees of the graveyard. But solemn thoughts are soon scattered in this house. Here is grandmamma coming round the gable with two little trots scattering grain to the pigeons. Here, too, is Mark coming across the lawn with his gun. How brave and beaming he looks. He will come into this room in a minute, and then I shall have finished the last word of this story that he asked me to write; and I shall put the manuscript in his hands.

Translations from Victor Hugo No. 1.

MADELEINE.

List, oh! list sweet Madeleine,
Winter now hath fled the plain
That the snow so late o'erspread,
Come within yon woodland stray,
Whence my vassals haste away
By the wand'ring bugle led.

Come, methinks, sweet Madeleine,
That the spring, whose breath doth stain
Roses with their blushing dyes,
Shakes, this eve, in fragrant showers
From her robes that teem with flowers,
Blossoms to enchant thine eyes.

Would I were, oh! Madeleine,
But the lamb whose fleeces gain
From thy hands a soft caress:
Would I were the bird that floats
Through the azure, while the notes
Of thy voice its wand'rings bless.

Would I were, oh! Madeleine,
That Recluse, afar from vain
Worldlings in his saintly cell,
To whose ears thou dost betray
All thy petty sins each day,
Sins that virgin lips may tell.

Or, keen-visioned I would fain
Be the night-moth, Madeleine,
That ere thou dost sink to sleep,
Near thy chamber hovering,
Beats the casement with his wing,
Seeming covetous to peep;

When thy bodice, Madeleine,
With its velvet doth restrain
Now no more thy bosom white,
And thy modesty's excess
Veils thy naked loveliness
From thy very mirror's sight.

If thou willest, Madeleine,
Soon thy dwelling shall contain
Vassals brave and pages fair;
Gorgeous tapestries shall hide
Dull grey arches, else descried
In thy secret shrine for prayer

If thou willest, Madeleine,
Nevermore shall flowery chain
Wreathe thy hood of rustic girl:
Richly clad as Countess fair
Thou a coronet shalt wear,
Blossoming with sprays of pearl.

If thou willest, Madeleine,
Thou shalt sway yon wide domain
As my Bride and Baroness;
Quit for me thy calm retreat,
Or, if so thou willest, sweet,
I will don a shepherd's dress.

MONTREAL. G. M.

ON WORDS.

In wealth, good sense and closeness of structure no language at present spoken deserves to be compared with the English tongue: it has been computed that it contains above sixty thousand words. English, as every one knows, is a compound language, made up from words taken from almost every nation under heaven.

The present Archbishop of Dublin, says, that if the language were divided into one hundred parts, sixty of them would be of Saxon origin, thirty of Latin (including, of course those Latin words and terms which come to us through the French), five would be Greek, and the remaining five parts would represent the words which we have adopted from all other languages. The old Saxon is the foundation and basis of the wonderful structure which we call the English tongue, and not only is it the foundation, but nearly the whole framework of the building is composed of it, while the porticoes and the pillars, the cornices and the frescoes, and nearly all the ornaments and articles of *vertu* with which it is beautified and embellished are borrowed from other sources, from the Latin, the Greek, the Spanish, the Italian. As the learned French says, "all the joints of the language, its whole articulation, its sinews and its ligaments, the great body of articles, pronouns, conjunctions, prepositions, numerals, all smaller words which serve to knit together and bind the larger into sentences, these, not to speak of the grammatical structure of the language, are exclusively Saxon. The Latin contributes its tale of bricks, yea, of goodly and polished hewn stones to the spiritual building, but the mortar which holds and binds the different parts of the houses together is Saxon." The Saxon is the language of the people, of the home, of the fireside, in it we give utterance to the feelings of the heart, while when we soar into the cold, lofty and serene regions of philosophy, science and art, and ceasing to be ordinary mortals become sages and Solomons, we talk grandiloquently and euphoniously in Saxon words and Greek terms.

According to one of the most learned living philologists, a well educated person in England, who has played foot-ball and cricket at Rugby or Eton, and has loitered about the banks of the Isis or Cam, who reads the Bible, his Shakespeare, his *Times*, and all the books of Moodie's Circulating Library, seldom uses more than three or four thousand words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions, who are able to split hairs and hit the exact nail on the head, and stammer and stutter, hum and haw, until they find the word that exactly to the most infinitessimal portion of the fraction of an inch, fits their meaning, employ a larger stock; eloquent speakers who can pour forth ceaseless torrents of words by the hour together, as the Burkes, the Foxes, the Sheridans, may have command over some ten thousand. Shakespeare, the hundred-souled Bard of Avon, who displayed a greater variety of expression than probably any writer in any language, produced the loves of Romeo and Juliet, the friendships of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, the wickednesses of Macbeth and Richard the Third, the contortions of Caliban, the eccentricities of Falstaff and all his other plays, with about fifteen thousand words. Milton, in rearing those mighty works of his, used but eight thousand; while the Old Testament reveals to us the history of the Church for forty centuries, and records the sweet carols of David, the hearselike airs of Job and Jeremiah, the terrible denunciations and the glorious foretellings of the Prophets, together with all that was necessary for salvation, in five thousand six hundred and forty-two words.

How few think of the real meaning of the simple words they use; with words, as with everything else, familiarity breeds contempt; we find them so easily, that we rarely, if ever, think about them; but if we pause and examine the most common word, we will find in it a mine of wealth, more valuable, more lasting than even the Richardson gold field. There are few modes of instruction more useful, and few amusements more rational or more pleasant, than seeking into the true meaning of a word, its origin, and its history. They are fossils, containing "beautiful thoughts and images, the imaginations and the feelings of past ages, of men long since in their graves—of men whose very names have perished."

The great Lord Chatham, whose name is the representative in our language of whatever is bold and commanding in eloquence, went twice through the folio dictionary of Bailey, examining every word with the greatest attention, dwelling on its derivation, and weighing its peculiar import, and its different modes of construction, thus endeavouring to bring the whole range of the language completely under his control; and the same advantages that this giant in eloquence obtained are within the reach of every young man who will take similar trouble. There is scarcely a word in the whole language that will not repay the most careful examination, although, perhaps, one may not often come across such a treasure as Johnson's definition of that very com-

mon amusement of ladies, network, which, he says, "is anything reticuled or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." Neither will one often find such a rich specimen of the derivtion of words as the following, by Dean Swift: "Alexander the Great was very fond of eggs roasted in hot ashes. As soon as his cooks heard he was come to dinner or supper, they called aloud to their under officers, "all eggs under the grate," which, repeated every day at noon and evening, made strangers think it was that prince's name, and they therefore gave him no other; and posterity has been ever since under the same delusion."

Take and examine, for instance, the following simple sentence: "This is written on the first Tuesday in March, on a piece of foolscap paper." Here the student is carried from the old Anglo-Saxons as they were long ere Gregory took compassion on the pretty children in the slave market at Rome, and sent his missionaries to convert them, to the still more ancient inhabitants of the Seven-hilled City, when they were but a gang of robbers, like birds of prey in nests of mud; he is hurried from the time of Cromwell and his Ironsides, with their closely cropped hair, and the gay cavaliers of Charles with their long, flowing, curly locks, to the days when the Pharaoh's had their thousands and tens of thousands of workmen making their daily tale of bricks, and toiling at those gigantic pyramids, and "those temples, palaces and piles stupendous, of which the very ruins are tremendous." The word Tuesday tells us that as on this day our Saxon forefathers worshipped their God of war, begrimed with paint and blood, "Tuisco" by name, while on the following day they bent the knee and sacrifice in honor of "Woden," their chief deity; and on Thursday "Thor" was called upon; and "Freya," his lovely and beautiful wife, the Venus of the northern climes, on Friday. "March" recalls the sunny memories of those wonderful stories so firmly believed in our school-boy days of the twins suckled by the wolf and fighting each other over the mudwalls of their infant city, when we know that Romulus, who gave the names to all the months, save January and February, called this one Martius, in honor of his reputed father, the terrible "Mars," the god of war and driver of the dreadful and awe-inspiring horses "Terror" and "Flight," and who, in return, carried his son up to heaven in his brazen chariot. (How these tales of ancient Rome, so long believed in, have been swept into a corner along with fables, legends and useless lore, in this prosaic age, by heartless German critics, who are almost as cold blooded as the physician of Wordsworth, "who would peep and botanize upon his mother's grave.")

"Foolscap" repeats the tale of the execution of Charles the First, and the usurpation of Cromwell, and of the attemps made during the days of the Commonwealth to bring royalty into contempt, for up to that time on every sheet of paper of a certain size the arms of the sovereign were stamped; but the far-famed Rump ordered that thereafter a fool's cap and bells should be the distinguishing mark.

"Paper" lets us know that it is the legitimate successor of the papyrus, which grew so plentifully on the banks of the Nile, and whose large, flat, flag-like leaves afforded one of early substances on which the poet or the philosopher could inscribe his soul-stirring verses or his profound and learned meditations, in Egyptian hieroglyphics, or in the letters Cadmus gave.

Then again, sit down at the dinner table to a quiet ordinary family meal, and before you satisfy the cravings of hunger by demolishing the outspread viands, partake of a mental feast and meditate on the derivations and the nationalities of the names of the various articles of food and use on the board. That worthy old gentleman, the Spectator, says that no fruit grows originally in England besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of a like nature; that the climate itself and without the assistance of art, can make no further advances towards the plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab, and that nearly everything that is good for food and pleasant to the taste has been imported from other lands for the benefit of the rich epicurean, John Bull; so it is with the names of the various articles of the table, and for table use, very few are indigenous or of Saxon origin, but the great majority have been gathered from the East and from the West from the North and from the South, to increase the riches and swell the vocabularies of the English language. The table was borrowed from the tabula of the ancient Romans, the tureen upon it came all the way across the Alps from Victor Emmanuel's beautiful and refined city of Turin, though the beau-soup is made up of equal portions of Saxon and French: the knife at your side was made from the canif of some frog-eating Frenchman, while the spoon was introduced into England by the old Horse Sea-kings under Guthrum or Canute: the plate, if you are a poor man and can only afford common delf, came from the old fashioned town of Delft in Holland, but if you are rich you eat off a present from the celestial pig-tail inhabitants of China. As for the liquors they came from the fertile plains of France or Portugal, or the far-famed banks of the Rhine, unless you are a hard drinker and then you will obtain your toddy and your punch (which means *five*, being composed of five ingredients,) from the Hindus, or will manufacture your whisky from the Irish usquebaugh (pronounced *whisky-bay*) the water of life: the grog will come from an English sailor, as we would very naturally expect, the beverage being called after Admiral Edward Vernon, who being in the habit of walking the quarter deck in a rough grogram coat obtained the soubriquet of Old Grog, from his men, and when he introduced the mixture of rum and water into his fleet, his jolly tars relished the drink so much that they honored it with the name they had before bestowed on their gallant commander. As for the edibles the sir-loin of beef, comes from across the channel, and is simply the portion above the loin (sur le loigne,) notwithstanding the interesting and romantic story of Charles the Second, the merry king, having in one of his revels struck that piece of meat with his sword, bidding it "rise, Sir Loin:" the pork comes from old Rome, where it should be allowed to stop until it parts company with its Greek friend Trichina, for evil communications corrupt good pork as well as good manners: the mutton comes from the mouton of the French, and the potatoes from the West Indies, although our Irish fellow subjects lay claim to them by christening them murphies. The vinegar (vinaigre, sour wine,) and the salt come, also, from the land of the frog-eaters, although originally born in Italy, while the currants in the pudding journey all the way from the old city of Corinth. But enough, your dinner will be cold, and the readers of the SATURDAY READER are not, as yet, sufficiently ethereal to exist upon meditation and fasting. V.

