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THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

By the Author of "A Few out of Thousands."

CHAP. I.

My mother was a De Trevor. I think, if her pure and gentle soul could have entertained such a passion as pride, it would have centred solely in the fact of having in her veins blood represented by the genealogical tree as having flowed uncontaminated in a direct stream from the Conqueror, in a family, which, though no longer either wealthy or ennobled, yet cherished with a keen regard this inheritance of ancient descent.

Perhaps of all species of pride, that which glories in pedigree, has the most direct claim on the sympathies of mankind. The poor loath pride of purse: the rich should despise it: but both equally defer to birth unblemished through the course of rolling centuries, even if its generations have been undistinguished by fame or noble deeds.

In works of fiction belonging to that old time before everybody wrote, I remember to have observed that, although the reader might be permitted to commence with the personal history of the heroine, yet he had frequently to leave that off, in order to wade through very long and tedious memoirs of several of her relations and particular friends, likewise those of many of her enemies; and by the time he had extricated himself from the difficulties of plot in which he was sure to become involved, he was apt to find, somewhere about the fourth volume, that his brain had become so bewildered by these ramifications of biographical matter, that he no longer knew "who was who;" and so to enable himself thoroughly to comprehend every circumstance, (people in those days read books to understand them, and knew nothing of the Johnsonian method of "skimming,") was compelled to read the whole work over again from its first chapter.

I trust it may not puzzle my readers in the like manner. If my mother's antecedents were not absolutely necessary to the explanation of my own life, he should not be troubled with them. As it is, for the sake of the integrity and clearness of my own history, I must briefly glance at them.

My maternal grandfather, Francis De Trevor, was a gentleman of good estate and large fortune, residing not far from Teignmouth Devonshire. For the first four years of Mr. and Mrs. De Trevor's married life, my mother remained their only child. Exceedingly disappointed at having no son to perpetuate the family name, my grandfather and grandmother endeavoured to console themselves, oddly enough, by spoiling their infant daughter's temper. Her imperious babyhood swayed indeed the entire household, and she was in the fairest way of growing up proud, selfish, and thoroughly disagreeable.

In her fifth year, the arrival of the son so long wished for, changed her position. The servants, over whom she had in her infant arrogance ruled so despotically, did not fail to inform the child of this untoward circumstance. With precocious sagacity, she quickly found out that the new stranger was of the highest importance, that his wants and wishes had become paramount over her own, and that, greatly to her surprise, neither pouts, cries, nor sulks, appeared now to have any weight with her former obsequious attendants.

After all, it was a hard lesson for a spoiled child to learn, especially at so tender an age. To her mother's room, admission had been forbidden since the advent of the baby. The maids in the nursery were by no means over-delicite in the remarks they uttered in the child's presence. They indulged in vulgar jeers, telling her that "her nose had been put out of joint," with other similes more comprehensive than elegant.

On the little girl's ill restrained and passionate mind, this treatment had its full effect. She understood well enough that her authority and importance had departed. Ellen, her principal attendant, especially irritated the wayward child.

This girl, who had been the chief recipient of the kicks and scratches which the presumed heiress had occasionally in her paroxysms of rage, liberally dispensed among her personal suite, gladly availed herself of an opportunity for retaliation.

One morning—such a morning as, in England at least, you rarely behold, save in Devonshire, a soft sunshiny balmy morning, perfumed with the scent of the summer's latest lingering flowers,
and filled with that entire serenity which gives the soul almost too much happiness—my mother entered the nursery. She was, even for her, unusually fractious. Too infantine for the outward balminess of nature to have any effect on her temper, the child’s nerves had been irritated to a frightful degree by the constant refusal of her request to see her mamma. She was, as the nurse-maid remarked, “boiling over with fretfulness.”

Ellen was ironing some of the delicately laced, too fragile to be trusted to the ordinary handress, which were destined for the baby, who was peacefully slumbering in his cradle, happily unmindful of his three weeks’ existence, or the adulation that awaited his waking hours.

The newly-born child was, I say, smiling in his cradle while sleeping. When my mother came into the nursery, Ellen was declaring loudly to the other women in the room about the grand christening there was sure to be. “Much grander, miss, than yesternight!” she said, turning to the child, who angrily demanded to see her mamma.

“Your mamma indeed! She don’t love you now; I can tell you that. See the child!—a passionate little monkey, stamping and grinning. You’re a plague, miss; we all know that. Look there at your good little brother. He never falls into such wicked tempers: he’s a beauty, he is; not like his wicked, wicked sister, who”—Her tone changed rapidly—“My God! my God! see, quick—some of you”—Too late—too late—

Enraged at the nursemaid’s tauntings, the child had snatched up the iron, which standing on the table was still warm. Before the other servants could understand Ellen’s shriek of horror—before Ellen herself, paralyzed with fear, could interpose, Frances had hurled the sharp-pointed yet heavy missile at the infant in the cradle—hurled it with all her might, a might strengthened fatally by childish passion. Too terrible the vigour of that tiny arm! The frightened women, who expected to hear screams from the babe, were appalled at its silence. They rushed to the side of the cradle: a little blood, a wound on the tender brow—these were the only signs. In that fearful moment, the infant’s spirit had fled back to the heaven which had lent him to earth for so brief a time.

My power is limited in giving any adequate description of the scene that followed this catastrophe—most persons can picture it vividly to themselves. There was the infant murdered, wonder-stricken; who, having no idea of death, could not be made to understand her crime. There were the horror-rafted domestics, scarce daring to reveal the deed; the agonized father; the surgeon called in to render his useless assistance: all these regarded the poor passionate cause of this tragedy with the deepest loathing. It was the doctor who at last succeeded in conveying to my mother’s mind some idea of the nature of her frantic crime. He told her that the baby would never cry again, that he would be buried deep down in the cold earth and that all this distress and grief had been caused by her, Frances De Trevor.

He might have been a good man, this doctor; but stern, cold, and rigidly moral, he found no excuse for the ever-indulged child; neither did he silt out the real cause of the tantalizing nursemaid. He regarded the wretched little child just as we should contemplate a Courvoisier or a Greenacre. And painting her crime thus, in the black colours in which it appeared to himself, when the poor little girl at last understood what she had really done, and was told that men and women were hanged by the neck on a gibbet till they were dead, for lesser crimes than the one she had just committed, she fell into a fit, and neither spoke nor moved for forty-eight hours.

During that time there was strong reason to hope she too, was dead. Death for her would have been a boon. But there is a law of retribution in the world; however we may obtain salvation in the next—a law as attendant on guilt, even on error, as death is on life, or sorrow on humanity! My mother’s doom was to live and suffer.

My grandmother, from whom it was impossible to keep the knowledge of her bereavement, from the indiscretion of a domestic became acquainted likewise with its unhappy cause; a terrible agitation ensued, which, in her delicate condition, proved fatal to Mrs. De Trevor in the short space of a few days. Thus did her husband, who affectionately loved her, find himself bereft of wife and son, through one who had hitherto been his darling, his spoiled and petted child.

When Frances De Trevor unhappily revived to life and consciousness, she was an outcast from love, from tenderness or affection. The child never was seen to smile again; rarely indeed, when she grew up, did the girl or the woman. Unable to bear the sight of his daughter, Mr. De Trevor sent her to a retired village, many miles from her desolated bed, where she was expected to hear. 

The curate of this village of Penrocket, and his wife, were glad to increase a very small income by educating (Mr. De Trevor said reforming) the poor little girl. Her involuntary crime had, indeed, as far as temper was concerned—the child’s one great fault—worked a reformation. From the fatal moment that made her an unwitting fratricide, she became meek, mild, merciful, and gentle. She learned with avidity, for study only, could soften the agonies of her regret, or distance that shadow which henceforth darkened the whole of her life. This clergyman of Penrocket, and his partner, were kind, judicious persons; and, as she grew up, my mother’s deep remorse, softened into a tender melancholy which never wholly forsook her. Education, and the intelligence that comes with years, gave her at least the consolation of knowing that her maturity was not answerable for the unpremeditated sin of her infancy.

When Miss De Trevor was twenty-one years old, she received a visit from her father’s man
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The destroyers of his peace, he said, must ever be a stranger to him.

Now, his man of business came to communicate to the outcast daughter, in a severe, dry, formal manner (for he too looked on her as a criminal who had somehow undeservedly escaped punishment) the fact that her hand would be bestowed in marriage on Mr. Castlebrook, the only son of a neighbour of Mr. De Trevor, who had lately lost his father and succeeded to a small estate. This young gentleman’s land joined the De Trevor estate, and I believe the match was especially desirable for the purpose of uniting the territories which would thus be rendered doubly profitable. For this reason it seemed that young Mr. Castlebrook, in compliance with a wish expressed by his deceased father, had voluntarily proposed for Miss De Trevor, fully comprehending her family position, and, on that account, terms were made so restrictive and one-sided that any other family would have certainly resented such proffered alliance only as insult. But it did not appear that my grandfather viewed the proposal in any other light than as a profitable offer for an unsaleable piece of goods. His daughter was expected to consent without expostulation. She did so. She would, indeed, have implicitly agreed to any wish or command of her father. Obedience, she said, was her only expiation. Bitter, indeed, proved to be that obedience which she had to render to one who treated her, all her life-time, only as an unwelcome incumbrance to the property he was to gain by this marriage. Years after her death I learned that even in her grief and remorse she had faintly begun to indulge a dream of being beloved; but she crushed at once, with an iron hand of self-immolation, all such dear hopes, and accepted her cross, as part of that atonement which she believed to be her sole business on earth. Her heart, and one other, alone knew the magnitude of her trial in wedding with an unknown and uncared-for individual.

On his own part, Mr. Castlebrook had disappointed such affections as he possessed by giving up a young girl, the daughter of a tradesman who resided in the University town where this young gentleman had matriculated, and where he had also greatly distinguished himself. I fear, as a graceless spendthrift, who had already impoverished his small inheritance, and gained the reputation of being an idle and dissolute student. I shall often in this narrative require the reader’s consideration, for sometimes I may appear to forget I am writing of a father. He, alas! set me the example by often forgetting that he was one.

Had not this marriage been arranged, I believe it had been Mr. De Trevor’s intention to have alienated the estate (untainted) from my mother; as it was, my father consented to take the name of De Trevor before his own of Castlebrook.

The sacrifice, in due time, was achieved. My mother was married. She left kind and well-wishing friends, associations of youth and girlhood, to enter the cheerless home of one who loved her not, and abhorred the necessity of the promise which had forced him to take her for a wife. Somewhere about the same time, a marriage, not unsimilar, was contracted in a Royal House, the result being to both wives alike—oppression, insult, and injury!

Chap. II.

When I was ten years old, being her only child, her solace, and her companion, my dear mother related to me this her sad history. I, too, had given proofs that I possessed a quick and irritable temper, which required the most judicious restraint to prevent it from marrying for life my happiness. With no words, save those of love, did she ever correct me. From those dear lips I never heard a harsh sentence. This gentleness was a great mercy to me; for, from my father, whenever he was compelled to address me, I received nothing but roughness and severity.

I am well assured that my mother endured the agony of this confession to an only and adoring child simply as a pittance. She might have even anticipated that the daughter, who was the sole tie binding her to earth, would testify to her a hatred excited by this account of her infant fratricide; but I loved her too dearly, and besides, I could in no manner connect my dear grown-up, gentle parent, with the picture of the passionate little creature whom she preserved. Young as I was, the strongest impression which remained on my mind was that Ellen, the nursemaid, should herself have been hanged for teasing my mamma into a passion. I remember asking my mother what became of this girl; but she answered that she only knew that she had been discharged from my grandfather’s service after the sad event, which had chiefly been brought about by her own mischievous and aggravating disposition.

Many things come crowding on my memory as I write; pictures of my own childish life—trifles perhaps, but which serve as landmarks to recall those days when, if I had a stern, disdainful father, I had that precious treasure, a tender, loving mother to weep with me, to soothe and console me in every little trial and sorrow. I know, too, now, that all love is feeble compared with the affection of a parent towards a child. I can think of myself, at one time, as a little creature in a black frock—worn, I believe, for my grandfather; and the notion I retain of myself in this costume is strengthened by the recollection of a little picture in water colours, done by my mother herself, wherein I
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am represented as coming from an ascent down towards the picture-frame, with my short black frock caught up in my hands, and filled with roses, displaying rather a robust pair of legs, clothed in white socks and sandalled shoes. I think, too, now, what an emblem of my future picture was—such a heap of black, and but few flowers, those few doomed early to wither, leaving behind only their thorns.

Ever since my birth my parents had resided in London. Mr. Castlebrook had pleasures and society apart from his wife. I can still recall our walks in the Green Park, near which our how through my tears I let the lamps, and pondering if the rays round them resembled the glory which I had seen in certain holy pictures. I recall, I say, all these things, and, shuddering, wonder if I feel most terror or grief for those days, now dimly looming in the far-off distance of the irrevocable past.

Once more I am a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, standing by my mother's knee, patiently surmounting the difficulties of my alphabet, and coaxing her afterwards to read some child's book, while I reposed luxuriously on a sofa, she by my side. In this manner I was brought through many of my childish disorders, I can recite, too, with exquisite delight, my joy, when my mother, who received a very inadequate allowance quarterly, took me out with her, shopping. Again, in idea, I visit the delicious bazaars, all smelling so delightfully of wax-dolls, scent, new toys, and gift-books. Again I go home, laden with the choicest treasures. I see once more the pictures in my new story-books, and listen to mother's explanations of them. "Industry and Idleness" was one—a book with a very large folding lithograph, representing the heroines in two compartments—Idleness lolling about, all rage, at an untidy cottage-door; Industry, well attired, going virtually to market. I remember the deep interest I took in the fortune of these children, as well as in a relation of how Industry invested savings, the produce of making pincushions with pieces of silk, mu-

nificently bestowed by some lady patroness—a means of acquiring riches which fired my imagination, and which I should have immediately put into practice but for two impediments; one being want of materials, the other want of purchasers, supposing I had created a supply of goods for the pincushion market. Yet I have occasional twinges of remorse at not having devoted more time to pincushion-making. Then I had, too, the "Arabian Nights," and, when I could read them for myself, fairy-tales; and crowning glory, on one happy birthday, the "Vicar of Wakefield" himself, bound as I have never seen him bound since, and probably never shall again—in red calf-skin, a kind of maroon red, soft and glossy to the touch, and soothing to the eye, with beautiful woodcuts over each chapter, representing interesting phases of the sorrows and trials of dear Doctor Primrose—sorrows impressed then on my heart, and never, no, never, to be effaced.

After these books followed "Philip Quari," "Robinson Crusoe," and stories by Maria Edgeworth, who, I read the other day in a review, is entirely forgotten now as a writer, and deservedly so. I wonder if that saucy critic ever derived the pleasure from "Harrington and Ormond," from those many delightful stories by her pen, that lent a charm to my young days! Hardly, or common gratitude must have interfered, and suppressed so cruel a judgment, one which will be contradicted by each rising generation till fiction is no more a means of teaching or being taught. Such, then, were the books which formed my friends and companions, my sole playfellows. Luckily these remain, and mothers and fathers can procure them for the children still; but a new race has sprung up, pushing the child's good literature aside—a race more fraught with brain than heart. Fairy tales are regarded with contempt and ill-concealed mistrust: the 'oldies lie concealed in the ambush of some clumsy story, and spring on the little reader unawares, like those black figures which in my youth were made to spring up out of French snuff-boxes, when the unwary took a pinch of rappee. Science has usurped the throne occupied by Sindbad the Sailor, and the burden of carrying the Old Man of the Sea was nothing, compared to the milestones of knowledge we hang about the tender necks of our children. By-and-by, there will be no children's books; neither will there be any children—a state we are fast sinking into! We shall all be born, Minerva-like, with the helmet and shield of knowledge ready developed.

Advancing in age, sometimes I crept into my father's library during his absence, and, unseen, devoured some of the romantic lore I found there. The Great Magician had not then arrived, and some sad trash of the newly-established Minerva-school was there; but there were many excellent surmises, or suggestions, upon this miscellaneous food; and my mind was neither starved nor corrupted, although I
sometimes pored as often over Beaumont and Fletcher's pages, or Boccaccio's "Decameron," as over the "One-handed Monk," and stuff of that kind—less deleterious, be it observed, than kindred books of these days, which if more talented, are also even more vicious and excoriating.

I review all these phases of my child-life silently, and see myself out of the black flocks, arrayed in one of scarlet cloth quilted broadly at the hem, with satin quilting.

Then intervened periods spent at the sea-side—Margate I believe, or Ramsgate. Time at these places passed but unpleasantly, for my father went with us, and instead of our large London house, we had narrow confined lodgings; so that my mother and I felt under great restraint, and experienced much difficulty in demeaning ourselves entirely to Mr. Castlebrook's satisfaction.

We seemed always too noisy or too silent, too bold or too fearful to please my father. These things, mingled with reminiscences of terror at being bathed by a very corpulent female—a personage to this day inseparable, in my mind, from a watering-place—where, I was persuaded, had a secret design to drown me, with visions of immense prawns, which we ate at breakfast every morning, combined with star-fish gatherings, and shells and sea-weed, seem to close in my childhood's scenes. After these things an interval of darkness succeeds in memory, and then my mind seems suddenly to have expanded, and I find myself reflecting with much satisfaction that in four more years I shall be fifteen, and therefore quite a woman.

It was not long after I had arrived at this conclusion, that I suffered the first misfortune of my life: I lost my own dear mother. Even now I can scarce bear to dwell on the details of her death. I saw not—for I was too young and inexperienced—and no one else cared to see, that she was daily fading away. Doubtless the treasures of her sensitive spirit, ever ill at ease with itself, had sunk in the body the seeds of that decay, which caused her early and premature death.

I stood by her, one day, my arms round her neck, whispering little prophecies that she would soon be quite well, and able to go for our usual walks. She made no answer, but kissed me long and tenderly, solemnly blessing me as her consolation hereafter, and charged me to look forward to a happy meeting hereafter. That blessing still lingers in my ears, as plainly as when it trembled on her pale lips, and she dropped her head on my neck. How heavy that dear head felt! Thinking my mother had fainted I screamed for assistance. They tried to take me away from her, but I resisted and clung still closer. Then roughly and without any soothing preparation, they told me the truth.

I heard no more, long after that: I was insensible for many hours. The tender guardian who watched my least indisposition was taken from me. No one else cared if I lived or died. A doctor was sent for, and I was left with a hired nurse, to be well or ill, sustained or sinking, as I and nature thought proper.

When next I saw my mother, there was only a waxen form folded in white raiment, whose icy lips repelled even the swed kiss of a child's love. Death to me was a sight so strange and terrible, that, when I met him for the first time face to face, the dread mysterious visitor seemed with his ghastly inexpressible presence to turn my brain. I became ill again—ill for a long and weary time. When I recovered all was over. A vault in St. George's Church hid from my sight for ever, all traces of one so sorrowful and so deeply loved. They told me she had died of heart complaint, and remembering her sufferings, I can easily believe it.

CHAP. III.

The actual commencement of life I date from the period of my mother's death. I mean the struggle we must all go through in this probationary state. Behold me launched without the pilot Affection to guide my frail bark; no helm, no rudder, no land-mark, save the good principles I had gathered as I stood by my mother's knee.

Yet, many trees, carefully trained, fenced round, guarded from malevolent winds, disappoint those who, with skill and patience, have undertaken to rear them, in the belief that so watched, so sheltered from ill, and from contaminating touch, the young plants must grow straight, and tall, and strong; and then, behold!—no one knows how or why—they become suddenly gnarled, knotted, warped, dwarfish, and barren; while others, left to the free winds of heaven, exposed to the storm, scorched by the sun, prostrated by the shower, arrive at maturity erect, sturdy, strong; apt perhaps to bend before a blast too searching, but never breaking; bearing in due season leaves, buds, flowers, and fruit. Who shall say how these things are guided? Who shall say what is education or what is not? When the great truth, that it is the heart and not the head which needs careful cultivation, is believed and acted upon, we shall perhaps know. The hothed of intellect, in producing flowers ere the tender plant has put forth a leaf, withers it, dries up its sap and vigour, causes it to perish even at the very roots.

Save my father, I had the singularity of possessing no relatives. My mother's decease rendered her family totally extinct; her own father and mother having been only children. My father, too, had been the last child of his parents; I had therefore no near connexions to make up so far as such a loss could be made up, for my bereavement. Thus circumstances, entering my twelfth year, I found myself literally alone, deprived of kindness and sympathy. I wonder now that my heart did not harden. That I escaped this worst of fates, was owing only to the fact that my dear mother had
by an education of love, so firmly implanted love within, that it became a necessity of my nature. My father would not permit me to demonstrate affection openly, but at that time I regarded him in secret with a feeling in which love and pity seemed mingled. I believed, in my child's heart, that, so loveless, he must be unhappy. Yet in his actual presence, every other emotion was so swallowed up by excessive fear, that fortunately he never had an idea I presumed to entertain for him sentiments so humiliating.

Mr. Castlebrook was supposed, and with reason, at that period, to be a gentleman of good property. Since the death of my grandfather, Mr. De Trevor, he had come into possession, according to the terms of his marriage settlements, of my mother's inheritance, of which no portion was settled on herself or her children. Her father's vindictive harshness had given absolute power to her husband to dispose of the property (unfettered even by a jointure) as he thought proper.

She had so great a horror of appearing to profit by her misfortune, that she possibly at first rejoiced even in dependence, till my birth, and the dislike my father evinced towards me, for not proving the son he had hoped for, caused her considerable regret that no settlement had been made in favour of the offspring she might bring into the world.

Except for this involuntary fault of being of the wrong sex, I could never guess why my father disliked me so intensely. I doubt now if he knew, himself, very definitely. It is certain he never even liked, much less loved, my mother. That gentle placid melancholy, which, under her circumstances, so naturally characterized her, offended and disgusted him. Once, I believe, in a fit of ungovernable rage, he taunted her with killing her baby brother. She never told me this, but a chattering maid-servant did. He never, I heard, repeated the cruelty: his wife's agonies were so terrible, that, for many hours after, death seemed inevitable.

We occupied a large handsome house in one of the streets leading out of Piccadilly. We had plenty of servants; but as my father was out a great deal, we kept but a very frugal table. Mr. Castlebrook had never attempted to introduce his wife into society, neither do I think she desired it. His own acquaintance, I suspect, consisted chiefly of bachelor friends and their female companions. He spared no expense on his own pleasures, and became in a few years a complete man-about-town of that day. It was therefore highly expedient to be extremely economical at home, that my father might have an ample supply abroad. My mother never complained. We usually dined at a very un-fashionable hour, off a very plain repast; indeed, occasionally, when the cook was probably busy with her own affairs, it was so very plain, that some might have called it stingy and insufficient, even for two such slender appetites as ours. However, we generally contented ourselves with what we could get, thankful to be remembered at all by the overfed and spoiled domestics.

Subsequently I had reason to rejoice that I had never been pampered by luxury. I have mentioned the death of my mother's harsh and unmerciful parent. He died many years before her. Had he survived I should, I fancy, have been little the better for his affection and sympathy. My father and he had been on ill terms very soon after the marriage of the former. All that Mr. De Trevor could will away, he left to an ornithological museum. He had, after his domestic affliction, turned naturalist, and in seeking out Nature, had, as far as his domestic affections were concerned, contrived to lose sight of her altogether.

Up to the period of my mother's death, my education had been, it must be owned, rather of a desultory order. When my father was once solicited by her to provide me with a governess, she got for answer that the less women knew the better. That opinion was too universal in his day—then ladies possessing cultivated minds were only exceptions, and somewhat rare ones. Women at best were considered mere tools of the men of their time, and when any stepped out of the beaten routine of ignorance, she was subjected to the gravest suspicions, and was, indeed, apt to be regarded by the most charitable as somebody not entirely and wholly correct in her character.

My poor mother, thus frustrated, had no resource but to educate me herself, and, for her credit and my own, I must say that though Misses Patter and Slapdash of that select finishing establishment situated at this present time in Mignonette-square, Belgravia, might have sneered at my proficiency, yet there are, to my own knowledge, many little girls of eleven years old, in that educational hothouse, who, I am convinced, know a great deal more than I did at that stage of my existence. My mother's own education had, in her seclusion, been sedulously pursued, and it was of a more solid kind than the knowledge usually attained by women of her social station. Doubtless the profanity so glaring among the sex in the days when the Prince Regent flourished, was a great impediment to women being well educated or highly accomplished; for those who are taught that men value them solely for their personal charms are little apt to seek the cultivation of those pertaining to the mind. We are taunted, indeed, to this day, with the assertion that we resort to mental attractions only when our physical ones are on the wane. Nor even as the century advanced, did women progress much, either by their own efforts or by the assistance of the opposite sex. Those of the rising generation may have a good idea of the purposeless, rapid, unreflecting, know-nothing class of beings, women (even the good kind) were in the first quarter of this century, by perusing the fictions of one who, in his day, was held to be the finest improvisatore, the keenest wit, and the most brilliant writer of his time—gifts which he used, to make himself eagerly secured at
fashionable dinner-parties, or to procure himself the luxuries for which alone he lived, with the excitement furnished by the gaming-tables of his noble hosts, who seldom objected to winning the unlucky wit’s money, but which, from his own base perversion, have been inadequate to hand him down to this generation with the fame bestowed on him by his own. His dressed-up dolls of heroines, whose sole qualifications are pretty faces and good figures, might be the soulless houres of a Turk’s harem, for any great or good attributes they possess. A facility for intrigue characterizes even the best of them; and their pourtrayre never tries even to disguise the contempt he feels for the entire sex, considered as reasonable human beings, or partakers in the enterprises and functions of a grand world.

My mother made no attempt to drive me up the steeps of learning: she led me on step by step, pointing out by the way the brambles and thickets likely to impede my progress. My integrity of reading made the study of history and biography pleasing to me, and I soon gained some elementary knowledge of French and Italian. Accomplishments I had few, except one, on which many girls have large sums squandered with little result. My mother was instinctively a musician, and by careful cultivation it had become actually a very fine one. She took great delight in imparting to me that glorious “mystery;” and Nature had been kind in bestowing on me those gifts of ear and voice, which artificially, can never be gained in perfection. I could play Mozart, Haydn, and Haydn, and sing difficult Italian masters, with great facility, even at the early age when I was left to my own resources. This was all I could not paint, I had never been taught to dance, and would have sunk with nervous terror had I been asked to sing before any one but my own mother. Sometimes when I was practicing I have heard my father desire the servants to stop “that cursed noise!” and then, my poor heart sinking, I would shut the instrument, feeling as if I had been guilty of some flagrant offence, reflecting bitterly that other girls were lauded and admired for their progress in the art I loved so dearly. I had once heard my father himself praise the Misses Singemall, who lived next door, for being models of harmony; but though, judging from the sound occasionally wafted towards our windows by the wind, I could have outshone them any day—I had the pain of knowing that no effort of mine could win approbation from this unloving father.

That stern look and cold depreciation soon came to make me always inclined to doubt my own abilities for anything. Such doubts, next to overweening and blind confidence, produce on characters like mine the most unhappy results.

But after my mother’s death I did not touch my piano for months. I took refuge in reading. Even the brain of a child must have some resource in grief. I read all I could lay my hands on, and confirmed thus by indulgence a solid and enduring taste for books, which has throughout life, next to trust and submission, been my greatest soother in all affliction.

"ROW AND RETAKE."

BY MRS. ADDY.

"What inscriptio can be more to the purpose, more inspiring to action, more full of promise as to the result, than the cheerful; Row and Retake of the Riddels?"—MORRIS AND THEIR MORALS.
By Caroline A. White.

Oh! soul-stirring motto, you rouse us to action,
And teach us to conquer as well as to bear;
You clear the dense vapours of dull stupefaction,
And cast a glad ray on the slough of Despair.
Too long have we passively mourned o’er our losses,
Deploring that Fortune our path should forsake;
No matter—Life’s web is not all made of crosses,
The way lies before us to “Row and Retake!”

Methinks, on the bright, rapid tide of existence,
Our boat, ready trimmed, our attention demands—
We care not for danger, we care not for distance,
We lack not brave spirits nor diligent hands.
Of Life’s choicest gifts we were once in possession,
Our foes must prepare reparation to make;
’Tis Justice we ask—we endure not oppression,
When armed with the watchword of “Row and Retake!”

We hoist not the sail, ever changing and veering,
The toil that is needful shall all be our own,
Successful results are more welcome and cheering
When won by unsiled exertion alone.
We ply the brick oars with unyielding and firm
From torpid endurance ’tis time to awake,
Row on, then, my friends—seek for prompt restitution—
Row swiftly, row steadily—Row and Retake!

SARCENESS OF TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not a mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong, convulsive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when the tears are gushing forth in cataract streams. Oh, speak not harshly to the stricken one weeping in silence. Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Despise not women’s tears—they are the tears that make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painted tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.—COBBETT.
FOREST WONDERS.

It is not a very common thing to fall in with the works of a man who has devoted eleven whole years of his life to searching out and recording the facts of natural history belonging to one separate tract of country, and that tract one that contains within its limits such glorious varieties of animal and vegetable life as does the portion of South America through which that mighty river the Amazon takes its course.

The author (Mr. Bates) has done this, and the record that he gives us of his researches, in his book entitled "The Naturalist on the River Amazons," is so full of splendid description of scenery, and its enlivements, in the form of gorgeous birds and butterflies, flowers, of queer monsters in the shapes of spiders and beetles, and of other interesting accompaniments of tropical forests and river life and adventure, that, as the book may not fall into the hands of every reader, I have thought a little resumé of its contents could not fail to interest and amuse those who delight in hearing of the wondrous and beautiful works wherewith the great Creator has diversified and adorned this magnificent world, of which such a vast tract.

And first a few words concerning the river itself, for it is one of the wonders of the world. Rising in the Cordilleras of the Andes it runs northward for some hundred or more miles, and then, taking an eastward course, flows on right across the continent of South America, emptying itself, by numerous mouths, into the North Atlantic Ocean. On its way it gathers up the waters of an immense number of tributary streams, and drains a greater extent of surface than any other river in the world. It runs a course of 3,500 miles between its rise and debouches, and disgorges a far larger volume of water than even the Mississippi. For 2,000 miles of its way, in a direct line from the ocean, there is depth of water for any description of vessel. Many of its tributaries exceed the largest rivers of Europe, and some are equal to the Volga. The Madeira is the longest, and this, before it joins the Amazon, adds to its waters the contents of eight large rivers. The Rio Negro and the Tocantins are also immense rivers, each itself the recipient of many important streams. The combined mouths of the Amazon and Para rivers form, with their archipelago of islands, an immense river delta, enclosing a space equal in size to all the southern half of England and Wales. In the middle lies an island as large as Sicily. "The immense volumes of fresh water which are poured through these broad embouchures, the united contributions of innumerable streams fed by drenching tropical rains, prevent them from becoming salt-water estuaries." The fresh water that flows from them tinges the sea along the shores of Guiana to a distance of nearly 200 miles from the mouth of the river.

The greater part of the course of this vast river is through tracts of almost impenetrable forests. In speaking of one of the narrow channels of from 30 to 50 miles in length, which in some cases connect the Amazon with other rivers, or diverging from it, after a time again rejoin it, Mr. Bates says: "We found ourselves in a narrow and near green alley, not more than 80 to 100 yards in width, and hemmed in by two rows of forest, which rose quite perpendicularly from the water to a height of 70 or 80 feet. The water was of great and uniform depth, even close to the banks. We seemed to be in a deep gorge, and the strange impression the place produced was augmented by the dull echoes produced by the voices of our Indians and the splash of their paddles. The forest was excessively varied. Some of the trees, the dome-topped giants of the leguminous and bombaceous orders, reared their heads far above the average height of the green walls. The fan-leaved Mirvitii palm was scattered in some numbers amid the rest, a few solitary columns shooting up their smooth shafts above the other trees. The graceful Assai Palm grew in little groups, forming feathery pictures set in the rounder foliage of the mass. The Ubassú, lower in height, showed only its shuttle-cock-shaped crowns of huge undivided fronds, which, being of a vivid green color, contrasted forcibly against the sombre hues of the surrounding foliage. The Ubassú grew here in great numbers; the equally remarkable Jupati palm (Raphia taedigera), which, like the Ubassú, is peculiar to this district, occurred more sparsely, throwing its long shaggy leaves, 40 to 50 feet in length, over the branches of the canal. An infinite variety of smaller-sized palms decorated the water's edge, such as the Maraja-i'-the Ubim, and a few stately Bacabás; the shape of this last is exceedingly elegant, the size of the crown being in proper proportion to the straight smooth stem; the leaves, down even to the bases of the glossy petioles, are of a rich dark-green colour, and free from spines.

The forest wall [I am extracting from my journal], under which we are now moving, consists, besides palms, of a great variety of ordinary forest trees. From the highest branches of these, down to the water, sweep ribbons of climbing plants, of the most diverse and ornamental foliage possible. Creeping convolvuli and others have made use of the slender lianas and hanging air roots as ladders to climb by. Now and then appears a mimosa, or other tree, having similar fine pinnate foliage; and thick masses of Inga border the water, from whose branches hang long bean-pods of different size and shape according to the species, some of them a yard in
length. Flowers there are very few. I see now and then a gorgeous crimson blossom, on long spikes, ornamenting the sombre foliage, towards the summit of the forest; I suppose it to belong to a climer of the *combretaceae* order. There are also a few yellow and violet trumpet-flowers. (Eugenia jucunda.) The flowering herbs, though too conspicuous, are delicately beautiful. The forest all along presents so dense a front that one can never obtain a glimpse into the interior of the wilderness."

In a later part of his book Mr. Bates gives a curious and beautiful account of a "water-path," which shows us somewhat of the extent and beauty of the larger forests. He speaks of the district around Ega, on the river Tefé: "The whole of the country for hundreds of miles is covered with picturesque but pathless forests, and there are only two roads round which excursions can be made by land from Ega"—one he describes as "a narrow hunter's path," the other "very well practicable only in the dry seasons, when a flat strip of white sandy beach is exposed at the foot of the high wooded banks of the lake, covered with trees, which, as there is no underwood, form a shady grove." The trees, many of them myrtles and wild guavas, with smooth yellow stems, were arrayed along the edge of the lake under the cool shade everywhere bordered the path." Then he describes kingsfishers, green and blue tree-creepers, purple-breasted tanagers and humming-birds flitting about among the trees, and beautiful cicadaes, with wings adorned with patches of bright green and scarlet, clinging, three or four in a tree, to the branches, and emitting their reedy, musical notes, and the numbers and variety of gaily-tinted butterflies sporting about in this grove on sunny days was so great that the bright moving flashes of colour gave quite a character to the physiognomy of the place. It was impossible to walk far without disturbing florescence of the damp sand at the edge of the water, where they congregate to imbibe the moisture. They were of all colours, sizes, and shapes. I noticed here altogether 80 species, belonging to 22 different genera."  