BIRDS OF PREY.

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

Continued from page 215.

Book the Fifth.

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

To me this letter is almost conclusive evidence of a marriage. Who can this little M. be, of whom he writes so tenderly except a child? Who can this woman be, whose ill health causes him such anxiety, unless a wife? Of no one *but* a wife could he write so freely to his sister. The place to which he asks her to "steal a visit" must needs be a home to which a man could invite his sister. I fancy it is thus made very clear that at this period Matthew Haygarth was secretly married and living at Spotswold, where his wife and son were afterwards buried, and whence the body of the son was ultimately removed to Dewsdale to be laid in that grave which the father felt would soon be his own resting-place. That allusion to the Ullerton talk of London roysterings indicates that Matthew's father believed him to be squandering the paternal substance in the metropolis at the very time when the young man was leading a simple domestic life within fifty miles of the paternal abode. No man could do such a thing in these days of rapid locomotion, when every creature is more or less peripatetic; but in that benighted century, the distance from Ullerton to Spotswold constituted a day's journey. That Matthew was living in one place while he was supposed to be in another, is made sufficiently clear by several passages in his letters, all more or less in the strain of the following:

"I was yesterday—markett-day—at G., wear I ran suddennly agenst Peter Browne's eldest ladd. Ye boy openn'd his eyes wide, stearing like an owle; butt I gaive him bakk his looke with interrest, and tolde him if he was curiouse to know my name, I was Simon Lubchick, farmer, at his servise. Ye pore simpel ladd arsk'd my pardonn humbly for having mistook me for a gentleman of Ullerton—a freud of his father; on wich I gaive him a shillin, and so parted, vastly plesed with eche other. And this is nott the fust time the site of Ullerton fokes has putt me into a swett."

Amongst later letters are very sad ones. The little M. is dead. The father's poor aching heart proclaims its anguish in very simple words.

"*Nov.* 1751. I thank my dear sister kindly for her freudlinesse and compachin; butt, ah, he is gone, and their semes to be no plesure or comforte on this erth without him! onlie a littel childe of 6 yeres, and yett so dore a creetur to this harte that the worlde is emty and lonely without him. M. droopes sadly, and is more ailing everry day. Indede, my dere Ruth, I see nothing but sorrow before me, and I wou'd be right gladd to lay down at peece in my littel M.'s grave."

I can find no actual announcements of death: only sad allusions here and there. I fancy the majority of Matthew's letters must have been lost, for the dates of those confided to my hands are very far apart, and there is evidence in all of them of other correspondence. After the letter alluding to little M.'s death, there is a hiatus of eight years. Then comes a letter with the post-mark London very clear, from which I transcribe an extract.

"*October 4th*, 1759. The toun is very sadd; everry body, high and low, rich and pore, in morning for Gennerel Wolf: wot a nobel deth to die, and how much happier than to live, when one considers the cairs and miseries of this life; and sech has bin the oppinion of wiser fokes than yr humble servent. Being in companie on Thursday sennite with that distingwish'd riter, Dr. Johnson,—whose admir'd story of *Raseless* I sent you new from ye press, but who I am bound to confesse is less admirable as a fine gentlemann than as an orther, his linning siled and his kravatt twisted ary, and his manners wot in a more obskure persoun wou'd be thort ungenteel,—he made a remark wich impress'd me much Some one present, being almost all gentlemenn of parts and learning except yr pore untuter'd brother, observed that it was a saying with the ainchents that ye happiest of men was him wich was never born; ye next happy him wich died the soonest. On wich Doctor Johnson cried out verry loud and angry, 'That was a Paggann sentyment, sir, and I am asham'd that a Xtian gentelmann shou'd repete it as a subject for admerashun. Betwene these heathen men and ye followers of Christ their is all ye differenc betwene a slave and a servent of a kind Master. Eche bears the same burden; butt ye servent knows he wil receive just wages for his work, wile ye slave hopes for nothing, and so conkludes that to escape work is to be happy!' I could but aknowlege the wisdomn and pyety of this speche, yett whenn I see ye peopel going bye in there black rayment, I envy the young Gennerel his glorеous deth, and wish I was laying amongst the slane on the hites of Quebeck. I went to look at ye old house in J. St., but I wou'd not go in to see Mr. F. or ye old roomes: for I think I shou'd see the aparishions of those that once liv'd in them. C. thrivs at Higate, wear the aire is fresh and pewer. I go to see her offen. She is nerely as high as you. Give my servis to Mrs. Rebecka, sinse you say it will plese my

father to do so, and he is now dispos'd to think more kindly of me. Butt if he thinks I shal everr arske her to be my wife he is mityly mistaken. You know wear my harte lies—in yᵉ grave with all that made life dere. Thank my father for the Bill, and tell him I pass my time in good companie, and neether drink nor play; and will come to Ullerton to pay him my respeckts when he pleses to bid me. Butt I hav no desire to leeve London, as I am gladd to be neare C."

Who was C., whom Matthew visited at Highgate, and who was nearly as tall as Ruth Judson? Was she not most likely the same C. mentioned in conjunction with the little M. in the earlier letters? and if so, can there be any doubt that she was the daughter of Matthew Haygarth? Of whom but of a daughter would he write as in this letter? She was at Highgate, at school most likely, and he goes to see her. She is nearly as tall as Mrs. Judson. This height must have been a new thing, or he would scarcely impart it as a piece of news to his sister. And then he has no desire to leave London, as he is glad to be near C.

My life upon it, C. is a daughter.

Acting upon this conviction, I have transcribed all passages relating to C., at whatever distance of time they occur.

Thus, in 1763, I find—" C. has grone verry hansome, and Mrs. N. tells me is much admir'd by a brother of her frend Tabitha. She never stirs abrorde but with Tabitha, and if a dutchess, cou'd be scarce wated on more cairfully. Mrs. N. loves her verry tenderly, and considers her the sweetest and most wel bredd of young women. I hav given her the new edishun of Sir Charles Grandisson, wich they read alowde in yᵉ evenings, turn and turn about, to Mrs. N. at her spining. C. has given me a wool comforter of her owne worke, and sum stockings wich are two thick to ware, but I hav not told her so."

Again, in 1764: " Tabitha Meynell's brother goes more than ever to Higate. He is a clark in his father's wearhouse; very sober and estimabel, and if it be for yᵉ hapiness of C. to marry him, I wou'd be yᵉ laste of men to sett my orthoritty agenst her enclinashun. She is yett but ayteen yeres of age, wich is young to make a change; so I tell Mrs. N. we will waite. Meanwhile yᵉ young peapel see eche other offen."

Again, in 1765: " Young Meynell is still constant, expressing much love and admirashun for C. in his discorse with Mrs. N. butt sattisfide to wait my plesure before speking oppenly to C. He semes a most exempelry young man; his father a cittizen of some repewt in Aldersgait Street, ware I have din'd since last riting to you, and at hoose tabel I was paid much considerashun. He, Thomas Meynell yᵉ father, will give his son five hundred pound, and I prommis a thousand pound with C. and to furnish a house at Chelsee, a verry plesent and countriefide vilage; so I make no doubt there will soon be a wedding.

" I am sorrie to here my father is aleing; give him my love and servise, and will come to Ullerton immediate on receiving his commands. I am plesed to think Mrs. Rebecka Caulfeld is so dutifull and kind, to him, and has comfortedd him with prairs and discorses. I thank her for this more than for any frendshipp for my undeserving self. Pray tell her that I am much at her servise.

" Our new king is lov'd and admir'd by all. His ministers not so; and wise peopel do entertain themselfs with what I think foolish jokes about a *Skotch boote*. Perhapps I am not cleverr enuff to see the funn in this joke."

In this letter I detect a certain softening of feeling towards Mrs. Rebecca Caulfield. In the next year—'66—according to my notes, Matthew's father died, and I have no letters bearing the date of that year, which our Matthew no doubt spent at home. Nor have I any letters from this time until the year of Matthew's marriage with Rebecca Caulfield. In the one year of his union with Mrs. Rebecca, and the last year of his life, there are many letters, a few from London and the rest from the manor-house at Dewsdale. But in these epistles, affectionate and confidential as they are, there is little positive information.

These are the letters of the regenerate and Wesleyanised Matthew; and, like the more elaborate epistles of his wife Rebecca, deal chiefly with matters spiritual. In these letters I can perceive the workings of a weak mind, which in its decline has become a prey to religious terrors; and though I fully recognise the reforming influence which John Wesley exercised upon the people of England, I fancy poor Matthew would have been better in the hands of a woman whose piety was of a less severe type than that of Wesleyan Rebecca. There is an all-pervading tone of fear in these letters: a depression which is almost despair. In the seme breath he laments and regrets the lost happiness of his youth, and regrets and laments his own iniquity in having been so ignorantly and unthinkingly happy.

Thus in one letter he says—

" When I think of that inconsideratt foolish time with M., and how to be nere her semed the highest blisse erth cou'd bistowe or Heven prommis, I trimbel to think of my pore unawaken'd sole, and of her dome on wich the tru light never shown. If I cou'd believe she was happy my owne sorrow wou'd be lesse; but I canot, sence all yᵉ worthyest memberrs of our seck agree that to die thinking onely of erthly frends, and clingeng with a passhunate regrett to them we luv on erth is to be lesse than a tru Xtian, and for sech their is but one dome."

And again, in a still later epistle, he writes—

" On Toosday sennite an awakning discorse fromm a verry young man, until lately a carppenter, but now imploid piusly in going from toun to toun and vilage to vilage, preching. He says, that a life of cairlease happyness, finding plesure in yᵉ things of this worlde, is—not being repentied of—irretrevable damnation. This is a maloncally thort! I fell to mewsing on M., with hoom I injoy'd snch compleat happyness, tel Deth came like a spekter to bannish all comforte. And now I knowe that our lives wear vainity. I ashure you, dear sister, I am prodidiusly sadd when I reffleckt upon this truth—ashuredly it is a harde saying."

Anon comes that strange foreknowledge of death—that instinctive sense of the shadowy hand so soon to lay him at rest; and with that mystic prescience comes a yearning for the little child M. to be laid where his father may lie down beside him. There are many passages in the latter letters which afford a clue to that mysterious midnight burial at Dewsdale.

" Last nite I drem't of the cherchyarde at S. I satte under the olde yewe tree, as it seemed in my dreme, and hurd a childes voice crying in a very pitious mannerr. The thort of this dreme has oppress'd my speritts all day, and Rebecka has enquier'd more than wunce wot ales me. If little M. but lay nere at hande, in yᵉ graive to wich I fele I must soone be carrid, I beleive I shou'd be happyer. Reproove me for this folley if you plese. I am getting olde, and Sattan temts me with seche fooleish thorts. Wot dose it matter to my sole wear my vile bodie is laid? and yet I have a fonde fouleish desier to be berrid with littel M."

And in these latest letters there is ample evidence of that yearning on Matthew's part to reveal a secret which Rebecca's own correspondence betrays.

" We tawked of manny things, and she was more than ordinnary kind and gentel. I had a mind to tell her about M., and aske her frendship for C.; but she seemed not to cair to here my sekrets, aud I think wou'd be offended if she new the trooth. So I cou'd not finde courrage to tell her. Before I die I shal speek planely for the saik of C. and M. and yᵉ little one. I shal cum to U. erly nex weak to make my Wille, and this time shal chainge my umour no more. I have bvrnt yᵉ laste, not likeing it."

This passage occurs in the last letter, amongst the packet confided to me. The letter is dated September 5, 1774. On the fourteenth of the following month Matthew died, and in all probability the will here alluded to was never executed. Certain it is that Matthew, whose end was awfully sudden at the last, died intestate, whereby his son John inherited the bulk, and ultimately the whole, of his fortune. There are many allusions to this infant son in the last few letters; but I do not think the little creature obtained any great hold on the father's heart. No doubt he was bound and swaddled out of even such small semblance to humanity as one may reasonably expect in a child of six or seven weeks old, and by no means an agreeable being. And poor weak-minded Matthew's heart was with that player-girl wife whom he never acknowledged, and the little M.

And thus ends the story of Matthew Haygarth, so far as I have been able to trace it in the unfathomable gloom of the past.

It seems to me that what I have next to do will be to hunt up information respecting that young man Meynell, whose father lived in Aldersgate-street, and was a respectable and solid citizen of that ilk; able to give a substantial dinner to the father of his son's sweetheart, and altogether a person considerable enough, I should imagine, to have left footprints of some kind or other on the sands of Time. The inscrutable Sheldon will be able to decide in what manner the hunt of the Meynells must begin. I doubt if there is anything more to be done in Ullerton.

I have sent Sheldon a fair copy of my extracts from Matthew's correspondence, and have returned the letters to Miss Judson, carefully packed in accordance with her request. I now await my Sheldon's next communication and the abatement of my influenza before making my next move in the great game of chess called Life.

What is the meaning of Horatio Paget's lengthened abode in this town? He is still here. He went past this house to-day while I was standing at my window in that abject state of mind known only to influenza and despair. I think I was suffering from a touch of both diseases, by the bye. What is that man doing here? The idea of his presence fills me with all manner of vague apprehensions. I cannot rid myself of the absurd notion that the lavender-glove I saw lying in Goodge's parlour had been left there by the Captain. I know the idea *is* an absurd one, and I tell myself again and again that Paget *cannot* have any inkling of my business here, and therefore *cannot* attempt to forestall me or steal my hard-won information. But often as I reiterate this—in that silent argument which a man is always elaborating in his own mind—I am still tormented by a nervous apprehension of treachery from that man. I suppose the boundary-line between influenza and idiocy is a very narrow one. And then Horatio Paget is such a thorough-paced scoundrel. He is *lié* with Philip Sheldon too—another thorough-paced scoundrel in a quiet gentlemanly way, unless my instinct deceives me.

October 12th. There is treachery somewhere. Again the Haygarthian epistles have been ta pered with. Early this morning comes an in nant note from Miss Judson, reminding me th I promised the packet of letters should be restored to her yesterday at noon, and informing me that they were not returned until last night at eleven o'clock, when they were left at her back garden-gate by a dirty boy who rang the bell as loudly as if he had been giving the alarm of fire, and who thrust the packet rudely into the hand of the servant and vanished immediately. So much for the messenger. The packet itself, Miss Judson informed me, was of a dirty and disgraceful appearance, unworthy the hands of a gentlewoman, and one of the letters was missing.

Heedless of my influenza, I rushed at once to the lower regions of the inn, saw the waiter into whose hands I had confided my packet at half-past ten o'clock yesterday morning, and asked what messenger had been charged with it. The waiter could not tell me. He did not remember. I told him plainly that I considered this want of memory very extraordinary. The waiter laughed me to scorn, with that quiet insolence which a well-fed waiter feels for a customer who pays twenty shillings a week for his board and lodging. The packet had been given to a very respectable messenger, the waiter made no doubt. As to whether it was the ostler, or one of the boys, or the Boots, or a young woman in

the kitchen who went on errands sometimes, the waiter wouldn't take upon himself to swear, being a man who would perish rather than inadvertently perjure himself. As to my packet having been tampered with, that was ridiculous. What on earth was there in a lump of letter-paper for anyone to steal? Was there money in the parcel? I was fain to confess there was no money; on which the waiter laughed aloud.

Failing the waiter, I applied myself severally to the ostler, the boys, the Boots, and the young woman in the kitchen; and then transpired the curious fact that no one had carried my packet. The ostler was sure he had not; the Boots could take his Bible oath to the same effect; the young woman in the kitchen could not call to mind anything respecting a packet, though she was able to give me a painfully circumstantial account of the events of the morning—where she went and what she did, down to the purchase of three-pennyworth of pearlash and a pound of Glenfield starch for the head chamber-maid, on which she dwelt with a persistent fondness.

I now felt assured that there had been treachery here, as in the Goodge business; and I asked myself to whom could I impute that treachery?

My instinctive suspicion was of Horatio Paget. And yet, was it not more probable that Theodore Judson senr. and Theodore Judson junr. were involved in this business, and were watching and counter-checking my actions with a view to frustrating the plans of my principal? This was one question which I asked myself as I deliberated upon this mysterious business. Had the Theodore Judsons some knowledge of a secret marriage on the part of Matthew Haygarth? and did they suspect the existence of an heir in the descendant of the issue of that marriage. These were further questions which I asked myself, and which I found it so much more easy to ask than to answer.

After having considered these questions, I went to the Lancaster-road, saw Miss Judson—assured her, on my word as a gentleman, that the packet had been delivered by my hands into those of the waiter at eleven o'clock on the previous day, and asked to see the envelope. There it was—my large blue wire-wove office-envelope, addressed in my own writing. But in these days of adhesive envelopes there is nothing easier than to tamper with the fastening of a letter. I registered a mental vow never again to trust any important document to the protection of a morsel of gummed paper. I counted the letters, convinced myself that there was a deficiency, and then set to work to discover which of the letters had been abstracted. Here I failed utterly. For my own convenience in copying my extracts, I had numbered the letters from which I intended to transcribe passages before beginning my work. My pencilled figures in consecutive order were visible in the corner of the superscription of every document I had used. Those numbered covers I now found intact, and I could thus assure myself that the missing document was one from which I had taken no extract.

This inspired me with a new alarm. Could it be possible that I had overlooked some scrap of information more important than all that I had transcribed?

I racked my brains in the endeavour to recall the contents of that one missing letter; but although I sat in that social tomb, Miss Judson's best parlour, until I felt my blood becoming of an arctic quality, I could remember nothing that seemed worth remembering in the letters I had laid aside as valueless.

I asked Miss Judson if she had any suspicion of the person who had tampered with the packet. She looked at me with an icy smile, and answered in ironical accents, which were even more chilling than the atmosphere of her parlour:

"Do not ask if *I* know who has tampered with those letters, Mr. Hawkehurst. Your affectation of surprise has been remarkably well put on; but I am not to be deceived a second time. When you came to me in the first instance, I had my suspicions; but you came furnished with a note from my brother, and as a Christian I repressed those suspicions. I know now that I have been the dupe of an impostor, and that in intrusting those letters to you I intrusted them to an emissary and tool of Theodore Judson."

I protested that I had never to my knowledge set eyes upon either of the Theodore Judsons; but the prejudiced kinswoman of those gentlemen shook her head with a smile whose icy blandness was eminently exasperating.

"I am not to be deceived a second time," she said. "Who else but Theodore Judson should have employed you? Who else but Theodore Judson is interested in the Haygarth fortune? O, it was like him to employ a stranger where he knew his own efforts would be unavailing; it was like him to hoodwink me by the agency of a hireling tool."

I had been addressed as a "young man" by the reverend Jonah, and now I was spoken of as a "hireling tool" by Miss Judson. I scarcely knew which was most disagreeable, and I began to think that board and lodging in the present, and a visionary three thousand pounds in the future, would scarcely compensate me for such an amount of ignominy.

I went back to my inn utterly crestfallen—a creature so abject that even the degrading influence of influenza could scarcely sink me any lower in the social scale. I wrote a brief and succinct account of my proceedings, and despatched the same to George Sheldon, and then I sat down in my sickness and despair, as deeply humiliated as Ajax when he found that he had been pitching into sheep instead of Greeks, as miserable as Job amongst his dust and ashes, but I am happy to say untormented by the chorus of one or the friends of the other. In that respect at least I had some advantage over both.

October 13th. This morning's post brought me a brief scrawl from Sheldon.

"Come back to town directly. I have found the registry of Matthew Haygarth's marriage."