"The most abundant, next to the very common sulphur-yellow and orange-coloured kinds were about a dozen species of *Cyphites*, which are of a large kind, and are conspicuous from their livers of glossy dark blue and purple. A superb adorned creature, the Callithrea Markii, having wings of a thick texture, coloured sapphire, blue, and orange, was only an occasional visitor. On certain days, when the weather was very calm, two small gilded-green species literally swarmed on the sands, their glittering wings lying wide open on the flat surface.

But I have allowed the description of all these gorgeous living jewels to draw me aside from the account of the "water-path." There is a creek, almost a quarter of a mile broad, near the town, which a few miles off narrows into a mere rivulet, that runs through a broad dell in the forest, which, when the rivers rise, is full of water. The trunks of the lofty trees then stand many feet deep in the waters, and small canoes are able to travel the distance of a day's journey under the shade, regular paths or alleys being cut through the branches and lower trees. Our party set out at sunrise, and soon, as on the part where the way seemed to be stopped by an impenetrable hedge of trees and bushes. They were long in finding entrance, but at length succeeded. A narrow and tolerably straight alley stretched away for a long distance before us; on each side were the tops of bushes and young trees, forming a kind of border to the path, and the trunks of the tall forest-trees rough at irregular intervals from the water, their crowns interlocking far over our heads, and forming a thick shade. Slender air-roots hung down in clusters, and looping sips dangled from the lower branches; bunches of grass, tillandsias, and ferns sat in the forks of the larger bouquets, and the trunks of trees near the water had adhered to them round dried masses of fresh-water sponges. There was no current perceptible, and the water was stained with a dark olive-brown hue, but the submerged stems could be seen by it to a great depth." Along this wondrous path they travelled for hours, occasionally startled by the rush of fish through the surface of the water," until the stillness and gloom became quite painful. The wooded valley, about half a mile in width, at the commencement narrowed, as did the water-path, as they drew near to the head of the rivulet, and the forest then became denser, and the water-path more widening on account of the thickness of the forest. The bushes, many of which were but little above their heads, were loaded with epiphytes. "One orchid I noticed particularly, on account of its bright yellow flowers growing at the end of flower stems several feet long. Some of the trunks, especially those of palms, close beneath their crowns were clothed with a thick mass of glossy foliagel-shaped ponthos plants mingled with ferns." For some distance the vegetation was so dense that the road ran under an arcade of foliage. "These thickets are formed chiefly of bamboo, whose slender foliage and curving stems dispose themselves in elegant festality bowers; but other social plants—slender green climbers, with tendrils so eager in aspiring to grasp the highest boughs that they seem to be endowed almost with animal energy, and certain low trees having large elegantly veined leaves—contribute also to the jungly masses."  

Amongst the wonders of the forest, probably few would excite greater surprise, perhaps dismay, than the noises which perplex the ear. Mr. Bates remarks that in this water-path there was "no noise;" but in another solitary spot on Japajos, "I heard for the first, and almost the only time, the uproar of life at sunset, which Humboldt describes as having witnessed towards the source of the Orinoco, but is unknown on the banks of the larger rivers. The noises of animals began just as the sun sank be-
hind the trees, after a sweltering afternoon, leaving the sky above of the intensest shade of blue. Two flocks of howling monkeys, one close to our canoe, the others about a furlong distant, filled the echoing forest with their diurnal roaring. Troops of parrots, including the ‘Hyacinthine Macaw,’ we were in search of, began then to pass over; the different styles of cawing and screaming of the various species making a terrible discord. Added to these noises were the songs of strange cicadas; one large kind, perched on the trees around our little house, set up a most piercing chirp; it began with the usual harsh jarring tone of its tribe, but this gradually and rapidly became shriller, until it ended in a long and broad note resembling the steam whistle of a locomotive engine. Half-a-dozen of these wonderful performers made a considerable item in the evening’s concert. The upper air of birds and beasts and insects lasted but a short time: the sky quickly lost its intense hue, and the night set in. Then began the tree-frogs—quack-quack, drum-drum, hoo-hoo; these, accompanied by a melancholy night-jar, kept up their monotonous cries until very late.”

Of course, in these wilds snakes are abundant. One night, when I was strolling alone on the unarumed in a place where the trees were rather wide apart and the ground covered, to a depth of eight or ten inches, with dry leaves, Mr. Bates encountered a boa-constrictor. He was startled by a rushing noise near, and looked up to the trees thinking a squall was coming on; but not a breath stirred in all the woods. On stepping out of the bushes, he met, face to face, a huge serpent coming down a slope, and making the dry twigs crack and fly with his weight as he moved over them. He stood his ground, and the animal on seeing him suddenly turned, and, with accelerated speed, glided down the path.”

“...There was no little of the serpentine movement in his course. The snake, moving and sighing, the body looked like a stream of brown liquid flowing over the thick bed of fallen leaves, rather than like a serpent with skin of varied colour.” He tells us also of an anaconda, the great water-serpent, which came on them at midnight, as their canoe lay by, in the river. He was awakened by a heavy blow struck on the side of the canoe, close at his head; but on looking up found all quiet except the cackle of fowls in the hen-coop. In the morning he found the poultry loose about the canoe, and a large rent in the bottom of the coop, which was about two feet from the surface of the water, and two fowls were missing. The men said it was a serpent that had for months been haunting that part of the water, and had carried off many ducks and fowls. They started in pursuit of him, and at last found him surging himself on a log, at the mouth of a muddy rivulet, and despatched him with harpoons. It was not a large specimen, measuring only eighteen feet in length, twenty-one feet not being an unusual length for gentry of this kind. They will seize poultry, calves, or whatever animals they can get hold of, and Mr. Bates speaks of one which was near devouring a boy of about ten years old belonging to one of his neighbours. The father and son had gone up the river together to get wild fruit, and the man landed on a sloping sandy beach. He was leaving the canoe lying on the edge of the boat. The beaches of the Tefé (the river on which they were) form groves of wild guava and myrtle trees, and are, during most months of the year, partly under water. Whilst the boy was playing about, under the shade of these trees, an anaconda stealthily wound its coils around him, unperceived until it was too late to escape. His cries, however, soon brought the father to his rescue, who rushed forward and, seizing the snake boldly by the head, tore his jaws asunder. This serpent grows to enormous bulk and great age; specimens have been killed measuring forty-two feet in length.

Amongst the accounts of strange and most beautiful insects with which this book abounds, the following, of a sort found near Santarem, interested me: “ Whilst resting in the shade during the great heat of the early hours of afternoon, I used to find amusement in watching the proceedings of the sand-wasps. A small pale green kind of Bonbax (Bonbax ciliata) was frequent in the region of Massari. When they are at work, a number of little jets of sand are seen shooting over the surface of the sloping bank. The little miners excavate with their fore feet, which are strongly built, and furnished with a fringe of stiff bristles. They work with wonderful rapidity, and the sand thrown from their bodies issues in continuous streams. They are solitary wasps, each female working on her own account. After making a gallery, two or three inches in length, in a slanting direction from the surface, the owner backs out, and takes a few turns round the orifice, apparently to see if it is well made, but in reality, I believe, to take notes of the locality that she may find it again; then, driven by the busy workwoman flies away; but returns, after an absence varying in different cases from a few minutes to an hour or more, with a fly in her grasp, with which she re-enters her mine. On again emerging, this entrance is carefully closed with sand. During this interval she has laid an egg on the body of the fly, which she had previously benumbed with her sting, and which is to serve as food for the soft-footed grub soon to be hatched from the egg.” For each egg that she lays the little wasps makes a separate mine—at least so it appears; for in the galleries which our author opened, one fly only was found in each. Of another allied species, Monedula signata, which he observed on the Upper Amazon, Mr. Bates says that it excavates its mine on sand-banks recently laid bare in the middle of the rivers, and closes the orifice before going to seek its prey. In these cases the insect has to take quite a journey—perhaps half a mile or more—before it can find it, as it uses one special kind of fly, called by the natives, “Motica.” This fly is a great pest, and the wasp does good service to travellers by destroying it, which it does in the most fearless
way. "The wasp is as large as a hornet, and has a most waspish appearance. I was rather startled when one out of the flock which was hovering about us flew straight at my face: it had espied a motuca on my neck, and was thus pursuing me. It seized the fly, not with its mandibles, but with its fore and middle feet, and carries it off, held tightly to its breast." Having thus secured its prey, the wasp flies right back to its sand-bank, and makes, without hesitation, straight to the closed mouth of its mine.

The American insects, though many of them much resembling those of Europe, are rarely, if ever, identical with them. "It is curious that the bees have none of them attained that high degree of architectural skill in the construction of their comb than is shown by the European hive-bee," says Mr. Bates. He speaks as if our bees had obtained their skill by degrees, and as man does—by practice; but I think we have a right to assume that the bees of both continents alike follow the laws of their nature, and have from their creation differed in their modes of building as they now do. The wax cells of the Meliponae, a Brazilian bee, are generally oblong, with only a slight tendency to the hexagonal form which is so beautifully perfected in the cells of our own bees.

Mr. Bates gives an extended account of the cities of the white ants, in which I will not follow him; but his account of the "fire-ant" makes one rejoice in the comforts of our own land, where if the insects are not so beautiful as in Brazil, they are at any rate less alarming. "Wherever the landing-place was sandy (this is on the Tapajos river, a tributary to the Amazon) it was impossible to walk abroad on account of the swarms of the terrible fire-ant, whose sting is likened by the Brazilians to the puncture of a red-hot needle. There was scarcely a square inch of ground free from them." Avenoso, he says, "is a fearful pest, this fearful pest, the fire-ant—Formica de fuga, as they call it. This place was deserted on account of it, a few years before our author's visit, and the inhabitants had but lately returned to the village, thinking its numbers had decreased. He describes it as small, of a shining reddish colour, differing but little from our own country Myrmica rubra, except in the intensity of suffering caused by its sting. The whole of the village is undermined by it, the ground perforated by the entrances to their subterranean galleries, and a little sandy dome appears here and there, where the insects bring their young to receive warmth near the surface. The houses are overrun by them, they eat fragments of food with the inhabitants, and destroy clothing for the sake of the starch. All eatables are obliged to be suspended in baskets from the rafters, and the cords well soaked with Copaiba balsam, which is the only known means to prevent them from climbing. They seem to attack persons out of sheer malice; if we stood for a few moments in the street, even at a distance from their nests, we were sure to be overrun, and severely punished; for the moment an ant touched the flesh, he secured himself with his jaws, doubled in his tail, and stung with all his might. When we were seated on chairs, in the evenings, in front of the house, to enjoy a chat with our neighbours, we had to sit in the fly, not with its mandibles, but with its fore and middle feet, and carried it off, held tightly to its breast." Having thus secured its prey, the wasp flies right back to its sand-bank, and makes, without hesitation, straight to the closed mouth of its mine.

But there is a means by which the hosts are lessened. At the end of the rainy season they become winged, and leave the nest, and large swarms of them are caught by the winds, and destroyed. Mr. Bates describes the quantity of this species that he saw drowned on his voyage up the river, where "the dead, or half-dead bodies were heaped up in a line, an inch or two in height and breadth, the line continuing without interruption for miles at the edge of the water." Another terror that he describes is a large brown fly, with a proboscis half an inch long, and sharper than the finest needle, which settled on the backs of him and his companions by twos and threes at a time, and perched through their thick cotton shirts, making them start and cry out with the sudden pain.

I am sorry that space forbids my reciting much more that is of deep interest in these volumes, especially my saying more of the lovely and various birds that frequent the forest. I will therefore only venture on the account of Mr. Bates's pet toucan, and then conclude. "One day, whilst walking along the principal pathway in the wood near Ega, I saw one of these toucans seated gravely on a low branch close to the road, and had no difficulty in seizing it with my hand. It turned out to be a pet bird; no one, however, came to own it, though I kept it in my house several months. The bird was in a half-starved and sickly condition, but after a few days of good living it recovered health and spirits, and became one of the most amusing pets imaginable. I allowed Toecino to go free about the house, contrary to my usual practice with pet animals. He never, however, mounted my working table after a smart correction which he received the first time he did so. He used to sleep on the top of a box in a corner of the room, in the usual position of these birds, namely, with the long tail laid right over on the back, and the beak thrust underneath the wing. He ate of everything, even of beef, turtle, fish, farina, fruit, and was a constant attendant at my table—a cloth spread on a mat. His appetite was most ravenous, and his powers of digestion quite wonderful. He got to know the meal-hours to a nicety, and we found it very difficult after the first week or two to keep him away from the dining-room, where he had become very impudent and troublesome. We tried to shut him out by enclosing him in the back-
yard, which was separated by a high fence from the street on which our front-door opened; but he used to climb the fence, and hop round by a long circuit to the dining-room, making his appearance with the greatest punctuality as the meal was placed on the table. He acquired the habit afterwards of rambling about the street near our house, and one day he was stolen, so we gave him up for lost; but two days afterwards he stepped through the open doorway at dinner-hour, with his old gait and sly magpie-like expression, having escaped from the house where he had been guarded by the person who had stolen him, and which was situated at the further end of the village.”

A NEW ENGLAND NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY ONE WHO WAS IN IT.

CHAP. I.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S RIDDLE.

I love the country; not in the spring-time only, and the summer, but all the year round. People talk of the sombre air of autumn, and the sad thoughts it brings; when the fallen leaves strewn the ground, and the trees, gloriously beautiful in their decay, stand ready to rain down more leafy showers of many hues. And they tell you of the dreary winter, when the russet of the dried leaves and grass mingles with the snow, and the bare trees stand like spectres.

But there is more of sadness, and quite as much to suggest melancholy thought in the long rows of houses in a city-street. You have a sort of companionship with the trees, and feel at home with them; and the quiet life of the farm-yard seems to offer you the freedom of the place. But the stately city-walls, the endless rows of bricks, the closed or closely draped windows, the ever-presented, yet repelling entrance, create a feeling of solitude among living thousands, deeper than one knows in the free air of the country-side. With every man you meet, whether you know him or not, you have, in the green lanes, a nod, or passing word. Even the kine, and the sober country horses, as they graze, look up at you with a silent "God speed!" But, in the crowded town, each man is too earnest in the battle of life, each woman too busy with her own thoughts, to give a stranger even a look, to say nothing of a gesture which might indicate a wish for any acquaintance, or the betrayal of the slightest interest in you. There is no loneliness like the solitude of a stranger among the busy thousands in the crowded town.

So felt Charles Merrill—Uncle Charlie—as he threaded his way through the city on New Year’s day, many years ago, to pay his inviable visit at his brother's house. Uncle Charlie loves the country as dearly as I do. He was, at the time of which I write, a country gentleman, well to do, with all the refinement of education, and the true polish of Christian courtesy. You would know him anywhere for a man who could be trusted. In a crowd he was the man whom you would single out, if you wished to ask a question. And still he was just the person whom an impostor would avoid. Nobody tried him with tales of feigned distress. Nobody offered him gilt watches as gold, with which the owner was compelled to part. No "confidence-man" approached him, for there was something in his clear grey eye which told you that he could see through the arch device, conceal it never so wisely. The honest applicant, in real need, never failed to address him, and was seldom disappointed: for Uncle Charlie had that species of free-masonry which honesty establishes among honest people.

So it was no wonder that a little girl, scantily clad, but very neat, timidly approached him, and touched his arm. She had been repulsed many times on that New Year’s morning; sometimes by those who rudely scolded or curtly answered her, sometimes by others who tendered her small money to escape her importunity. She held a handful of small coin, as if she really did not know what to do with it, how she came by it, or why people gave it to her. Uncle Charlie looked intently at her face, and then at her blue arms, and fingers which trembled with the cold, as in one hand she held her money, and with the other drew her thin shawl about her.

"Why, child," he said, with a smile the least shade satirical, "you should hide that money in your pocket, before you ask for more. There is more in your hand already than two or three pennies to buy a loaf of bread." Poor child! he added, in a kinder tone, "perhaps, as you have little use for a pocket, you indulge in no unnecessary luxuries."

"I did not ask you for money," said the girl. "And I did not ask those who gave me this. My mother did not send me out to beg, and we have a loaf of bread for to-day, and one for to-morrow."

"Well, then, what is it?"
"I wish somebody in all this great city to go and see my mother, for she told me to-day that she had not a friend in the world!"

"And you could not find a friend in all this great city, and so have taken me who come here a stranger. Why, little one, you don’t think I am a friendly；you have been among the Jerseys."

"Oh, sir, don’t tease me, please. Don’t joke with me, for I am quite ready to cry. I know you are a kind-hearted man, whatever you may pretend."

Uncle Charlie’s first thought was to shake her off. He read the newspapers, and knew all about the tricks which are played in the cities upon innocent travellers. The little girl still stood shivering by his side. She waited his decision without saying another word; but her eager eyes furtively scanned the passing crowd, as if looking for some one else whom she might accost. Uncle Charlie put his hand in his pocket—

"Now don’t that, for I will not take your money."

"Well, you are a strange"—beggar, he was going to say, but he thought better of it. "Go on, and I will follow."

And so they went, Uncle Charlie all the while thinking that he would not figure in the "local columns" of the newspapers, even if he lost his watch and pocket-book. He would suffer and be silent, and no alderman’s office should hear the story of his wrongs. But his decent opinion of himself assured him that nobody could impose upon him! No, indeed! The child, as she hurried along, looked less and less like a little rogue. Uncle Charlie began to think that she was pretty, and as he scanned her appearance he noticed that her garments, though scanty, were the well-saved witnesses of better days. She turned down a court, and Uncle Charlie, following, soon found himself suddenly ushered into a room where he was little expected. The single inmate was as much surprised as he.

"Mother," said the child, "you said you had not a friend in the world. I have brought you one." And the curious child looked round complacently, as if she really thought she had done a clever thing.

The mother’s face expressed bewildered astonishment. But in a moment, though unused to mirth, an involuntary smile succeeded. "I could be angry with you," she said, "you strangest of all children. But I know you think you have done right. And I must tell you, sir, that whatever my little girl has said was true, and not mine. I sent her of an errand, hours ago, and had begun to be frightened at her absence. What is that you have in your hand, Edith?"

"I did not ask for it," said Edith, as she put the money on the table. "They would give it to me, and there it is. I said I was no beggar."

Uncle Charlie was indignant, and bid her face in her hands. The discomfited child leaned against the wall, and steadily looked at the floor. Uncle Charlie helped himself, uninvited, to a seat, and feeling that his watch and purse were still safe, determined to see the adventure out. "Pretty clever acting, if it is acting," he thought. He took in the whole situation with his keen eyes, and failed to find anything suspicious. The apartment bespoke need, not absolute poverty. All he saw only exhibited that unhappily common case, the falling into necessity, of those who have known better days. And Uncle Charlie could sympathize with that; for there were those near and dear to him who had met the like misfortune.

"If I can be of any service to you," he began. But he did not finish, for the mother’s eyes were fixed on him, and only respect for his evident good intentions prevented the flash of defiant anger from them. They were splendid eyes, as Uncle Charlie had said many a time since, and is ready to say still.

"This is very awkward," she said, at length. "I could cry, but it is better to laugh. You must be aware that I cannot, under such peculiar circumstances, make a confidant of a stranger. And I can mean no disrespect to one whom I never saw before, if I say that I cannot become indebted to you, sir, for anything. I hope I am still entitled to think myself a lady."

"Every inch a lady," thought Uncle Charlie. "And I must therefore thank you for the kindness you intended"—

"Poor and proud," thought Uncle Charlie. "And bid you good-morning."

"Done like a queen," thought Uncle Charlie, as he rose, and found his watch and money still safe. "I have two requests to make of you," he said, "since you will receive nothing of me."

"I am ready to hear," she said. That much, she thought, is due to your good intentions, if you had them, and you really do not look like a bad man.

Uncle Charlie looked like anything else. He said: "One is that you shall not reprimand or punish my little enigma for bringing me here."

"Granted."

"The other that you will allow me to call again."

The lady shook her head. "With my sister, this afternoon."

The lady considered a moment. "I am very much embarrassed," she said, "at this remarkable interview. But you may call; it will not do to suspect everybody, though heaven knows I have reason enough." A shade of deep sadness came over her face.

"You are certainly very handsome," thought Uncle Charlie, as he took his leave, "and more interesting. It is quite a New Year’s adventure." He did not feel for his watch and purse till he was clear of the court. Still finding the integrity of his pockets preserved, he walked briskly away, full of curiosity and determined to satisfy it, if possible. It is an agreeable amusement, as you walk along the streets, to speculate upon the in-
Chapter II.

How the Riddle was Solved. New Surprises.

Here too were the evidences that the inmates had seen more cheerful days. But none of the thousands who passed the modest mansion, scrupulously neat, could have guessed that anything but prosperity was within. The well-washed, marble steps were kept so by a compromise with a single woman of all work. That functionary took a turn at street-sweeping, window-washing, and passenger-gazing, while her mistress supplied, for a time, her place within doors. And thus the house was managed, as many such are, in the "Quaker City."

It is a paradise for people of limited income, and for the poor and respectable, where by decent fictions in housekeeping, and laudable hypocrisy, a good appearance may still be made; the honest self-respect may be preserved, after the wealth which once made all things easy has slipped away.

In that house, a cheerful voice had broken everybody's slumbers betimes, with "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" Of course it was a child's voice. Children are the last to learn that it is proper and sensible to mar our present by regrets over the past. And it was a boy's voice; for little girls, like our strange friend Edith, will sometimes acquire a precocious and unchild-like knowledge of the world's cares and perplexities. Girls are more discerning in many things—more wise, more prudent, than boys. They are admitted behind the scenes in the little drama of domestic acting, in which the family "weep as though they wept not." Boys know less than girls. And so men than women, I think. But then I am a woman.

Uncle Charlie called this little boy his mother's "sunshine." And so he was. All children, in some degree, deserve the name, but it was little George's pre-eminently. God, in his wisdom, has made these little ones angels in the house. They will see only the bright side. Little sorrows afflict them, but their tears pass over like April showers, and they will not be defrauded of the happiness that is left, and are willing to be pleased still, after all reverses and disappointments.

If little George was "sunshine" to his uncle, Uncle Charlie was the whole solar system to his nephew. The boy lived in his uncle's light. His mother was dear to him, very dear. But then mother was with him always, and Uncle Charlie came in like the wonder in a fairy story, just when he was most wanted and most welcome. Mother was sad, and often perplexed, and though always kind, sometimes slow to answer the thousand questions of childhood. But Uncle Charlie was always light and cheery. He never looked perplexed, for nothing could puzzle him. Oh no! And as to questions, he always answered them, even the most difficult, though candour compels the confession that his replies would not always bear verification under oath or affirmation.

Mother, George was compelled to believe, was somewhat helpless, like himself; but Uncle Charlie could do everything. George had only to hint his wishes, and if his uncle could not quite accomplish them, he could suggest something else which he maintained, and the child believed, was a deal better. George longed, Oh how much, for a live pony. Uncle Charlie bought him a rocking horse, which would neither kick nor run away. Besides, it would eat nothing, and George was easily convinced that the wooden pony's moderate appetite was a great recommendation. He could make-believe feed it, you know; and a horse that only makes-believe eat, is a very profitable animal.

"Will Uncle Charlie come to-day?"
The mother sighed, as she said, "I hope so, George."

"O, mother, I know he will, for he always came on New Year's Day, when father was at home."

Mrs. Merrill could no longer stay her tears. It was a sad New Year's day to her; for she had no assurance—scarcely a hope—that the husband and father, who a year ago was the light of the household, was longer among the
living. Early in the year just closed he had left her for El Dorado, the wonderful land which once carried away all our restless population; the land fruitful in gold to few, in anxieties and tears to all the friends who were left behind. Months had passed, and no tidings were received from him. It was a sad wintry day to the hearts of those who sighed for the absent. And yet the streets were full of promenaders, people of light heart and cheerful demeanor, who passed the window where the deserted wife and mother sat. The thought was forced upon her whether through the year just opened she should strive to keep together her husband's home comforts, or whether she must not relinquish all, and thus confess that she hoped no more for his return.

She had almost forgotten Uncle Charlie, when she caught a glimpse of his familiar face.

"I knew he would come! I knew he would come!" shouted little George; and before his mother could reach the door, the happy boy was tugging at the latch. We need not describe with what joy Uncle Charlie was welcomed, or how before his pleasant smile—pleasant though sad, for he could feel—the gloomy thoughts of Mrs. Merrill gave her respite. Wonderful were the stores of toys and bon-bons which came out of Uncle Charlie's pockets for his little nephew. Deep was the blush with which Mrs. Merrill received a sealed envelope, which Uncle Charlie bade her to put in her pocket and to hold her peace.

"Charles, you are robbing yourself."

"Me! and I a bachelor, without a wife, or chick, or child? Besides, it's all charged, and will be paid when your husband comes home."

Mrs. Merrill sadly shook her head. Uncle Charlie knew her forebodings. Perhaps he shared them. But Uncle Charlie was always a child. In the darkest day he could see sunlight. If he had been a broker, he could have carried the most forlorn stock, and when forced to give way, drop his load, and rejoice that he was released from a burden. The man's confidence was as adamant, and his spirits as a perennial fountain. He was determined to believe that his brother would return, and if the absent never came back, so much the more was he bound to keep up, for the happiness of his widow and child.

"Why, Uncle Charlie!" said George, as he surveyed his presents. "You did not bring me one book!"

"No more I did," said Uncle Charlie. "But I will give you all my books when you are a man, and you shall be a lawyer like me. You might look at Jack the Giant Killer, which I gave you last year, if you had not torn it all to pieces!"

"Oh I haven't, you naughty uncle," said the child, as he produced in triumph the well-kept classic.

"By the way, sister," said Uncle Charlie, whose thoughts now reverted to his morning's adventure, "I want you to shock all the pro-

prieties, and frighten Mrs. Grundy out of her wits, this afternoon."

Little George looked up, wondering what kind of a New Year's game this might portend.

"I met a little witch, this morning."

George's eyes were ready to burst from his head, and his mother divided her smiles between the lively uncle and the astonished nephew.

"And I wish you to call and see her with me."

"Oh, I should so like to see a witch!" cried George. "Is it in the menagerie?"

"Never you mind, George. You'll see the witch soon enough."

[So he did; but I must not get before my story. He is looking at her now, over the top of his everlasting newspaper.]

Mrs. Merrill was not hard to persuade to accompany her brother. She was accustomed to his erratic movements, and never thwarted them; for whatever conventional rules might be laughingly broken, the man was always right, for his heart was kind, and his head was sound. So little George was left, with Jack the Giant Killer, in charge of the house, and Uncle Charlie took his sister with him to keep his appointment with the little enigma and her mother.

We need not go with him on his second call, for the result of the interview will develop itself. When Uncle Charlie and his sister returned, a new tableau met their eyes in the parlour. A stranger, with huge moustache and beard, was sitting in the best and coziest chair; and George, on the stranger's knees, was comparing his hirsute visage with that of Jack of high renown.

Uncle Charlie stopped a second in the door. Mrs. Merrill stopped a second in the door. Mrs. Merrill gave of her absence; how she went to see Mrs. Oliver, whose husband went to California.

"And died there," interrupted Mr. Merrill.

"She knows that, poor soul," said Uncle Charlie. (I don't think uncle was half so sorry for that death as he pretended).

"But she don't know," said Mr. Merrill, "that her husband left her fifty thousand dollars. He was my partner, and we were very fortunate. I wish he could have lived to return with me. But he died full of love for his wife and child, and charged me with many messages to them. I closed his eyes, and from that day set my face homeward."

"Why did you not write?"

"So I did, a dozen times. But where is
Charles fled? I have not so much as shaken hands with him yet."

"I guess he’s gone to see the witch," cried little George.

"Or the witch’s mother," said Mrs. Merrill.

Uncle Charles soon returned, and confessed the fact, that he thought it his duty to break the intelligence to the widow. And his duty has been very much blended with hers ever since. Her fortune she settled upon Edith—her hand, at proper time, she gave to Uncle Charlie, and she never has said, since that New Year’s morning, that she had not a friend in the world.

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**CHAP. III.**

**THE AUTHOR’S CONFESSION.**

I am putting the finishing words to my narrative on this 31st day of December, A.D. 1861. I am sitting in my husband’s "den," as he persists in calling the most inviting room in the house, especially inviting to me when he is in it. I sometimes enter when he is away, but confess that then the dead smell of tobacco-smoke is not so agreeable. I would, in his absence, put my room in order, and have once or twice attempted it, but have received anything but thanks for my officious service.

I am, or rather was, little Edith. Another little Edith is just now gone to bed, and the four corners of her crib are hung with stockings. The grand New Year’s demonstration is, however, in the back parlour, the second edition of a huge Christmas tree. George (no longer little Georgie) will spoil the child, and I tell him so.

George’s father and mother, and my father and mother (for Uncle Charlie is my father now), will dine with us to-morrow. We dined with them on Christmas day, as we always have since we were married.

George sits now on the other side of his library light, a wasteful gas consumer. I can’t make him content with a blaze of proper size; and so am forced to turn down the parlor gas, and sit up here for economy’s sake, when there is nobody in the house but ourselves. How easy it is to find excellent reasons for what you wish to do! But then I know if I did not come and sit with him, he would carry his awful pipe—

["Get away, George! You hateful man! Your whiskers and moustache are worse than a Turk’s; and your meerschaum breath is intolerable! Take that! and that!”]

I do not know whether I have hurt him or not, for his pachydermatous skin is tougher than a rhinoceros. My own fingers smart, and ache so that I can scarce resume my pen. But, hear! hear! George Merrill, Esq., Counselor and Attorney at Law, has struck an attitude, and is going to make a speech.

"What is the use of this?" (holding up his smoking cap, an ante-nuptial present from me)—"what is the use of this? If under it, as a helmet, I am not to smoke? And of this?” thrusting out the meerschaum, which, I blush to say, I gave him in my maiden folly. “What is the use of this, if I am not to smoke? All honour to the German Father-land, which has released us from the costly tyranny of the cigar, and gives us comfort in the celestial clay, which our sweethearts and wives present to us!

"You women are the heralds of prudence. You have lectured me on the extravagance of little Edith’s presents, though you know in your heart that you enjoy them more than she. What is the use of children?"

[I trembled a little here. For when Edith fought me this morning in the bath-tub, I asked myself this question. But I never told George.]

"What is the use,” he continued, “of children? Listen, Light of my Eyes, purveyor of my pipes and smoking caps, and, thus inferentially of my Lynchburg, and I will tell you. It is a blessing that children come along in relays, to mark the post-houses in the journey of life. But for the children, there would never be any anniversaries. After thirty the women, and after forty the men would forget that ever they were born, if our children did not keep our birthdays.

"Christmas would be nothing without the children. And as to New Year’s, that has a bilious look; and without the children, would be intolerable. Everybody is forced upon some committee of ways and means, and stationers advertise new blank books; as if the old were not blank enough, and all the blander for their entries!

But for the children we could be glad to forget that there is such a thing as a New Year, that there was such a thing as an Old. But they lighten us along the road of life, and make the holidays jubilant. Christmas and New Years are delightful for their presents, and for the many other things we buy and do to please the children! Why, there’s that duck of a what-do-you-call-it, you’ve just been embroidering for Edith; where could we find excuse for such pretty things, except for the children? And now I will sit down, amid great applause.”

The applause came in loud screams from Edith’s cradle. [Exit Author.]
A SONG FOR JANUARY.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Fling sad memories to the wind;
Wipe regretful tears away;
Cast no lingering looks behind—
Time will not his progress stay:
Therefore now his call obey.
He hath turned another leaf,
And he says—"Make no delay;
Write thereon, the time is brief;
Quickly write on this new leaf!"

On the past we'll look no more:
Unto most it is a page
Sadly blurred and blotched o'er,
As we pass from youth to age
Foolish thoughts our hearts engage;
And the record of our deeds
Shames us in our moments sage:
Ground o'ergrown with idle weeds
Is this record of our deeds.

Now no more the mournful dirge
Soundeth sadly on the ear;
With a bound, we pass the verge
Of the new and untried year;
While the joy-bells ring out clear,
And the soul exultant springs
Forward, where Hope hovers near
Roused on outspread radiant wings,
To that point the glad soul springs!

Fresh and fair the landscape lies,
All o'erspread with spotless white;
We have seen the young sun rise
Tinging it with roseate light;
We have stepped from out the night
Of the tempest and the tomb,
Into sunshine clear and bright.
Let us not, in love with gloom,
Turn again unto the tomb!

Through a blue triumphal arch,
Decked with icy pinnacles,
Hath the year begun its march;
Leaps the pulse—the bosom swells,
As the music of the bells
Vibrates on the frosty air;
And the bounding footstep tells
Youth and health are passing there,
Breathing free the keen, cold air!

Lo, the snow-clad hills sublime
Rise like pillars to the sky;
They have, since the birth of Time,
Seen full many a year go by;
With proud step and flashing eye,
And they grimly smile as though
They would say, "Ah, courage high!
Soon the lofty is brought low,
And the quick step rendered slow."

NEAR, YET FAR.

BY ADA TREVANION.

I stand upon the steep hill's brow,
Above the narrow winding lanes,
And in the hamlet down below,
With gables wet and darkened panes.
Where sunset glories lately glowed
But one red streak now lights the sky;
The coach comes dashing round the road,
And halts before the hostelry.

The scene in mist appears to swim,
And the faint breeze to swoon outright,
As, gazing through the twilight dim,
I watch its passengers alight—
Three gaunt old farmers, loud and hale;
The Miller and his blooming bride;
Stout rustic, and health-seeker pale,
And one beside, and one beside—

One who will have soft words from all,
Will meet a smile on every face,
And win the love of great and small.
Before he leaves this quiet place—
One who has brought my bosom cares,
And wounds which Time may never heal;
And yet my heart is making prayers
This very moment for his weal.

For he was once to me so dear,
To serve him I had gladly died.
Why do such thoughts awaken here?
Oh, rather let me rouse my pride,
Since we two in the village street,
Where all will gaze with curious eye,
Must meet as veriest strangers meet,
And coldly pass each other by!

1864.

HOPE.

[From the German of Schiller]

BY CHARLES KENDAL.