And so I turn my back on Ullerton; with what rejoicing of spirit it is not in language to express.

(To be continued.)

A MYSTERY STILL.

NEARLY half a century ago, a young fellow with a smartish air, though of a small ill-proportioned figure, landed at the Cape of Good Hope, bringing letters of introduction to the Governor of that colony from a well-known eccentric Scottish nobleman. This fair-faced slender youth held the humble rank of an assistant-surgeon in the army.

He soon showed that he possessed the power of self-appreciation to such a degree as required a little taking down. But this was found to be no easy task. He had the faculty called, in French, l'audace, often a good substitute for ability, but when the two go hand in hand, they carry all before them, in one shape or other. and as the young surgeon was as clever as he was impudent, he made a position for himself, and, what is more, he kept it.

Doctor James—we give part of his name as it stood in the Army List in 1865—was a physician by Edinburgh diploma. As we shall show by-and-by, he never held any regimental rank, passing, contrary to all precedent, to his full surgeoncy on the staff.

By dates from unquestionable records, he seems to have received his diploma at the early age of fifteen. Whether these dates correspond with his certificate of baptism it is impossible to say, as, under all circumstances, it may be doubtful whether such a document ever existed.

Whatever might have been the status of military medical men fifty years since, James liked his calling, and, socially speaking, was a gentleman every inch of him, though this is not literally saying very much for him, seeing he was but a little man. He and a fair allowance from some source or other, but he never spoke of any relatives or friends out of the military profession. His habits were too expensive to be met by his mere pay and allowances. He kept a horse and private servant, and, as a strict vegetarian, would touch none but the most delicate fruits of the earth. Potatoes and apples were, to him, "filthy roots;" the odour of cabbage turned him sick; but he liked peas, and craved for asparagus, sea-kale, peaches, grapes, melons, figs, custard apples, and, above all, mangoes. Coffee was the only stimulant he could bear, except when ill, and then he would sip diluted champagne or brandy, medicinally.

Some called him a toady: but his letters of introduction placed him at once in the best society of the colony. Neither had he health for general visiting. With those among whom he lived, he made friends, and kept them. His testiness was harmless, his abilities were unquestionable; and it having been intimated to the governor that the young medico's duties were to be made as light as the rules of the service would permit, he was installed as honorary physician to his Excellency's family, and soon obtained such a reputation, both as physician and surgeon, that private practice came to him without his seeking it. His queer ways and irritable temper rather increased then diminished his prestige, he held his own through good report and evil report.

When first called into a patient, he would have the room cleared of everything previously prescribed, and would almost invariably order, as preface to his course of treatment, a bath of Cape wine! Happen what might, he claimed the whole credit of a cure, or blamed other's for failure. He was, to be sure, sent for at times. as a last resource. If the patient recovered Doctor James had all the merit; if death ensued. "Doctor James had unfortunately been summoned when the case was hopeless."

His Excellency spoiled him. He became a kind of tame imp, encouraged as amusing and harmless enough; but, like such imps, he took advantage one day of his position, and was impertinent. He had the entreé of the governor's private cabinet. One morning, sauntering in, he had the assurance to make some querulous remarks on an official document lying on the table. Finally he worked himself into such an offensive pet, that his Excellency resolved to give him a lesson; so snatching the little fellow up by the collar of his uniform, he swung him over the window sill—a few feet above the grassy garden—and shook him. James screeched and cried peccavi. He was forgiven and never offended there in the same way again. Still every one was persuaded that such unwarrantable humours as he exhibited, were only tolerated by reason of certain influences that remain a mystery at this day. His next adventure might have ended his career. The story from Government House got bruited abroad, and much fun was raised at Dr. James's expense. Some laughed about it, in such a way as that James could not but be aware of the fact. He had been looking out for a chance of checking the sauciness of some of the young fellows in the garrison, and here was the chance at last. One morning, a tall cornet, whose contemptuous manner had much irritated him, was sauntering along under the trees of a most charming walk, in one of the most public parts of Cape Town—where, to this day, the people are wont to sit upon the stoops, men smoking, women knitting, and grave little Dutch children toddling up and down—when James strutted up to the young dragoon; a member of the Governor's staff. James stopped the way with a defiant air. Some ill-conditioned person had made the most of the cornet's disparaging jests. James was glad of this opportunity of asserting himself. High words ensued, the doctor's shrill voice piercing the air, and thus drawing attention (as he intended it should) to the encounter, which ended in a challenge. Next morning a quiet little duel took place. It ended well. Hands were shaken, and the cornet and doctor became good friends for life. If the affair ever came to the ears of the governor, he thought it best to ignore it, according to the fashion of the day.

Doctor James afforded a good illustration of the triumph of mind over matter. Tetchy as he was he never excited any professional jealousy, albeit, in defiance of all precedent, he was promoted on the staff as full surgeon without doing a day's regimental duty. Frail in body, unique in appearance, and eccentric in manner, he ensured respect by his capacity; and, as he could be courteous when he pleased, his oddities were excused by his colleagues. He must have realis-

ed at this period considerable sums by his private practice, but he never changed his mode of living. He kept a black servant, a serviceable pony, and a small dog called Psyche. Most of Psyche's successors bore her name. This queer quartett usually took their walks abroad in company, and were a well-known group at Cape Town.

On Doctor James' return to England, he was odered an appointment at another colonial station. Here owing to the climate, or possibly to non-appreciation, he grew discontented, and without making any official application for leave of absence, on plea of sickness or "urgent private affairs," took his departure for England.

He would chuckle as he related the story of his unlooked-for reappearance before the director-general of the medical department in London. "Sir," said the director, "I do not understand your reporting yourself in this fashion. You admit you have returned without leave of absence. May I ask how this is?"

"Well," said James, cooly running his long white fingers through his crisp sandy curls, "I have come home to have my hair cut."

He more than once defied the rules of the service with impunity, and invariably boasted that he could have his choice of quarters. And he had. He was counted a lucky fellow; but who he was, or what he was, never ceased to be a question of debate among his brethren less fortunate than he.

It would scarcely be supposed that he would submit to the banishment of St. Helena, but he thought it might suit him very well, and he accepted it. And it did suit him very well until he made it too hot to hold him. The climate pleased him. The fruits and delicate vegetables were strong considerations with him. His health was more settled than in former days, his reputation was high, and he brought his usual letters of introduction. Despite his shuffling gait, he might have been no more than thirty, although he had been M.D. nearly twenty four years! His smooth face, his sandy hair, his boyish voice, and a tolerable set of teeth, contributed essentially to his juvenile appearance.

He was now principal medical officer. He installed himself in a pretty cottage at the head of James Town, and revelled in the tropical fruits, as many who read this account will remember. A certain mango-tree was his favorite bower. He paid well for all he had, and those who had the best opportunities of knowing him asserted that, selfish, odd, and cranky as he was, he had kindness for the poor, and was charitable without ostentation. He would go about, bestriding his pony in strange fashion, with an umbrella over his head. His saddle was a curiosity. It was so comfortably padded and so safely shaped, that, once wedged into it, it was a marvel how he got out of it. In uniform he was a caricature. His boot heels were two inches above the ground, and within the boots were soles three inches thick. Add to these boots very long spurs, crown the sandy curls with a cocked-hat, and complete all with a sword big enough for a dragoon, and you have the doctor complete. The pony was enveloped in a net from ears to heels, and swung the tassels about impatient of the gear. The black man attended at the beast's head, and Psyche tripped after them, the doctor's treble waking up the hot silence of the one narrow street shut in by barren rocks, and Psyche's bark making discord at intervals.

He established himself in the old fashion at Government House, where he was suffered to talk of his aristocratic acquaintance, sometimes alluding to those of other days in a manner sufficiently puzzling. As at Cape Town, he became the family physician, or considered himself such, and gave himself his usual airs when called in to a private family. He effected some great cures, and gained the confidence of his patients. His presence at the hospital was a signal for the juniors to be all on the alert. The soldiers liked him and trusted in his skill; but woe betide the laggard medico who was not there to receive the P. M. O., or who had swerved one hair's-breadth from his instructions.

All went on harmoniously enough for upwards of a year, when the doctor, in an evil moment, picked a quarrel with an officer of the garrison. The affair led to a challenge, which the doctor declined in no dignified way, and it was followed by his open expulsion from the garrison mess as an honorary member. Finally, the governor called for a court of inquiry, which resulted in James being sent home under arrest.

The writer of this article witnessed his exit from James Town. On one of those still sultry mornings peculiar to the tropics, the measured step of the doctor's pony woke up the echoes of the valley. There came the P. M. O., looking faded and crestfallen. He was in plain clothes. He had shrunk away wonderfully. His blue jacket hung loosely about him, his white trousers were a world too wide, the veil garnishing his broad straw hat covered his face, and he carried the inevitable unbrella over his head so that it screened him from the general gaze. The street was deserted, but other eyes besides the writer's looked on the group through the Venetian blinds. No sentry presented arms at the gates, and the familiar quartet proceeded unnoticed along the lines to the ship's boat in waiting.

His influence had been at work for him before he landed. He was released from arrest, outrageous as his conduct had been, and again had his choice of quarters. He went to other stations, in the tropics, to Greece, and the Mediterranean. He retained his taste for Government House society, and as he grew older got less testy. He began to think of death and sepulture, and would have had a friend in the West Indies take an oath that, if he (James) died there, he should be buried in the garments he wore at the time. The friend declined to swear, but James did not quarrel with him.

His last voyage was made as an amateur. Our winter drove him to the West Indies again, where he gave out "confidentially" that his reasons for leaving England were very sad: "a broken-off engagement with a young and beautiful creature, and some trouble in money matters. He had lost documents, jewels, and family records, on board a vessel which had foundered at sea. He was unhappy, and he wanted solace." His former opponent in the duel was commander-in-chief, and he and James were capital friends.

The summer of '64 brought him back to England, with Black John and a little dog, whose name was not Psyche. As the creature is probably living, she shall be nameless. Doctor James must now have been quite seventy years old. His friends of former days held by him to the last; he was often ailing; and the kind ladies of his Cape patron's family would take him out driving in the park, and would have him to dinner, with provision of suitable fruits and cakes and coffee.

It was asserted that he aspired to the honour of being a K.C.B., and that his new uniform was ordered for the last levee of the season. No doubt, his service entitled him to some distinction; and his influence still existed somewhere. One day he returned to his lodgings from a carriage ride, shivering and feverish. He went to bed, and despatched Black John with his excuses from a dinner engagement for next day, Sunday.