We talk and we dream, in our inmost soul,
Of better and happier days,
And we strive and struggle towards a goal
That we see through a golden haze.
The world grows old and young again
But we still go on hoping and hoping again.

Hope ushers us into the worldly strife,
And hangs o'er the joyous child;
It foresees us not with departing life,
When the earth o'er our heads is piled.
In the tall, rank grass that covers the tomb,
Hope's deathless flow'rs' rets for ever bloom.

No empty birth of a fevered brain
Is the hope to our minds that clings,
For it cheers our hearts when cast down by pain,
And incites us to better things;
It bids man's sored and grovelling soul
Look up to a higher and holier goal!
THE ENGLISH DRAMA FROM DAWN TO MERIDIAN.

PART V.—HISTORY.—(CONTINUED.)

The "Edward II." of Marlowe is a play of quite another order. Comedy is entirely banished from it, and it possesses a tragic grandeur and dignity undreamed of in Peele's History. It gives the life of Edward II., from his succession to his murder. The incidents are—the King's affection for his favourites Gaveston and Spenser; the Baron’s opposition, terminating in the destruction of the favourites; the King’s neglect of the Queen, and her subsequent hatred of him and liaison with Mortimer; the dethroning of the King and the coronation of the Prince, Edward III.; the murder of Edward II.; and, finally, the execution of Mortimer and imprisonment of the Queen by order of the young King.

If the plot (in common with those of all chronicle-plays) lacks neatness and completeness, the characterization makes up for that defect by its excellence. Edward himself—as the luxurious king, eager after pleasure, careless of business, somewhat cruel when thwarted, jealous, whimsical in his antipathies, weak and wicked in his affections; but strengthening under sorrow, at last, into an object which excites some respect and extreme pity—Edward himself is well conceived and depicted. The Queen, however, is the character of the greatest moment. For long she loves her husband, in spite of his hatred of her and the slights she receives from his inordinate attachment to his favourites. For long she is faithful, though constantly twisted by the King as the paramour of Mortimer. Then comes a revulsion in her nature; she becomes the paramour of Mortimer, and her despised love for the King turns into vehement hatred. From a fond and submissive woman she changes into a very fiend, diabolically cruel and hypocritical as the arch-deceiver himself. She is more anxious than her lover for the murder of the King, and yet at the very time that they are compassing his death can send to him such messages as this—

Commend me humbly to his Majesty, And tell him that I labour all in vain To ease his grief and work his liberty.

A character that thus revolts against itself must be founded upon a very subtle analysis of human nature, or it degenerates into a mere monster.

When we come to consider Marlowe separately, we shall more have to say of this play and of its characters. One detached passage of poetical description is all that we can find space for here.

GAVESTON. I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits, Musicians, that with touching of a string May draw the plaint King which way I please:

Music and poetry is his delight:

Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night, Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows; And in the day, when he shall walk abroad, Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad: My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns, Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay; Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape, With hair that glistens as it glides, Crowns of pearl about his naked arms, And in his sportful hands an olive-tree,

Shall bathe him in a spring; and there, hard, One like Acteon, peeping through the grove, Shall by the angry goddess be transformed, And running in the likeness of an hart, By yelping hounds pulled down, shall seem to die.

A glance at "The True Tragedy of Richard III." (already referred to at the beginning of this paper) will not be labour thrown away. This play, say the antiquarians, is probably the most ancient printed specimen of history. Mr. Collier dates it before 1558, and there are internal evidences of its early composition. Whether Shakespeare was at all indebted to this old drama in his Richard III. is doubtful. That the course of events should be the same in both plays was inevitable; but there are, in addition, some few similarities of expression,* which may, nevertheless, arise simply from the fact of the two dramatists having had recourse to the same chronicles. This question, however, need not detain us here.

"The True Tragedy of Richard III." is assimilated to the earlier and ruder forms of drama in two points. After the battle of Bosworth, Report, a morality-character, enters, and by his conversation with Richard's page, elicits the events of the fight. It is curious that

* As instances of these similarities of expression I append the following:—

"They say I have been a long sleeper to-day,"

(True Tragedy—Shakes. Soc. Reprint, 92.)

"I have been a long sleeper . . . ."

(Shakespeare: K. Richard III., iii. iv.)

Forest. My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the king to be an aide to Sir Thomas Brokenbury.

King. Did the king? Why, Miles Forest, am not I king?

Forest. I would have said, my lord, your uncle, the Protector.

(True Tragedy.—Ditto, 42.)

Brackenbury.—The King hath strictly charged the contrary.

Q. Elizabeth. The King! who's that?

Brackenbury. I mean the Lord Protector.

(Shakespeare: K. Richard III., iv. 1.)
Report, instead of relating what has taken place off the stage in the manner of a Nautius, only seeks for information, the whole task of description being allotted to the Page, to whom Report is a quiet listener. The second point is this: In the last scene of the play, two messengers, one of whom has witnessed their part in the action of the drama, turn and address the audience, narrating the lives of the three succeeding kings—Henry VII, Henry VIII., and Edward VI. The Princess Elizabeth (another of the dram. pers.) follows suit with a succinct biography of Mary; and the Queen (of the play) concludes with a recital of the acts of Elizabeth, her present Majesty, brought down to the latest date. This strangely complex form of epilogue is probably unique, though we have approaches to it in many of the early plays. In "The Misfortunes of Arthur," for instance, the ghost of Gorlois, having exhausted his proper subject of Revenge, subsides into a complimentary address to the Virgin Queen; and in the Mysteries and Morals an analogous confusion between the dramatic characters and the actors in their proper persons, with their various relations to the audience, is not uncommon.

It is worth remarking that Jane Shore is a prominent though episodical character in this play, while she is completely Shakespeare's. Her beneficences during the late reign are conspicuously set forth; and there is much pathos in the scene where, reduced to beggary by Richard, she is spurned by the recipients of her former bounty. One of these, yelept Lodowicke, sneaks off, saying, "I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set down in her not worse the shamful end of a king's concubine." The character of Richard is well portrayed, his ambition and indomitable will, and the fear and horror consequent upon his crimes, being forcibly set forth. He is represented as deformed—"A man ill-shaped, crooked-backed, lame-armed withal;" "the withering of his arm being one of the incidents, as in Shakespeare. The Princes are killed off the stage.

Having thus sufficiently dwelt upon the later development of history, we go back to that early period when its first germs appear among the heterogeneous essays of the early drama. We have seen how, in "The Conflict of Conscience" (1570), a real character and an actual event of a date then modern, formed the basis of a play. This Morality, however, cannot be numbered among the lineal predecessors of history, since the character and the event are not English. If we are to admit the introduction of non-English facts as marks of this dramatic class, then it will be almost necessary to include such plays as "Colombia" (Appius and Virginia)" in the division of History, and Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and "Coriolanus" will be confused with his great national series of chronicle-dramas. We "dismiss, then, the "Conflict of Conscience," and pass on to other plays in which the incidents, though less actual, are more English.

Collier, in his "History of Dramatic Poetry" (II. 369), notices a fragment of a curious dramatic relic, which he calls a political Moral. It was entered on the Stationers' books in 1565, but there is some probability that it was produced earlier. The hero of this piece is a Knight named Albion, who has finish'd their part in the action of the drama, turn and address the audience, narrating the lives of the three succeeding kings—Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Edward VI. The Princess Elizabeth (another of the dram. pers.) follows suit with a succinct biography of Mary; and the Queen (of the play) concludes with a recital of the acts of Elizabeth, her present Majesty, brought down to the latest date. This strangely complex form of epilogue is probably unique, though we have approaches to it in many of the early plays. In "The Misfortunes of Arthur," for instance, the ghost of Gorlois, having exhausted his proper subject of Revenge, subsides into a complimentary address to the Virgin Queen; and in the Mysteries and Morals an analogous confusion between the dramatic characters and the actors in their proper persons, with their various relations to the audience, is not uncommon.

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Retreating yet further back in the category of time (for, strangely, in these three plays, the priority of gradational transition is conversely as the priority of date; as if History in its first germ had withered away, to spring up again with renewed vigour at the later period we have noticed), we arrive at a drama, the "Kynge Johan" of Bishop Bale, which makes a much more notable advance from Morality to History. To this drama we call our readers' attention.

Bale, Bishop of Ossory, was much venerated by later authors (called "biliosus" by Fuller, "in multia mendax" by Hearne, and "foul-mouthed," by Anthony A. Wood) was a Protestant controversialist of great note and a voluminous writer. He was born in 1495, was a priest, of course, in the Roman Catholic faith, and became a priest; but sometime subsequent
to 1529 turned Protestant, married a wife whom he styles "the faithful Dorothea," and, as is mostly the case with perverts, became a bitter enemy of the Church from which he had seceded. The Roman Catholics in return hated Bale with an exceeding hatred, and he suffered many hardships—imprisonment, exile, and imminent peril of death—at their hands. By his own account he wrote, besides a host of other works, nineteen plays, eleven of which were a series on the Life of Christ, and eight of a miscellaneous character.

He was contemporary with John Heywood, the inventor of Interludes, who also, we may remember, was a controversialist of repute on the opposite side to Bale. With the controversialities of neither, however, have we to do here, saw in so far as they may enter into their dramatic works. As Heywood is the father of the Interlude, so we may almost claim Bale as the father of History. From the names of two of his other plays (not extant) we may judge that he were at his historiical as his "King John." The titles of these are, "Upon both Marriages of the King" and "Of the Impositions of Thomas Becket." The first no doubt treated of the Marriages of Henry VIII.; and in regard to the second, we may mention that the quarrels of Henry II. and Beckett are referred to at length in the play under consideration.

"Kynge Johan" is primarily a controversial play. Its design is not so much political as religious, though politics and history are very largely introduced in support of its religious purpose. From the conduct of it we might almost deduce the genealogy of History. The religious stories of the Mysteries change into the religious dogmas of the first Moralties, these religious dogmas into religious controversies, these religious controversies into politics, and these politics into historical events. We have before noticed the controversial element which so largely predominated in the early Moralties. As "New Custom" was written in defense of the Protestant and in enmity to the Roman Catholic faith, so is "Kynge Johan." This is its primary design; and its political and historical ingredients are subsidiary to this. In its controversial character it is allied to the Moralties, and it approximates to them still further in its Vice, Sedition, and in the changes of name undergone by its personages. We have reminiscences of the Mysteries also, in the introduction of a character called Interpreter, in the fact that the play is termed a pageant, and in the probability that it was written for and performed by the guilds of Ipswich, as the Mysteries were performed by the guilds of Chester and Coventry. Its connection with the later Histories is manifest in its historical characters and incidents, and in its references to the Chronicles. The hero says, in the opening,

* The Chronicles of this land may crack with record of thy liberality.*

Again, in "The True Tragedy of Richard III.," it is said of the young Prince's bodies—

"Nor all the Chronicles shall ne'er make mention what shall become of them." And Rivers boasts—

"The Chronicles I record talk of my fidelity and of my progeny."*

* Following the stage directions, Collier gives the characters of Sedition and Civil Order to the same actor; but in one place (p. 46, Camden Soc. Reprint) Sedition and Civil Order are on the stage together.
King John | Commonalty  
---|---
England | Imperial Majesty  
Nobility | Verity  
Clergy | Treason  
Civil Order | Interpreter  


The transformation of these last four are not, as in the case of ordinary Morality-characters, from Vices into Virtues or vice versa, but from personifications into real Historical personages. The abstract evils clothe themselves with the bodies of the church-dignitaries, even as the demon entered into the body of “Friar Alberigo” (see Dante “Inferno” XXXIII). This transformation is very remarkable. The Drama seems to be disclosing typically the secrets of its own development. In what else does the change from the Morality into the perfect drama consist but in this transformation of abstractions into men—of personified attributes into real personages?

Of the characters King John alone is purely Historical from first to last. England, like the Respublica of the play of that name, is represented as a much-aggrieved widow, her spouse (who is God) having been driven into exile by the Church, which now torments her. Nobility, Clergy, Civil Order, and Commonalty are the various estates of the realm; and Sedition, Private-Wealth, Usurped-Power, and Dissimulation, called “the four general prelates of the Church,” are the machinations brought to bear against the King and his kingdom by the Romish hierarchy. These latter in their historical metamorphoses are merely the self-same abstractions individualized. Great stress is laid by the author on the order of their introduction, which is represented visibly upon the stage. Dissimulation brings in Private-Wealth, Private-Wealth Usurped-Power, and the three bear in Sedition upon their backs.

The plot of the piece runs thus: Widow England makes her complaint against the Church to the King, who forthwith sets to work to redress her wrongs, thus bringing on himself the vengeance of the Church. Nobility, Clergy, Civil-Order, and Commonalty (who, like the people of “Respublica,” is poor and ignorant, and moreover blind) are persuaded from their allegiance by the Church, acting through its instruments, Sedition, Dissimulation, Private-Wealth, and Usurped-Power. John is excommunicated and his kingdom interdicted; whereupon England, whom they are attempting to drive away from him, says:

> If he be accused then are we a meet couple,  
> For I am interdict.

France and other nations have been suborned to invade him; and, in the end, John succumbs and delivers up his crown to the Pope. Upon this the demands of the Church are increased, and they require that a third part of England and Ireland shall be delivered as dowry to Julyane, Richard Coeur de Lion’s widow, who “beareth the Church good mind.” However, a miracle is wrought in the King’s favour, and news is brought of Julyane’s death at the critical moment. The interdict is removed, and John is henceforth the slave of the Church, being forced to release Treason, an avowed traitor, because he is a priest. Then, somewhat abruptly, John is poisoned by Simon of Swinsett, who devotes himself to martyrdom, to the accomplishment of this end. Here the dramatic story ends. Veritas enters, and persuades Nobility, Clergy, and Civil-Order into repenting of their disallegiance. Then Imperial Majesty (who appears to be an abstract representation of Henry VIII.), enters, to whom the estates vow renewed allegiance, promising to exile the Pope from England, and to install Imperial Majesty supreme head of the Church. That regal personage orders Sedition to be hanged, and his head placed upon London Bridge, and then retires, leaving the stage to the others, who alternately deliver a kind of eulogy, decrying Popish enormities, and terminating in praise of Queen Elizabeth, after customary fashion.

The Interpreter is introduced at the end of the first act (the only division in the play), and prophesies thus of Henry VIII.:

> This noble King John, as a faithful Moses,  
> Withstood proud Pharaoh for his poor Israel,  
> Minding to bring it out of the land of darkness:  
> But the Egyptians did against him so rebel,  
> That his poor people did still in the desert dwell,  
> Till that Duke Joshua, which was our late King Henry,  
> Clearly brought us into the land of milk and honey.

As a strong David, at the voice of Verity,  
Great Goliath, the Pope, he struck down with his sling,  
Restoring again to a Christian liberty  
His land and people like a most victorious king;  
To her first beauty intending the Church to bring,  
From ceremonies dead to the living word of the Lord.

John is represented throughout as a most virtuous and injured King. His general intentions are of the very best, as he himself tells us in the opening of the play:

> I have worn the crown and wrought victoriously,  
> And now purpose by practice and by study  
> To reform the laws and set men in good order,  
> That true justice may be had in every border.

His quarrel with the Romish Church is caused by his kingly virtues:

* Collier gives the probable approximate date of this play “before 1592.” The praises of Queen Elizabeth were a later addition, just as in “Ralph Roister Doister.”
KING JOHN. For none other cause God hath
kings constitute,
And given them the sword, but for to correct all
vice.
I have attempted this thing to execute
Upon transgressors according unto justice;
And because I will not be partial in mine office
For theft and murder to persons spiritual,
I have against me the priests and the bishops all;"

And his final submission proceeds simply from
his merciful disposition:

KING JOHN. I have cast in my mind the great
pleasures of war,
The dangers, the losses, the decays both near and
far;
The burning of towns, the throwing down of build-
ings,
Destruction of corn and cattle with other things;
Defiling of maids, and shedding of Christian blood,
With such-like outrages, neither honest, true, nor
good.
These things considered, I am compelled this hour
To resign up here both crown and regal power.

No allusion is made to the death of Arthur (so
telling an incident in the later plays on King
John) nor to the troubles with the barons, fur-
ther than that Nobility with the other estates
becomes disaffected under the influence of the
Church.

Of course such a view of John answered
Bale's controversial purpose. The King is, in
fact, represented as a martyr to papal oppres-
sion, and Bale gets another advantage over his
enemies by accusing the priestly chroniclers of
defamation in their accounts of his hero:

VERITY. I assure ye, friends, let men write what
they will,
KING JOHN was a man both valiant and godly.
What though Polydorus reporteth him very ill
At the suggestions of the malicious clergy—
Think you a Roman with the Romans cannot lie?

Again John himself says:

Of priests and of monks I am counted a wicked man,
For that I never built church nor monastery,
But my pleasure was to help such as were needy.

Veity thus enumerates John's good deeds,
among which we find the banishing of the unfor-
tunate Jews:

Of his godliness thus much report will I:
Gracious provision for sore, sick, halt, and lame
He made in his time, he made both in town and
city,
Granting great liberties for maintenance of the
same
By markets and fairs in places of notable name.
Great monuments are in Ipswich, Donwich, and
Bury,
Which noteth him to be a man of notable mercy.
The city of London through his mere grant and
premum ("recompense," from the Latin
premium).

Was first privileged to have both Mayor and Shryve
(Sheriff),
Where before his time it had but Bailiffs only.
In his days the bridge the citizens did contrive.
Though he now be dead, his noble acts are alive.
His seat is declared, as touching Christ's religion,
In that he exiled the Jews out of this region.

Bale's King John, sinless and patient under
his burden of misfortunes, however far from
truth the picture may be, is a pathetic and tragic
character.

In its five historical personages (one of these
purely historical from first to last), and in its
historical story, this play approaches very much
nearer to the History than do the two later
plays mentioned above. It is worth remarking
that these early dramatists, who took real per-
sons for their characters, seem to have had a
certain shame or fear of their own boldness, and
so to have disguised their historical personages
under assumed and abstract names. As the
Pope is here first introduced as Usurped Power,
and Cardinal Pandulph as Private Wealth, so is
Spiera, in "The Conflict of Conscience," called
Philologus; and Queen Mary, in "Republica,"
Nemesis.

"Kynge Johan" is, like other controversial
Moralities, full of theological disputations and
Biblical proofs; and the Romish ceremonies are
again and again detailed with sarcastic com-
ments. A list of absurd relics is given in one
place, that rivals that of Heywood's "Four
P.'s." Seditious thus enumerates the degrees of the
clergy:

In every estate of the clergy I play a part.
Sometimes I can be a monk in a long side (trailing)
cowl;
Sometimes I can be a nun and look like an owl;
Sometimes a canon in a surplice fair and white,
A chapter-house monk sometime I appear in sight.
I am our Sir John sometime with a new shaven
crown,
Sometimes the parson and sweep the streets with a
side gown;
Sometimes the bishop with a mitre and cope;
A gray friar sometime, with cut shoes and a rope:
Sometimes I can play the white monk, sometime the
friar,
The purgatory priest, and every man's wife desire.
This company hath provided for me mortmain,
For that I might ever among their sort remain:
Yea, to go further, sometime I am a cardinal,
Yea, sometime a pope, and then am I lord over all
Both in heaven and earth, and also in purgatory
And do wear three crowns when I am in my glory."

Dissimulation thus describes their offices:

To win the people, I appoint each man his place—
Some to sing Latin, and some to duck at grace;
Some to go mumming, and some to bear the cross;
Some to stoop downward as their heads were
stooped with moss;
Some read the epistle and gospel at high mass;
Some sing at the lectern with long ears like an ass;
The pavement of the church the holy fathers treads,
Sometimes with a portae (breviary), sometimes with
a pair of beads;
and Clergy gives a list, extending through twenty lines, of the monkish orders.

The fun of the Vice is less rampant than usual, and the much-admired fisticuffs are altogether lacking; but there is a sarcastic humour displayed which is of a higher class of wit. Care was evidently bestowed upon the dressing of the actors; and the stuffing of Clergy and the spectacles of Dissimulation would certainly add to their attractions in the eyes of a merry-desiring audience.

The contrast between the hero of Bale's play and the hero of "The Troublesome Reign of King John" (first printed 1591) is very great, the latter being as wicked as the former is virtuous. It is remarkable that the parallel between John and Henry VIII., in their relations to the Romish church, is emphasized also in "The Troublesome Reign." The John of this play says:

Thy sins are far too great to be the man
T' abolish pope and popery from thy realm;
But in thy seat, if I may guess at all,
A King shall reign that shall suppress them all;

and again:

But in the spirit I cry unto my God,
As did the kingly prophet David cry
(Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint),
I am not he shall build the lord a house,
Or root these locusts from the face of earth;
But if my dying heart deceive me not,
From out these lions shall spring a kingly branch
Whose arms shall reach unto the gates of Rome,
And with his feet tread down the strumpet's pride,
That sits upon the chair of Babylon.

The context between the Romish power and that of the State is a gradually declining element in the three extant plays on King John. In Bale's Morality this (in its purely controversial aspect) is all in all; in "The Troublesome Reign" the political struggle between England and France advances into prominence, but the Romish religious struggle is still retained as a marked feature; while in Shakespeare's history this feature sinks into comparative insignificance, and the English and French national contentions become the point of almost exclusive interest.

In "The Troublesome Reign," the Bastard's foray among the monasteries is set forth in a long comic scene, and the monks of Swinstead (apropos of the poisoning of the king) have a considerable part allotted to them in the drama. In the foray scene, where, in place of gold, a demure nun is found in the Abbot's chest, and a fat friar in the wardrobe of a holy sister, the verse is not unlike that of Ingoldsby:

Oh, I am undone;
Fair Alice, the nun,
Bath took up her rest,
In the Abbot's chest.
Sancte benedictice,
Pardon my simplicity.
Ple, Alice, confession
Will not save this transgression.

In the Swinstead Abbey scene there is a really humorous position, where the soliloquizing of Simon, as he meditates on his proposed murder of John, are mistaken by the Abbot as referring, not to John's death, but to his own.

All this disappears in Shakespeare. We just hear of Faulconbridge's foray, and that a monk has poisoned the king—and that is all.

A brief indication of the kind of changes which Shakespeare has wrought in his reproduction of the incidents of "The Troublesome Reign" may not inaptly close this speech:—

Shakespeare's work was, in the main, one of retrenchment. He has cut down the two parts of the old play into one drama. The whole of the second part is compressed into little more than a single act of "King John;" for towards the catastrophe Shakespeare, with true dramatic art, horning on, while his model is there especially slow and prolix. His retrenching is managed by cutting down unnecessary dual scenes into one: for instance, the preliminary scene of the re-crowning of John, which occurs in the old play, is omitted, and again the preliminary scene of the Dauphin's meditated treachery to the English lords,—by removing from the stage incidents represented by the old play, such as the appearance of the five moons and the poisoning of the king, which in Shakespeare appear only by narration,—by paring down the parts of lesser characters, as in the case of Peter of Pomfret, who is brought on three times in the old play, while in Shakespeare he enters but once, and then by stage direction alone: and by leaving out the comic portions of the play, such as the foray of Faulconbridge.

On the other hand he enlarges. Having got rid of much matter useless to him, he chooses the characters that are after his own heart, and there bestows his labour. These are especially the Bastard, Constance, and Arthur. The germ of all three of these Shakerian creations exist in the old play, but their development by the arch-dramatist is marvellous. The scenes of Constance's grief on the loss of her son, and the Arthur-and-Hubert scenes, may be profitably compared. In the latter scene of the old play, Arthur pleads for mercy as calmly as if he were keeping an academic act, speaking much after the fashion of the προσωπος which occur in the tragedy of his namesake. The Bastard is exquisitely developed. Shakespeare's bastard is clearly the same individual as the like character of the old play; but Shakespeare has managed to endue this Pygmalion's image with the breath of life, to bestow on him the graces of motion, the charms of facial expression, and the informing essence of a human soul. If he has relentlessly expunged the coarse, comic scenes of "The Troublesome Reign," he has introduced into the play the profoundest humour in this character.

An allusion to one or two finer minor changes, and we have finished: In the old play the mother of the Faulconbridge is present during the whole unfolding of her dishonour; in Shakespeare she enters after that scene to Philip alone. In the old play, Philip threatens to play
the Nero, and to kill his mother if she does not
come to the truth. Of course Shakespeare's
Philip does not do this. In the old play Con-
stance is present during the match-making
scene of the Dauphin and Blanche; while
Shakespeare expressly notes her absence:

**KING PHILIP.** Is not the Lady Constance
in this troop?
I know she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.

In the old play, the Bastard kills and maltreats
the corpse of Austria upon the stage; not so in
Shakespeare. In the old play, John, imme-
diately after Essex and Pembroke have departed
in dudgeon at the report of Arthur's death, be-
wails that his whole people have turned against
him; while in Shakespeare many characters
enter between the two events, and Hubert
brings news of the discontent of the people, with
special circumstances:

I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,
&c., &c., &c.

It is observable that Shakespeare follows
"The Troublesome Reign" in three historic
blunders. Austria did not kill Cœur de Lion;
Constance was not a widow, but, on the con-
trary, was now married to a third husband;
Arthur did not die in England, but was removed
from Falaise to Rouen, where he disappears.

AN EXPLORATION OF THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

To become a traveller was the ruling passion
of my boyhood. Books of travels were my only
reading, and a story of times and men far re-
 mote even then possessed an interest beyond
the fascination of romance.

As years passed on, circumstances permitted
me the indulgence of my passion. A com-
tence had been left me; there lacked ties to
enchain me to a single spot; there was no place
which, above another, was home. There clung
around me none of those gentle associations
which bind the majority of mankind to the place
of their nativity.

The field of Egyptian research had just been
invaded. The most renowned scholars of Europe
were labouring in it, with a zeal stimulated
almost to excitement by the astonishing discov-
eries on the threshold.

**Hoary Time** seemed about to give up all his
secrets. Egypt's old tombs were yielding their
story; their cryptographic inscriptions were being
rapidly deciphered. The Sphinx, that dumb
riddle of the centuries, seemed now ready to
open its stony lips.

It is a land of mystery. The pilgrim treads
upon the dust of countless generations. The
rocks are graven with characters, the work of
hands returned to dust, ages before Jacob sent
his sons thither to buy corn. There, indeed, a
thousand years are but as a day, and a genera-
tion a thing that passeth away, even as a man
putteth off a garment.

The traces of a civilization, of an art, of a
grandeur, of a pride, and splendour, which dwarf
the achievements of the infant world, impress
the shores of the Nile. The ruins of Thebes,
the columns of Karnak, had held out, almost
from the birth of time, their sculptured story.
In these hieroglyphics was the record of a
mighty people, but there had been none to read
them. To none had the Sphinx opened its lips,
charged with the secrets of the far-off, shadowy
past.

But now there was a dawn upon this Egyptian
darkness. One by one, these cryptographs
gave up to Champollion and his eager rivals their
long-locked meanings. Each mighty column
was but a volume in the regal library of kings,
whose last descendant was far above Pharaoh
on that misty river of Time.

I had followed these explorations with an
interest which is ever the child of mystery. I
yielded to the fascination, and resorted to
Egypt. It is hard to express the emotion with
which I first stepped upon that shore. I was,
as it were, wafted back by enchantment, far, far
into the night of the ages. The companions of
my thoughts were those old, strange races of
men. So long and vivid was the exercise of
my imagination that these beings of the mind
took substantial forms; they were always with
me; and the dust became animated with the
great souls which once tenanted it; the desert
was populous with myriads that once poured
from Thebes' hundred gates. The effete bar-
barians who built their huts among the columns
of Karnak, or at the feet of the Pyramids, were
unnoticed and wholly unknown. All that had
been discovered I mastered. The few short
syllables which genius and toil had spelt out in
this dead lore, I learned. I devoted my labour
and means to the work, under the guidance of
those high-priests of learning to whom Mennon
had opened his stony lips, in half disclosure of
the secrets of the vast Necropolis around his
mighty throne. I pursued the explorations with
a zeal averted at times to approach monomania.

In my searches, extending far and near, to the
high and the low, I chanced several times to meet native Egyptians, who professed to be members of an hereditary priesthood, to be the depositaries by tradition of the ancient magic, and of that occult knowledge for which old Egypt was famous among the nations. More than one of these men had possessed himself to be possessed, also by tradition from hoary ages, of strange and peculiar knowledge touching the great tombs, and especially the Pyramids.

All of these professed revelers I employed, and eagerly questioned. They all held strange secrets; but all were impostors, save a single one. It is true that they did reveal the places of several tombs, unknown since the drifting sands had buried them, centuries ago; but they had no peculiar knowledge; they could afford no aid to my study of the cryptographs; they could reveal no secrets of the mighty dead.

But in Achmet, of Upper Egypt, I at last found one superior to his class, a man who indeed possessed a profound and intimate knowledge of the great tombs and monuments, and whom I really believe to have been the hereditary recipient of secrets handed down by tradition from the far-off ages and people, whose study fired my brain. He declared that these secrets had reached him through an interminable line of the priesthood, from ages beyond any written history, coeval with the Pyramids themselves.

We explored many tombs and catacombs together. Even in those long known and explored, he astounded me by the disclosure of secret apartments and passages which had escaped discovery. Though the treasure of the cryptographic character was lost, he said, and he had made no greater progress than I in deciphering the hieroglyphs, yet he had received from tradition the meanings of many of the carved and painted inscriptions which we found in the tombs; and with these he acquainted me.

He declared that he knew the whereabouts of a certain stone-tablet, which contained voluminous inscriptions of the same royal decree, in three species of characters, and in two languages, one of which was the Greek; that each of the temples, whose ruins we explored, and thousands of which no vestige remained, had once contained a copy of the tablet, but that priestly jealousy had destroyed all that had escaped the tooth of time, so that there remained but this one. I besought him for a disclosure of this stone. Written in Greek as well as in cryptograph, it was a dictionary to the lore I was striving to decipher.

But he declared it to be distant, and that a solemn oath bound him to reveal it to no Frank. I could not prevail with him and relinquished the attempt with feelings I cannot describe.

Aimed with this tablet, I conceived the possibility of immediate and vast advances in the work of unlocking and exploring this ancient lore. It is enough to say, in passing, that not long afterward I was gratified by the discovery of the "Rosetta Stone," which, doubtless, is a mutilated copy of the tablet whereof Achmet spoke.

On one occasion he guided me far up the Nile, where we made a midnight exploration of an unknown catacomb, in which were deposited the mummies of many thousand crocodiles, worshipped and embalmed as sacred reptiles. It was a strange and thrilling adventure, accomplished not without serious danger.

But it is my purpose, at present, to relate the story of another strange exploration, in which Achmet was my guide. The Pyramids, from whose summits fifty centuries looked down upon the sluggish Nile, had awakened in me a singular interest. A strange attraction drew me often to the feet of these stupendous piles, whose Titanic masonry, measureless bulk and duration, dwarf the mightiest deeds essayed since their erection. I doubted the explanations given by the learned of their origin. The labour of one hundred thousand men for twenty years could hardly have been needed to fix a meridian. I was equally confident that the greatest of them all, Cheops, had not been erected for the tomb of a single king.

Explorations had been made long before. An entrance to the greatest had rewarded the zeal of Belzoni. A narrow passage had led him deep into the rocky centre, where he, the first who had disturbed the silence of the ages which reigned there, had found himself before an empty sarcophagus. I had also explored this Pyramid; but the royal one, who, it may be, had afar off in the night of time tenanted this deep chamber, had vanished ages before.

The firm conviction that took possession of me that this great explorer had paused upon the threshold of the mystery, that he had turned back from the very door, excited my imagination to a feverish intensity of action. I now devoted myself, my life, my studies, and my whole soul to this greatest of the Pyramids. I spent my days alone, in scaling the face of the rock, climbing its steps, seemingly laid for those Titans who warred with Jove; I criticised each seam and fissure; I sounded and tried every stone with bar and hammer. By night I wandered around its base, my eyes and thoughts riveted on the mighty pile with a thrilling fascination. It was silent, grand, awful. The night-wind, drifting from the Libyan desert, moaned around its summit, as sadly and mournfully as if it were Nature's requiem for the souls of the unnumbered dead, whose dust drifted around its deep foundations. My servant Achmet, or companion—he partook more of the latter than the former character—finally joined me in my researches here.

At last, affected by my zeal, he declared that he was able to reveal a secret of the great Pyramid likewise never yet disclosed to a Frank. He had received the knowledge with solemn adjurations to reveal it to none save those of his race and mystery.

He said he could point out an apartment, deep under the stony centre of the pile, which
no Frankish explorer had ever suspected, and which those of his own mystic line had always shrunk from entering. He had been led to its threshold once, long years ago, by his ancestor, who suffered him to look within, but not to enter. This ancestor declared to Achet that the disclosure had been handed down to himself in precisely the same solemn manner, and with the like solemn adjuration, never to touch with foot or hand the stony floor inside the door.

I lent a greedy ear to Achet's assertion; for, as I related, I had long felt a conviction that former explorers had turned away from the Great Pyramid and its mystery, satisfied that the whole had been revealed in the single little apartment and the empty sarcophagus.

He yielded to my will, and consented, though reluctantly, to become my guide to the Mystery of the Great Cheops—so is it called.

I assented to his entreaty that our expedition should be by night, and that his disclosures should be inviolable secrets. I could with difficulty resist the hobby, and I paced the earthen floor of our temporary hovel, exalted by hope, but a prey to a strange agitation.

Thick darkness at last crept from the eastward, tardily following the departed sun across the trackless desert and the old Nile. Black clouds drooped from the sky until they seemed to rest upon the very apex of the Pyramid. The moon, a large, waning crescent, and with closely followed the sun in its departure, and not a single star lent its ineffectual ray to cheer the gloomy scene.

Solemn and awful, charged with the secrets of fifty centuries, stood, in its eternal, imperishable majesty, the PYRAMID.

To any excited eye the gentle night-wind, moaning in snatches across the black, melancholy waste, now sinking, now swelling in volume, brought, as I half-fancied, an articulate, sorrowful warning against the meditated desecration.

Provided with torches, to be lighted when needed, and a few implements, we took our dark way across the sands to the Great Pyramid.

With infinite labour, in the darkness, we scaled its side. It was a work of danger even to ourselves; impossible to those not, like us, familiar with every stony step and crevice. The storms of ages had somewhat disintegrated the face of the pile. We attained the entrance long known to travellers, half way up the majestic slope, and into this my guide conducted me. Having progressed a few paces into this narrow and obstructed way, we kindled our torches. They cast a smoky, flickering glare upon the dull, chiselled blocks of stone. Each with flamebol held out before him, to guide his steps through the dismal maze, we went on, without speaking. A multitude of bats, which had taken shelter in the dark crannies overhead, flew out at our approach, and Circled around our torches upon their leathery wings, as weird, silent, and ghostly as if they had been indeed the spirits of the dead builders of this stupendous wonder.