On that Sunday morning Black John went into his master's room, as usual, to lay out his body linen. Six towels were among the invariable items of his toilet, and though Black John never assisted at it personally, he was aware that his master wrapped these cloths about him; whether he did so for warmth, or to conceal any personal defects in his emaciated form, was a mystery. No wonder the form was emaciated, for James had accustomed himself for many years to periodical blood-lettings, either by leeches or lancet.

On Black John's return to the room, he found his master worse, but nothing would elicit his permission to send for the medical friend who had been in attendance on him previously, for bronchitis. The faithful valet was alarmed, but he and the dog were the only watchers on the sufferer throughout the sultry July day. James lay dozing and powerless. It was after midnight when he rallied.

He sat up and spoke to John, wandering at times, and expressed concern at his long attendance through so many hours; he would have had John take some slight stimulant, which the faithful soul declined. Suddenly James fainted on his pillow. The valet used restoratives, which revived him.

"John," gasped the invalid, "this must be death." But John did not think so.

"You are only weak, sir," he said: "let me give you some champagne and water, or the least drop of brandy in a wine-glass of water." For James would take such stimulants in great extremity, and he was now in great extremity. He sipped a little from the glass, and said, more gently than usual: "Have some yourself, John; you need it, and you will not mind drinking after me." They were his last distinct words. John again declined refreshment, fearing he might fall asleep, but, at his master's request, went to lie down in an adjoining room; thinking that "the general," as James chose to be designated by his valet, would get some rest.

Always considerate to his dependents, "the general" had been almost tender to John. He had spoken to him of his lonely life. "It was not always so, John," he had said: "once I had many friends. I have some still, and those are very good to me; but they are not the friends of early times; they will think of me, though, and if you want help, they will remember you for my sake. Now go and lie down. I think I shall sleep."

He never woke again. At daylight, John entered the sick-room. The curtains were closed, so he took the night-light and approached the bed. "The general" had died without a struggle. His eyes were closed. The worn features were calm. There had been apparently no pain.

John drew the sheet over the face, and descended to the kitchen for a charwoman, who he knew would be there at that hour. He summoned her to assist at the last toilet of the dead "general." As she closed the door of the room, he retreated to his own, and laid himself down, tired out. He was closing his eyes, when the charwoman hurried in. "What do you mean," she said, "by calling me to lay out a general, and the corpse is a woman's?"

John was utterly unprepared for this, although, like many others, he had fancied the "general" to be "different from other people in some way or another." There had been floating suspicions respecting the sex of the doctor, but John declared he had never thoroughly shared in them. He had lived with the "general" three years, and, whatever doubt he might have had at first, he had latterly dismissed from his mind.

According to John's account, the poor creature—the "old girl," as the ghastly adept in her calling terms her—was not treated in her last toilet with the courtesy she had never wanted during her military career. Before the poor corpse was laid in its grave, news reached the registrar-general of the discovery, and he at once called for a report from the proper authority. The report was, "that after a post mortem examination, it was found that Doctor James, of her Majesty's service, was not only a woman, but had at a very early period of life been a mother!"

The deceased's effects were taken possession of by accredited agents. Notwithstanding the large sums of money she must have received as fees during her long course of private practice, she died penniless. The question arises, How had she spent the fortune she had made? As hush-money, or in support of the child who, if still living, must be an elderly person?

James left no will. There was nothing to leave, but the poor dog. A nobleman's valet came for the animal; settled accounts with Black John, even to giving him the return passage-money to the island whence he came; and no one has since appeared claiming any relationship with the eccentric being, who was even more mysterious in death than in life.

Doctor James was buried at Kensal Green late in July, 1865, and is registered under the name borne from the time of his entering the army as hospital assistant.

A Tasteless Fruit.—The apple of the eye.

"FISH FOR THE HALL."

"Now, then, which of you is going to get me a big fish? Don't all speak at once. Come, one of you must. Which is it to be? Joe'll go, I know; won't you, Joe? I must have one before to-morrow night for the squire. You needn't look so black, all of you."

Jenny Cooper, the speaker, was the prettiest girl in Shippon, and certainly she looked uncommonly pretty now, as she stood with her face flushed and her bright hair ruffling in the breeze in the middle of a knot of admirers at the gangway which ended the principal street of the village. It was a slack time in Shippon. The herring-fishing was just over—such a fishing as there had not been for years. The fishermen spoke of one shoal of herrings twenty miles long and ten broad, and so thick that their nets were torn with the weight of fish. Many of the boats had had to run into Harmouth deep loaded after a single haul.

The only boat that had not done well was one belonging to old Tim West, Jenny's grandfather, and the Squire, which had been put in charge of young Joe Crask. She had run aground the night before the great haul, and had had to put in for repairs, which had cost a good deal of money. The consequence was that poor Joe, instead of having to receive a hundred pounds or so for his share of the fishing, found himself actually out of pocket, and worse off than all his neighbours and rivals. His old mother had not a hundred of coal to begin the winter with, and his own chances of Jenny, which had looked so bright as he started, seemed more distant than ever.

It was "aggrewating," as he said, poor fellow, and it was not unnatural that he should have listened to the two pairs of banns which had been put up in church for the first time last Sunday very much as if they had been intended for personal insults to himself.

The big boats had come in to land their tackle a week ago, and then, what with noisy fish-sales on the beach and shouting men and women hauling in the lines and heavy ropes, and crab-boats pulling backwards and forwards through the breakers, Shippon for a time had been all excitement and life. Now the bustle was all over.

Only a few of the crews were back from Harmouth, and the weather had been so unsettled that none of the small boats had ventured out, and the beach was almost deserted. It happened that when Jenny broke into the group on the cliff they had just been discussing the horizon, and had come to the conclusion that it was going to be an uncommonly ugly night, and the consequence was that there was by no means the competition she considered there ought to have been for the honour of going to sea to catch her a fish.

"Now, come, one of you *must* go. Come, Joe, you will, won't you, that's a dear? I don't know how many people there ain't a-coming to the Hall. There was the squire hisself come down this morning, and says "Jenny," says he, "if you don't get me a fish, I dont know what I won't do to you. I doubt I'll have to have you cooked yourself." You wouldn't like that now, Joe, would you?"

But for once blandishment and satire (and Jenny was a good hand at both) were thrown away, and not even the last terrible suggestion of the Squire's turbot-kettle could win her point, so the pretty girl tossed her head and said, in her most contemptuous tone, "You ain't none on you fit to catch a dog-fish. I won't have nothin' more to say to you," and went off in a huff.

Joe Crask had been standing with the others, but except to answer Jenny when she appealed directly to him, he had taken no part in the conversation.

He watched her light figure tripping up the street till she turned a corner out of sight; and then, with his hands in his pockets, he sauntered down the gangway and over the breakwater, till he came to a gap in the cliff where a little stream of fresh water runs down a hollow and loses itself among the loose shingle on the beach. A narrow plank bridge crosses it about a hundred yards or so from the shore, and there Joe stopped in the hopes of meeting Jenny, who lived with an old grandfather in a cottage on the opposite cliff. It was beginning to get dusk already; and he had not waited many minutes before he caught a glimpse of a print dress fluttering down the winding path and she was beside him.

"Stop a minute, Jenny dear," he said. (The plank was only broad enough for one, and he stood on it.) "Wait a minute, Jenny. I brought this for you from Harmouth. You'll have it, won't you?" It was a few yards of blue ribbon. "I would ha' brought something better, Jenny, only you know I wasn't lucky."

Now Jenny, like most pretty girls, was a bit of a tyrant; and, like all tyrants, was not fond of being thwarted. She had set her heart on getting a fish for the Hall, and as it was not to be had, she felt personally grieved, and was not at all sorry for an opportunity of snubbing poor Joe, who, she knew, would care for it.

"Thank you, I'm very much obliged; but I don't want any ribbons. When I do, I'll buy them myself. Good-night! please let me come by, I must go home."

"I bought it o' purpose for you, Jenny; I thought that you'd ha' liked it. Do stop a minute Jenny; I'll come with you. It ain't safe to go to sea, Jenny; it ain't indeed, or I'd go out in a minute. You know I would, Jenny."

"Thank you. I dont ask nobody to go if they're afraid! Please let me come by; I'm late." She pushed by him; but he held her.

"Jenny! Jenny! don't speak to me like that. I hain't seen you once since afore the fishing, and I can't abide to have you speak to me o' that manner, Jenny. Stop a minute, do; Jenny! dear Jenny!"

She was gone, and Joe was supremely miserable. It was dark before he left the bridge. "Hankering arter that gall again," thought his old mother, as she gave him his supper, before he went off to bed at seven o'clock. "Them galls dont know when they be well off. Higgetty-jigging things they be, so aggrewatin'! She ain't wuth him."

* * * * * *

At half-past eight o'clock punctually the next mornin Squire Lindon came down into the dining-room at the Hall, and rang the bell for prayers.

He was a fine tall man of fifty-six; the age at which Mrs. Norton maintains that a handsome man is most picturesque.

He had a pleasant, open face, a broad forehead, thin, curly hair, and a colour which smacked unmistakably of sea-breezes and exercises in the open air. Shippon had belonged to his family since 1370, when a Lindon (if tradition speaks true, no better than he should have been) had received the heiress in payment of a bad debt from Edward III.

The estate was extensive, though anything but a rich one. The greater part consisted of heathy hills, and the land which was under cultivation was very poor. Though, however, there were many wealthier men in the country, none held their heads higher than Squire Lindon. He was proud of his fine old house, with the family motto and "Laus Deo" in venerable grey stone letters running, as a balustrade, the whole length of the front; proud—(will wiser readers smile at him?)—of the sacred inheritance of family tradition and a good old name; and all the more fondly proud of his only daughter Edith, a bright girl of nineteen, because her laughing brown eyes and fair waving hair were precisely those of a beautiful picture by Lely, which held an honoured place among the family portraits that hung over the black oak staircase and covered the panelled walls of the great stone hall. She came into the room and held up her face to be kissed, just as he had finished reading his letters and was cutting his newspaper.

"I'll tell you what it is, Miss Paleface," he said, as he took the little upturned face in both his hands and kissed it tenderly; "I'll tell you what it is, we must not have any more dancing if we can't get our roses back for two days after it. Hadn't we better make mamma write and tell the stupid people not to come on Thursday? Eh, miss? what do you say?"

"Oh, papa! how it has been blowing. It woke me at half-past three, and I could not get to sleep again at all. Jane says Holland was up here just before she came to me and told her more than fifty trees were blown down between four and five. Oh, I do hope all the boats are safe at Harmouth before now."

"It's off shore, darling, and I don't think it will have done any mischief here except to my trees; but go and look on the table, and see if you can't find anything to bring back those roses."

The missing roses did come back in a minute as Edith snatched up a letter. It was from her brother's college chum, Sir Arthur Hamlin, the fortunate heir of some seven thousand a year in a ring fence not thirty miles from Shippon: more fortunate still in his own estimation in having won the love of the sweetest girl in the county, and being engaged to Edith Lindon.

"Well, dear, when is he coming?" asked Mrs. Lindon. A large party was expected at the Hall the next day, for a week's shooting and a ball, and Sir Arthur, as a matter of course, was to be one. "Will he wait to pick up Henry at Cambridge, or will he come over to-night?"

"I don't know, mamma; I expect he'll very likely be here to-night. He says, 'My new yacht, the "Edith," is at Wellport. If it's very fine indeed, perhaps I shall bring her round to Shippon for you to see. I have had some alterations made in the cabin, and I know you will like her. If the weather is in the least bad, I shall look out for Henry at Norborough, and drive over on Tuesday night or Wednesday morning.' He'll be here to-day, I know he will! It was so windy yesterday morning that he would not have gone down to Wellport at all, so he'll be sure to be over with Henry this afternoon. I must go down to Lower Shippon this morning."

"My darling, indeed you mustn't do any such thing;" said Mrs. Lindon; "I can't think of letting you go out at all in such weather. Why it's raining hard, you would catch cold and be laid up all the week, if you were not blown away over the cliff. You know you would."

"Oh, mamma, *please*; I've got ever so many thing I *must* do, and I shan't have another chance. Please do let me, mamma.

"Well, dear, we will see how it looks after lunch; you must take a book and be quiet till then. You haven't got rested after the Hurton dance yet, so give me another cup of coffee, and then finish your own breakfast, like a good child."

The sun had found its way through the rolling clouds, and the wind had dropped before Edith had finished her book, and luncheon was ready. So her ponies were ordered, and she drove off, armed with plenty of wrappers and a basket of jellies and soup. About half way down from the Hall to the village, a fisherman stopped her to say that old Susan Crask was in trouble again. Her boy Joe had got up early in the morning and gone out to sea alone, without saying a word to anyone, just before the squall.

They had missed his boat on the beach, and a man coming along-shore some hours after had picked up one of his oars, and a bailing-tin which was recognised as his; and "I ax your pardon, miss," the old fellow went on, "but I was just a-coming up to tell you. Susan she takes on terrible about it, and I thought, miss, as how may-hap you wish to be a-coming to see her if you knowed."

"Oh! I'll go now at once. I am so sorry. Whatever could have made him go out such a morning?—and all alone, too. Oh, how shocking it is! Poor old Susan.

The old man shook his head mysteriously, and said in a lower tone, "They do say, miss, as how it was Jenny Cooper made him go to get her a fish. They *do* say so. They was a-keepin' company, you know, miss."

In a very few minutes Edith was at the cottage. She tapped quietly, and went in. The room into which the door opened was low and dark; but the floor was neatly sanded, and everything, from the bottles of different-colored sands and the model ship on the chimney-piece to the old-fashioned walnut drawers

against the opposite walls, was carefully dusted and scrupulously clean.

In a low chair, in front of the little fire which burnt in a corner of the grate, sat Susan Crask, rocking herself slowly backwards and forwards, and moaning every now and then. Beside her stood Jenny, pale and silent, with a touching wistful look in her eyes; but the old woman took no notice of her, and scarcely seemed to know she was there.

When Edith came in she made a slight movement of recognition, but said nothing, and went on rocking herself as before. Edith's own eyes were so dim that she saw nothing of the hopeless look in poor Jenny's face as she handed her a chair.

"Poor dear old Susan!" she said as she took the old woman's horny hand in hers. "Poor dear old Susan!"

There was a silence, broken only by Susan's moans, which were deeper than before, and the hollow tickings of the old upright clock in the corner. At last she spoke.

"I knewed how 'twor—I kenwed how 'twor when I heard his voice come in at the window. I knewed what that meant. Father, brothers, husband, and now my boy! Oh! Joe, Joe, Joe! to forget old mother for a pink murderin hissey!" The flood-gates were open, and the old woman sobbed like a child.

Poor Jenny! Her punishment had come quickly, a bitter punishment it was, poor girl. What might have been, and what was; how different all seemed now, now that it was too late—now that his mother had called her his murderess. Poor child! She dared stay no longer, and too miserable to care where she went or what she did, she stole noiselessly to the door and out into the street. The men and women looked at her and whispered as she passed; but she took no notice of anything, and hurried through the little narrow turnings which lead out past the preventive houses into the field beyond the village. There she was alone. For the length of a field or two the cliff above Shippon gets gradually higher, till at the "Sugar-loaf" it towers up three hundred feet above the sea. A little beyond the highest point a huge mass of the upper soil and turf, loosened probably by the landsprings, has become detached, and slipped bodily down, and rests suspended between sea and sky, a hundred feet from the top of the cliff and a hundred and fifty or more from the beach below.

There is a great charm about the "Gull's Nest," as the spot is called. You seem to overhang the sea. Wherever you look is sea, nothing but sea. To the left is sea, stretching away to a low line of purple shore in the dim distance, fringed at all times with a hazy line of white foam. At times, when the sun is setting over a full spring-tide, you may see ships in a stream of gold behind the line of purple. That is Rakeston Harbour—ten miles off. To the right, beyond the sharp chalk needles which hem in the Gull's Nest on that side, you look over sea unlimited—sea which seems to rise up and mix with the sky.

But the view had no charm for Jenny. She scrambled down the cliff, and threw herself down out of sight, out of hearing of the village, among the damp grass, and strained her eyes all over the waste of waters.

It was low tide, and the breakers were growling surlily among the naked rocks, a couple of hundred yards from the foot of the cliff. A single little schooner was tossing about far out beyond the sand-bank, almost hidden at times by the white crested waves, but not a sign of *his* boat. She hid her face in her hands, and cried as if her heart would break.

The wind had veered round since the morning, and was blowing now in short, uncertain gusts from the sea. Jenny had nothing on her head, and was cold and shivering, when something colder even than her own poor little wet cheek, touched it for a moment. Edith's pet white and yellow setter had found her, and looked at her with a puzzled expression in his great hazel eyes as she started up, just in time to see his mistress climbing down to her. Edith had heard which way she had gone, and had come to look for her.

"Come home, Jenny," she said, gently; "don't stop out in the cold any longer. How wet you are! You'll make yourself ill, and then what will become of poor old Tim."

"Oh, miss!—oh, miss! that's all my fault. I wish I was dead, I do!" and she threw herself down again, choking with a fresh burst of tears.

There is something wonderfully soothing and strengthening in sympathy. It seems almost as if every sorrow, small or great, brought a certain appointed weight of pain with it—weight which must be carried somehow or other. No friend may relieve us of our share altogether, but a kindly helping hand may ease the weight as surely as if the burden were material.

Jenny, like old Susan, found it so; and both felt their hearts a little lighter before Edith drove away.

She had not started a minute too soon, her ponies were not long in whisking her home, but the wind began to blow hard, and she had only just time to run down to the greenhouse for a bunch of blue Russian larkspur for her hair before it began to rain again.

Dinner was laid at half-past six for five, but Edith and her father and mother sat down by themselves, half expecting every minute to hear the sound of wheels on the gravel in front, and a ring at the bell, but they were disappointed, and at eleven o'clock Mr. Lindon got up and put down his book, and stretched himself in front of the drawing room fire, and said,—

"Well, I don't think these boys will turn-up to night now. If they had caught the six o'clock train they would have been here before now, so I think we had all of us better go to bed. What a noise the wind does make, to be sure; we have not had such a gale all the year. Come, missy, put down your work and trot off. Here is a candle for you. I sha'nt be long I know before I'm asleep for one. Give me a kiss, my darling child, and say good-night."

The wind shrieked among the gables and chimney stacks, and the windows rattled till a stranger might have thought that the whole place was coming down; but the old hall had stood every storm for a good many hundred years, and was likely to stand for a good many hundred more.

The Squire was too much accustomed to the noise of a "north-easter" to let it disturb him in the least; but he had not been many minutes in bed, and was only just settling into his first sleep when another sound caught his attention, and he started up to listen. He had not time to rub his eyes befor it came again. A bang and rattle at his window. Some one below was throwing gravel against the glass. Mr. Lindon knew well enough what the noise meant, and jumped out of bed and threw up the window.

"Hulloa, is that you, Tim? What is it?"

An old man in a long oiled coat and a sou'-wester stood in the garden beneath.

"What is it, Tim?"

"Skewner, sir, in agin the Gull's Neest."

"Stop there, I'll be down in a minute. Stop there."

Unfortunately a shipwreck was only too common an event at Shippon. In a very few minutes Mr. Lindon was dressed and had knocked up the butler and given orders.

"Wake George, and tell him to put the brown horse in the omnibus, and to take plenty of rugs and coats and wait at the Lindon Arms, to be ready if he is wanted. Tell him to send one of the boys on "Lady Grey" as hard as he can ride, to Captain James for the mortar, and be sure there is a good fire kept up in the kitchen.

Squire Lindon and Tim fought their way as best they could against the hurricane. It was slow work, and the "bus" was at the village almost before they reached the Gull's Nest by a short cut.

There it was no easy matter to stand at all, the huge waves were thundering half way up the cliff, and the sea, wherever they could catch a glimpse of it through the blinding shower of foam flakes which blew in their faces, was black as ink. A single light showed the direction of the doomed ship, and every now and then as she rose for a moment on some giant wave they could see her black hull and spars against the sky. She had cleared the shoal, and was driving straight in for the "Needles."

"If she strike there," said a coastguard man, as the wind dropped for a few seconds, "that will be all over very quick."

If only she could round the point (but who on board was to know that) there was a chance of saving the crew, if the mortar arrived in time. A chance; but a desperate one. It would be hopeless to attempt to get the life-boat off in such a sea. It was only in the momentary lull that the crowd of eager watchers on the cliff could hear one another speak.

"What is she?" shouted the Squire. "Can you make her out?"

"Not altogether, sir, she seemed a'most as though she was a standing in this arternoon afore the wind changed. She appear more like a big yacht nor anything. I doubt that's what she is."