The passage was very narrow, and too low, much of the way, to allow us to walk erect. It was crooked, now turning to the right or left, and now ascending to a higher or descending to a lower level. It was obstructed by sand and rubbish, the debris of the ages.

We had slowly and painfully achieved two hundred feet of our way, as nearly as I could judge, when Achet halted at an acute angle of the passage. We were yet in the well-known way which led to the already discovered apartment, though we had not yet accomplished above half the distance.

Handing his torch to me, my guide raised a heavy iron bar which we had brought, and proceeded to sound the great stones of the wall. These wore the marks of the chisels of the architects as freshly as if they had laid them down at the last sunset, and would take them up and renew their work at the next sunrise. It needed but a moment to satisfy my guide. In response to his blows, every great stone gave forth a dead, solid sound, destitute of elasticity, so to speak, save one, which rang under its blow, as it seemed to vibrate almost with the twang of a harp-string!

"Now," said my conductor, in a low, hushed voice, "I am about to disclose to your eyes a passage and a secret which, during more than ten centuries, has been traversed by no feet, beheld by no eyes, save two or three of my own race. I know that of this generation I alone possess the secret."

He was again silent; he seemed to be oppressed with a superstitious dread, a feeling so common to the dwellers of the "sun-burnt East," yet with which the bolder nature of the Anglo-Saxon has but scanty patience. After a brief pause, he inserted the stone shaft in the middle of the square-faced stone and the stony floor whereon we stood. Obeying to no powerful effort, to my amazement, the ponderous block slid slowly backward, or rather inward, as if it were poised upon rollers.

There was revealed a dismal, dust-choked passage or channel, much narrower than that in which we stood. It plunged downwards towards the very foundations of the Pyramid, a steep declivity extending much further, apparently, than our murky torches could project their light.

Looking upon the accumulation of an impalpable dust clinging upon the slope, it was easy to credit this mystic's assertion that, for more than a decade of centuries, no mortal foot had attempted this perilous declivity. Yea, one might believe that it had never been invaded, since the workmen had sealed up the Great Pyramid upon the day whereon great Sesostris, or Rameses, or their sires, had been laid to their eternal sleep within this, their all-enduring, time-defying Home!

My imagination had long been stimulated to an abnormal activity. Now, as we stood in the mouth of this mysterious hollow way, a multitude of conceptions thronged, an endless, a riotous host, through my brain. These images—for they possessed that vividness—were without
the control of my will. This was powerless. I could neither direct their course nor tear my mind from the subject.

I was as in a dream. Yet I knew that I dreamed not. But my mental processes then possessed the two distinctive phenomena of dreams—first, my will was without its power of control; secondly, my conceptions, the beings of my heated imagination, took substantial, as it were, real forms, and thronged before me full of a wild, chaotic life.

I retained enough of reason to assure me that the date of my existence was fixed in the nineteenth century; yet in my mental action, in my soul-life, I lived, at that moment, standing in the dark tomb of great Sesostris, in that far-off age, across the dark abyss of time, among those mighty tenants of an infant world who had left such a giant impress upon its face!

The knowledge which I had pursued so arduously, and had gleaned, with other scholars, so laboriously from cryptographic inscriptions—all the fragments were, so to speak, fused in the crucible of my super-heated imagination. It sprang into new forms; a new order was produced; links were forged; lost parts of the system were re-created—all instantaneously and involuntarily; and the whole of that grand civilization, the pomp of a regal priesthood, ministering amid clouds of incense in a thousand gorgeously columned temples; the regal grandeur of Ramses, high enthroned in the grandly restored halls of Karnak, environed by clouds of victoriously returning chiefains, bringing the spoils of a hundred conquered kingdoms, and leading, also, captive to the royal feet, Melek Aiudah, "the King of the Jews," the son of Solomon; old Nile, covered with barks wafted by purple, perfumed sails of silk, and cutting the waters with prows of beaten gold, bearing princesses of dark and gorgeous beauty to the feast or to the temple; the statue of Mentuhotep, upon its gigantic, monolithic throne, and vocal with its glad salute to the rising sun—all, all flooded and oppressed my mind, as with an intolerable weight of splendour, a load which I could not lay down.

I know that, amid it all, a deadly fear shot across my heart, that this state might be the precursor of madness. With this very vision my yet unsudued reason interwove a dark thread, a memory of some strangely gifted ones, who, having given their studies and their hearts too devotedly to a single subject, had at last made shipwreck of their minds—had shattered the mirror in its focus, so that it gave back but distorted images.

These thoughts, this vision, so to speak, that has taken time in the recital, passed through my mind in two or three minutes.

They occupied only the time while Achmet was busy fastening the end of a long and strong cord, which he had brought to assist our descent.

I felt a thrill of joy when he broke in upon my reverie, and aided me to wrench my thoughts back to the now and the here.

We began the perilous descent, each clinging to the rope with one hand, while holding the torch in the other.

The passage plunged to the north, at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Apparently, there were no steps cut in the rock, though we could not distinguish, through the accumulated dust, whether there were any remains of a stairway.

Our safety proved to be in the rope. But for such support, we must have plunged headlong into the abyss of the Pyramid. The passage was no more than three feet wide—sometimes narrower. Often, huge, hewn stones impending overhead so encroached upon the crooked way that we were forced to grope upon hands and knees.

I estimated that we had traversed more than three hundred feet: it had occupied a half-hour.

At length, the perilous descent over, we stood upon a level stone, about eight feet square. Here we were able to stand upright, and rest our cruelly taxed limbs. It was a small, square chamber, about ten feet in altitude, intended, probably, as a resting-place only. The closely confined air was laden with the smoke of our torches, and even now respiration became laboured.

We paused but to replenish our torches. I knew that Achmet had not yet reached the (to him and his race) dread mystery. The moment, however, sufficed for a rapid survey of the walls. They were graven smoothly, and were covered with the characters which beset every rock in Egypt with a history. They were not chiseled, but painted in vermilion, as bright as if it had been laid on but yesterday.

One of the four walls was nearly covered by a seemingly allegorical picture, upon which I gazed with speechless wonder. Could it be possible that here, in the heart of this pyramid, I beheld the pictured story of the fall of man, as recorded in the Holy Bible? In glowing colours, there shone in the smoky light of our flambeaux a serpent, with human arms and legs, in the act of offering an apple to an Egyptian woman!

I could not tear my eyes from it until Achmet dragged me away, warning me that our torches were not sufficient to permit longer pause here. I recurred with terror to our situation, should we indeed be cut off in the stony heart of the Pyramid, without light!

Achmet again sounded a corner of the wall with the bar. A few experiments disclosed the movable stone. Inserting the point of the iron into the thread-like seam, or juncture, of two polished stones, again the wall, apparently as immovable as the foundations of the mountains, yielded to his skillful effort, and another massive block of stone slid back, as if fixed upon machinery for the purpose!

I stayed not to inspect this contrivance, but fell on my knees, and gazed into the chamber disclosed, with breathless amazement. It was about twelve feet square, and rectangular, its
sides ranging with the cardinal points of the compass. Floor, walls, and roof were each a gigantic monolith. Here was found no rubbish—no dust. It was as clean as if swept but yester- 
day.

I crept within. A superstitious dread (the religion of Egypt is superstition, and its priests are its sincerest votaries) chained my follower's feet before the threshold. He faltered in a whisper that the spot was under an invisible guardianship, and that, should we enter, the stony door would close behind us for ever.

I half persuaded, half compelled him to follow me. He at length followed my example, and tremblingly crossed the broad threshold.

It was my belief that we were near the base of the Pyramid; yet who can tell how deeply the foundations of this mighty pile penetrate the earth? Explorations, afterwards conducted, threw some light upon that subject now.

Upon every side there were five hundred feet of chiselled stone between us and the open air.

The walls of the apartment were wrought smooth with the chisel. Upon these stony pages were blazoned the deeds of the royal tenant of this narrow room—the story of his conquests and his triumphs.

A monarch of gigantic stature (so was he represented in comparison with the surrounding figures of high and haughty aspect) sat upon a throne, holding upright in his hand a sceptre crowned with a winged globe. To him approached, with obsequious mic, stewards of estates, keepers of herds, superintendents of the public granaries, and overseers of captives and slaves, to render up their accounts. In another line, approached the throne, generals leading trains of captives, bringing the spoils of conquered kingdoms.

One incident carved in this triumph smote me dumb with amazement. There approached the monarch a god—crowned and winged, the tutelary deity of old Egypt, leading a train of bound and bowed captives. The artist had caught with fidelity the distinctive features of the various nations. Those of this line were the children of Judah. Over the head of the foremost, who was of double the stature of the rest, was a cartouche, the oval rim of which was the wall of a fortified city. In it I read with breathless wonder, in pictured symbols, the words “Melek Aiudah, King of the Jews.” It was a record of the conquest of Jerusalem and the son of Solomon, read upon the wall of the tomb of the conqueror, written there while the temple of the son of David was yet in its glory.

How narrow is this tomb! How silent! Here is rest indeed! the everlasting Sabbath of the grave!

But let us proceed to the discovery of most thrilling interest, the object which chained my eye upon my entrance. I approached it with a feeling of awe. With its head eastward, like that found by Belzoni, upon the centre of the stony floor, reposed a sarcophagus of alabaster; but, unlike that discovered by that traveller, it had never been violated.

It was hewn from a single block, and was eight feet long by four in breadth. It was covered with the same hieroglyphics which loaded the walls. The sharp reliefs had not suffered; they were sharp and perfect. What, indeed, could reach them here? The stupendous and rocky bulk of the Pyramid barred the work from the gnawing tooth of time itself!

Within a cartouche upon the lid was the name of the great Sesostri, described in those cryptographic inscriptions, as, “the vindicator of the gods,” “the protected of the gods of all classes,” “son of the gods.”

It was the great Sesostri whose body slept beneath!

Achmet stood aloof trembling, while I explored. He was a victim of a slavish dread which the Anglo-Saxon mind can hardly comprehend. He dreaded, lest the watchful spirits of the tomb should imprison us within the dark recess forever. He piteously urged that we should now retrace our way, and close the stony recess. But not the prospect of death itself could have deterred me now. My imagination was on fire. We had no time to waste; the torches were waning. I would have fallen dead beside that grand sarcophagus rather than to have failed of the sight of its inmate. I assumed the mien of the lord and master to the slave. The haughty Anglo-Saxon soul, which shrinks from no danger, fears no odds, quickly bore down the will of the son of the emasculating East. The fever in my blood exalted my will to a tenfold power. He obeyed. I knew he must obey.

I inserted the bar beneath the ponderous lid, and we lifted it off. But the face of the mighty monarch was not yet revealed. There issued forth and filled the tomb a pungent but an exceedingly sweet and aromatic odour, which was wholly strange to me. It was doubtless the odour of some substance used by the Egyptians in embalming, an art lost to us, at least in its perfection. Within, there appeared a chest or coffin, of a thin, light, odoriferous wood, of a kind unknown at the present day, yet which the unexplored equatorial regions of Africa may yet furnish to the arts. It must have contained in itself, or have been charged with, essences, which preserved it from the common decay. It was perfect.

I removed the cover of the wooden shell, and there appeared loose layers of papyrus and silk. These were covered with scarabs, the sacred beetle, in gold. Beneath, appeared the contour of a human form. The body was not wrapped in a multitude of folds of cloth, as are common mummies. The process had been too elaborate and skilful to require such aids. I sat down upon the foot of the sarcophagus, overpowered by my sensations. It was some time before my trembling hands could remove with decency the folds that hid the face of the dead king of that hoary time, the ruler of an infant world.

The face, for more than four centuries bound in darkness and motionless slumber, was exposed to the light of the torches. I kneeled and
gazed. Achmet muttered heathen spells for his safety.

It was a kingly, a majestic face and head. The lashes of the closed eyes lay upon the cheek as in sleep. Truly it was an iron sleep! The straight, coal-black hair was swept back from the broad brow, and rolled around the neck in a mass. There was an eternal smile frozen upon the lips. The face was dark, smooth, beardless. The body was not emaciated. The nose was prominent, and hooked, like the beak of an eagle. It was the body of a man of not more than forty years, I thought. He looked as if he might awake from sleep and address the disturbers. But there it lay, how still and majestic! one born to majesty, to exact homage, even in his tomb. He lay, as he had lain five thousand years, from the childhood, through manhood of the world itself, solemn and unchangeable.

A broad fillet, with sacred symbols wrought upon it in gold, bound his head, confining back the straight raven hair. The ears contained ornamental ornaments. The fingers of the right hand still hung the monarch's signet-ring. The laws and edicts of a hundred nations.

I severed from the temple of the sleeper a lock of the long black hair. I never look upon it without feeling a magnetic thrill. It has a mesmeric power, as one might term it, to bind the imagination, to lead the soul backward out of the present, across that measureless abyss of time, to that far shore whence it has come. The breeze that stirred the palm-brances in Paradise may have waved it upon that kingly front. The lore of that world is dead; its arts lost. Conquerors and conquered are gone. There are left only a few bricks, ere the civilization of the grandest that time ever saw. All, all have returned to that dust which this night-wind scatters over these vast and voiceless solitudets, which once echoed to the tramp of innumerable hosts, whose soul once groaned under the burthen of a hundred great cities.

But the fascination of that royal face, that smile that seemed to hold the riddle which there is no Oedipus to solve, had delayed us too long. Our torches had nearly expired. I started with alarm. They would hardly light us back through the labyrinth! We replaced all as we found it, and closed the tomb. The close, smoke-laden air almost stifled respiration. I resolved to return on the morrow, and to continue the exploration of the Pyramid.

There had come upon me a conviction that there were many other avenues, other tombs, which Careful search might disclose.

Some other time I may relate the result of these explorations, but not now.

As the sun was rising over the Lybian desert, changing the drifting sands into yellow gold, we stood upon the ground without the Great Pyramid.

As we wended our way across the sands, I strove to recall my soul from the spell that had possessed it. It seemed as if I had slept the sleep of that great king whose form we had just left, and that I had just now awakened. There came upon me a belief, a certainty, that I was to reveal many secrets of that Pyramid, that nothing had yet been accomplished in their exploration. Not one of them was the resting-place of a single king, but of a dynasty, a long line. What monarch would begin the erection of his own tomb upon the day of his coronation, and behold it progressing throughout all the years of his reign? The largest of these piles were each the work of twenty years or more!

Of the laborious and exciting exploration which I conducted after the day of which I have written, and of their astounding results — disclosures that proved fatal to health — I may write at another time, not now.

A great physician counselled me that the prolongation of such excitement must prove fatal. I fled to the quiet and seclusion of a new country. I left old Egypt for the season, to regain in a new atmosphere a new mind and a new body — sana mens in sano corpore.

said that great physician, with a parent’s sympathy — every great healer must possess it — “The atmosphere wherein your mind now lives is exhausting; it is an atmosphere of pure oxygen to the natural body; it is a fiery stimulant; it excites an intense activity, but it consumes the victim quickly.”

I took counsel, and fled for a season.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The present year has been to us a prolife one in occasions of sorrow. Some of the noblest and most highly-gifted in art and literature have, within the eleven months that are past, written their last line and plied the pencil for the last time. In our land, Thackeray, Leech, and Landon have departed. On the continent the death-roll includes the names of Ulland and Meyerbeer; whilst across the Atlantic came, in the spring of the year, the tidings of the death of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Searcely noticed among the telegrams that supplied us with news of the progress of the fiercest and most unjust civil war that was ever waged, the simple announcement had, nevertheless, a deeper, though inexpressibly mournful, interest to not a few in England, than all the turmoil of battle that was compressed into the electric summary.
On the 19th of May, at his house in Plymouth, New Hampshire, with all the lovely sights and sounds of that sweet spring-time which he so dearly loved, the spirit of America’s greatest prose-writer faded almost imperceptibly into eternity. Little known to the great European public, and indeed more especially endeared to the scholar and the dreamer than to the general reader by his genial humour and refined taste, he had never striven to become popular, and therefore the announcement of his comparatively early death created but little excitement, save among the reverent circle of which we have before spoken. So retiring and modest, indeed, were his habits, that to many of his countrymen, in that land where the privacy of a public man is almost invariably sacrificed to the discourteous curiosity of his admirers, Hawthorne was known but by his books, and a very few of the most refined and most intellectual men of the day, such as Longfellow and Wendell Holmes, were admitted to the rare delight of his friendship; but to these few he was well known, and with their appreciation he was content.

Kindly and gentle as a little child was the nature of him who has left us. Somewhat too much absorbed in his own abundant, delicate fancies, and seeking habitually, in commune with his own beautiful and finer nature, a refuge from the rough contact and jarring turmoil of the busy world, he yet did not neglect his more obvious duties. An ever kind and attentive relative and friend, his name will be held in reverence, no less for these humble qualities than for his undying productions. His countrymen have reason to be peculiarly proud of him, for in him America has produced the most exquisite prose poet and the most originally fanciful romanticist of the age.

In no country of the Old or New World can we instance any author whose name is worthy to be placed beside that of Hawthorne on that peculiar path which was first irradiated by the morning blush of his fancy. Many have attempted to follow him; but they are, in almost every case, nearly forgotten; whilst the exquisite dream-scenery, which Hawthorne reveals to us, illumined by his own subtle phantasy, tinged with his heart-searching pathos, or fitfully softened into cool shadow by the opal-hued mist-veil of his half-mystic but all-refined humour, still stands in ever fresh beauty, to charm all true lovers of art. And we may safely prophesy that it will be many ages before its subtle influence will fail, alternately to gladden and sadden the hearts of future readers. But though specially marked out as a possession of the “May-flower” land by the peculiar sombre visitings of Puritan sadness that every now and then obscure us with a deep shadow, and the glimmering sun-motes of his dreamy fancy, he is even more generally loved and appreciated in England than in his native country. This may, we think, be partially attributed to the under-current of pathetic melancholy that runs through his gayest and most sparkling effusions, and the ever-present, subdued tone of longing aspiration that seems to mark his beautiful nature, as inwardly mourning over and shrinking from the hard, stern realities of an essentially selfish and unchivalrous age. It is like the stream of dusky water, unreachèd by the rays of the sun, which is sometimes to be seen, in spring, flowing along the bed of a brook, whose upper surface radiates a thousand iridescent colours, in joyous answer to the kisses of the sun, whose ripples sparkle along in careless merriment, when a sudden change comes over it; a sombre flush seems, by some appreciable magic, to sweep over the prismatic play of the current; the under-stream for the nonce gets the upper hand: though the happy glitter is still visible, it is clouded by some half-sombre, half-translucent change, which sends a not ungrateful thrill of indefinable sadness to the heart. Though this may rob a mind, acutely alive to natural influences, of some of the buoyant rapture consequent on the delightful advent of spring, yet it has an effect on a sensitive intellect, that more than repays the momentary glooming of the landscape.

It is this, and a thousand other natural phenomena of the same kind, that suggest to the poetic temperament more sublime and delicate conceptions by far than the most smiling aspect of summer, or the most gorgeously tinted landscape of autumn.

We Englishmen, belonging to the most material period of the most material country in the world,* are, perhaps, in our heart of hearts, a more romantic people than any that inhabit the known globe. Not in our acts do we show it, for they are, almost invariably, whether in public or private life, dictated by the most rigid considerations of realistic expediency; but we still, even the most conventional of us, love to cherish, in some dark corner of our souls, an inward hankering, scarcely even self-confessed, toward the most Utopian and fanciful of ideals, and almost always, though openly disclaiming it, feel a secret, indefinable sympathy with the mind of such a man as Nathaniel Hawthorne. His child-like simplicity, his freshness of thought, untainted by worldliness, and his half-sad, half-hopeful longings, strike upon us as a much-needed and delightful relief from the grim positivism of conventional life.

As on a sultry day we plunge into the cool greenness of a beautiful wood, whose masses of foliage absorb the sunlight, and, whilst neutralizing its glare, assume thereby a luminous beauty and a half-translucent depth of shadow that is infinitely more soothing and attractive than the brilliant splendour of the sun-gilded plain, Hawthorne’s commingled fancy and pathos present to us an ever-welcome retreat where we may rub-off, for a little, the dust of

* Some may object to this that the Americans themselves best answer this description; but we think that any impartial person who has followed the shifting fortunes and consequences of the present Civil War can scarcely hold such an opinion.
toil, and freshen our weary minds with the dewy flowers of his undying spring. Again, to those of us to whom the more delicate emanations of his brain would have no special attraction, there would still remain the more real part of his genius. The works of one who has shown himself to be so wondrous a depector of varied character, so profound a student of the human soul, could never fail to be recognized at their full value by a great majority of English readers. Many, perhaps, might not feel any responsive chord struck within them by the ethereal loveliness of the variations which he knew so well how to construct upon the melodies that live to a poet in every natural sight and sound, who might not be able to comprehend his subtle imagery and the fairy flowers of his phantasy, would not fail to acknowledge the hand of the great master in the striking figures that stand out, in such profusion, from his canvas. The versatility of his genius is as striking an attribute of the man as its beauty. No thinker can ignore the creative mind that could give us, at one time, the heartrending agony of "The Scarlet Letter," at another "The Tender Beauty," shaded here and there with gloom, of "The House of the Seven Gables;" at one time, the half-playful, half-earnest mysticism of "The Blithedale Romance," and at another the sombre horrors of some of his legends. His latest romance, by many considered his greatest work, "Transformation," opens up to us a field of fiction, which no writer, before Hawthorne, has worked in so entirely original and felicitous a manner. The way in which he indicates the subtle change in the mind of "Donatello," the weird transition from an utterly sensuous life to the development of a higher though pain-purchased intelligence, produced by the entrance upon the stage of his existence of a new and sinful agency through whose constraining influence his happy, careless, sunny joie de vivre merges into the reserved and somewhat gloomy gravity of a being conscious of the awful truths of immortality and the heavy responsibilities of an undying soul, is unsurpassable. There is scarcely a character in the whole range of fiction which can compare with it. The whole book, besides, is a mine of beauty. In contrast with the increasing gloom that shadows over the two principal characters, stands out, in grateful relief, the exquisite figure of Hilda, as lovely in its delicate beauty and its cold and stainless purity as "The Sea-born Venus" of another gifted American, Mr. Frizell. The minor personages of the story are all sketched in with consummate art, and the completed picture is set in a flower-fringed frame of most delightful fancies and imagery, in which the old classical, mythical fictions are interwoven with modern romance in an exquisitely delicate and beautiful manner.

In his study of character, Hawthorne did not think it beneath him to notice the least details, the humblest links of domestic circumstance, when by so doing he could more fully and artistically exhibit the growth of an embryo intelligence. Indeed, he sometimes probes the wounds that have been left by great trials or great sins so far and so minutely, in his search after the hidden germ of psychical development, that he has often been accused of a morbid craving for the sensational laying open of revolting details, for word-dissection, to an extent almost painful. His "Scarlet Letter" is generally chosen as the weak point on this ground; but it seems scarcely possible to an intelligent reader that any one, who does not make his own faults, can study that most wonderful picture without observing how—though the subject is painful and almost revolting, and the details of the sufferings of Hester and the young minister would be unbearable if depicted by a mediocre writer—the light genius of the author has enabled him to make beautiful these deformities with the veiling embellishment of his poetic thought, and to etherealize the greater interests and struggles of mortals into some diviner essence, the secret of which is known only to himself.

Old Roger Chillingworth, certainly, is a demon of unrelenting malice, and in his thirst for vengeance, and his deliberate hourly, nay, momentary, re-awakening of the most cruel tortures in the young minister's breast; but much horror is removed from the sketch by the manner in which it is treated, and by the remembrance of how deeply the once kindly and gentle scholar had been wronged. Indeed, his Mephistophelian impersonation seems almost grateful to us, as a necessary and apropos foil to the weird and dazzling brightness of little Pearl's elfin figure. This latter character, again, with her strange, half-uncanny, all bright and beautiful ways and actions, illuminates the sombre ground of the drama with a fitful and capricious light, giving no relief to the gloom, but, like a fleeting meteor in a cloud-obscured sky, casting the shadow to seem doubly dark beside the brilliant ray. Very touching and beautiful, in its simple pathos, is the death-scene of the young minister, when he conquers the cowardly silence in which he has veiled so long his association in criminality with Hester, and lays open the blackness of his sin before that congregation, who have learned to look upon him as something almost more than mortal. A wonderful effect, too, have the weird suggestions of the future witch-mania and the temptation of the minister by the hag, that chequered the black canvas of the story with their lurid flashes of furnace flame. But we should require far more space and time than we can possibly at present occupy, if we attempted to point out a tithe of these inimitable beauties. They have been already, and will, doubtless, often again be discussed of, by pens much more capable.

We have now before us a tiny book, of some forty pages, that contains the last ideas which the mighty magician conceived and recorded. But the short first chapter of an unfinished story, to be called the "Dolliver Romance," bears so exquisitely the impress of Hawthorne's
master-hand, that we read it with even more than the old eagerness, and when we arrive at the break which can never be remedied, the void which can now never be bridged over, find fresh cause to lament the loss of the writer. It is the opening sketch of the declining age of an old New England apothecary, upon whose trembling limbs life has scarcely any hold, and for whom earth has no retaining link except the beloved presence of his little grandchild "Pansie." With one foot in the grave, and the blood in his veins frozen by the wintry breath of age, he has nothing in common with the new generation, and lives in a state of continual abstraction, from which only a child's voice can recall him. This latter, a little tottering creature of 3 years, a faint indication of a beautiful figure, is the revivifying influence of the old man's life, his perpetual revisiting of spring, the one only thing that remains to him here below to prevent his weary soul from departing.

This preliminary outline is drawn with exquisite tenderness and delicacy of hand, and we can perceive in it the promise of a more perfect and beautiful work than any he had as yet given to the world. All Hawthorne's charming peculiarities are perceptible in it. His quaint conceits and half-humours, half-pathetic turns of thought, are as thickly strewn over these few pages as in many of his productions, and perhaps they are touched off with a more loving and delicate care. Some of the ideas are full of so tenderly lovely and mournful a fancy, that one cannot but think that approaching death must have given to his inward vision some clearer insight into sights in a state of continual mortality. One passage, in which he describes the way in which the old man, on whom the greeting and business of the outside world fall with jarring and painful strangeness, is soothed and comforted by the innocent companionship of his tiny granddaughter, is of such unequalled beauty that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting it.

Walking the streets seldom and reluctantly, he felt a dreary impulse to elude the people's observation, as if with a sense that he had gone irrevocably out of fashion, and broken his connecting links with the network of human life; or else it was that nightmare-feeling which we sometimes have in dreams, when we seem to find ourselves wandering through a crowded avenue, with the noonday sun upon us, in some wild extravagance of dress or nudity. He was conscious of estrangement from his townspeople, but did not always know how or wherefore, nor why he should be thus groping through the twilight mist in solitude. If they spoke loudly to him, with shrill voices, the greeting translated itself faintly and mournfully to his ears; if they shook him by the hand, it was as if a thick insensible glove absorbed the kindly pressure and the warmth. When little Pansie was the companion of his walk, her childish gaiety and freedom did not avail to bring him into closer relationship with men, but seemed to follow him to that region of indefinable remoteness, that dismal Fairyland of fancy, into which Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, and Dorr Oliver had so strangely crept away. Yet there were moments, as many persons had noticed, when the great-grandpapa would suddenly take stronger hues of life. It was as if his faded figure had been coloured over anew, or at least, as he and Pansie moved along the street, as if a sunbeam had fallen across him, instead of the grey gloom of an instant before. His chilled sensibilities had probably been touched and quickened by the warm conformation of his little companion through the medium of her hand, as it stirred within his own, or some inflection of her voice that set his memory ringing and chiming with forgotten sounds. While that music lasted, the old man was alive and happy. And there were seasons, it might be, even happier than these, when Pansie had been kissed and put to bed, and Grand- sire Dolliver sat by his fireside, gazing in among the massive coals and above their glow into those cavernous abysses with which all men communicate. Hence come angels or fiends into our twilight musings, according as we may have peopled them in bygone years. Over our friend's face, in the rosy flicker of the fire-gleam, stole an expression of repose and perfect trust that made him as beautiful to look at, in his high-backed chair, as the child Pansie on her pillow; and sometimes the spirits that were watching him beheld a calm surprise draw slowly over his features, and brighten into joy, though not so vividly as to break his evening quietude. The gate of heaven had been kindly left ajar, that this forlorn old creature might catch a glimpse within.

All the night afterwards, he would be semi-conscious of an intangible bliss diffused through the fitful lapses of an old man's slumber, and would awake at early dawn with a faint thrilling of the heart-strings, as if there had been music just now wandering over them."

And so abruptly finishes this last emanation of Hawthorne's poet-soul. Its very beauty strikes a painful chord within us, when we note the certain indications in these last few lines his hand traced, how surely his genius was advancing towards the greatest heights of inspiration, how he would have exalted and delighted the world with the ripened fruit of his mature age, and think that the soul which gave vent to his poetic yearnings has fled, that we may never more look for another magical outpouring of artistic treasure from the hand that now lies cold in death.

Truly the present age is a fatal one to genius. Those who own a higher intellect and a nobler mission than the general mass of mankind, who are destined to give us some vague inkling of celestial beauty, seem unwilling now to linger amongst us, and seek in their early prime a nobler refuge than is to be found upon earth, and where their poetic dreams will meet with a surer realization.

In former ages our great classic authors, in poetry and prose, lived mostly to a good old age, and were permitted to expand into greater works, for our benefit, the clearer and nobler thoughts of their autumn age; but now very few great lights in literature and art remain to us beyond their earliest manhood.

It seems not long ago that Shelley, Keats, and Mendelssohn passed away; but the other day, that Hood, Mrs. Browning, and Mrs. Trollope received their last summons! (How they crowd upon us as we recall them!) And now another
A Mother's Moan.

Nathaniel Hawthorne has been taken away; but it may be some consolation to those who weep for him, to know that his death was as easy as ever was vouchsafed to mortal, and that the gentle current of his life passed away into the unseizable ocean of eternity, in the painless insensibility of a swoon.

CHARLES KENDAL.

A MOTHER'S MOAN.

BY MATTHIAS BARR.

She wrestled in the darkness with her grief—
That Mother wild. The night came down in tears;
And in the heavens God's worlds had lit their fires
To guide the aching spirits darkling here
To brighter homes. The bitter winds moaned by;
And round and round her surged the Sea of Life,
And smiting with its waves the Mother's heart:
For never more to her its voice should come
With the old throb of music, nor its face
Glow with the light of Love. Her soul went out,
Like the ark-dove, across its troubled waste
Long years ago, and had not found a place
Whereon to rest its weary wings, nor would,
Till God should put His hand forth and take in
The restless wanderer. Her Rose of Life
Had withered in the blast of Death, and dropped
And shrunk away till never more again
The Sun of joy should reach it at its core.
Earth's glory had departed from her sight,
As when upon a June day Sun and Moon
Form an Eclipse, and all is sudden night.
Her Life went crying in the dark; for she
Could not forget the splendour she had known—
The angel-dove that fluttered to her lap,
Cooing to her the lessons taught in heaven,
And lifting up the Mother's lowly heart
Above all thought; and shining into flower
The seeds that lay forgotten in the dark,
Till all about they caught the trembling dews,
And sent their fragrance streaming up on high.
What radiance sat upon the hills and woods
When God dropped down that little life for her,
Like manna in her wilderness of pain!
The rivers laughed their sweetest laugh for her,
The purple clouds of eve and morn were waves
That floated from the far unknown her joy,
Freighted with such a store of Heaven, as made
Her rich above all kingdoms and all things.
Upon Life's topmost branch she built her nest,
And lined it with warm thoughts and gentle deeds,
And spread her wings and sang her song of Hope.
But there be Spirits lent us here awhile,
That come like gales of sunshine, and light up
Our Night a moment, and then straightway die
Upon the edge of Heaven they scarce have left;
Leaving a trail of glory, to point out
The way they went—the way for us to follow.
So she was all too bright—that Mother's Bird—
For this December world of ours—too pure.

Her blood froze up within her violet veins,
In spite of the great sun of curls that shone
Upon her blessed head. One golden moro
The Mother's lap was empty; the young life
Had floated back upon the purple clouds
Towards the far Unknown. The Mother saw
A ray of light shoot upwards to the sky,
And bowed her head, and cried, "God's will be done."
She wrestled in the darkness with her grief,
That Mother wild; and from her heart went up
Through the long night this sad and bitter wail:

"O, my jewel, gone down in Death's fathomless sea!
O, my blossom, so young and tender,
That left me to bloom in the garden of God,
In the flush of life's crowning splendour.
I can picture the arms that encircle thee now,
O my own, and the hearts that love thee
In the chambers of glory so far away,
In the Mystery high above me!"

"And I wake and I weep to the wondering stars,
And I cry in my bitter sorrow,
My Beautiful, lean out of Heaven, and smile
In the dawn of a golden morrow.
Lean out till I feel thee aglow in my heart,
And my spirit leaps up to meet thee,
Like the blood to thy virgin lily cheek
When the love-kiss of Christ doth greet thee!"

"Ah, Darling, I know thou art waiting for me,
And watching in silent wonder,
And looking with joy in each happy face
That comes from the bleak world under,
And yearning and longing with outstretched hands,
And pausing to hark and listen
For the sound of my voice, while up in thine eyes
The old thoughts rise and glisten.

"When the earth is green, and the lark's high song
Comes down from the gates of glory,
And the gentle flowers with their tremulous lips
Are drinking the tender story,
I'll lay me down in a pleasant sleep,
And my heart shall forget its aching;
And I shall be with you, sweet Angel mine,
Where another morn is breaking."
HUGH HAMILTON'S WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife," Paul, old friend."

"I beg your pardon, Hugh: I was not aware that my eyes suggested the necessity for a warning like that. I do not recognize property in beauty. It is a free gift from God to all who behold it, and I cannot be supposed to covet what I already enjoy. It is a feast of the soul to look in the face of your wife, for all the heavenly affections find utterance there."

"And yet you have seen far more beautiful women, Paul Dana. If, when you are near her, you look at her closely, you will perceive that she has scarcely a feature which is not marred by some imperfection."

"Very likely. The same holds true of these beautiful pleasure-grounds in which you justly take much pride. If their parts be separately viewed, many defects will be observed; but, taking the whole together, nothing seems lacking to complete their enchantment. And do you consider how much, nay, how all that we admire in the landscape is but the effect of light—the life which animates the whole? Who that stumbles about your little Eden here in the night-time, can gain any idea whatsoever of its ravishing loveliness? It is the soul, man—it is the soul which makes beautiful. I care not how perfect in form a human face may be: if the light of a pure, loving, reverent spirit shine not through it, it is to me as the face of one dead. Do you," Paul continued, after a pause, in which he saw how clearly the voices vanished from the terrace, and all seemed dark and cold up there, like the western sky when the evening star has fallen from it—"do you know, Hugh, since I came here I have wondered much, in a vague, altogether innocent way, whether it was by chance or from choice that you married a woman so infinitely superior to yourself. Men of your stamp, though they may reverence and keep high worship the loftier types of womanhood, do not as a general thing choose a life-companion from among them."

"Still the same frank, out-spoken friend," Hugh exclaimed. "I tell you, Paul, I have not seen one since the old days who dared speak to me so plainly. But think now, my Pythias, is it not possible that you may hold an erroneous opinion concerning the sort of wife which a man of my stamp would choose if left to exercise his own free will in the matter? Consider him not thoroughly bad, but cherishing in his inmost heart a secret love for what is good, and true, and beautiful, though a love as yet not in sufficient active force to overrule the influences of evil at work against him, would he not naturally seek companionship with one in a degree above him, thereby strengthening his affection for heavenly things, and at the same time cutting himself free in a measure from the rule of sordid spirits? Or, granting only that he has a fair understanding of the worth of truth and the beauty of goodness, without any real, abiding love for the same, would he not, from purely selfish motives—because he has the wisdom to perceive the value of those qualities which he possesses not—seek to unite them superficially to himself?"

"Not properly of his own 'free will,' Hugh, for his desires are towards evil, and his secret choice is evil; yet because his reason acknowledges the power of goodness, and because he loves power and covets to wield it, if not in himself then through another, therefore he might seek such a union. But I trust, my dear fellow, that you do not present this view of the matter with the idea that I will accept it as a solution of the mystery concerning your choice."

"I judged that in your own mind you had already arrived at some such solution," Hugh replied, with some slight show of wounded feeling; "for what you said regarding men of my class, that they reverence the loftier types of womanhood, but do not choose a companion from among them, is the same in effect as saying that they have the sense to appreciate what is 'lovely and of good report,' but bearing in themselves no likeness thereto, feel towards such no drawings of love or sympathy whatsoever. But this I will affirm, Paul—think of me as you will—it was no cool, mental calculation of the worth of virtue that first led me to think of winning her who is now my wife; but I felt irresistibly drawn to her, and sought her simply and solely because of the exaltation of thought and feeling which I experienced in her presence. When I came near her, evil dropped from me as a filthy garment, and those latent possibilities of good which dwell even in the worst types of humanity leaped for a moment into living realities, and, Hugh, the 'scape-grace,' the 'mad fellow,' the 'young reprobate,' could trace in himself the faint lineaments of a man made in the image and likeness of God. By this I know that even in those wild days I was not wholly evil, having not only an understanding of virtue, but also a sincere love for, and desire to possess it, not for its effects alone, but for its real, intrinsic worth. Has that love and strong desire wrought no fruits in me? Look in my face, Paul Dana. Do you see any traces of dissipation there, or do you discover much resemblance any way to the dissolute young fellow whom you used to lecture gravely and counsel wisely ten years ago?"

"You have changed greatly, Hugh. I marked
the improvement in the very first moment of our meeting. Your mouth bears a firmer expression, you have a purer, more earnest light in your eyes, and an altogether nobler cast of countenance generally. Don’t mistake me, my friend. My remarks just now were solely in reference to the Hugh of other days.”

“I supposed so. But the present Hugh is but a development of the interior and better nature of the old-time Hugh. It may sound to you vastly like the sentimental ravings of a romantic lover to say it, but I know that under God I owe all that I am morally to the blessed influence of my wife. That I possessed some hidden germs of good is undeniable, but they must have perished in the mass of corruption where they were cast, or, at the best, lain dormant, had the sun of her love never arisen upon me. It is a wonderment to you that I should have chosen her. It is infinitely more mysterious to my mind that she should have chosen me. I do not understand it, and never could. I think she herself would be quite unable to assign a reason for her choice. But I do not like to believe it the will of Providence that the gifts according from this source should be unevenly balanced, and—are you smiling at my odd fancies, Paul?—I sometimes selfishly think that Angela may have needed the discipline of just such trials as my vices have subjected her to, to purify her nature from all taint of earthliness, and make her wholly the saint that she is. There is divine wisdom in the union of good and ill. If two natures—one with a large admixture of good, and the other with strong tendencies to evil—be brought together, the result will be to far higher ends than if like be joined to like.

What preaches to us so strongly the glory of the day as the pitchy darkness of the night? How do we discover the honest charm of falseness except by contrast with the living beauty of truth? When I see the virtues of my patron saint shining against the dark background of my vice, I am so enamoured of their beauty that all my misdirected affections are concentrated in one strong, overflowing desire to obtain and possess; and she, my angel, when she looks from me to her high ideal in the clouds, feels by contrast the exceeding majesty of goodness, and her love therefore is kindled afresh; so, while she runs with swift feet up to the serene, shining heights of saintliness, I, with slower, more painful, and often faltering steps, have struggled up out of the low country where evil passions take horrible, nameless shapes, and wrangle together for the souls of men; and, to quote a little known author, am beginning to ‘work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes of that mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in heaven only.’ Yet, though it may be shown that evil has its use, I confess I cannot discover wherein lies its attraction for good, and, as I said, the choice of my wife remains, and will ever remain, a mystery to me. I know she was not drawn to me at first. I believe that in our earlier intercourse, I strongly repelled her, and she experienced towards me only feelings of aversion and repugnance. I recollect well the first time that ever our eyes met and our souls talked together. She was standing a little aside from a party of gay young people who were discoursing flipantly upon themes of such sacredness to the heart of the believer, that in the presence of such a one, true refinement of feeling at least must have dictated that they should be respectfully, if not reverently, spoken of. I was something of a sceptic in those days, owing, in a measure, to the influence of certain works of an infidel character, that bear upon the face of them some show of reason and evidence of fact, which evidence, when it is brought before the real witnesses of truth upon the side of Christianity, falls into miserable fragments, and cannot, by any human skill, become again united. During the conversation, my sceptical opinions came out pretty freely, for I took no pains to conceal my views, but, on the contrary, I paraded them on all possible occasions as convincing proof (to my mind) of superior understanding; and when, some observation of the company having elicited from me a direct denial not only doubting but absolutely blasphemous, I chanced to look in the direction of the window where Angela was standing, I found her beautiful eyes fixed full upon me, and their gaze, sad and reproachful, sunk deep into my soul. Not a word was spoken, and not a word was needed. It was as if my soul, that of a true conscience had taken bodily form and stood before me with silent accusation and reproach. It seemed as if those eyes were in my soul forever after. They were witnesses of all I thought and did. I could not escape them, and I could not conceal from them. They haunted me by day and by night. They were with me in my solitude; they went before me in the busy thoroughfares; they followed me to the haunts of vice; they shone on me out of the cloud of my dreams; they stood my sentinels in moments of strongest temptation; until at last I grew to think of their owner as my saviour and restorer; to seek her as a messenger of peace out of a far, beautiful country from which my sins had banished me; to follow her as the only means given under heaven through which I could secure salvation, temporal and eternal; to plead with her as with one in whose hands my life was, to lift it up to glorified heights or to dash it down to infernal depths. But, my friend, I am telling you my story without in the least designing to do so.”

“Pray go on,” Dr. Dana pleaded, “I am an eager listener.”

“Paul,” Hugh continued, speaking slowly and with great earnestness, “I fully believe it was given to that woman to redeem, elevate, and save my soul, and that the wonderful influence she exerted over me was a direct interposition of Providence to stay me in my mad, downward race to perdition, and turn my feet into ascending paths. She was good, and I loved her. But to love good is not to possess it; it
must be patiently striven for; it is not easily made ours. It demands the sacrifice of all that is dear to the carnal heart, and will give itself a crown only to those who steadfastly refuse evil and with loathing depart from it. Never was wife so hardly won. Never was suit so desperately urged, as 'twere a matter of life and death. Such wooing must be indissoluble. It was joined with earnest endeavour to become worthy of the loved one, and so at length a timid consent to our distant union was reluctantly yielded, upon condition that in the interval, and under certain trials, I remained faithful to my resolution to shun evil and live only in the practice of virtue. You will not suppose, Paul, that Angela had never heard, through others, of my recklessness and profligacy; however, that may be, she had the story likewise from my own lips; not, I believe, because of any superior truthfulness upon my part, but it seemed that nothing in my life could be concealed from her. To deceive her was simply impossible. Well, I passed the season of my probation triumphantly, and we were married. It was a dangerous venture for any woman; and had not Angela's faith been anchored on One who has power to rule all evil unto righteous ends, her peace of mind must have been utterly destroyed by the consequences which followed her unwise step. I say unwise, for not once in a hundred times, perhaps, does a union like ours result in good, but only in misery, contention, and disgrace. For no reformation that is not founded in a perfect abhorrence of evil for its own sake can be genuine and enduring; and the maiden who weds a dissolute man with the delusive hope that, simply through love for her, he will forsake the old paths for ever, and lose at once all desires for the unhallowed pleasures in which he has so long indulged, makes a fearful mistake, which all the days of her life she is likely to rue in sorrow of heart and with witeness of eyes. Oh! no woman, however much she may be tempted, and encrusted with the old habits, unless she rests so securely in God that the trials which will surely fall to her lot shall have no power to shake her faith; unless she can keep her life so serene and sweet, amid disturbing elements, that its daily witness having before him a constant example of the power and beauty, and excellence of goodness, shall come at last to love it for its own sake, and to seek it as the one thing in heaven and in earth to be desired, the 'one pearl of great price,' which he would gladly buy at the cost of all that he hath.

"I think you will acknowledge, before my story is done (if, indeed, you disbelieved me at the first) that I did not speak at random when I said that whatsoever good has been developed in me is owing to the influence of my wife; for there is no conceivable power under heaven that could have lifted my soul out of the slough of vicious habits in which it was sunk, excepting the silent force of a pure, loving, truly Christian life acting constantly upon mine. Reasonings, pleadings, threatenings of wrath, visions of judgment days, vivid portrayals of the sufferings held in store for the wicked—how little effect these things produce upon the sinner except to excite his ridicule! But where can be found a heart so hardened to all good influences that it is not touched by a simple, loving act, in which self-sacrifice and humility are beautifully blended? I tell you, Paul, the poor, earnest, thoroughly humble one, who is the champion of the faith is the strongest argument that ever was or ever can be deduced in favour of Christianity, and will do more to purify and elevate the souls that come within the sphere of its influence than the finest rhetoric of the pulpit, or the most learned and laboured discussions of theologians.

"You, who were so well acquainted with my expensive habits before you went away, will not be surprised when I tell you that at the time of my marriage nothing remained of my fine inheritance excepting this estate, which, from utter neglect, was fast going to ruin and decay. The first six or seven years of our wedded life were spent entirely here, where, removed from all evil associations, and surrounded by an atmosphere of love and purity, I met with no temptations to return to the old life of sin; and in carrying out the various plans which Angela and I had formed for the improvement and beautifying of our home, time passed swiftly, and for the most part peacefully, though I was conscious of a vague unrest, which amounted at seasons to an almost irresistible desire for the old indulgences. For my reformation was only in externals: the inner man was untouched. Evil does not give up its sway over human hearts without a struggle, and it was not banished from mine, but only lay torpid in the cold pure atmosphere of good, and needed but the scorching heat of temptation to warm it into poisonous action.

"In the beginning of the second winter succeeding our marriage, I proposed to Angela that we should return to the city for a few months, and in six months, and those very quietly expressed her preference for remaining here, she offered no further opposition to my wishes, as indeed she never did, containing herself in whatever circumstances, however trying, that I choose to place her, with simply setting before me an example of purity and goodness, never reproaching me for misconduct—seldom remonstrating with me on any course which I saw fit to pursue—only very gently stating her convictions of right, without seeking to force them upon me, leaving me in the utmost freedom—if I would not otherwise believe—to learn from a second experience in vice that virtue alone is got at.

"My return to town was welcomed with hilarity by the host of 'good fellows' with whom I had formerly been associated, and I was soon drawn again into the vortex of sensual pleasures from which I had made my escape two years before. I was not, however, so completely swallowed up as in other days, for the love I bore my pure wife steadied my soul somewhat, amid the dizzy eddies; and I
fondly believed that I could withdraw when I would from the whirling waters—was fully confident that I was master of myself and my surroundings, and could say when I chose, to the waves that boiled to engulf me, ‘Thus far and no farther.’ For a space perhaps I might. I drank moderately, gambled triflingly, joined not in the mockings of infidelity, dipped lightly into profanities of speech, and steadfastly repressed my feet from those ‘open mouths of hell’ which lay their snares for the souls of men. But no one can trifle with evil and remain pure. I waxed too self-confident, miscalculated my strength to resist temptation, grew arrogant and boastful of my impregnable virtue, and I fully believe I needed to suffer the utter humiliation consequent upon my fall before I could be brought to a knowledge of my own weakness and entire dependence upon the All-Helpful, without whom we can do no good thing.

The anniversary of a notable day in the annals of our club being celebrated with unusual festivities, and attended with many allurements to a man of my former tastes, furnished an occasion of greater trial than I had yet endured, and was a severe test of my recently formed resolutions. Perhaps we are never in more imminent danger than when we feel that we are quite beyond the reach of it; when into profanities of speech, and steadfastly restrained my feet from those ‘open mouths of hell’ which lay their snares for the souls of men. But no one can trifle with evil and remain pure. I waxed too self-confident, miscalculated my strength to resist temptation, grew arrogant and boastful of my impregnable virtue, and I fully believe I needed to suffer the utter humiliation consequent upon my fall before I could be brought to a knowledge of my own weakness and entire dependence upon the All-Helpful, without whom we can do no good thing.

Certainly, I never felt so secure and self-confident as upon this occasion, and never acted under less restraint. It is often wondered that a man, knowing the terrible consequences of evil, should still persist in it. But for the time being it does not seem evil. Under excitement of passion we do things which are no more a matter of surprise to others than to ourselves when we have regained our reason. It appears to me that we were ruled by fate.

"To my mind nothing could be more harmless than that pleasant, sociable gathering of boon companions; nothing more innocent than to drink to the health, happiness, peace and prosperity of friends. Costly wines were poured out freely as water; toasts followed each other in rapid succession; glasses clinked merrily; jests and gay banter rained from every lip; bacchanalian songs resounded through the hall, and rolling out into the night, smote offensively the ears of the passers-by. The excitement wrought strongly upon my brain, and I began to feel concious of a wonderful exhilaration and lightness of spirit. Still I had no idea that I was drinking; nor, indeed, was I aware that I was intoxicated.

It was decided at last that the revel should be broken up, my vote to the contrary notwithstanding, and with great difficulty I struggled to my feet, and made a desperate effort to stand. But the table to which I clung went round the room with surprising celerity, and the floor, contrary to all expectations and all known principles of floors, rolled and tossed like the sea in a gale; the chairs waltzed together in a most bewildering manner, and my imagination reeled and staggered exactly—as I told them with severe displeasure—as if they were drunken men. Clapping the nearest hat upon my head with both my hands, I started for the door with as great dignity as the beforementioned condition of the floor would permit, and presently found myself trying to force an entrance through the solid wall, the usual place for exit having suddenly disappeared. Spying it soon, however, upon the opposite side of the room, I made another sally, but met with no better success; and so after repeated efforts, the object of interest being each time, by some juggler's trick, whisked entirely out of my reach, I finally gave up and sat down in despair. You have heard of the bewildered gentleman who, after scratching the door an hour with his latch-key, settled back, exclaiming, in anger and consternation, 'By Jove! some scoundrel has stolen--stolen--the key-hole!' No doubt that man considered himself greatly imposed upon; but if he had had the door itself playing all sorts of fantastic tricks about him, invariably fetching up in his rear when he attacked it from the front, I think he would have looked upon the mere loss of a paltry key-hole as a matter of small account.

Much to my admiration, one of my comrades succeeded at length in capturing the redoubtable door, and accepting his proffered arm I began my journey home. I need not weary you with its details. It necessarily occupied a considerable length of time, for I had not only to pause and lecture my companion upon his intoxicated condition, every time I fell in the ditch, but I stopped also to reproach whomsoever we met, and even remonstrated gravely with the lamp-posts upon the evil courses into which, from their clearly perceived indolence, it was evident to me they were falling. Home was gained at last, and I stood upon the landing of the stairs, though I have never been able to tell in what manner I got there. I recollect saying to the pale little woman who opened the door of her room and drew me in, 'The fellows have been (hic) having a high time d-down town, and some of them got g-loriously drunk (hic); but your husband is all right, M-Mrs. Hamilton, all right.'

'I remembered nothing more until I awoke from my drunken sleep in the soft, perfumed atmosphere of an apartment still abounding in confusion and dimness, and my bewildering gaze fell upon the reproaching face of the beautiful Psyche that leaned from the recess before me, looking like the celestial body of a soul not yet ascended; and the pictured head of Christ that hung above it, veiled in deeper shadow with infinitely sad eyes bent in sorrow and com-
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passion upon me. Billows of snowy drapery flowed over me and around me; nothing was there for eye or hand to rest upon but symbolled purity, holiness, and peace. My first feeling on awakening had been one of mere bodily wretchedness; but to this was added the acutest mental suffering, as memory dragged up the events of the night, and I struck my hands sharply together and groaned in anguish of spirit. At that, a soft-robbed figure, hitherto concealed among the shadows, started from its knees, and coming to my side laid its cool hand upon my burning forehead, and in a voice infinitely sweet and tender, asked, with deepest concern, 'Are you so ill, dear Hugh?'

'Good heaven! I flung the hand away as though it had been a living coal, and buried my flushed and swollen face deep out of sight. Paul, I don't suppose I hold very orthodox views regarding that place of torment which we read is prepared for the devil and his angels; but if our experiences in this life bear any semblance to those in the next, we wicked ones can expect no love or comfort, excepting what pure and holy spirits, with the hand of an angel upon my forehead—by that same hand, O, my God! was I cast into the fire of everlasting remorse, the fire that is not quenched,' devoured by the worm of conscience, which truly 'dieth not.'

This, verily, is what it is to be 'tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb.' Have I not had a foretaste? Oh, the unutterable misery of those succeeding days! It is suffering even to remember them.

'Yet not one word of censure or reproach passed the sweet lips of my angel, but her pure eyes followed me ceaselessly with looks of unspeakable love and compassion, and her tender hands clung to me as if I were her all of earthly support and comfort and defence, instead of the miserable degraded wretch who had brought sorrow and disgrace upon her. What if she had with open mouth condemned me—with bitter words reproached me—with scorn and deserved indignation turned her face away from me—with cruel taunts poured upon me to an utter disregard of her love and good opinion? Dana, I feel morally certain that you might have looked for me to-day among the lowest and vilest associations, and found me one of the most miserable and abandoned of fellows, regarding not the laws of God, and reckless of the esteem of all good men.

'After that bitter lesson in my own weakness, I grew as anxious to return to The Glen as I had been before to leave it; and accordingly, in the earliest days of spring we went back to the old home, which seemed to me encompassed and guarded by angels, so happy and comparatively pure my life had been there. But against our internal foes outward defences avail little. The tempter was in my own breast, and I carried him with me wheresoever I went. There could be neither peace nor safety for me, so long as a secret sympathy with evil survived in my heart.

'By a previous arrangement a party of friends were to spend a portion of the summer with us—partially self-invited, I think—at all events, I know they were not guests of Angela's choosing. Still she did her utmost during their stay to make time pass agreeably, never failing in the most delicate consideration of their comfort and pleasure, and daily sacrificing, as I well knew, her own wishes and interests to their enjoyment.

'Among our visitors was a widow lady, with whom, in her maiden days, I had been very deeply enamoured, and who, though she freely confessed her love for me, had refused me, under the plea of engagement to the man she subsequently married—a widower, of twice her years, but childless, and the possessor of untold wealth. She had been wedded but a year when the life of her husband was suddenly terminated by a frightful railway accident, and after a decorous period of retirement and mourning,' Mrs. Delilah Vinton had appeared once more in fashionable circles, more gay, piquant, charming and irresistible, than even Delilah Mason had been.

'Angela and I had met with her a few times the previous winter, and she had expressed so strong a desire to see The Glen, of whose beauty she professed to have heard much, that we felt we could do no less than invite her to visit us there; and accordingly the early summer months found her domiciled under our roof, as happy and entirely at home as if she had been a member of our family. She was one of those materially beautiful women, who take captive the sense, but have no power to touch the soul. You would not have called her beautiful at all, my cold, calm Paul; but I was a different sort of man, and though it was impossible that I could love her, after knowing Angela, still such was my nature that I could not live in daily association with her, and not yield somewhat to her powerful fascinations. Some way, I never could keep myself armed against her. She surprised me constantly by some new charm of manner, and I escaped from one snare only to fall into another; so, if I said to-day, 'It is but a drop of a curl, the sweep of a golden-fringed eyelid upon a rounded cheek, the graceful bend of a beautiful head, the artistic disposing of a pair of finely-formed hands which has bewitched me, and shall not again,' to-morrow it would be a sweeter intonation of the voice, a sudden and expressive glance of the eyes, the tender flicker of a smile, a magic touch of the velvet fingers, a timid appeal to my protection or support, which would quicken my pulses and bind me to her side. Then, too, there were many things in which our tastes agreed admir-
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ably. She was, like myself, excessively fond of equestrian exercises, from which Angela shrank with unconquerable timidity; and being possessed of a fine, vigorous constitution, delighted also in long rambles upon foot, through field and forest, which Angela's frail health would not permit her to share; and in all these excursions, I believed it my imperative duty as a host to accommodate it.

"When we were alone, her conversation turned much upon those days when I had been her suitor, recalling, with flushing face and accents of regret, many tender reminiscences of the time, and giving me to understand in a thousand ways, without committing herself by direct word, that if she could live one portion of her life again, her answer to the proposal of a certain nameless lover would be far different from what it had been. Usually, she wound up these discourses with an extravagant eulogy of Angela's virtues, congratulating me with misty eyes upon my success in winning one of such exceeding worth and superiority to herself, adding with a little sigh, as if she could not but regret the truth, that 'what is, is better than what might have been.'"

"It did not occur to me then, but I think now that she praised my wife in much the same spirit that Mark Antony praised Brutus to the Romans, and with something of the same effect, for these conversations always produced in me a feeling of dissatisfaction with Angela, the nature of which I could not have explained, nor even put into definite words.

"And what did that wise little lady, while her husband played the fool? She neither stormed, nor raved, nor pouted, nor wept, nor went into extravagantly gay spirits, nor flirted with her gentleman-guests, but just kept right on, in her cheerful, serene way, sweeping aside all impediments to my free intercourse with her rival, leaving us to uninterrupted tête-à-têtes, giving her a seat by my side at the table, planning walks and rides and even drives for us, as though it were the most natural thing in the world that we should desire to be together. The indifference with which she viewed my attentions to another piqued and wounded me, and I began to think far more about it than about Mrs. Vinton's fascinations. Dear heart! I knew all the ugly little crooks and turns in my nature far better than I myself did, and foresaw clearly that with me purity, truth, and singleness of heart would gain infinitely by contrast with and experience in their opposites.

"On a hot midsummer day, we were sitting, Mrs. Vinton and I, in the summer-house, which you can partly see down yonder in the bend of the path, which runs away over the rustic bridge, and hides in the cool green of the forest. There was not a breeze stirring, and no sounds to be heard but the shrill note of the cicadas, the splashing of the stream against the slender arches of the bridge that spanned it, and the faint, far-off music of the reapers on the hill."

"Our friends, declaring themselves incapable of maintaining conversation on such a day, had betaken themselves to their rooms, or were lounging with pleasant books somewhere in the cool shade of the grounds, and I, per request, was reading Byronic sentiment to Mrs. Vinton, who, reclining languidly in an arbour-chair, in gauzy, voluminous robes, looked like one of the fleshy white clouds which were sleeping in the borders of the sky. Reading here a line and there a verse, pausing to say, 'How beautiful,' 'how true,' 'how exquisite!' looking languishingly in each other's eyes, like moon-struck simplices, so rolled away the summer afternoon.

"'It is so pleasant to read the poet to one who can appreciate him,' I said, feelingly, adding, with an injured air—'Angela does not like Byron.'"

"'Not like dear Byron?' cried the widow, in shocked surprise—'Why, she must be as cold-hearted as his lady.'"

"She avered that, in its truest sense, he never wrote a line of poetry. The true poet, she says, glorifies life, setting God in the midst of it, and lifting all souls up unto His worship. He does not bewail and curse his fate continually, as she thinks; but of the ills which fall to his human lot he makes for himself a ladder, wherein he ascends unto God, and becomes one in knowledge and wisdom with the angels, sending forth from his serene heights such psalms of praise and shouts of triumph for the good he has wrestled from life, that men, pausing in awe and wonder at the heavenly strains, feel suddenly inspired with a holy endeavour, and with hearts freshly-enkindled with high resolve, and countenance shining with zealous love, climb silently up after the voice which crieth ceaselessly—'Come up hither! Come up hither!'"

"'Ah,' sighed crinolined Mark Antony, 'Mrs. Hamilton is a woman of such singular ideas! A very superior woman,' she added, quickly, 'whose opinions upon any matter are to be accepted without question, and regarded as altogether decisive. Of course her judgment of my favourite is correct; I would not venture to dispute it, even with the authority of some very noted admirers of—of the poet—for I must still continue to call him by the name he has so long borne, and cannot help clinging to my old love of him. I am a poor, simple little woman, whose opinions are of no worth beside those of a lady of such high intelligence as Mrs. Hamilton.'"

"Now, when a pretty woman depreciates herself, what is expected a gallant man can do but shake his head negatively, and refuse conversion to her heresies? But somehow, either by my fault or hers, I did not succeed so well as usual that afternoon in convincing the widow of her perfections. I was very kind to say such things, she murmured, but she had noticed lately that her friendship was less valued by me than it once was.

"'You forget that I am bound,' I said reproachfully, taking her hand, and quoting a tender verse, whose woe and passion must be excused in consideration of the author. 'But
I do not forget who was my first choice, Delilah,' was added impressively, in low tones.

"The colour flamed up in her cheek, her head drooped lower, her lips were temptingly near, and—well, I suppose I did only what 'dear Byron' would have done in the same situation.

"Just then, Angela’s pet Newfoundland bounded in at the door with a fierce bark, and looking up quickly, we saw his mistress walking across the bridge, in full view of the charming tableau we had been enacting. Mrs. Vinton’s face was crimson as the roses I had stuck in her hair; and I—upon my word. Paul, if ever I have a 'hang-dog' expression I did then, for it is by no means agreeable to a man who really loves his wife to be caught by her covertly kissing a woman he secretly despises. I think that away down in her pure heart Angela must have smiled a little sad, pitiful smile, at our guilty confusion, as she came composedly up the walk, which leding our retreat, passing a moment, to speak of the excessive heat of the day, to fan her cheeks with her sun-hat, and to say, in answer to my stammered questions, that she had been across the fields to Widow Maylie’s, whose little boy was dangerously sick.

"Evidently not given to jealousy," said Mrs. Vinton with an air, as the pure tone passed on, followed by her shaggy escort, whose faithfulness was a silent rebuke to me. I involuntarily kicked ‘dear Byron,’ who, partaking in the general confusion, had fallen to the ground, and gnawed my moustache in mortified silence. Just then Mrs. Vinton seemed to me the most disagreeable woman it had ever been my fortune to meet, and I cared little what her thoughts of me might be, nor how ridiculous I appeared in her eyes. Of course a return to our former sociability was quite impossible after that, and in rather awkward silence we went in search of some other straying members of our party, but they had all gone up to the house, which leisurely followed them. I was unaccountably anxious to have some explanations with Angela, to justify my conduct in her eyes, so far as I could: but she gave me no opportunity, being entirely occupied with our guests until a late hour, when she went up to her room, where I speedily sought her, expecting to be met with a storm of tears and reproaches; and prepared to bear the matter off gaily, as a practical joke, not likely to be repeated. But neither tears nor reproaches greeted me. She looked up with a smile as I entered, and pointing me to a seat near her own, kept me for half-an-hour in close conference regarding some matter of household expenditure; if nothing of greater moment could possibly occupy my mind. I began to answer at random, for I was growing desperate. I longed for nothing so much as to exculpate myself, and receive pardon for that which I knew must appear despicable in her pure sight; but it seemed too mortifying to be made the first to broach the subject, and I knew not in what manner nor with what words to do it. I had pictured myself as soothing her anger and laughing at her jealous fears; but I had made no provision whatever for a gratuitous confession of and apology for my contemptible behaviour.

"In heaven’s name, Angela, is it a matter of the slightest importance to you what I may do? I broke forth at last, in answer to some trivial remark of hers.

"She turned her calm, earning eyes full upon me. ‘It is a matter of such infinite importance to me, Hugh, that I never cease to pray that you may be wholly true, and pure, and honourable in every action.’

"‘Little your prayers avail,’ I said, in bitter self-derision.

"‘They avail so much, my husband, that you cannot do a mean, dishonourable thing—no, nor think an unclean thought, without feeling self-abased and cast out from my love,’ was quickly answered.

"Oh, true, true! These ceaseless self-reproaches; this cursed, Cain-like restlessness, which always followed my evil-doing—these were God’s answers to her prayers! Not from temptation to sin did her petitions save me, but by suffering which came of sin I was brought to repentance and a final forsaking of it.

"She came and laid her hand upon my arm—my pure, young wife—saying, while her true, tender eyes searched my soul—‘When I married you, Hugh, I promised unconditionally to love, honour, and obey; and since it lies not in my power to love, nor to honour, nor to obey what is not essentially good and true and noble, how great must have been my faith in you, my husband, to have taken upon myself such vows, and how entire my trust, that you would never give me cause to break them! Of your own promises I speak nothing; but that you will help me to keep mine, I do beseech you. Justify my faith in you, oh Hugh—lay not on my soul the guilt of perjury.’

"It seemed as if God was speaking to me by her pure, sweet lips, and I fell on my knees at her feet, and buried my face in her garments, and groaned aloud with my wretched sense of unworthiness.

* * * * *

"Give me your hand, friend Dana, in token of some lingering respect. You are weary of my story and wishing it were done. I have sickened over some parts of it, and have sketched them imperfectly, with a somewhat stammering tongue, and a face aflush with shame; but the worst, I hope, is told. For the rest, were I to speak eternally, I should fail in justice to her who is worthy to be crowned with the angels—love, and wisdom, and goodness, are infinite as the Source from whence they are drawn. You will not think my speech extravagant. Words are of too feeble power to render her praise, for she is a Christian, Paul—a Christian in the fullest sense of the oft-abused word—an humble disciple of the Master, confessing her faith by deeds—loving, merciful, compassionate—having that never-failing charity, which ‘beareth all
things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, pitiful of error, tender of reproof, realizing that the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth. Unto such acknowledgment have I been brought by the virtue which dwells in a pure life, and so beautiful now does truth appear to my eyes that nothing can turn me from the love of it. Evils which once tempted me are powerless to do so now. I speak not in self-confidence. The Lord is my Rock.

"Heaven be praised!" Dr. Dana's ejaculation was fervent and heartfelt.

Hugh broke the long silence which followed with a sudden question—"Why don't you marry, Paul?"

The Doctor sprang to his feet in mimic alarm, and made a feint of wiping the perspiration from his brow—"My dear fellow, how you startled me!"

"Nonsense, Paul! Don't make a jest of the matter. I have unbound myself to you. Answer my question frankly."

"I might make too long a story. I hear Mrs. Hamilton playing the prelude to my favourite song. Let us go up to the house."

"But your story, my good Paul."

"Another time, Hugh."

SKETCHES.

No. 1.

THE OLD FARM.

I have long desired to embody, if only for my own gratification, the impressions which are yet vivid of the "Old Farm" which I left at twenty years of age, to dream of forever, but never to behold again. As I sit down now to indulge in the pleasant folly of recalling the scenes of boyhood, image after image of an old picture rises up in such fragmentary shape that, with a sigh, of which I am partly ashamed, I drop the pen and have recourse to a cigar, grouping amidst its ethereal clouds the old stone house, half hidden in foliage, the barn, the huge gate, the venerable apple orchard, the meadow and dense woods beyond, and upon the other side undulating fields spreading in most picturesque variety toward a distant stream, which, now visible and now concealed, went brawling around the whole valley, shadowed in its entire course by the shaggiest hills imaginable. The beautiful seclusion of this spot almost defies description: Meadows, orchard, woods, and occasional cabins, woven around with the wildest brook and the leafiest hills, beneath an ever-changing and ever-lovely sky. I am familiar with the most bewitching scenery in this country, but I never came across such a gem set in glorious solitude as the old farm. It is my purpose now merely to recall some boyish impressions, gaze at them a moment, and then return, eheu! to the immediate "tangible and real."

A picture that I have a yearning memory for, may as well be called "Sunset in the Barley-field." This field was down low in the valley; and right against it ran the dark waters of the brook, making quaint symphonies amidst the roots of trees and over the shallows. The old stone house could just be seen from the barley-field, although the supper-horn could be heard windling faintly at eve, and filling the far hills with mysterious echoes. The glow of a descending sun on a harvest-field is always inexpressibly beautiful and touching. It seems to say, with parental fondness: "My warmth and tender love have ripened thee into fruition; my work is done, and so, farewell!" There is a silken richness, a dainty grace, a mellowed sheen in barley-sheaves when they are "staked," that is quite peculiar; and the rosy flush of dying day suffuses all with hues that seem less of earth than heaven. It was a habit of mine to lie on a gentle knoll in this spot, when the labourers had wended their weary way homeward. It was hardly the solemn array of hills, the runic rhyme of the waters, or the delicious imagery of the sky which held me in speechless thrall. There was an impalpable, altogether celestial beauty, which spiritualized the spot. The air seemed like a wave of faintest music that hung poised. I often closed my eyes out of sheer oppression of ecstasy. The infinite tranquility of the scene seemed to possess me like an enchanted slumber. Never, in that wondrous segment of the beautiful valley, at harvest-time and at eve, did any thought of the world, of books, of self, ever come to jar upon
the calm, the glory, the unutterable beatitude of that, waking or sleeping. Ab! how unreal it seems now! The fulness and splendour of night came too upon the valley, steeped in repose, the suspended moon left trailing bars of light over yellow sheaves and solitary waters, and a red star shone through gaps in the mournful hills. A luminous picture, with that "clear obscurity" which is suggestive on canvas, or in the eye of woman; but, after all, a mere picture. At least, so I thought as I plodded wearily toward the old stone house, and the familiar orchard, to receive a scolding for late hours, night air, etc. One feature of this spot, which I have vainly endeavoured to depict, was its isolation. The sound of a human voice in that barley-field at noon-time would have seemed a profanation, and the faintest tinkling of a sheep-bell would have made dissonance in the rapt calm, which rested upon the glistering sheaves and brooding shadows like a benediction. I have lain under the hedges at noon-time in the hay-fields, when the drowsy hum of insects was still not distinct now to the soft shelter beneath the walnut-trees; it was Arcadian enough, but it was of the "earth, earthy:" the reapers and their jug were not distant. Looking back now through the lapse of years, I can hear again the noon-day carol of the meadows, or see the yellow-breasted larks flying against the wind; but hardly dare it echo that the kind where my boyish soul was caught up in the spell of that enchantled barley-field, lest the wonder and holiness of its beauty should be gone, and leave me gazing at vacancy with a heart of stone.