A gentle hand was laid on the Squire's arm. He started as he looked round and saw his daughter.

"My child, how could you——?"

"Papa, papa, it's the 'Edith'!" and she fell helpless into his arms.

Edith had not gone to bed when she left the drawing-room. She had sent her maid away, and sat down in an easy chair in front of her fire, and had fallen asleep and was dreaming when the noise in the house roused her. Her first idea was that Sir Charles and her brother had come; but very soon she understood that it was a wreck; and, seized with a horrible indefinite dread, such as she had never felt before, she snatched up her hat and a thick cloak and veil and ran down-stairs just as the "'bus" was starting, and jumped in.

The first words which caught her ear on the cliff were, "She appears more like a big yacht nor anything; I doubt that's what she is."

The fatigues of a day of unusually painful excitement, the solitary night drive from the Hall, and the last crowning agony of finding her worst fears realised, had been too much for the slight delicate girl, and overtaxed nature brought its own relief. Her father lifted her up, and carried her, fainting, to the village. A light in widow Crask's window showed that she was still up; he pushed the door open, and laid Edith down on the old woman's bed, and knelt beside her, holding up her head, while Jenny, who had followed them down from the cliff, and Susan bathed her temples with vinegar and chafed her cold hands and feet. It was some time (to her father it seemed ages,) before she showed any signs of returning life; but at last she opened her eyes and looked dreamily round her. As soon as Jenny had seen her move, she pulled her shawl over her head, and left them noiselessly to learn the worst. Her hand was almost on the latchet of the door, when it opened. A confused sound of voices reached her from the street, and a tall, dark figure, with dripping hair and clothes and naked feet, stood in front of her. For a moment Jenny thought she saw a ghost; the next, she gave a scream, burst into tears, and threw her arms round Joe's neck. They were no ghost's lips which met hers. The breath on her forehead was warm. It was Joe himself, alive from the dead—alive and well.

"All on us safe!" Squire Lindon and Edith heard it. "All on us safe, thank heaven!"

How Joe came there is soon told. The squall in the morning had caught him as he was hauling in his line. He had lost one of his oars, and had drifted out to sea, and had tossed about helpless for hours. The wave which carried away his oar had half-filled his boat, and he had been obliged to keep baling with his sou'-wester as best he could. He had almost given up altogether when, from the top of a wave, he sighted a ship close by him; in a minute he had stripped off his red handkerchief, and hoisted it as a signal of distress on his boat hook, and in less than half-an-hour, by one of those providences which we call lucky chances, found himself on board Sir Arthur Hamlin's yacht, just

about the time that Edith was driving home to the Hall. As Jenny had noticed when she left the "Gull's Nest," the wind had chopped quite round, and was blowing hard, with a strong tide on shore. The sea, which had been high all the day, was still making fast, and by the time he had had a mouthful to eat and drink below, it was almost pitch dark. Joe had been born and bred at Shippon; he had been out in big boats and little boats, rough and smooth, light and dark, till he knew every yard of the coast for ten miles, as well as he knew the village itself. When he came on deck again a signal glance was enough to show him that the Edith was on the shoal. Another minute, and she would be hard and fast aground. "Port your helm!" he shouted, at the top of his voice, and sprang to the wheel. The storm jib, the only canvas she was carrying, flapped empty for a moment; the next, a huge roller lifted her high out of the water. There was a hollow grating sound, and the vessel shook from stem to stern. In another moment she was in deep water inside the bank.

"Touch and go, sir. Better cast out a couple of anchors, or we shall be on the Needles afore we know where we are."

At half-past eleven the storm was still increasing; the hatches were down, and everything made snug. The yacht still rode head to the wind; but the waves were awful. Sir Arthur and Joe were together on deck, holding on as best they could. Five minutes before the cliffs had looked through the darkness like black uncertain clouds resting on the water. Now they could see the "Sugar-loaf" frowning, huge and sharp, out against the sky. The terrible truth flashed on them both at the same moment. The anchors held no longer, and they were drifting in.

"Cut her free, for heaven's sake!" shouted Joe. "If we can get her round the 'Needles' we *may* get a rope ashore; if not we are done for."

A very few minutes after the Squire left them the watchers on the cliff saw the vessel give a lurch and spring in. Another bound and the point was cleared, and the "Edith" lay a wreck, with the spent waves breaking over her wedged fast in the little bay at the foot of the "Gull's Nest."

There was a pause for a minute or two. To those on deck it seemed ages. Then came a red flash from the land, and a roar that was heard above the sea. A shot whizzed far out over their heads, and a rope fell across the vessel's bows. In half an hour's time the last sailor was safe on the cliff.

Our readers must picture for themselves the happiness which changed the old woman's tumble-down cottage into a palace that night. We will not ourselves attempt to describe with what humble, grateful tears the widow received back her boy from the dead; nor even how the pretty Jenny forgot her coquettishness for once, and clung round Joe's neck before half the village, like an April-day sun and showers together. Above all we will not venture to intrude into the little inner room. Mr. Lindon himself did not, and Edith was alone when she met her lover.

We have only one thing more to tell, and that will not surprise our readers, perhaps, much more than it did any one in Shippon. The Sunday after the storm three pairs of banns were put in church instead of two. The names of the last couple were "Joseph Crask and Jane Cooper." T. D. P.

A new comic Journal has made its appearance in London. It is called *Judy*, a name adopted by another rival to *Punch*, brought out many years ago, in the young days of the Fleet-street wit. We should doubt if *Judy* the second will be any more successful than *Judy* the first. The new journal, says the *London Review*, is an exceedingly dull imitation of *Punch*, with a cover which closely copies that of its great exemplar, and with an exact reproduction of all external characteristics. The illustrations are very poor, and the letterpress is inexpressibly dreary. We shall not greatly miss *Judy* when she retires.

A STORY OF THE RHINE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The fisher-boy is in his boat, a dreary look has he,
His love is dead, yet thinks he not so great a grief can be,
Until the stars are twinkling and the moon begins to shine,
He's waiting for his maiden dear to take her on the Rhine.

He has not waited long before the maiden is in sight;
Her knees are weak and tottering, and her garb is thin and white;
Into the boat she lightly steps, and down the stream they go—
"My love thou sure art chilly or thou would'st not tremble so.
The wind sports with thy garment, and the night is clear and cold.
The boat is gliding swiftly on—my cloak around thee fold,"
Uplifted towards the mountain-tops her thin white arms are spread,
He's glad to see the full moon pierce the clouds above her head.
She greets the castle on the heights, and deep into the stream
She dips her slender fingers—she would clutch the mirrored beam.
"Keep quiet in thy place, my love—keep quiet, maiden mine,
The current is so rapid thou mayst perish in the Rhine."
As on they go, along the shore, town after town is flung,
In every town that rushes by the bells are loudly rung.
And now the maid is kneeling, and she lifts her bright blue eyes,
Her hands are clasped together as she looks into the skies.
"Rock not thyself so recklessly; keep quiet, maiden mine,
Unless thou would'st o'erturn the boat and sink us in the Rhine."
The nuns in yonder convent sing with voices sweet and clear,
While shining through the painted glass the tapers' lights appear.
The maiden sings her matins too more sweetly far than all;
She looks upon her fisher-boy, and then her tears must fall.
The fisher-boy is singing too, with tears upon his cheek,
He gazes on the maiden, but to her he dares not speak.
Beneath the glare of waking day, red, redder is the stream,
And paler, paler grows the maid beneath the morning's beam.
The moon is melted into air, no star is in the skies,
And vanished with them is the light of that dear maiden's eyes.
"Good-morrow to thee, maiden mine, the sun has risen at last;
Thou'lt surely sleep no longer, now the hours of night are past.
The mountain-tops in gold are clad, the woods are green and gay,
The birds are all awake to sing their early roundelay."
He seeks to move her from her sleep, that she his joy may share;
He kneels to gaze upon her, but no longer is she there.
Weeping, upon his face he falls, then sleeps amid his tears,
Till, hurrying onward, to the sea the boat its burthen bears.
The billows wildly rage and roar, and like a worthless toy
They hither, thither toss the boat, yet cannot wake the boy.
And when large ships upon the sea are sailing in the night,
The youth and maiden, with the boat, 'tis said are oft in sight.

JOHN OXENFORD.

PASTIMES.

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

A town in the Peloponnesus.
A town in Magna Grecia.
A river in Hispania.
A promontory of Hispania.
A town in Africa.
A town in Gallia.
A sea south of Thracia.
A province of Italia.
A town in Asia Minor.

The initials of the above read forward will name a celebrated ancient philosopher.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1. An emblem; a vowel; an interjection and to permit.
2. A grain; three fifths of a musical entertainment; and an article.
3. Two thirds of an animal, an article; and denial.
4. A sack and a tube.
5. A musical instrument; a preposition, a restraint; and an interjection.

LOGOGRIPH.

My *whole* an article of furniture we greatly admire,
No house is complete without its attire;—
Its comfort and beauty may make a good theme
As you complacently view it by the fire-side gleam;
Behead and transpose me, the subject will range,
To talk careless I'm bound, by effect of the change:
Repeat the above, I'm then made to appear,
As a visible sign of joy, sorrow, or fear;
When beheaded again, I'm a sensitive feature,
That's seen upon every human creature;
Entirely restore, then twice curtail me,
A fish is seen, enough to regale thee,
Supposing, of course, you'd nothing but that—
But it's a morsel most dainty to give to a cat;
Behead and transpose once more, then you'll see
That a state of equality I'm reckoned to be;
Restore me, and then just sever in twain
(My flexible nature endureth no pain),
One half will reveal a light travelling conveyance,
From us, the other exacts, implicit obeyance.

T. W. PHILLIP.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* is a part of the body; my *second* is what many people are; and where is there a lady who does not like my *whole*.

2. My *first* is a country in South America; ladies do my *second*; and you are now in the act of doing my *whole*.

3. I am composed of 19 letters.
My 14, 17, 11, 4, 7, 18, is open, ingenious.
My 6, 10, 1, 1, 12, is a device.
My 2, 10, is an interjection.
My 13, 15, 6, 3, will we trust be gained by
The 16, 19, 1, 9, 5, 8, which will occupy my whole when it has a legalized existance.

SQUARE WORDS.

Moisture.
A quantity of land.
Part of the eye
An abode.

GARDE.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

If seven clerks add 1,000 columns of figures in ten days, of six hours each, in how many days of four hours each, will five clerks add 2000 columns?

ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC &c. No 91.