I have spoken of the brook which meandered through the hills around the old farm. It was a famous trout-fishing stream. The young men, with the dark eyes and clear joyous laugh, who used to vex the waters with me, or lie beneath the ragged elms, and build castles as I verily believe only he could build them, was buried a few years ago, not far from the winding brook, which, in its inconstant moods and variable loveliness, so strongly resembled him. It is now difficult now to recall him, reclining on some rocks at the foot of a run which trickled down from the woods into the stream, his angling-rod "set," and his head resting on his hand, watching the eddying foam, and penciling the future with radiant hues, born of a fresh and vigorous fancy. The din of the world never sounded in that sequestered haunt, but its tempting whispers brooded over the rocks and waters; and so—I left my fellow-angler to find a quiet grave not far from the drooping trees and murmuring current, whilst I followed the seductive whispers, even into the very midst of the clamour and contention of life. It seems to me, at this moment, that my chief delight in those fishing excursions was the tramp through a clover-meadow, skirted with thickets, that spread between the old stone house and the brook. I cannot begin now to convey any idea of the joyous freshness of those May mornings, when the dew sparkled on the grass, the little squirrels held crazy revel on the fences, and the very fowls made such jubilant confusion over the birth of a new day. It seems to me now utterly impossible that such light and all-abounding joy of brightness should sparkle over any clover-field, as came up from the one I speak of, to salute me with kisses, innocent and intoxicating. The spirit of immortal youth had descended upon that rare old meadow, blessed its blossoms and butter-cups, set its bees to humming early matins, showered caresses of dew all over it, sent the birds there, and made it an elixir of life to all who would go down into its sweet waves at dawn. The old minnow-bucket is long since rusted away, and I see the billows of the clover-field shining like a happy child's face, only in the haze through which my pen is sadly tracing them. We often find ourselves conjoining things which seem distinct enough in their character. And even as I ponder wistfully over the recollection of those mornings, I recall, by some strange freak of the memory, the soft summer nights, when I used to watch the moon breaking through the hills which guarded the fishing-stream. The moon, however, cast its broken beams over nothing ruder than the uncoth trees, sleeping fields, an occasional cabin, and a mill, which it was my delight to haunt of Sabbath afternoons, when the great wheel was afloat. The dear old stream cannot come to me, nor can I go to it. Well, it is best that it should be so. I could not bear to hear the rippling cadence of the breeze in the green corn, or see the majestic repose of the ancient hills, or catch the sweet gleam of cheerful waters beneath some overhanging red bud, unless the tranquil valley could yield up those who drank the freshness of morning, or basked in the slumberous glory of noon by these winding waters, in the purple-clad day of yore. Farewell, soft picture of a time that is no more! I hand thee over to the ragged urchin who whips that pool from a pleasant bank—happy, thrice happy he!—and to the meek-eyed cattle who stand knee-deep in the blue current, and enjoy their own drowsy kind of fatalism beneath the indolent clouds.

We talk of the pastoral ages, of "shepherds piping upon oaten straws," or even of the dream-like season of a credulous and generous childhood, bathed in the glow of early morning, and innocent of the world's mysterious toils and pains, as things fabulously distant and unreal. Ah! if we would but occasionally turn aside from the theatre of active life into some of these secluded valleys, it would almost stir us to "tears from the depths of some divine despair," to note the sincerity with which Nature keeps up her solemn worship amidst the glorious temples "not made of human hands." We would muse in wonderment of thoughtful calm, or exclaim in irrepressible sorrow: "There stand the ancient hills; beneath those shining trees yet constant stream still chants its Maker's praise; the sweet blossoms glister in the olden hedge-
Leaves for the Little Ones.

TIME ENOUGH.

By R. F. P.

[Continued from page 324.]

At last the wished-for hour of departure has arrived, and Katie stands in the hall, kissing her speechless farewells on the pale cheeks of her sympathising schoolfellows. Katie Clinton was a great favourite with all the girls, and to part with her at all would have been very painful to their tender hearts; but to see their friend and companion going out from the peace and sunshine of their happy colony, into the troubled cloud that was drawing down upon her onward path of life, grieved them all very deeply.

Only Fräulein was selected by Katie to accompany her in the cab to the railway; and, while shaking her head at the thought of the German girl's want of experience, Miss Mortimer nevertheless allowed Katie to depart with no other escort, save the boy-page on the box, not having it in her heart to thwart her at such a moment.

The party proceeded steadily along, but not very rapidly, till about half the distance was accomplished, when Katie chanced to espay a tempting-looking shop, well filled with poultry and game. "Oh! Fräulein, partridges!" she exclaimed; "I must take some to dear mamma. 'It is the only thing she cares to eat,' I have often heard Papa say. Who knows? Perhaps they might do her good. Here, coachman," she screamed, her head thrust quite out of the cab-window in her excitement, "just turn round to that poulterer's shop there. And do be quick." "Oh! Katie liebchen, pray not stop. Those Eisenbahn folks never wait for no man. If you be late; lose se train; what you do?" "No," said Katie, "I won't lose the train. There's time enough." As she spoke she jumped from the cab and ran into the shop. But the master was not at home; the little boy left in charge was very slow in his movements, and had besides to go into the back-parlour to learn the price of the partridges, from his mistress. Then Katie had not sufficient silver to pay for the birds, and tendered a piece of gold, for which the boy searched the "till" in vain, to find change. Hereupon he made a second, but ineffectual, dive into the little well of a back-parlour, and finally flitted out of the shop and down the street, to procure the required amount from "the baker's."

Once more in the cab, Katie glanced anxiously at her watch. "Still zwanzig minuten, liebes Fräulein," she said, "and I know we can do it in fifteen; I do hope there'll be time enough."

"I so frighten you be late," said her companion nervously. And so, too, was Katie, though she did not dare own it, even to herself. Into the thick press of that crowded street, crawling along at a very snail's pace, go Katie, Fräulein, and the partridges. Four o'clock strikes! "Fräulein! Do you hear that!" shrieked Katie; "and the train starts in ten minutes!"

"Ach! mein Gott!" sighed the utterly overcome German; but Katie again thrust her head from the window, and intreated the driver to make an effort to get through. "It is impossible, Miss, was the hopeless rejoinder. "If any 'oss could get on, my 'oss ain't the 'oss to stand still; but now I ses it again, it ain't possible nohows."

By dint of untiring exertions, some two or three policemen succeeded at last in unravelling the tangled string of vehicles, and once more the nervous and excited passengers were in motion. But now, the lucky moment has passed! As the cab turns into the railway gates, the tall clock in front of St. Sepulchre's church points to ten and a half minutes past four; and, arrived at the station, the cruel doors are closed!

"I be so sorry for yer, Miss," said the soft-hearted coachman, seeing the red eyes of poor Katie. "I knows its of consequence to yer, Miss; but yer see I couldn't get along nohows. If any 'oss——," but Katie, having paid the fare, now entered the station through the re-opened doors, and proceeded to the ladies' room, to await, as best she might, the departure of the
next train, which would not be for another hour.

Again the terrible letter was opened and read, and poor Fräulein did her utmost to throw as favourable a light as possible on its contents; but all her efforts to cheer Katie were ineffective, and at last she became silent, and reluctantly left her to her own thoughts. These were of the gloomiest nature; for now, in addition to her deep anxiety and affliction, she had the gnawing bitterness of self-reproach to endure. Again the old bad habit had stretched forth and conquered her; for it was, she felt, all her own fault that she had missed the train. The partridges did not seem of any value in her eyes, now! "Perhaps, after all, dear mamma may be too ill to eat them," she thought; "Perhaps even— Oh! my God, spare me that," she sobbed aloud.

No one was in the ladies' room save poor Fräulein, who felt very helpless and very miserable. Hearing Katie's agonized ejaculation she was by her side in a moment; but the poor girl could not put into words the fearful thought that had so deeply wrung her soul.

At length the hour of theghastly suspense is drawing to a close. "Take your tickets, ladies, please," says an attendant at the door, and Katie rises to obey. That secured, the one box labelled, and she is at last seated in the swiftly-flying train that is to bear her, on its wings of fire and steam, to her own beloved home. Only now turned, alas! into a house of mourning.

"Fahren Sie wohl, liebenchen. Der gute Gott sei mit Ihnen," is the warm Teutonic benediction that speeded her on her way; and through the screams of the whistle, and her own blinding tears, Katie hears and sees no more of her suffering friend.

In little upwards of an hour, but which to her seemed an age, the train arrived at the station where she was to alight. On the outside, she found the coachman with a dogcart awaiting her. He hurriedly placed her and her luggage upon it, and drove off at a rapid pace. When the steepness of the road obliged him to slacken his speed, he touched his hat and apologized to his young mistress for having brought only the dogcart to fetch her; "but" he continued, "the master thought you and Miss Mabel would both be here five o'clock about, so I brought the carriage then for the two of you; but as you didn't come, and little Miss had been waitin' pretty nigh an hour, I thought I'd best take her home first, and come aften for you, Miss, you see."

"Thank you, Cripps," said Katie, "you are just as kind as you always were." She did not choose to confess her fault to the old servant, so let the matter drop thus. Presently she asked, in a reproachful voice, "How was dear mamma this last time when you left?"

"Well, Miss, I can't rightly say," said he, evasively.

"She—she is alive?" gasped Katie. "Oh yes, Miss, it's not so bad as that," replied the man; "'on' you see, it's all come on so sudden like, no one knows what to think."

"Oh! drive on faster; do please drive faster," cried Katie.

"Yes, Miss, I will," he answered, glad of any plea for being silent; and he gave the poor old mare a sharp touch with the whip, that made her dart forward with a start that sent the dogcart spinning down the steep hill at such a pace, Katie was fain to hold on with both her hands to prevent herself from being pitched head foremost into the road. At length another steep ascent compelled the poor creature to slacken her speed and recover breath; and then without any preamble, as if he were merely continuing the conversation where it had stopped, Cripps said, "Master wanted to send the telegraph to fetch you and little Missie; but Missus wouldn't let him, Mrs. Camsell says. She was afraid it might frighten you so, and make you both ill perhaps, so that you wouldn't be able to come at all. 'I can wait,' she says gently, and it is wonderful how she has waited."

"Drive on faster, faster, Cripps," cried Katie. "Oh! my God, is it so near?" she groaned.

A few minutes more, and the dogcart stopped before the little white gate of the garden. Katie sprang to the ground, and was received into the outstretched arms of her sister Mabel, which closed lovingly around her.

"Mabel! she still lives?" whispered Katie. "Yes, dear," was the scarce audible reply. And then in a tone of forced calmness and pitch, "Come up at once, Katie; but you must try and control yourself for her sake. Her life is but a gentle flicker; the least emotion or excitement would quench it in a moment."

"Trust me, Mabel darling," said her sister. "I can do anything for her;" and with calmed features, but throbbing hearts, these two young creatures entered the presence of the Great Mystery, Death!

As the door of her sick room was pushed gently a little wider open, the dying mother gazed still more anxiously towards that corner of the apartment which her eyes had never once quitted since the probability of her daughter's arrival had become a possibility. As those eyes now rested upon the fine, frank face of her firstborn, the wishful look in them changed into an expression of deepest love and content. Katie—forgetful in her beloved mother's presence of everything save her longing desire to clasp that mother once more to her heart—sprang to the bedside, and Mrs. Clinton, by a strong effort of will, raised herself on one elbow and drew her other arm closely round her darling's neck. She laid her pale cheek caressingly against that of her child, and murmuring, "God bless thee, my own darling!" sank into her last sleep, in those beloved arms.
MEMES OF THE MONTH.

Yes, "Mems of the Month," not of the Past Month, good Mr. Printer, if you please; since we prefer the more general title, which we adopted not without due consideration, and would rather not have altered. We refer occasionally to the future, and being required to write a week or more in advance, we have no desire to commit ourselves to a record of any exact period, although we may gossip as often as not on recent events. "Amusements of the Month" is a title which is allowed to stand, so why not the present writer's "Mems"? There! having thus exhausted this limited amount of wrath, which, slight as it is, should not be permitted to smoulder, we feel more comfortable, and in a frame of mind much more consistent with the present charitable season; for it is indeed true that ere this contribution from Your Bohemian shall see the light, Christmas will have come and gone, plum-pudding, pantomime, pies, puns, and puffs—from the pastrycook, the playwright, and the press—will be in the ascendant, and we trust that all our readers are in that "contended mind" one towards another which is the best evidence of a "continual feast." Although it may be too late to wish them "A Merry Christmas," we rejoice to think that we can tender "A Happy New Year, and many of them" as an appropriate substitute on the present occasion.

Our attention has been recently called to a leading article which appeared in one of the cheap daily papers, concocted out of a paragraph in reference to three children who were lost in the woods in Australia, and who, after going without food for eight days (!), are reported to have been rescued before they shared the fate of "The Babes in the Wood;" but this statement requires to be swallowed with rather more than the proverbial "grain of salt."

Dr. Smethurst, in a letter to the Times, has most unwisely declined to let bygones be bygones, and has rushed into print, which, as might have been expected, called forth a rebuke from the "Thunderer" of Printing House Square. The Doctor would have done well to have suffered the matter to rest, and the German Legal Protection Society are also recommended the more prudent course of being silent in reference to their interference with the carrying out of the sentence on Müller.

A reported murder on the London and North Western Railway, which seemed at first to be an imitation of that of Mr. Briggs, has turned out to be a mere drunken frolic, resulting in no serious consequences.

We read in the Era that a new drama, entitled, "Mr. Briggs, or the Murder in the Railway Train," is drawing crowded houses at a penny theatre at Dundee, and that one of the scenes represents the interior of a railway carriage, in which Müller is seen to attack and throw out of window the unfortunate Mr. Briggs. This, it is said, is the sensation of the piece and brings down the house, so that the morbid tastes of the lowest class in Scotland are carefully studied and gratified to the fullest extent.

Matthews, it has been said, is to receive the whole of the reward for giving the clue which led to Müller's capture; but he (Matthews) is stated to be involved to the extent of £560, which is pretty well for a cabman, and, if this is really the case, he will be no better off than he was before the discovery.

Herr Tolmaque is another imitator of the freaks of the Brothers Davenport, of whom,
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we trust, we have now heard the last, so far as spiritual agency is concerned, although the Brothers have found a zealous supporter in William Howitt, and an advocate to a limited extent in Captain Burton, the well-known African explorer, who, by the way, we perceive has been appointed British Consul at Santos, Brazil, vice the brother of Dr. Livingstone, who goes in the same capacity to Fernando Po.

The other evening we paid a visit to Astley's, and witnessed the performance of Signor Redmond, who was bound by two evident "supers," summoned from the audience; and he threw the tambourine out of the aperture; sounds were heard emanating from the "structure," which, for all we knew to the contrary, might have afforded either a convenient shelter to an accomplice or other means of deception, and this was all; the time he allowed to elapse was considerably longer than the period stated to be occupied by Professor Anderson, whose performance of similar tricks we have not witnessed, but the exhibition at Astley's may be described as a "sell," and a worthy prelude to the "beautiful" Menken. All we need say of her performance, after protesting against the representation of the character by a female at all, is that we expected it to be more revolting than it really was, after all we had heard and read; that it was indelicate enough, but not more so than many ballets. We are told, however, that her costume has been somewhat modified since her first appearance.

Blackfriars Bridge is being rapidly demolished. Business taking us to the Times office the other day, we found the aspect of the neighbourhood much changed since our last visit, owing to the formation of the new line of railway which has already transmogrified the space between Pemberton House and New Bridge-street.

Amongst other City alterations and improvements, we perceive that the Auction-mart in Bartholomew-lane is being pulled down, on the site of which we are informed that offices are to be erected.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb, on route for the continent, have visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and have attracted a large audience to their hotel: indeed, their levees were unpleasantly crowded, although nominally attended by such favoured individuals as received the compliment of a special invitation, and Commodore Nutt and Miss Warren have been showing themselves off to admiring crowds in a more public manner at St. James's Hall.

Mr. George Augustus Sala is back; and since his return he has given us, in the Telegraph, as special commissioner, an interesting and entertaining account of his visit to Niagara this time last year, from which we take the liberty of extracting the concluding paragraph. He does not appear to have been much impressed by the first view he had of the Falls; but after rambling, as is his wont, on the subject of Guy Fawkes, Gog and Magog, paper-staining, felt hats, &c., &c., he says that, at three in the afternoon,

"I stood on the brink of Table Rock, and gazed once more on the great dreary, endless spaces of water, foam, and spray. And this was Niagara—and there was nothing more. Nothing! With a burst like the sound of a trumpet the sudden sun came out. God bless him! there he was; and there, in the midst of the foaming waters, was seen the Everlasting Bow. The rainbow shone out upon the cataract; the sky turned blue; the bright trumpet had served to call all nature to arms; the very birds (that had been flapping dully over the spray through-out the morning) began to sing; and, looking around me, I saw that the whole scene had become glorified. There was light and colour everywhere. The river ran a stream of liquid gold; the dark hills gloried; the boulders of ice sparkled like gems. The snow was all bathed in ired-tints—crimson, and yellow, and blue, and green, and orange, and violet. The white houses and belvedere started up against the blue, like the mosques and minarets of Stamboul, and, soaring high behind the bow, was the great pillar of spray, glancing and flashing like an obelisk of diamonds—and it was then I began, as many men have begun per chance, to wonder at and to love Niagara."

It is rumoured that Sala, having neglected to supply regular instalments of his story of "Quite Alone" to "All the Year Round," Mr. Halliday was requested to finish it, and that a law-suit will be the result.

The Rapier, a Conservative paper published at Brighton, is edited by Mortimer Collins.

The article on John Leech, in the "Cornhill," is by Mr. Dallas, of the Times, who was furnished by the "Punch" people with the illustrations that add so greatly to its interest. The artist to whom reference is made therein, and whose portrait appears ornamented with an enormous pair of mustachios, is understood to be Mr. Millais, who was recently Mr. Leech's travelling companion.

The "In Memoriam" lines, in the December No. of "London Society," are by Mr. William Read, who is not unknown to the readers of this magazine. They are a much worthier tribute to the memory of the artist than the effort which appeared in "Punch," and which was remarkable as much for its weakness as for its questionble grammar, although written by one whose English is usually unimpeachable. There is also, in "London Society," an amusing account of the Brothers "Diddleport," which fully describes certain wardrobe manifestations at a scene held at the chambers of Jack Essel, Esq., who is a nephew of Sir Charles Eastlake. It will repay perusal, being more amusing and instructive than the various notices of the real performance.

Mr. Yates' "Broken to Harness" has reached a second edition.

The first portion of Mr. Wills' "David Chantrey" has now the place of honour in "Temple Bar," valued as "The Doctor's Wife," and the new tale promises well.

We perceive, from a slip which is appended
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to "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy," that although "Our Mutual Friend" is to be in twenty numbers, similar to other works by the same author, it is not to be in one volume, since volume the first (comprising the first ten numbers) is to appear on the 20th of January. Although the tale is nearly completed, the plot is at present decidedly hazy, and the number of character-sketches still come on the scene to little purpose; but time will show to what end they are introduced. There is a marked improvement in the illustrations of the November part—not before it is time. In Mrs. Lirriper (who was such a success last year that it has been deemed advisable to play upon the same string) we are constantly reminded of those worthies, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Wil- loughby, who, on the other hand, may have had Mrs. Gamp in their minds' eye, though they are all distinctly-marked creations.

"Punch's Pocket Book" has made its appearance, illustrated by John Tenniel and Charles Keene, the latter supplying the coloured frontispiece, which at a first glance reminds us somewhat of Leech. Tenniel's designs are clever, and, all things considered, this annual brochure may be pronounced a success. The Almanack has the assistance of fresh blood, since (in addition to John Tenniel) the illustrations are supplied by Millais, Keene, Walker, and Du Maurier.

"Tenants at Will" is the seasonal contribution of Chambers' Journal, wherein the lovers of ghost stories have been catered for to their hearts' content.

"Vere Vereker's Vengeance," by Thomas Hood, the worthy son of a worthy sire, is an amusing Christmas conceit which has been reprinted from the "Comic News:" it is especially adapted to the season. We cannot say the same of "Mr. Jones's Evening Party," by Mr. Routledge, which is very dull, and exhibits to perfection the art of book-making. Under Mr. Hood's able editorship, "A Bunch of Keys" has been published, and it is an acceptable addition to the many Christmas books which have been produced this year. "What Men have said about Woman," compiled and arranged by Henry Southgate (the compiler of "Many Thoughts on Many Things") is an elegant volume, illustrated by J. D. Watson, and one which appears suitable as a gift-book to either sex. We may also refer, in admiring terms, to Mrs. Linton's charming volume descriptive of "The Lake Country," published by Smith and Elder, who have issued "The Cornhill Gallery," which contains 100 illustrations from the magazine of that name.

We have to record the death of the Earl of Carlow, late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which took place on 5th ultimo in the 62nd year of his age. The death of M. Macquard should also be noted. That of David Roberts is a loss to art, and creates a vacancy amongst the forty full- fledged R. A.s. Among others recently deceased we may mention Jules Gerard (whose death, while fording a river in Africa, is now con- firmed); John Macrae, "The Inverness Poet;" and Mr. R. Spooner, Member for North Warwickshire.

The opening of the Junior Athenaeum Club is an event that should be recorded in our "Mems."

For some time we have been accustomed to see appended to the advertisements of marriages the words "No cards:" our attention has been lately called to the announcement of some of the births in the Standard with the addition of the mysterious words "No doctor." Shall we see "No coffins" in the obituary notices?

Mr. Spurgeon has deliberately renounced the title of "Rev.," says the Patriot, and it is added, that "we believe that he no longer desires to be so addressed:" but it is certain that Your Bohemian, when on his rambles, saw a recent placard which informed him that the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon was to preach somewhere in Southwark.

He (Your Bohemian) has also observed that the stock of Messrs. Hayward and Leggatt (it may be remembered that Mr. Leggatt's death was caused, some months ago, through swallowing a nail in a basin of soup at a railway-station) has been sold at their premises in Cornhill by Messrs. Christie and Manson.

The opening of the Clifton Suspension-bridge, which connects Somersetshire with Gloucestershire, was celebrated with much rejoicing on the 10th ultimo. And on the 12th the last remaining portions of the Exhibition Building at South Kensington were demolished—("Sic transit")

The Smithfield, or rather the Islington, show has proved as attractive as any of its predecessors, and is thought to be the most extensive that has been given in the Agricultural Fair. Your Bohemian has little time to attend the performance of opera, as he gives the drama the preference, but he attended a mild representation of "Don Giovanni" (in English), at Her Majesty's, which was chiefly remarkable for the introduction of a new baritone, Mr. F. Penna, as the Don. The attempt was, to say the least, a bold one; but although his voice has scarcely sufficient power to fill so large an arena, he sings with decided taste. Madame Kenneth exhibited much dramatic power. We thought Signor Marchesi too fidgetty in the character of Leporelo. The opera was preceded by a ridiculous production called a farce, which was quite out of place on such a stage, and would have been more suitable to the boards of the little Strand, if, indeed, it was worthy of being produced anywhere. Mr. Hatton's new opera at the other house proved far more successful than Mr. Macfarren's more ambitious work. It is a version of the "Valley of Andorre," which was produced at the Princess's in 1850, when that theatre was under the management of the late Mr. Maddox. Mr. Weiss was then, as now, the representative of Jacques, when Mr. Harrison was the Recruiting Captain, and Mlle. Nau, Mrs. Weiss, and Miss Louisa Pyne took the characters of Georgeetta, Therea, and Rose. It had been previously represented as a drama at the Strand Theatre, during Mr. Farren's
management, in 1849. "Il Trovatore" (which is not a correct title for an English version of this opera, any more than is "La Sonnambula") has drawn much better houses than the new productions. In "Sunny Vale Farm," we regret that Mlle. Beatrice Winton should have a character which gave her so little opportunity for displaying the ability she undoubtedly possesses; she had only one situation in the first act, next to nothing to do in the second, and in the third was as successful as the requirements of the part would admit, but one cannot make bricks without straw; and Victoria melodrama is out of place on the Haymarket stage. Poor Miss Snowdon did her best to bring ridicule on herself and her companions by her exaggerated performance. We are surprised that Miss Angel, being a member of the company, did not play that part. Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam's part was the best in the piece, but she did not in the least look the character intended—that of an old woman. Mdlle. Beatrice has been singularly unfortunate in her selection of parts. The first piece in which she appeared was immoral, the second was old-fashioned, with, at all events a doubtful kind of morality; and nothing could redeem the insipidity of the third, which might be called "Leah and Water." It yet remains for us to see her to the best advantage; and we hope that, should such a chance not be given to her at the Haymarket, she will seek some other theatre, where she will have a better field for the display of that grace and elegance which are her chief characteristics. The old musical farce of "No Song no Supper" has been revived here, and in which Misses Louise Keeley and Nelly Moore have appeared to very great advantage.

We have visited the Olympic, where the principal attraction is Miss Kate Terry, who acts finely, and is ably seconded by Miss Lydia Foote, who, at the close of the third and all through the last act, is particularly natural and effective. We were struck by the way in which she exclaimed, "Do you take me for the accomplice of the criminal?" The drama, which we are informed was offered to Webster, is a great success, in spite of a tedious explanatory first act. We would take exception to a most objectionable situation in the third act: it is where Lady Penarvon prays before a representation of a crucifix, which is on a sort of escritoire, and should be dispensed with. The introduction of a prayer on the stage is at all times offensive, and its omission would be an improvement to the piece, which is possibly the same that was underlined for so long a time in the old management as "Doubts and Fears," and which would have been a much more elegant title than that of "The Hidden Hand." Mr. G. Vincent's make-up and acting are admirable. Mr. H. Neville gives importance to a rather unthankful part; and Miss Farren, who is the granddaughter of "Grandfather Whitehead," makes the liveliest soubrette imaginable. In the after-piece she also displays great talent. A Mr. D. Evans, whom we do not remember to have ever seen before, is very droll; his humour is quite his own, and he amused us more than many a professed comic actor. The first piece is exceedingly slight, but it is a vehicle for the gentlemanly acting of Mr. E. F. Edgar as a young captain.

At the Lyceum the "King's Butterfly" has been withdrawn, and "Ruy Blas" substituted. It is expected that the next revival here will be "Robert Macaire," under the title of "The Roadside Inn," in which we anticipate great things of Widdicombe's Jacques Strop, that actor having toned down much of his exuberance of late. Mr. Fechter has certainly the happy knack of getting hold of names we never heard of before. We have not the remotest idea who Mr. Fitzpatrick is (who plays Don Cesar, and who is the latest acquisition), except that he comes from the Surrey and Victoria. We welcome Mrs. Winstanley as a valuable addition to the company. This actress is one of the best representatives of the duenna class, and might fill the characters sustained by the late Mrs. Glover, who appears to have left no successor, if we except Mrs. H. Marston.

At the Adelphi the "Workmen of Paris," although a success, will doubtless have to be withdrawn for Miss Bateman, who is to reappear on the 2nd of January.

We paid a visit to the Strand, that we might give a report on the "Wilful Ward," which, as has been stated, is very slight and stagey (Miss Milly Palmer is a decided acquisition, and we hope to see her before long to greater advantage); it should be remembered, however, that the Strand management does not profess to give its patrons substantial food, and we scarcely look for anything at that theatre beyond the slightest of repasts. "Milky White" is an exception honourable to Mr. Craven as author and actor. In reference to this drama, we would venture to suggest that the curtain fell at the end of the first act, before Daniel White drags his daughter off the stage, which is a hazardous situation, and detrimental to the general effect. The pretty little ballad of "Early Love" was charmingly sung by Miss Ada Swanborough, and she accompanied herself on the pianoforte, which was a much more rational mode of proceeding in a room, than advancing to the footlights, and singing to the accompaniment of the orchestra—a feat performed by many young ladies on similar occasions. We regret that Miss Marie Wilton should have taken her farewell benefit. Mr. Byron's "Grin Bushes," for which we were for a long time prepared, have at last made their appearance "on a scale of splendour never before attempted." We cannot help thinking that "Grin Bushes" would have been a more sensible title. The following advertisement was issued during the run of the burlesque of "Mazeppa." It is of course only intended as a puff: "Mrs. Swanborough begs to announce that there is no foundation for the report that one of the at-
Santa Claus.

When afternoon came, being very tired
With the teaching and music, and talk,
I put on my hat, and went out alone,
To indulge in a quiet walk.

I entered the wood, climbing up, up, up,*
'Til I came to this lonely spot,
Where the rocks, and ivy, and tall trees form
The prettiest woodland grot.

As I stood there, thinking—the drip, drip, drip
Of the waterfall’s lulling sound
Was so nice and pleasant—being very tired,
I lay down on the mossy ground:

There I thought, and thought, for a long, long time
Of the dear ones I could not see,
And of one bright, loving, wee, laughing face—
(Can you guess, Pop, whose that could be?)

"I wish, oh, how much I wish," I said,
"That my darling pet could see,
"When she opens her eyes on Christmas morn,
"Some token of love from me!"

As I spoke those words, I stared amazed;
For I saw before me stand
A tall old man, with a flowing robe,
And a white wand in his hand.

He had kind, dark eyes, and a grave, sad smile;
From his shoulders two wings unfurled;
And his voice, as he spoke those words to me,
Seemed the sweetest-toned in the world.

"Your wish shall be granted!" this old man said;
"When next Christmas morning breaks
"Your little pet Pop a present shall see
"The first thing when she awakes!"

"Who are you? Oh, do please tell me," I said.
He replied, "I’m The Children’s Friend;
"Pop shall know your gift; for, called by my name
"Is the present that I shall send.

"You are Santa Claus! You are Santa Claus!"
But I spoke to the empty air.
I rubbed my eyes, and I gazed around—
The old man was no longer there.

I searched through the grot, I searched through the rocks;
Every nook of that Fairy Glen
I searched; but in vain, for that dear old man
I could not see again.

Now, if this be true, don’t you think, dear Pop,
We have very sufficient cause
To believe our beautiful Fairy Glen
Is the dwelling of Santa Claus?

SARA.

* The woods are planted on the sides of the mountains.
OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR C——,

Paris is now quite Paris again, and the pleasure-seeking multitude have only the Embarras du choix; wherever they turn their eyes, bills announce the great attractions of the day, and the care that is taken to banish ennui. Müller and Dr. Demme are forgotten, in spite of their vogue a month ago, and Tom Pouce (Tom Thumb), second edition considerably augmented in width, with the addition of a wife and baby, is now the hobby of the day; he receives his visitors in his apartment, Hotel du Louvre, as a gentleman of independent fortune, and admits no children. Why this last clause I cannot tell; perhaps because children are too apt to consider him on an equality, and the little man seems to have a vast idea of his dignity, particularly now he has a baby. But this living wonder does not prevent us casting an envious eye on you, London, where we read, in our papers, an account of the marvellous achievements of your one-legged dancer, Donato, and of your heroine Dolores Adah Isaacs Menken; rumour says that the latter will soon visit us, so we have hope. En attendant, our masked balls have commenced, and at the first bal de l'opéra the crowd was immense, and the exhalations garlickish, particularly in the foyer, where bears chased with shepherdesses and grand lords with babies. A real lady made her appearance there, which is a rare thing. She was so distinguished by the thong that she was obliged to take refuge in the first box she could get in. Concerts, too, are very fashionable; and as for lectures, they spread with the rapidity of wild-fire, so much so that we shall soon have more lecturers than auditors: for now almost every man who can put two words together, considers himself born to lecture his fellow-citizens. At the Italian Opera Mlle. Patti continues to reap fresh laurels in "L'Elise d'Amore" of Donizetti, an opera that has long been neglected here, and in which Patti and Naunin now excite frenetic enthusiasm. You know that a little while ago the Director of the Italian Opera raised a great murmur in the Parisian press for having prohibited the entrance of the demi-monde, otherwise frail beauties, in his theatre; he has lately made another reform behind the scenes, in the same praiseworthy spirit, and which meets with general approbation from those who frequent the opera to hear good music in good company. "Roland à Roncevaux" abates nothing yet, in its success at the French Opera, and the "Africaine" remains still for the future. Madame Arnold Piessy nightly exhibits in Maître Guérin her four magnificent dresses that cost six thousand francs: the theatre pays her dressmakers. And

L'Ouvrière de Loudres—The London Work-woman,—dramatised from a novel of "Miss Braddon" by Mr. Hostein, fills the Ambigu with weeping eyes and exclamations of horror not yet surpassed, in spite of the dark deeds, the tragic theatres have lately fed us with. Two retired actors of renown have re-appeared,—Arnal at the Bouffés Parisiens in "Passé minuit" a piece which he played before Queen Victoria, when she visited Louis Philippe at the Château d'Eu, and which he again played before Her Gracious Majesty, Prince Albert, and the King and Queen of the Belgians in July 1845, in London, by the Queen's command, when Her Majesty laughed "comme une simple bourgeoise," and the public laughed as much because the Queen laughed, as they did at the piece. The other is Bouffé, who had a benefit which gave him 25,000 francs, all expenses paid, the Emperor having granted him the Opera-house for the occasion, in remembrance of a promise made in London, just after Prince Louis Bonaparte's escape from Ham. Bouffé, at that period was performing in the English capital two pieces with equal success—one in which he was a boy, and in the other an old man. One evening, after performing the boy, he had retired to prepare for the old man, when the Count D'Orsay and a stranger entered his room. "Bouffé," said the Count, "my friend is very much puzzled to know how you managed to metamorphose yourself into an old man. Dress before us, and let him see." Bouffé, who was in great haste, needed no persuading, but went through the operation, to the infinite amusement of his two spectators, who thanked him for his kindness; "and," said the Count's friend, "if Prince Louis Bonaparte ever has it in his power to oblige you, he will." Bouffé wrote to the Emperor, reminding him of the promise, and the Opera-house was immediately lent him for his benefit.