Double Acrostic—*Jacques, Cartier*—1. Jarnac; 2. Alma; 3. Crater; 4. Quart; 5. Uri; 6. Scar.

Transpositions—1. Amethyst; 2. Winifred; 3. Mahogany.

Places in New Brunswick—1. Sackville; 2. Fredericton; 3. Chatham; 4. Waterloo.

Charades—1. Meteoric Shower; 2. Pass-age.

Anagram—Adelaide Ristori.

Problem—Ten Dollars.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

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

Transpositions.—Argus, B. N. C., Geo. B., Bericus, Camp, Ellen B. Violet.

Places in New Brunswick.—B. N. C., Bericus, H. H. V., Violet, Niagara, Ellen B., Argus, Camp.

Anagram.—Bericus, Ellen B., Niagara, B. N. C., Camp, Violet, Geo. H., J. W.

Charades.—B. N. C., Niagara, Geo. H. Argus, J. W., Violet, X. Y. Z.

Problem.—Bericus, Argus, B. N. C., J. W., Geo. H., Niagara.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last, J. Wislon, B. N. C., Alpha.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

F. W.—In English law a culprit is a prisoner accused but not tried. After trial, if not acquitted he becomes a convict.

Minnie W.—A daughter of Charles Dickens' is said to be the author of "Mabel's Progress."

Saxon.—We cannot answer the question. Write to the editor of the New York Herald.

W. H. C.—Alectromancy is the ancient practice of foretelling events, principally by means of a young white cock. The plan pursued was to describe a circle and divide it into as many equal parts as there are letters in the alphabet. Upon each of the spaces marked by its respective letter a grain of corn was placed, the fowl was then permitted to pick up the grains, and the letters under the grains selected when formed into words were supposed to foretell the event desired.

X. Y.—As Mr. Toots would say "Its of no consequence."

Puzzled.—We must acknowledge ourselves to be as much puzzled as our correspondent, but we think the decision given on the first question a correct one; the second we should decide in favour of the person who held the affirmative in the first.

Bericus.—Much obliged. Will reply to your question in our next.

Constance.—We do not undertake as a rule to return rejected contributions.

Lafons.—Ever since the chemical composition of the diamond has been known, attempts have been made to reconstruct it in the laboratory. There are at present however no reasons for believing that diamonds of any appreciable size will be formed artificially.

Backwoods.—Psyche is pronounced sy-kee.

Edward J.—The Menai Tubular Bridge is 1600 feet long, 30 feet wide and 100 feet above the level of the water.

A. Y.—The porch or chapel placed at the entrance to a church beyond which the women were not permitted to pass was called the "Galilee." In abbey's the monks came to the galilee to see their female relatives. Sometimes a portion of the nave was marked off by a step or by a line of blue marble to mark the boundary to which women were limited. There are fine specimens of galilees remaining in several of the English Cathedrals.

B. U. C.—Please accept our thanks.

George E.—We are unable to supply the required information.

Euclid.—Thanks.

MISCELLANIA.

The Paris papers are announcing that the Queen of England has just completed a work of travel, to which they give the title 'Feuilles d'un Journal dans les Hautes Montagnes,' adding particulars respecting it which will probably be new to the illustrious author.

A manufacturer in Massachusetts having observed that his workmen lost 12 per cent, of their time in screwing up and unscrewing the vice at which they worked, has invented a vice in which that defect is obviated, and the jaws can be opened or closed with a single pull or push, and the article operated on is held as tightly as in an ordinary vice.

Distance of the Earth from the Sun.—To make the distance of the earth from the sun intelligible, M. Guillemin states that a railway train leaving the earth and going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, would require more than 347 years to reach it, so that if such a train had started on January 1st, 1867, it would be A.D. 2214 before it arrived at its destination.

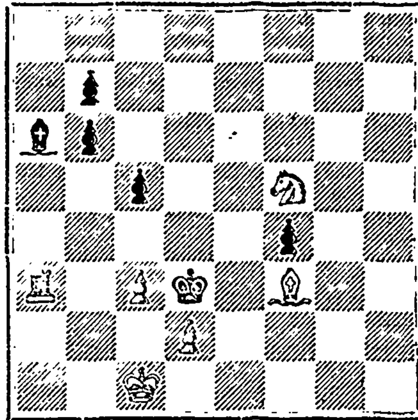
Indigo.—This substance is obtained from an Asiatic and American plant, which is bruised and fermented in vats of water. During the process a blue powder is deposited, which is collected and dried, so as to form the cubic cake, known in commerce. The indigo plant was brought into Europe by the Portugeese, after the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, and is first noticed at Antwerp in 1560, when its value as a dye-stuff came to be appreciated.

CHESS.

PROBLEM. No. 72.

By the late J. B. of Bridport

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 70

BLACK	WHITE.
1 Kt to K B 7.	K to B 5 or (a b.)
2 B to Kt 7.	P moves.
3 Q to B3 Mate	
(a) 1————	K to Q 5.
2 Q to Q 3 (ch.)	K to B 4.
3 Q to Q 6 Mate.	
(b) 1————	K to Q 4.
2 Q to K B 5 (ch)	K to Q 5 (c.)
3 Q to K 5 Mate.	
(c) 2————	K to B 3.
4 Q to Q Kt 5 Mate.	

Game between Neumann and Anderssen.

Evans' Gambit.

White, (*Neumann*)	Black, (*Anderssen*)
1 P to K 4.	1 P to K 4.
2 K Kt to B 3.	2 Q Kt to B 3.
3 B to Q B 4	3 B to Q B 4.
4 P to Q Kt 4.	4 B takes Kt P.
5 P to Q B 3.	5 B to Q B 4.
6 Castles.	6 P to Q 3.
7 P to Q 4.	7 P takes P.
8 P takes P.	8 B to Q Kt 3.
9 Q Kt to B 3.	9 Q Kt to R 4.
10 K B to Q 3.	10 K Kt to K 2.
11 Q B to Kt 2.	11 Castles.
12 Q Kt to K 2 (a.)	12 Kt to K Kt 3.
13 Q Kt to Kt 3.	13 Q B to Q 2.
14 Q to Q 2.	14 P to Q R 3.
15 Q R to Q B sq	15 B to Q Kt 4.
16 Kt to K B 5.	16 B takes B.
17 Q takes B.	17 Kt to Q B 3,
18 K to K R sq.	18 P to Q 4.
19 P to K 5	19 Q to Q 2.
20 P to K Kt 4.	20 Q Kt to Q sq.
21 K Kt to Kt sq (b)	21 Q Kt to K 3.
22 Kt to K 2.	22 P to Q B 4.
23 P to K B 4	23 P takes P.
24 B to Q R 3.	24 K R to Q B sq.
25 Kt to Q 6.	25 R takes R.
26 B takes R.	26 P to K B 3.
27 Q to Q Kt 3.	27 Q to Q B 3.
28 B to Q R 3.	28 P takes P.
29 R to Q B sq.	29 B to Q B 4.
30 P takes P	30 Kt takes P.
31 Kt takes Q Kt P	31 R to Q Kt sq.
32 Q to K Kt 3.	32 R takes Kt.
33 Q takes Kt.	33 P to Q 6 (c.)
34 B takes B	34 P to Q 5 (ch.)
35 K to K Kt sq	35 P takes Kt.
36 Q takes K P.	36 Kt to K B 5 (d.)
37 Q to K B sq.	27 R to Q Kt 7.

Andorsxu wins, his last move crowns victory.

(a) Rather push on Q P.
(b) In order to play P to K B 4.
(c) His Pawns will be served.
(d) The best move; in fact, Anderssen generally plays the best move.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Wanted to Know.—If a flat refusal was ever given in a natural tone?

What is It?—As the steeple of a church was being painted recently, the attention of a little girl was attracted by the scaffolding put about it. She appeared unable to comprehend it; but finally, after a moment's reflection, said, "It is the crinoline."

Eloquent.—A Yankee orator, warming with his subject, exclaimed, "I guess there ain't a man, woman, or child in the house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but what has felt this truth thundering through their minds for centuries."

Probably the reason why so little was written in the dark ages was that the people couldn't see to write.

A henpecked husband says that instead of himself and wife being one, they are ten; for she is 1 and he 0.

A man who bumps his head against that of his neighbour isn't apt to think that two heads are better than one.

"Mind your eye!" as the thread said to the needle.

Why does gold resemble bitter beer?—Because it is frequently contained in quartz.

An Irishman, having read that "Rome was not built in a day," came to the conclusion that it was built at night.

An eminent spirit-merchant in Dublin announces, in an Irish paper, that he has still a small quantity of the whisky on hand which was drunk by George IV. when in Dublin.

The man who was "filled with emotion," hadn't room for his dinner.

Not to be Laughed At.—An author, who had given a comedy into the hands of Foote for his persual, calling on him for his opinion of the piece, Foote returned the play with a grave face, saying, "Sir, depend upon it, this is a thing not to be laughed at."

Eyes and Lamps.—A shoemaker with one eye complained that one of his lamps did not burn. One of his shopmates, who was a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, with astonishment exclaimed, "Faith, and what do you want of two lamps? Ye haven't but one eye."

Cutting.—A young lady, possessing more vanity than personal charms, remarked, in a jesting tone, but with an earnest glance, that "she travelled on her good looks." A rejected lover being present, remarked, he "could now account for the young lady's never having been found far from home."

Wanted.—A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes. The club with which an idea struck the poet. A stick to measure narrow escapes. The identical hook and line with which an angler caught a cold. An umbrella used in the reign of tyrants. A knot from the board a man paid twenty shillings a year for.

A friend, dining with Dr. Maginn, was complimenting him on the fine flavour of his wine, and begged to be informed of the merchant's name. "Oh, I get it from a house close by, just as I happen to want it," replied the host—"the London Tavern."—"Indeed!" said the other—"a capital cellar, unquestionably. But have you not to pay rather an extravagant price for it?"—"I don't know—I don't know," replied the doctor, "I believe they put down something in a book!"

A person in Paris noticed a poor man with a wooden leg walking past his hotel, and gave him a franc. The next day he saw the supposed beggar, but he had changed the wooden leg from the right to the left. Enraged at the deception, he went up to the man, and exclaimed, "You rascal, you had the wooden leg on the other side yesterday! You are not lame at all!"—"Monsieur," was the response with dignity, "I never said I was. I wear a wooden leg for economy, so as not to wear out my trousers, and I change the leg to prevent one leg of the trousers wearing out before the other."