Alphonse Karr, in spite of his retirement in his lovely garden at Nice, has sent a new comedy, Les roses jaunes—Yellow Roses—to Paris, we expect to have a treat. It is a very long time since the world has heard anything of our witty writer, except as the cultivator of the finest flowers in the country of flowers. His roses in particular are celebrated: they deck the tables of all the sovereigns and princes that visit Nice, and all the rich visitors pride themselves in having flowers from Alphonse Karr's hot-beds, though some find them rather dear, and think that 25 francs for a bunch of roses is too much. "You will let me have this bouquet for half the price," said a rich, but sparing Count, who had lately made friends with Karr. "If you only pay half the price, you will only have half the
bouquet," answered the gardener. "Well, send me half, that will be sufficient." The bargain was agreed to, 12 francs paid, and the Count received at his hotel an hour after a parcel on which was written, "Half the bouquet bought by the Count." The Count opened it, and found all the stalks of the bouquet, but not a rose: Mr. Karr had divided it fairly, but horizontally.

The political world is still occupied with what we call "the process des trois"—the thirteen persons condemned, for being an assembly of more than twenty persons, last election. All the most eloquent advocates in Paris assembled for the defence and the pleading was in admirable style; but every one expects that they will lose again, eloquence being nothing in a case like theirs. The Court, after a brilliant season at Compiègne, is back again at the Tuileries. The fair Bellanger also thought she would like a peel of home again, and reappeared on a sudden in the field of her glory, but was as suddenly sped off again the same day, much against her wish: decidedly her reign is over. I told you that the fashion was to dye the little white pets all colours; but dyeing is not considered costly enough, as now they are gilded—to resemble, I imagine, their mistresses, who have adopted red for the colour of their hair. This operation for dogs costs a thousand francs—£40—and the poor little animals rarely survive a second gilding. What will be imagined next? I wonder!

The death of Monsieur Mocquard, the Emperor's secretary, has deprived his Majesty of one of his devoted friends, and the Bonaparte family of one of its oldest supporters. The Emperor himself wrote a letter of condolence to M. Mocquard's children, in which he assures them of his protection. M. Mocquard is a personage in the life of Napoleon III. He was educated for the bar, but a disease in the throat disenabled him for that profession, and he accepted a place of Sous-préfet under Louis Philippe. It is said that during that time he accompanied the Duke d'Orléans in an ascent of a mountain. The Préfet Bar, being of the party, insisted in walking in front of the Duke, his immense back masking completely the view from his Royal Highness. The Duke at last begged Monsieur the Sous-préfet, who was behind, to change places with the Préfet, and thus allow him to enjoy in peace the landscape before him. In 1840, however, M. Mocquard sent in his resignation, and joined (in London) the Prince Louis Napoleon, whose interests he has never since abandoned. M. Mocquard was also a talented writer, and has composed several comedies, which have been successfully played in Paris: "La prise de Pekin" was performed two hundred nights. He was also a journalist, and for some time was chief editor of two Bonaparte papers. It is said that his first publication was in defence of the Queen Hortense, the Emperor's mother, by an anonymous biography in reply to a biography attacking that lady, published by Arnaud. As the author was unknown, they attributed it to an historian of the Empire, who received a magnificent present in return. A little while after, M. Mocquard being at Arenenberg, the Prince Eugène happened to be alone in the latter's room one day, and discovered the manuscript of the anonymous biography: he immediately carried it off to his sister, the Queen. "Ah! this is how you betray your friends," exclaimed Hortense, a few minutes after, as Monsieur Mocquard entered her apartment. "Betray!" answered he, in surprise, "how?" "Yes, yes," added Prince Eugène, enjoying the puzzled look of his friend, "and we must punish you for it: Hortense, let us give him our mother's watch." The enigma was soon explained, and M. Mocquard has since then preciously preserved the Empress Josephine's watch, thus given to him by her grateful children. There is another anecdote related of him. Between his estate at St. Cloud and the Imperial residence there existed a large property, on which M. Mocquard often cast a long-shy eye, and he had the habit of frequently saying before the Emperor, "When I can afford it, I shall buy that estate; and I shall throw down the wall, make a door, and then, your Majesty, I shall be your neighbour." But the place was dear, and M. Mocquard not rich enough to purchase it. One day he was beginning again, "When I am rich enough."—"The Emperor, with a smile, interrupted him: 'I have bought the estate, Monsieur Mocquard, I have thrown down the wall, I have made a door, and now you are my neighbour;' and he presented him the key of the long-coveted property. It was thought that Monsieur Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, would be M. Mocquard's successor; but happily—I say happily, and that in the cause of public instruction—Monsieur Duruy remains at his post, and M. Mocquard's place is to be divided into three. He was also a senator.

With the compliments of the season, yours truly,

S. A.

THE ORIEL WINDOW.

BY L. CROW.

In the oriel window, watching where the moonbeams softly fall,
With its glowing colours tinted on the floor and tapstried wall,
Dreaming fancies of the future rise from out the misty light,
Many-hued, like those fair colours, changing oft, but ever bright.

Lo! the clouds come gathering dimly; shadows float before mine eyes:
On my bosom, weeping softly, and all wordless, Alice lies.
With cold hands my own enclasping, and yet shrinking from my kiss,
Half entreat I, half command I, "Speak! my sister, what means this?"
The Oriel Window.

To my bosom fondly clinging, clinging closer than before—
"Maud, I love him! yes, I love him!" this she whispers, and no more.
But my heart, affrighted, questions, "Can she dream that I, too, love?"
And the moonlight leaves the casement; clouds are round us and above.

Then rebellious murmurs rising in my soul unspoken cry:
"She, the child, the petted darling, thinks she loves, but not as I!
Years have taught me, looks have told me that he seeks me for his own;
And must I, this joy evading, tread life's dreary way alone?"

To my bosom still she clingeth—ah! she knows her power so well!
There, from earliest childhood nestling, every girlish grief to tell,
Does she guess how fierce the struggle ere my voice can form reply?
Does she hear what depth of anguish prompts my wild and faltering cry?

"Loose my hands, sweet Alice—loose them; I must hence, love, ere the dawn:
On thy face of winning beauty let his eyes rest, in the morn.
Be thy voice the first to soothe him, should he grieving, seek for me:
Ask not why, or where I hasten; only know 'tis best for thee!"

"Farewell, sister! darling Alice!" "Wherefore, Maud? 'tis Philip speaks!"
As from out the darkness springing, for an answering look he seeks;
And a gleam of crimsoned moonlight flickers o'er his anxious face;
But, for Alice' sake I turn me, and avoid his fond embrace.

Now, again, the darkness gathers, as he sighs, "Tis I you shun!
I have angered or have grieved you, whom I hoped so fully won.
In that hope too much confiding, have I cold or careless seemed?
Or, far worse, that gift, so treasured, is't not mine as I have deemed?

Gentle sister of my dear one! for me plead, sweet Alice, plead!
Tell her how she sadly wrongs me, if my faith she doubts indeed:
Bid her speak some word forgiving, if through me these silent tears:
Leave me not to wrestle longer with such chilling doubts and fears."

As I hide, in arms caressing, Alice's downcast look of pain,
Slowly out the sombre cloudland sails the placid moon again,
While I strive to hush her murmured "Selfish I, and I alone!
But forget, dear Maud, a folly thou and only thou hast known."

From my bosom gently raising, looks still full of girlish shame,
"Much she loves thee!" Alice whispers: "it is I have been to blame."
And the rainbow-tinted moonbeams fling a halo round her head,
And the clouds that made the oriel sad and sombre—
all have fled.

The Uncultivated Mind of the Labourer.—There is something humbling to human pride in a rustic's life. It grates against the heart to think of the tone in which we unconsciously permit ourselves to address him. We see in him humanity in its simplest state. It is a sad thought to feel that we despise it; that all we respect in our species is what has been created by art—the gaudy dress, the glittering equipage, or even the cultivated intellect. The mere and naked material of nature we eye with indifference or trample on with disdain. Poor child of toil, from the grey dawn to the setting sun, one long task; no idea elicited—no thought awakened beyond those that suffice to make him the machine of others—the scurf of the hard soil. And then, too, mark how we frown upon his scanty holidays; how we hedge in his mirth, and turn his hilarity into crime! We make the whole of the gay world, wherein we walk and take our pleasure, to him a place of snares and perils. If he leave his labour for an instant, in that instant how many temptations spring up for him! and yet we have no mercy for his errors: the goul, the transport ship, the gallow—these are our sole lecture-books, and our only method of instruction. Ah, fly on the disparities of the world! they cripple the heart; they blind the sense; they concentrate the thousand links between man and man, into the basest of earthly ties—servility and pride. Methinks the devils laugh out, when they hear us tell the boor that his soul is as glorious and eternal as our own; and yet when, in the grinding drudgery of his life, not a spark of that soul can be called forth—when it sleeps, walled round in its lumpish clay, from the cradle to the grave, without a dream to stir the deadness of its torpor. —Burges.
Reaping the Whirlwind. A Novel in three volumes. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel. (T. Cauley Newby, 30, Welbeck-street, Cavendish Square.)—Wanting the force and passion which the title leads us to expect, and for the true working out of which the authoress held all the elements in her hand, "Reaping the Whirlwind" is nevertheless a well-told story of considerable power, and exhibits the writer's knowledge of the better nature of her sex in a marked and intelligent manner. Nothing can be more real, more lovable and womanly, than the character of Ethel Beamish, nothing more true to nature than the imaginary sorrows of her early married life—her aching jealousy, her morbid fears for the continuance of her husband's love, her exigence, which arises not from selfishness so much as from her own excess of affection—and, as time passes on, the gradual recognition of her husband's true regard, and of the rationality of wedded life. With Gertrude, her sister, we cannot profess much sympathy; she walks apart, even by the side of an only and younger sister, and makes us feel the coldness of her self-contained and haughty nature, repelling from the very first. But the inhabitant of Primrose Cottage, and the two maiden sisters, the Miss Downings, and their niece and protégée Jane Norton, are charmingly real, and with all the "miching mallecho" of the lively little widow, Mrs. Vivian, and the peculiarities of the spinster's, pleasant persons in village society. But Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel shall describe them herself:

Miss Downing was a lady of about forty years of age, with a tall, stately figure, and the remains of considerable personal attractions. She was strong-minded, healthy, energetic, and of very decided literary tastes, which had more than once induced her, it was said, to open a correspondence with the editor of a local paper, and to offer to supply both the poetry and the leading articles on very moderate terms, as well as to regale the editor (who lived at Bollby) with tea and toast whenever he felt inclined to walk as far as Graybourne. No one seemed very clear as to the result of these overtures; but Miss Downing was always suspected of being the author of several heroic and didactic compositions, which from time to time had appeared in the poet's corner of The—shire Instructor, and which were signed "Semiramis." In temper and disposition Miss Downing was really a pattern to elderly spinsters in general, being cheerful, contented, and, as far as appeared on the surface, entirely reconciled to her lot. The little widow at Primrose Cottage said, indeed, that she had by no means relinquished all hope of escaping from the despaired sisterhood yet; but then that little widow wasn't a bit charitable towards other women, and could not quite forgive Harriet Downing for looking so well and handsome at forty years of age.

The second sister, Miss Dora, was an invalid and very romantic. She had long fair hair, which she wore in ringlets that were always out of curl, and somewhat wiry in texture; but her blue eyes were soft and pensile, and there were some sweet tones in her low and rather melancholy voice, which, united with her general appearance and invalid state, gave her a claim to be reckoned by most persons of the other sex as an interesting woman. Jane Norton, the niece, whom those kind-hearted ladies had adopted on the death of her parents, was a bright-eyed girl of about eighteen; not pretty, not graceful, certainly not clever, and yet with a quaint odd charm about her that it would be very difficult to define. Her aunts were very fond of her, and allowed her to do exactly what she pleased; and the consequence was she did nothing (when she was not playing with the cat) but a little needlework on her own account, and spent altogether as idle and profitless a life as could well be imagined.

Her fat good humour, keen observance, and love of soft-furred animal pets, culminating in her affection for "Blabberly Cutsome" (a pet dormouse), makes her, in Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel's hands, quite a character. It is only where the wicked people, with their wicked ways, come on the stage of the story, that the author dwarks her own conceptions and disappoints the expectations of her readers by her evident fear of entering the list of the sensationalists. But the character of Meta belongs of right to that class of novels, and loses half its vigour by being transposed to the calm foreground of respectable domesticity. Her unscrupulous deeds lack action, and become tame enough when recorded at second hand. Also her lover Guy, whose main object is to represent the unreasoning recklessness of a blind, infatuated, ill-regulated passion, exhibits no passion whatever in the presence of the reader; but is, in point of fact, boyish, and weak and insipid enough to conciliate us to his wife's indifference. Her active wickedness degenerates, in the last volume, into a weakness for brandy-and-water, and involves Guy, who for love of her had given up the profession of the church, and the aspiration of his genius, in the gathering of the weird harvest which she had sown, and which gives the title to these volumes. Walter Kenyon, the spoiled darling of fashion—the man of good impulses and weak will—amiable and irresolute—is well depicted; and the character of the vicar of Graybourn, though perhaps a little overshadéd, is one well calculated to account for the tenderness and reverence with which Ethel Beamish regards him. But the charm of the story is in its telling. All the events but those which refer to Meta, and the mystery which surrounds her, evolve themselves quite naturally, and have that pleasant air of resemblance that the autobiographic style in which it
Amusements of the Month:

is written agreeably conveys. Moreover, there is a purity and right teaching in the truths the author inculcates, which gives a moral value to these volumes.

Magnet Stories: Rainbow's Rest. By Thomas Hood. (Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster-row).—Where all are good, it should be sufficient praise to say of this charming little story, that it is the best of this year's series. The honoured name of the writer carries with it a certain prestige; but "Rainbow's Rest" requires no adventitious aid, to make it acceptable to young readers of either sex.

Workhouse Visitors Society's Journal. (London: Longman, Green, and Co).—A new feature, and a very agreeable one, in the shape of a sketchy article, illustrative of life in the workhouse, is superadded to the usual reports and grave papers in the present number, and, as the Journal in all probability finds its way to the inmates of the workhouses, is calculated to inculcate, in an acceptable form, good seeds that might be trodden on if more didactically offered. We are glad to see the Society extending its usefulness.

The Cliff Climbers; or, the Lone Home in the Himalayas. By Captain Mayne Reid.—We have been written to many times, during the last two or three years, to know when Capt. Reid was going to publish the sequel to "The Plant Hunters." One little boy added, that he thought it was a shame to leave Karl, Caspar, and Ossaroo shut up in that mountain valley so long. We thought so ourselves, but could not answer the question. We can now, however, inform our anxious readers that "The Cliff Climbers" is the sequel to "The Plant Hunters," and that they can now learn how the boys and their Indian friend succeeded in escaping from their prison; and also all the wonderful adventures with beasts and birds which befell them in their efforts. We think it one of Capt. Reid's very best books. Of course we offer it as a premium.

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Music.

New Song: "She's A' My Own." Poetry by Matthias Barr; music by Gerald Owen. (London: S. Clark 9, Amen Corner, Paternoster-row).—We commend this very pretty Scotch ballad to lady vocalists. The words are what they profess to be, poetry; and the melody, which is sweet and expressive, is within easy compass.

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Amusements of the Month.

There has been little alteration in the theatrical bills. All the houses have been busy with the preparation of the Christmas pieces, which, before these lines see the light, will doubtless be enchanting crowded audiences. We must necessarily defer till our next the consideration of the pantomimes and burlesques best worth seeing. By-the-way we must briefly allude to the production at

The Adelphi

of a drama from the French, called "The Workmen of Paris," one of the most remarkable pieces ever produced. The great scene is one of a large foundry, with all the works in full progress. Mr. Webster plays the chief part with consummate skill and perfect truth of nature.

W. R.

Amongst the general theatrical gossip, we hear that M'dle. Beatrice is engaged at the Lyceum Theatre, where Mr. Fechter is about to appear in "Ruy Blase." Miss Bateman is also expected at the New Adelphi; and Sothern has already returned to the Haymarket.

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Royal Polytechnic.

We know of no place of amusement where the little people, who claim the largest share of attention at this particular season, are more richly catered for than at this Institution. Professor Pepper, with his usual generosity, has provided not only tubs of toys, to be gratuitously distributed to holiday visitors, but new Dissolving Views, a new Pantomime, and novel Ghosts. We confess to a little anticipative shudder at the story which is made the vehicle for their appearance, and almost regret that little children should be made familiar with the horror of an Indian Suttee.
LADIES' PAGE.

NETTED BORDER.

Materials:—No. 8 knitting cotton (3 threads) of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby, and 2 different sized meshes are required.

This border may be made any width, and is suitable for trimming bed-furniture, dimity window curtains, &c. After making a foundation, net 2 plain rows. 2nd row: Net 4 plain, wind the cotton 3 times round the mesh, putting the needle each time into the stitch, but not netting it; then, to knot the stitch firmly, pass the needle round the 3 loops without putting the thread over the mesh, and secure it in the same manner as a buttonhole stitch would be made at the edge of embroidery. This, we think, will explain the mode of fastening the stitch. This makes a little feather, the arrangement of which, in triplets or diamonds, may be left to the worker, and the pattern can be varied as taste dictates, making the diamonds larger, so decreasing the quantity of plain netting. When the top of the border is finished, the fringe is commenced with the largest mesh. 1st row: Net 4 stitches into every alternate loop, and secure in the same manner as the smaller feathers or fancy stitches. The 2nd row is netted plain with the smaller mesh. The 3rd row the same with the large mesh. 4th row: With the large mesh take 4 loops of preceding row, and make 1 stitch of them; repeat. 5th row same as 1st. 6th row same as 2nd.

KNITTED GAUNTLET.

Materials:—Some single Berlin wool, of any shade that may be preferred; one-eighth of a yard of plush; one-eighth of a yard of silk for lining; one yard of ribbon.

The season has now arrived for making these useful articles; which are so comfortably worn over a pair of kid gloves, when the weather is intensely cold. The portion of the gauntlet that covers the glove is knitted, and the gauntlet is made of plush or velvet lined with silk and wadding, ornamented with a bow and ends of ribbon. Having only the glove to knit, a pair of these gauntlets would be quickly executed. The glove is knitted backwards and forwards (not round) in the following manner: Cast on 82 stitches. 1st row: Slip 1, * make 1, purl 1, knit 1, repeat from *, knit 1. 2nd: Slip 1, * make 1, purl 1, knit 1, repeat from *, knit 1. It will thus be seen that the stitch that was purled in the preceding row will be knitted in the next, and so on. After having knitted 30 rows in this manner, the thumb must be commenced. This is made by casting on 10 stitches at each end of the knitting, making altogether 82 stitches. Fifty rows are required to make the thumb; and in knitting the extra 10 stitches at each end they must be diminished every now and then by knitting together the 4th and 5th stitch at the beginning and end. This diminishing must be done gradually, and at the end of the 80 rows there should be on the needle the same number of stitches as was commenced with; 30 more rows have now to be knitted, and the mitten is finished: the thumb is neatly sewed up, leaving a small opening at the top. It is further ornamented on the back of the hand with 3 stripes of embroidered silk. This is very easily accomplished by taking 2 ribs of the knitting, and working over them in coarse herring-bone stitch. The depth of the plush cuff is 4 inches, the length round 14 inches. This cuff should be shaped a little towards the glove portion, to suit the size of the bottom of the knitting.

RUFF FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Materials:—Seven skeins of white wool, and seven of pretty rose colour. Knitting needles, No. 15.

With the wool cast on 130 stitches, and knit a row. Purlo the next; and knit and purlo alternately six rows. Join on the coloured wool. Purlo the first row and knit the next. Repeat these alternately until six coloured rows are done. Do the two stripes alternately three times more, then cast off loosely, dropping every fourth stitch, and subsequently undoing it to the foundation. Sew the edges together, and draw up the ends.

The Tassels.—Take some white wool, and also coloured, and wind together round a strong cord about twenty-four times. Tie the strands tightly at even distances of three-quarters of an inch. Cut them between every two ties, and string the balls thus formed on wool, with a rug needle, to form the tassels. Chenille tassels also look very pretty.
THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

**First Figure—Home Toilet—Dress of Havannah silk, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with a flounce, mounted in wide plaits, headed by a *torsade* or lozenges of velvet of the same colour, or it may be of a deeper shade. Jacket body of velvet, bordered by the same trimming, accompanied by a narrow ball fringe. Sleeves half-tight. Linen collar, mounted on a *chemisette* body, having a frill down the front finely plaited by hand.

**Second Figure—Dinner toilet composed of black *pou-de-soie*, trimmed at the bottom with a broad band of blue *pou-de-soie*, set on in vandykes, with bands of ermine at each point. Body with a lapep prolonged about four inches deep on the hips, and edged with a trimming of ermine; this body is cut low on the shoulders, from which it is continued in blue *pou-de-soie* up to the neck. Sleeves almost tight, also of blue *pou-de-soie*, finished at the wrist with an ermine trimming, and a *ruche* of English lace, which completes the under-sleeve. Mechlin *tulle* collar trimmed with the same lace. Hair ornamented with blue ribbons.

Another pretty indoor toilet consists of a grey *pou-de-soie* body, with a shawl skirt behind. A frilled plaiting of violet silk surrounds the body, with which a violet silk waistcoat is worn; and a similar trimming (deeper, of course,) surrounds the skirt where it is set on in undulations. A linen collar trimmed with *valenciennes* is mounted on a *chemisette*, the front of which is trimmed with a frill of the same lace, which is seen through the opening of the waistcoat. Under-sleeves with a linen band, and to fit the collar. The popin sleeve of the body is trimmed top and bottom with a frilled plaiting.

A very pretty walking dress is composed of green *pou-de-soie*. Body round at the waist; sleeves half-tight. Velvet *paletot* fitting to the waist behind; it is ornamented, on the seams down the skirt with gimp. A *fancon* shaped drawn bonnet, made of pulled crape, and ornamented outside and in with a branch of roses. Behind a puffing of crapes, with cross pieces of black lace spanning it. Linen collar, with deep cuffs to match.

Of bonnets I have little to say but what you already know: the form *fancon* without a curtain prevails, especially with young ladies who wear the hair low, and are happy in exhibiting its beauty. I am sorry to say that this charm is sometimes simulated, and that bonnets are here, and I dare say also in London, exhibited with artificial cheveuere attached. Amongst models lately executed I am tempted to describe one formed of white satin, over which is placed a net-work of *poucese* chenille. Behind the *cache-peignes* is formed of flowers of fuchsias, in velvet of the same shade, falling over a *fond* of white *tulle*, covered with a net-work of chenille. In the interior are fuchsias set in a *ruche* of *tulle illusion* with black velvet ribbon between.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

**Poetry accepted, with thanks.** — "Wild Flowers;" "Two Evenings;" "The Seamstress and Street Musician;" "Rain-words;" "True to the Last;" "The Devotee."

**Declined, with thanks.** — "Let By-gones be By-gones;" "St. Agnes;" "A Christmas Carol;" "All for Glory;" "Farewell;" "Look Up;" "Unto the End."

**Prose accepted.** — "The Desert of Sahara;" "School Days;" "Paul the Carpenter;" "The Other One;" "Our Gal;" "Flora Fairleigh."

**Declined, with thanks.** — "Going Circuit;" "Her First Appearance;" "Marion Leigh;" "School Hours;" "Exotic Poetry" (returned); "Summer Tours," by the same writer, has not been received. The above MSS. will be returned to the authors on receipt of stamps for the postage.

Books, Music, &c., for notice or review, must be forwarded by the 10th of the month, to appear in the following number.

Our notice of the Winter Exhibition of Painters in Water Colour is unavoidably postponed till next month.

Printed by Rogerson and Tuxford, 246, Strand, London.
THE COMMONER’S DAUGHTER.

By the Author of "A Few out of Thousands."

CHAP. IV.

Three months after my mother’s death I sat one morning in the chamber that had been her bedroom. I was deeply engaged in the pages of romance, with one of the terrific titles invented, I fancy, by the Minerva school of fiction—"The Black Pirate; or, the Dark Valley of the Dell of Doona," one of a series which I imagine Mr. Castlebrook had bought at a sale of books, and which lay altogether in one corner of the bookshelves, which dignified his sanctum with the name of library. While I read I was nursing a little black cat, my own exclusive property and pet. I thought this animal no common quadruped. When a kitten, he had been rescued by my mother, in the course of a morning’s walk, from impending torture and ultimate death, at the expense of sixpence and a lecture on humanity. Some juvenile ruffians were testing the poor little brute’s powers of endurance by pulling his legs to see if they would break before they drowned him. They were just on the point of making a furious onslaught on his ears and tail when we interfered, and although the lecture was not sufficiently powerful to obtain a cessation of hostilities, yet the六pence I was allowed to offer as ransom, proving more effectual, the kitten was given up. He must have had all his fabulous nine lives pretty nearly taxed out of him, for he was at his last gasp. I cried over the cat like a great baby, and begged that if he lived I might keep him for a pet. I cannot describe my joy when my mother consented. Without friends or companions of my own age, I was delighted to have this poor little kitten to hug and caress. By dint of much training, careful feeding, and no end of petting and coaxing, he had become a much worthier specimen of feline nature than most creatures of his kind with which I have had any acquaintance. The cat had no regular name. We were so long in fixing on one that was sufficiently to my fancy, that his designation had settled into "Tootsy" and to no other would he answer, so he remained "Tootsy" all the rest of his days. I decorated him with a scarlet leathern collar hung with little brass bells, which, besides contrasting tastefully with his glossy black coat, was extremely useful at times in signifying his whereabouts, for at first he had given a great deal of trouble, being found once, after a whole day’s search, ensconced in the back-kitchen oven, fortunately not that day in use. At another time he was up a bedroom chimney. Again he took refuge in one of the men-servant's new boots, and being mistaken by our "Jeanie" in his fright for a rat, only escaped by the merest chance being knocked on the head and finished on the spot. When time had corrected these vagaries of his kittenhood, he settled down into an amiable, intelligent, coaxing mouser, and, saving the feathered tribe, which formed a temptation he could never wholly overcome, he was honest and faithful—rare qualities in his kind. He was always in my presence day and night, and slept at the foot of my little white bed. The cat then, as usual, was on my lap, and my whole heart and mind were occupied by intense interest in the scene where the Black Pirate had imprisoned the heroine in a subterraneous cave of "The Dark Valley of the Dell of Doona," and I had come to the part where she defies him with a dagger she had worn concealed in her bosom, while her other hand disengaged threatened to fire a train of gunpowder, which by some unaccountable neglect the Black Pirate had forgotten to notice or remove, when at that exciting moment, I was startled by the entrance of Mrs. M’Logie, the housekeeper, and, indeed, I may say the factotum-general of our household. This person was a most particularly disagreeable, ill-tempered and vindictive old Scotch woman, who having been my father’s nurse, and a dependent on him for many years, took it upon herself to be as disrespectful and as arrogant towards the uninfluential members of the family as she chose. She was between sixty and seventy years old, mostly attired in a rusty, scanty black silk gown, and wore large white aprons with bibs, at which the smart young maids laughed. She had a hard cruel cold grey eye, and took great quantities of high-dried snuff, which habit, indulged for long years, had imparted a dark shade over the upper lip, which resembled an incipient moustache, and was anything but improving to the general contour of her countenance. This venerable servitor, who especially disliked me, now entered with
such a grim and ill-subdued expression of gratified malice on her withered face, that knowing full well her chief happiness consisted in the miseries and vexations of her fellow creatures, I naturally forbade evil.

"Oh, are ye there, Miss Isabella," she cried, peering into the room, and holding the door half-open with her hand; "say, idling with the housekeeper? I see, when ye sulk be at yer sampler. Jist pit yerself smooth, and gang ben the library, the maistre's speaking for ye, and ye mnaa gang till him woot any loss o' time."

"Very well, Mrs. McLogie," said I, "I will go to papa directly."

"An jist take' wi ye a few hints for yer behaivour, my fine-spoken young laddie. Mr. De Trevor Castlebrook's no in the sweetest o' moods the day. Dinna fash him mair by ca'ing him yer papa."

"Why," said I, my temper rising at her tone of sarcasm, my cheeks flushing, and my eyes beginning to glisten, "he is my father, I suppose."

"Hoot toot, I suppose sae; but vera much agin his gude will I'm thinking," answered the old woman with a sneer, "No, Miss, gang yer ways. Ye'll hear news maybe; I hope 'twill content ye, it will make me, fine."

As she spoke she took a huge pinch of snuff, a "neeshin" she called it, and fixing her grey eye on me, it bore such an expression of malignity that I was glad to rid myself of such a pesky woman by obeying her injunctions. I caught up the cat in my arms, for her malice was most especially directed towards him, and prepared to quit the room, first doubling down a leaf of "The Black Pirate," regarding whose fate I was compelled to remain in suspense, and wondering what delinquency had summoned me to the library, too well aware my father never required my presence except by extenuating circumstances. As I reached the door Mrs. McLogie called to me.

"For ony sake, Miss Isabel, pit down that beastie. Ye cauldnae surely int'ye fyther's presence hugging that varmint. Jist let me catch him stealing the cream on my tea-tray again, an I'll hang him as high as the doorseat, or drown him in the Serpentine. Ay, ring awa," as Tootsy shook his bolls violently; "ring awa, my bonnie beast, yer mistresse will sune hae something better to employ her time wi', I'm guessin', than nursing a wee cat, an readin novels a' the lang day."

My hasty temper was soon irritated, and I haughty told the housekeeper to show a little more respect to her master's daughter. Being the weaker of the two, in power at least, I had best have kept silence. A storm of vindictive anger, in the broadest Scottish dialect, came down on my head, causing me to run to the library as fast as I could, to escape the abuse showered on me.

Out of Charybdis into Scylla!—I was indeed only too certain that if I ventured to complain of Mrs. McLogie's unpleasant manners, and still more unpleasant language, I should meet with no redress. Lonely, companionless children are shrewd and deep observers. I had seen too often in the lifetime of my poor mother, how much more the servants were regarded than the mistress, and I too bitterly felt that in my father's house I was of much less account than the lowest menial who ministered to his wants and pleasures. As I laid my hand on the handle of the library-door, my forebodings again arose as to what could possibly form the present grounds for reproach. Was it about the abstraction of "The Black Pirate" from the book-shelves? I had never been precisely forbidden to read novels. Indeed no one cared now sufficiently for my welfare to restrain my reading, but certainly I had indulged in a very extensive course of fiction, so I concluded, that being the weightiest matter on my conscience, that "The Black Pirate" must be the cause of this unpleasant summons.

My father was seated in a luxurious easy chair, and his eyes were fixed so intently on the fire, that at first he did not appear to notice my presence, thus I had a few minutes in which I could contemplate Mr. De Trevor Castlebrook. In the heat and fervour of my romantic fancy I identified myself with my latest cherished heroine, and imagined myself standing in the presence of the redoubtable Black Pirate himself, though now I have so little recollection of the author's description of that hero, that I cannot say how far my father's personal appearance coincided with his.

Mr. Castlebrook was a tall, strongly-built man, with large, not unhandsome features, and thick dark brows, which when knitted gave him a look more repulsive than nature originally intended. Many, I believe, designated him a "fine man," and he was at this period in the very prime of life, for, as I have before told, he had married young. When angry or excited, his face flushed more than was conformable with strict elegance, his mouth was large, with full and prominent lips, and his eyes of an uncertain shifting colour.

Raising those eyes, while I was constructing a romance in the recesses of my brain, Mr. De Trevor Castlebrook espied me standing at the further end of the large writing-table.

Tootsy had escaped from my arms, and was occupied in making an inspection of the furniture, which was new to him, and exceedingly strange.

This was my parent's salute: "Oh, it's you, is it? Well!"

The thought came across me that he might well raise a question of whether I was myself, seeing that his personal supervisions were so few; however I merely answered, "Did you want me, papa?"

"Want you"—bitterly—"No, I do not want you; I am never likely to want you. You grow by heaven! more and more like your—"

He had the grace to stop his speech. My face flushed. I knew instinctively that he intended some disrespectful allusion to the mother whose memory I so dearly loved; there was a slight
The Commoner’s Daughter.

puse, while my heart swelled with mingled grief and indignation; then Mr. Castlebrook proceeded:—

As any prolonged conversation with you, Isabella, is neither agreeable to my leisure nor my feelings—so invariably repelling and disobeient do I consider you—these qualities, however, do not surprise me much, when I recollect who brought you up” —more flushing, burning rather in my cheeks, and then flashes from my eyes, succeeded by big watery drops—

“I wish,“ he continued, “at once to tell you that your present ill and useless life must undergo a very decided alteration.”

My streaming eyes were raised imploringly; I knew unhappiness, in some shape or other, was approaching.

“If you think,” he went on to say, “that reading novels, and squalling songs all day long will make you fit to preside over my house, which I suppose some day or other you must do, you are mistaken. You must learn how to behave as a lady, and to direct the servants. What is that?” demanded Mr. Castlebrook, in stern surprise, as a violent peal of tiny bells attracted his attention.

Tootsy had indeed just completed a thorough survey of a buli cabinet, and after smelting it and bringing himself against it several times, evidently disapproved of the same, and testified that disapprobation by shaking himself, and at the same time his collar.

“It is only the cat, papa,” I said timidly. He uttered a terrible oath.

“Send the brute out, or I will have the dogs brought in.” He rang the bell; Stipens, who united in his own person butler and footman, answered the summons. “Send that wretched animal out of the room. Detestable cats! I must have them brought under my very nose!”

And Stipens and I began struggling, beneath chairs and tables to secure the cat, who, conscious that he was obnoxious in these new regions, buried himself in the most inextricable situations. The servant, at last, dragged him from under the sofa, and he was summarily ejected in the most ignominious fashion possible.

Mr. Castlebrook went on complaining—“This house has become a perfect nuisance, Isabella; M’Logie says that you are grown quite unbearable; but who could expect you would turn out otherwise? However, without more preamble, as I do not choose to have an affected minx of a governess here, you must go to school. I have been recommended to one where the pupils are all daughters of noblemen or gentlemen, and in short—where you must go. So m’am, you turn white and affect to tremble—tears! Pah! watery-headed fool! I will waste no further words on you. It is plain to see whose daughter you are. Quit the room, driveller; the day after to-morrow you leave home for school—go.”

I gave one heart-broken look, to see if there were any signs of relenting. Discerning none, I hurried out of the room.

Passing through the hall to go up stairs I saw Stipens poking with an umbrella at Tootsy, who,

ensconced beneath a hall chair, was spitting and swearing with all the ferocity of his feline nature at his tormentor. I snatched the poor beast up, and running with him to my mother’s room, I threw myself on the bed where I had seen her lying in her coffin, and vainly I called on her to come back to her poor bereaved heart-broken girl, who had no one now to love her—none—none!

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 Chap. V.

Four days after that scene in the library my clothes were selected and packed by Mrs. M’Logie’s own hand. The housekeeper was so delighted at the prospect of my departure that she indulged in a fit of liberality, which was not the least unlooked for, because it cost her individual pocket nothing. She baked me a large school-cake—a bun she called it. She made me a great pincushion out of scraps of velvet, yet in spite of this exercise of benevolence, an uneasy persuasion hung over me, that she would have much preferred sticking the pins into me, rather than into their legitimate abode, the cushion.

When the hour arrived for me to leave home, Mrs. M’Logie herself escorted me to the carriage in which Mr. Castlebrook permitted me to be conveyed, rather as a herald of his own state and dignity, than from any regard to my comfort and convenience. In answer to my request, that I might say farewell to my father, she graciously informed me that he had gone out of town the day before, adding that he had given his commands that I should be a very good girl, and had also sent me a five-pound note, to meet such expenses as I might find incurred at school. She took a five-pound note out of her deep old fashioned leather pocket-book as she said this; and I felt a dull coldness creep over the heart which had expanded with the vain hope of being once more cared for and blessed by a parent. In the fulness of my sorrow, I even forgot all M’Logie’s spite and ill offices, and would have given her a farewell embrace; but she recoiled from it so visibly, that even my home-loving ardour was checked. I got into the carriage, and looking round to see if I had forgotten anything, demanded a small basket, which I declared I could not go without. It contained my cat. As Mrs. M’Logie handed it to me, she observed with a grim smile that she supposed a cat would be charged in the bill as an extra at the Misses Partridge’s school.

This was the last remark she addressed to me, for she turned round to the coachman and directed him to drive to Mnemoiney House, Arlingford-square.

Although the Misses Partridge’s school was not very far distant from Piccadilly, our Jehu being of that species called “slow coaches,” did not make very rapid progress: we stopped occasionally to hear a band of itinerant musicians, or to laugh at the vagaries of Punch, the
dog Toby, and the Beadle. He also appeared to have an intimate acquaintance with numerous astronomical signs, for we were perpetually halting at "Rising Suns," "Half Moons," "Seven Stars," and the like. To these, he and the outdoor footman, who rode on the box, and for his entertainment, need not have paid short visits, varying from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour. As these calls, however, delayed us considerably, it was some time before we arrived at the door of a large house, in an old-fashioned square, a door adorned with a large brass plate, which bore the title Mnemosyne House, a sonorous one, impressing me greatly with its fulness and importance. Say not, Oh Shakespere! there is nothing in a name, when even a child can be swayed by it. I felt quite breathless with apprehension, and began to entertain dismal anticipations that my pet would have to be sent back in the carriage, consigned to the tender mercies of Mrs. Maitland or Missy and Miss Phipps. After two impatient knocks and rings from our people, the door was leisurely opened by a young man, who, from my reminiscences of him, I now imagine to have been of that class I have since seen referred to in the "Times" advertisements, by cooks and house-maids, who did not engage in any profession where a pious young man is numbered among the household. Even such a child as myself could see at a glance that this individual was a "serious" person, and one, moreover, not likely to have his principles tampered with, or his morality corrupted by being made to laugh; for when our footman, a spickly, good-tempered young fellow from the country, jocosely desired the young man to "bear a hand and do something for his living," the individual addressed, turned up the whites of his eyes to the chimney-pots on the other side of the square, and then cast them down towards the area steps, with the resigned air of one who knew, that in this world, humility and good behaviour must be paid for: then with a faint and querulous voice, like that of a sick girl, he called "Betsy," several times. There answered to this name an exceedingly short, sturdy, but good-tempered-looking girl, who wore a blue cotton gown covered with white spots, and a large coarse apron with a bib. She looked up at the serious young man, from the area, and said in a blithe manner "she was coming." And very quickly she did come; and our vivacious John and she had the boxes off the carriage, and the parcels out of it, in less time than it took for the serious person to drawl out to John, that he "never looked malt liquors, nor indeed nuffin but water, and that thank him he'd rather not."

To which John answered, as he pocketed with a touch of his hat the gratuity which I gave to be divided between him and the coachman in the shape of a crown-piece, having been thoughtful enough to procure change for my note, that "he thought he was right, for it might take the starch out of his neckcloth." At which joke it appeared as if Betsy would never leave off laughing and perhaps she might have laughed on, but at that moment two ladies, both very tall, but otherwise entirely dissimilar in their appearance, came out of a room on the right-hand side of the hall, where possibly, as it was now twelve at noon, they had been taking lunch, for the thinnest of the ladies smelt of port-wine, and the stout one looked exceedingly warm.

When our servants saw these ladies approach towards me, as I stood, undecided on the threshold of Mnemosyne House, country John touching his hat, mounted the box in defiance of vehicular etiquette, and saying something to the coachman, at which they both laughed, drove off, leaving me with most of my property about me, including the basketed cat, standing on the first step of the spacious establishment, conducted as their satin paper prospectus stated, by the Misses Partridge.

These ladies appeared rather shocked at proceedings which it seemed were somewhat out of rule. Motioning in a lady-like way to Betsy, who suddenly lost her cheerful looks, the thin lady bade her immediately remove my trunks to No. 3. While the serious young man looked contentedly on, doing nothing else, Betsy the hard-working, took up stairs two large trunks in the same number of minutes. During this process I had leisure enough to remark the interior of the hall, which contained a barometer, two umbrella-stands, and a variety of pegs from which depended sundry straw bonnets and divers-coloured cloaks.

Parlaying for a short time, the thin lady, who I found afterwards was the elder and superior, came towards me, just as I was speculating on the possibility of having to take my meals on the mat whereon I stood, and addressing me in a stately manner said: "Miss De Trevor Castlebrook, I believe." There being no doubt in my mind in that respect, I bowed my head, and she continued: "We could indeed only guess the fact, from the circumstance of expecting to-day the arrival of a lady so called, the only daughter of Mr. De Trevor Castlebrook." Like the fine ladies who patronized worthy Dr. Primrose, Miss Partridge loved to give the full name of any individual possessing one sonorous enough to round one of her Johnsonian periods.

The Principal of Mnemosyne House went on—

"I must own, however, that neither my sister, Miss Margaret Partridge,—indicating that lady by an introductory wave of the hand,—nor myself, were prepared for an introduction so perfectly unceremonious."

"It is in fact the universal custom," added Miss Partridge—brilliant, till her long thin neck elevated to its utmost power of tension, gave her the greatest possible resemblance to a giraffe—"for young ladies to be accompanied on their first introduction to this distinguished seminary by some parent or guardian who introduces them to us; a necessary form of etiquette, which essentially facilitates any future or peculiar arrangements."

Having thus exhorted me in a tone, which I
considered extremely like reading a page of “Rasselas,” Miss Partridge senior, suddenly paused, as if she had run her eloquence down, and must be freshly wound up ere she could proceed. I was extremely abashed at so much solemnity, and was also afraid to speak to a person possessing such a grand and severe aspect; but amidst all my fear, and with all Miss Partridge senior’s dignified paragogic speeches, I could clearly perceive she was right, and that I ought not thus have been left at school, as a carrier would deliver a parcel, or a hamper of game. I felt some apology was due to Mnemosyne House, and to its stately and august principals, or I might say principal, for all this time Miss Margaret, the stout lady, had uttered not a word. I ventured, therefore, to say, that I believed my papa was out of town, and that, as I had now no mamma,—a great lump rising in my throat as I said it, and tears filling my eyes—“perhaps Mrs. McLogie our housekeeper did not quite know what was proper to be done on such occasions.”

Whether my fright, my emotion, or my politeness, made an impression on Miss Partridge, I know not; but she appeared somewhat mollified, and was just about to reply, when such an alarming peal of tiny bells was heard from the basket which I held in my arms, that the superior stopped in the act of speech. This ringing was accompanied with a high, peculiar creak, not unlike the voice of an irritated frog. In fact, it was Tootsy the cat, who, having indulged in one continuous wail of sorrow, from our house to Arlingford-square, had on our arrival suddenly ceased, remaining “mute and inglorious” till now, when, recovering from his surprise, and probably disgust, at his prolonged incarceration, he angrily asserted his right to freedom, with all his powers of pertinacity.

Miss Partridge cast an awful and questioning glance at the basket, and bowing, appeared about to utter her surprise, then as if recalling the claims of etiquette, she said, “I must hear, Miss De Trevor Castlebrook, to introduce myself as the superior of Mnemosyne House, Establishment for young ladies, and likewise permit me” (as if I should have dreamed of resistance) “to introduce my sister and co-partner, Miss Margaret Partridge. I think,” continued Miss Partridge in a bland tone, “that I heard an unaccountable noise. What say you, sister, am I right?”

“You are generally right, sister,” replied Miss Margaret, as if some one had contradicted the superior’s infallibility. “I did hear an extraordinary noise.”

“I believe,” said Miss Partridge, “I am also not wrong in asserting that it seems to proceed from Miss Castlebrook’s basket. May I take the liberty of inquiring what are the contents?”

“My face flushed. I felt a critical moment had arrived; but, I was compelled to answer this disagreeable query, so I said, ‘Tis only my cat, if you please, m’am.’

“Cat!” said Miss Partridge, with two notes of admiration.

“Cat!!” echoed Miss Margaret, with three ditto.

“Dear me!! Good Gracious!!”

“Yes, m’am,” I said, “I have had him a long time, ever since he was a little kitten; some cruel boys once wanted to drown him, and when I came away, I loved him so, I could not bear to part with him, for my mamma loved him too, and he loves me very much.”

“Loves!” with amazement from Miss Partridge.

“Loves!” with fervid astonishment from Miss Margaret.

I hastened to explain. “Would the ladies allow the poor cat to have the use of their kitchen? of course I would pay for the expense of feeding him. “He was,” I said eagerly, “an excellent mouser, and had even been known to kill rats.”

When I spoke of paying for the cat’s food, the stern features of the senior Miss Partridge, which had been screwed up for denial, relaxed a little. As for myself, the five pounds in my pocket appeared in the light of a sum so inextinguishable, that had Miss Partridge made it a sine quæ non that I should provide the kitchen generally, I should not believe I have objected. But the directress of Mnemosyne House merely said, after some deliberation, “I think you mentioned that the animal was clever in catching vermin.”

“Extremely.”

“Because, sister,” said Miss Partridge, turning round in a confidential way towards Miss Margaret, “the cook told me yesterday that the pantry was infested with rats.”

“Quite true, sister,” responded Miss Margaret. “You remember the cheese at supper the other night.”

“Sister, said Miss Partridge didactically, “in houses and establishments like ours, there are frequently to be found two-legged rats.”

Thinking this an extraordinary fact in natural history, I looked interested, perhaps inquisitively so, for Miss Partridge waving her hand, an action frequent with her, condescendingly added—that Miss Castlebrook, though an unprecedented fact—for I must observe that if every young lady who sojourns at Mnemosyne House brought with her a cat, we should resemble a—a—Whittington’s Ship,” said Miss Partridge fishing for a simile: “yet, as we keep no dog, why—provided you undertake the expenses attendant on sustaining the creature, I will consent that it shall remain.”

I was overjoyed with joy at this declaration, but recollecting the superior’s reverence for etiquette, I only smiled and curtseyed. Betsy now reappeared on the scene, and Miss Partridge desired the girl, who appeared to do everybody’s duty in the house, to take the cat into the kitchen.

Tootsy was immediately released from imprisonment. The first use he made of his liberty was to scamper past the Misses Partridge, and rush into the dining-room, bolting up the chimney of an elaborately ornamented stove. I took a considerable time to prevail on him to
come down, and when at last, by the seductions of a saucer of milk and my voice, he did so, he immediately made another rush out of the room into the court-yard behind the house, where he finally took refuge under the water-butt, from whence, no prayers or entreaties on my part could prevail on him to emerge, and where at last, humiliated and ashamed by his ill conduct, I was reluctantly compelled to leave him.

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CHAP. VI.

Indefatigable Betsy conducted me to the third floor of the house, into a large room, which was the No. 3 alluded to by Miss Partridge. Here I found congregated a number of young girls from thirteen to seventeen years old; they were dressing for dinner, and a middle-aged lady, neither tall nor short, stout nor thin, seemed to be presiding over their several toilettes, exhorting them in divers tones of voice, varying with the occasion.

"Miss Long, my dear, how often have I told you not to wash your face with soap. Delicacy of appearance, young ladies, is essential to the character of this establishment, a character it has preserved for—how many years, my dear?"—turning to a young lady who stood by, helping the girls to dress.

This young lady, who had beautiful large blue eyes, and who was dressed in black silk, very plainly made, answered, "Thirty-five," she believed.

"Yes," said the elder lady, "for thirty-five years. Long before my time, or yours either, Miss Liscombe; before either of us were born or thought of, indeed." Miss Liscombe seemed about twenty. She went on. "But it is in common on teachers in which the day-dawns the dawn of practically conducting a seminary of this recherché description, to inculcate those habits of personal elegance, which it is natural to suppose young ladies, who will possibly one day fill exalted stations, would always choose to practise. Miss Le Tinblane, my dear child, how very wet you make your towel! If I have mentioned to you that fault once, I am sure I have done so twenty times."

Miss Le Tinblane, who appeared to be a quéréulous young lady with no nervous energy, replied in a feeble crying tone "that she supposed she must wash herself, and that when she did, what was she to use except her towel; her papa paid for washing, she believed, perhaps she was mistaken; Miss Phits, she dared to say, was never wrong."

"Now listen, my dear," said Miss Phits, turning to Miss Liscombe, in an audible aside at which the girls palpably tittered. "Listen to that girl Tinblane (as for the 'l' it is all nonsense); you cannot speak to her but you get twenty words for one. Ladies," with a little sigh, "your dressing-hour is a very great trial, very, and it would serve you right to compel you to remain en peignoir and papillotes all day.

Oh! you have arrived at last, Betsy: perhaps if it would not be too great a favour, you will bring a duster and dust the looking-glasses, the young ladies cannot see their own faces. I have requested this trifle only five times within the last half hour."

Poor Betsy had hardly recovered from her struggle with my boxes. She stood there red and breathless, and said humbly, "she couldn't help it, she had been helping with the new young lady's things. And oh! please, this was the new young lady."

Those words directed the general observation towards myself. Several of the pupils, having by this time finished dressing, had leisure and opportunity to stare at me, and certainly they made the most of both. All these girls were older than myself, and unused to the society of strangers. I felt especially awkward and uncomfortable. Miss Phits, who was near-sighted, put up her glass, and coming close to me, made a very minute inspection of my personal appearance, not much, apparently, to her satisfaction; for shuddering her shoulders, and turning to the blue-eyed young lady in mourning, she in one of her stage asides expressed her annoyance at my juvenile appearance.

"I had understood that for the future, no pupils under fifteen were to be taken; and see here! How old are you, my dear?" sharply speaking the last words.

"I am in my twelfth year, m'am," I replied, greatly abashed to find I was considered so very young.

"I thought so," from Miss Phits, triumphantly. "There's no end of trouble, my dear Miss Liscombe, with these little chits. I fear I shall be compelled to give this up. The introduction of the Farmer girls, whose father you know married the daughter of a dust-contractor, and who had the dust of a whole parish for her wedding portion, was decidedly infra dig., but to come to juveniles—why, my dear, we may as well call ourselves a preparatory establishment at once."

Miss Liscombe raised her large blue eyes kindly towards me. She smiled, and told Miss Phits that I was not so very young after all, and that she would take on herself all the extra trouble attendant on my appearance among them.

"Come, my love," she said, taking my cold hand as I stood indignant and trembling among these strangers, wondering at the teacher's free remarks, and burning with anger at the bold staring and whispered derision of the fifteen self-assured girls, who lingered round me.

"Come, my love, we will introduce you to your new friends. Young ladies, this is Miss Isabella Castlebrook" (I had whispered to her, at her request, my name). "Our little friend must dress for dinner. Your keys, dear, if you please."" After I searched in my pocket for these keys, and at last remembered that I had given them to obliing Betsy, to keep for me. She was now busily employed in dusting and clearing away
the implements of the young ladies' toilettes, but came running to Miss Liscombe's call, and knelt down on her poor worn knees to unlock my boxes, some of the junior pupils standing in a circle to survey the articles of dress, which were taken out one by one, and placed in a tiny chest of drawers, of which each pupil had one to her own separate use. The remarks of these fashionably educated young ladies, were not conspicuous for politeness; free observations were passed on every frock displayed, and epithets of "shabby," "what a thing," as well as stifled laughter, went from one to the other in whispered sounds. But I am bound to confess the few dresses which Mrs. McLogie's ignorance of the style of Mnemosyne House deemed sufficient for a school-girl, were of poor materials, and had been made up in the worst possible taste. Doubtless the venerable lady had been compelled to take her commission from whatever sum she had extorted from my father for my outfit. As I wore black, however, there was nothing further to notice for my gaudy display, and I was attired in a black silk which I had been strictly charged to keep for "very best."

"Poor child! for whom are you mourning?" said Susan Liscombe, bending over me as she fastened, with her own thin delicate hand, my frock.

As I turned round, hid my face on her shoulder, and, in my usual demonstrative way, when my feelings were touched, or kindness excited me, sobbed out—"My own, own dear mamma."

Miss Liscombe pressed my hands, and gently kissing my forehead I saw two large tears force their way down her own sweet face, at which sight a very elegant young lady, attired in the height of the fashion, nudged her neighbour and said, audibly, "there was Liscombe getting up a sentimental scene as usual." "Sympathising, my dear," said this young lady, who was very pretty, and apparently well convinced herself of that fact. As her remarks were uttered in a tone loud enough for Miss Liscombe to hear, the young teacher mildly rebuked the pupil for rude manners; then Lady Laura—for I found that by courtesy she had a title—replied that "Miss Liscombe was an impertinent thing, and that she had better not fatigue herself with remarks which would be entirely thrown away."

Miss Liscombe acquiescing in this opinion, and replying that she indeed feared they would, Lady Laura and her friend, a young person who seemed a good deal older than herself, requested Miss Liscombe would recollect she was only the under-teacher, and that consequently she had nothing to do with the elder pupils, who had almost completed their education, and were nearly finished. I remember to have had an idea at the time, that if I were at all likely to have mine finished in the same manner, it was a very great pity I had ever been sent to Mnemosyne House.

But Miss Liscombe made no reply to the impertinence of her opponents. She only sighed, and her silence seemed to irritate them consi-derably. She took me by the hand, and saying she heard the dinner-bell, recommended Lady Laura and her ally to follow her, for by this time they were the only two who remained. I observed, however, through a half-opened door Miss Phitts in the act of making an elaborate toilette in a small adjoining room, which I found afterwards was appropriated to the senior teacher and Miss Liscombe for their private use and recreation, and which, being the smallest apartment in the house, and used as a receptacle for broken-down furniture and lumber, must, no doubt, have been a highly convenient and agreeable apartment.

We proceeded to the school-room, where dinner was usually served to the pupils, the two superiors, Miss Phitts, M.dle. Acajou the French teacher, and Miss Liscombe the junior English teacher, which latter title meant the flagging instructress of the whole school.

Considering the numbers of the company sitting down to table, the repast, even to my eyes accustomed to frugality, presented a very slight and insufficient appearance. It consisted of—how vividly I remember my first dinner at Mnemosyne House!—a leg of lamb, a dish of vegetables, and a very large—to convey its true idea I must say, immense—pudding of plain boiled rice. Miss Partridge carved herself, and certainly was highly accomplished in the art of cutting slices of eteral fragility. At a hard shop this lady's services would have been of inestimable value both to buyer and seller, not cutting a hair's breadth beyond the weight, and yet making so much of a little, that the purchaser would fancy he had the best of the bargain.

I am bound to state, that to make up for the insufficient nature of the meal, it was served on very handsome China, and plate was abundantly displayed. Each pupil possessed a silver fork, and a silver drinking cup, so that as the Miss Partridge's added their own store, which—from the fact that when about to leave Mnemosyne House the young ladies were required to leave their plate also, as a legacy—had during the five-and-thirty years' reign of the educational goddess in Arlingford-square, accumulated prodigiously, the dinner-table wore a very handsome, though in point of edibles, a certainly unsatisfactory appearance.

One of the pupils, sending round her plate for another slice of lamb—for, wonderful to relate, after all had been served, there still remained a fragmentary joint—Miss Partridge, in her customary stilted phraseology, expressed an opinion that as a rule, young people invariably ate too much.

"And indeed," she said, "such a practice is, I assure you, productive of vast and unheard-of evils, producing coarseness of appearance, and, if persisted in, obesity." She uttered this last dreadful word with a certain loud solemnity, as if it were all in capital letters, which produced a great effect. "For example," she continued—and here I observed that Miss Margaret turned very red, and fidgeted about on her chair, as if instinctively she knew what illustration was at
hand—"for example, look at my sister, whose unfortunate corpulence of person was produced entirely and solely because the very excellent governess, at whose seminary we received our education, allowed her freely to indulge her youthful appetite at table, a misfortune which, I regret to say, she has never been able to overcome or subdue."

"Miss Margaret," who had listened to this exordium with evident annoyance, seemed to think it incumbent on her to reply; she accordingly observed that in her opinion portly people were invariably less consumers than lean and emaciated ones, the last two adjectives delivered in italics, as conveying a hidden reproach; and further she uttered a decided conviction that if at that moment she could become as thin as her sister, she would not do so on any account, an assertion at which the elder lady looked supremely incredulous, and the pupils tittered. This subject, I found afterwards, was a point on which Miss Margaret was extremely vulnerable, combining as she did, a romantic disposition, milk-and-waterish temperament, with a most unsentimental fulness of personal appearance. Miss Partridge herself braved all the perils of eating and drinking in the most heroic manner, helping herself plentifully, and more than once, to the viands on the table, and though every one else drank water, she kept by her side a bottle of stout, from which she poured out copious draughts. It is true, that she told us once or twice that her weakness was becoming alarming, and that Dr. Tolu said she was to take as much nourishment as possible, a prescription which she appeared to find little difficulty in following. Poor Miss Margaret, on the contrary, dined off a slender slice of bread without vegetables, and drank water only. To which abstemious habits I found afterwards she always—at least in public—adhered.

After the great pudding had been attacked, and finally vanquished, though an enemy of strong resisting powers, we all rose and retired, some to No. 3, others to the rooms on the same floor, where we arranged our hair, washed our hands, and prepared for the afternoon studies.

This happened to be dancing-day, and there was a good deal of speculation afloat as to whether the master himself, Monsieur Albert à Plomb, would attend, or his apprentice, Mr. Mortimer Glissade. This apprentice was a young gentleman who it seemed had unfortunately incurred Miss Partridge's displeasure by one day declining some pea-soup, for the making of which the establishment was famous. Some of the girls who appeared to admire Mr. Mortimer Glissade, said he had acted quite right.

"It was quite enough," they observed, "for the old Miss Partridge"—I blushed to hear this irreverent mention of so didactic a lady—"to force such stuff down their throats once a-week;" but to ask such a dear as that, to take it, was a little too bad.

There were a few suggestions during the progress of the toilette as to the possibility of putting some dried peas into the pumps of Mr. Albert à Plomb, who did not seem to be a favourite with his pupils, but this facetious little project fell to the ground through the remissness of the half-boarder, who was the customary caterer of forbidden luxuries to these youthful scions of aristocracy, such as jam tarts, home-made wines, French novels, et cetera, and who had forgotten to provide a stock of peas for such diversions. This young lady, ordinary in her person, for she squinted, was marked with small-pox, and was somewhat awry, was still gentle in her connexions, being the tenth daughter of a curate, belonging to the Established church. She came in now for much censure, which she received from some with vulgar retorts, from others with fawning servility. It was ultimately proposed that M. à Plomb's cloth boots should be filled with cold water, previous to his departure, which it was thought would most likely give him a severe cold, and effectually prevent his appearance on the next dancing day, and this brilliant suggestion being seconded by Lady Laura who seemed universally looked up to by her admiring juniors, was unanimously carried, the execution of the exploit being entrusted to the experienced hands of Miss Biddixs, the half-boarder, who, having no means of obtaining the luxuries of school-life, except by implicitly obeying the whims and behests of her patronesses, was obliged to promise obedience for as one young lady sensibly remarked, if Biddixs was found out, she was accustomed to be punished, so it did not matter.

At this crisis I was seized on by two of the elder girls, and given to understand that if I dared tell tales, or refuse to join in these innocent pastimes, I should for the future be tormented perpetually with unknown punishments. Of course being frightened to death I promised strict secrecy, but begged mercy for M. à Plomb, whom I conceived to be an elderly grey-headed gentleman, hearing the term "old" à Plomb applied to him so frequently, for I ventured to suggest that being advanced in years, he might perhaps die, and then we should have his death on our consciences. My intercession was received with shouts of laughter, which created such an unladylike noise, that Miss Phitts came hurrying into No. 3, and angrily announced that M. à Plomb and his assistant were waiting for the ladies, whereupon we all hastened to the back drawing-room, which being a large apartment, and divested of furniture was converted twice a-week into a salle de danse, and where I was presently introduced by Miss Partridge, as a new pupil, to a very ill-tempered-looking middle-aged Frenchman, and a foppish youth, his apprentice.

Chap. VII.

The dancing-lesson occupied a couple of hours. Nothing particular occurred, except when the young ladies could not comprehend
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the steps taught by Mr. à Plomb, who appeared to be a gentleman of irritable tendencies, and who at such times threw himself into a series of passions, more remarkable for the grotesque contortions they produced, and the ill-suppressed ridicule they caused, than for any effect they had over the evolutions of his pupils. I thought once or twice, but that might have been the perversity of my imagination, that the young ladies occasionally rendered themselves purposely stupid; seeing that when his own patience was fairly exhausted, Mr. à Plomb, turned his refractory pupils over to the side tuition of Mr. Mortimer Glissade.

After the dancing-lesson, we had a light course of Calisthenics, during which Lady Laura, whose surname was Tarragon, bit Mr. à Plomb—accidentally of course—a blow so severe, with the end of her exercise pole, that its effects made the dancing-master more irritable than ever, and becoming confused, he left the lesson entirely to Mr. Mortimer Glissade to finish: the latter, however, being obliged to retire, and have his temples bathed with eau de Cologne, by the fair hand of Miss Margaret Partridge herself.

It was tea-time when the lesson was finished, and we partook of that meal in the school-room. It by no means made up for the paucity of the dinner; and our appetites, from previous exercise, being unromantically keen, we soon cleared the china-dish of thin bread and butter, which the pious young man, clad now in a pepper-and-salt livery, handed solemnly round to us, accompanied by cups of very weak tea. Over this repast the comfortable-looking Miss Margaret presided in sleepy silence, and as no talking was allowed during "refections," as our meals were affectedly termed, we all became infected with her somnolency.

Tea over, we were desired to prepare our lessons, and as this was the sole time the teachers had for their own rest or recreation, Miss Liscombe, after setting my tasks for the following day, retired with the other teachers.

Weary enough, doubtless, were those poor souls, with the contention and drudgery they had undergone from six in the morning till six at night, with twenty girls, full of health and vigorous spirits. Judging from what I saw of a school-teacher's life, in the Miss Partridge's establishment, I should greatly prefer as an alternative that of a daily dress-maker, or even picking oakum, and breaking accomplishments and the belles lettres into the dense brains of boarding-school misses.

When Miss Pitts left us to ourselves, she strictly enjoined Bidkins to mount guard during the absence of her seniors, and to report any indecorous behaviour. Perfectly oblivious, however, of the half-borderer, or, my new companions recreated themselves by romantic dissertations on Mr. Mortimer Glissade's numerous perfections, not the least of which appeared to be, an incipient black moustache, which had promised to adorn the young gentleman's upperlip, and which, his superior, doubtless envious of, had ruthlessly caused to be shaved off. During the course of this conversation, I learned that the cold-water joke having been successfully practised, Mr. à Plomb, with wet feet and a wounded brow, had retired in excessive indignation, and that there was every probability that he would not be able to attend the dancing-lessons for a fortnight at least.

When it grew dark, the serious young man brought in candles, and then retiring, went to ring the bell for supper, which repast consisted of thin cheese sandwiches, and a large jug of toast and water, drunk out of our silver mugs. On the bell again ringing, there ensued a good deal of bustle, and Miss Partridge majestically sailing into the room, attended by her sister and a suite of teachers, took her place at the head of the table, on which the serious footman had previously placed a large volume covered with green baize, from whence Miss Partridge read prayers.

When we arose from these devotions, the toast sounded a curfew, and the teachers marshalled us in due form up stairs, some to No. 2, others to No. 3, in which latter room was appointed my own dormitory. Here Miss Liscombe conducted me to a very narrow bed, the young ladies having each a separate one, which appeared rather a necessity than a privilege, the couches so nearly resembling narrow planks with mattrass and pillow to match, that it was an obvious impossibility for even two of the smallest girls to sleep together.

After our private devotions were finished, the candles were taken away, Susan Liscombe comforting me with a kiss—then all was darkness. It was long, very long, ere I closed my eyes; the novelty of the scenes witnessed by one who for the first time mixed with companions of her own age—the apparent dislike and malice betrayed towards me, even on that first day, by the head girl of the school, the whisperings, continued long after the teachers had withdrawn, all conspired to keep me awake. I was over my friendless condition, and when at length sleep overtook me, it was while gazing on a bright and placid star, which shone through a window opposite my bed. I had an unaccountable impression that this star was my mother's eye, looking down from heaven on her forlorn and disregarded child.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

BY FOWLER BRADNACK.

*Twas night—the clock had just struck ten,
When with a mighty din,
The stage-coach halted at the door
Of Smith's Hotel in Lyuhn;
An inside passenger got out,
Who straight went in the inn.
The Mysterious Guest.

His portly figure was enwrapped
In overcoat of shag,
While one hand grasped a travelling-trunk,
The other held a bag;
And in the twinkling of his eye
You recognized a wag.

"Waiter," he cried, "show me a room—
I’m tired and travel-sore;"
The waiter showed him to a room
Upon the second floor.
"Just stay a moment," said the man—
The waiter closed the door.

"You see," observed the traveller,
"Ere I can take a doze,
I’ll have to ask a little help
In getting off my clothes,
For I’m a trifle crippled,
And can’t pull off my hose."

"All right," replied the waiter,
"Who was a generous elf;"
"I pity any man," said he,
"As can’t undress himself;
I’ll very soon unrig you, sir,
And lay you on your shelf."

"’Tis well," resumed the traveller,
Who dropped into a chair.
"First hang my wig upon yon peg;"
(And he took off his hair;)
"I’m like a case of glass," said he,
"And must be touched with care."

And as he spoke, he oped his mouth
As though it were a trap,
And thrust his fingers in the hole—
The waiter heard a snap,
And out there rolled two sets of teeth
And fell into his lap.

"Now, waiter, just unscrew my arm—
But don’t look so alarmed;"
I’m helpless as a sailing ship
Upon a sea Becalmed,
And when my arm you’ve taken off,
You’ll see that I’m disarmed."

The waiter in astonishment
Upon the traveller gazed,
He thought so strange a stranger
Must certainly be crazed;  
But when he saw the arm come off,
He was still more amazed,
And seemed inclined to go away.

"A moment more I beg,"
Cried out the waggish traveller;
"Help me unstrap my leg."
The waiter’s hair began to rise
As off he pulled the peg.

"As sheep in summer," said the man,
"Rejoice to lose their fleeces,
So when I doff my limbs at night,
My happiness increases,
Because I cannot rest in peace
Unless I rest in pieces!!!"

Then he apostrophised his limbs
In strange soliloquy:
"Alas!" said he, "one’s in the earth,
The other’s in the sea;
But though I will remember them,
They can’t re-member me.

Now bring me here that looking-glass,
And I’ll take out my eye;
Although I’m not a party man,
A ‘man of parts’ am I;"
And as he uttered this vile joke
He laughed as if he’d die.

The waiter’s hair now stood on end,
He trembled with all fright;
"Surely," thought he, "no mortal eyes
Ere saw so strange a sight;"
But the man of fractions only sat
And laughed with all his might.

"Now lay my fragments in that box
Where they’ll be out of sight;
Be careful not to drop the eye,
And mind the teeth don’t bite.
My limbs go on my trunk by day,
And in my trunk at night."

But fear held fast the waiter,
He merely stood and stared;
To see such soul-appalling sights
He hadn’t come prepared;
While the traveller only laughed the more
To see the man so scared;

And putting on a serious look,
In solemn accents said:
"There’s only one thing more to do
Before I get in bed;
Steady yourself against the wall,
And just unscrew my head!!!"

You’ve met afore the metaphor
About the camel’s back;
(Tis a common aphorism where
The creature’s made a hack)
It says that ’tis the final straw
That makes his spine to crack.

It is as apt as it is old,
And in the waiter’s case,
The meaning of the proverb is
Not difficult to trace,
For he could bear no more, but rushed
From out the accursed place,

And down the stairs, by threes and pairs,
He fled with speed as quick
As if an angry Nemesis
Pursued him with a stick,
Or as though the man without a log
Had given him a kick.

And heavily as falls a log,
Or leaf of bread sans leaven,
He fell upon the sanded floor,
And, pointing up towards heaven,
Shrieked out: "I’ve seen the Devil!
He’s up in Number Seven!!"
THE OSCILLATIONS OF CRITICISM.

Last year’s tercentenary celebration of Shakespeare is fruitful of other suggestions besides those which relate solely to the poet. We do not purpose, in this paper, to treat of Shakespeare himself, but of a general tendency observable in the recent Shakespearian literature which that commemoration has called into notice. When the body of critics addresses themselves to one single point, it is possible to determine more accurately than at ordinary times the bias by which criticism is influenced in its manner of viewing literature at large. The bicentenary celebration has brought into prominence suggest to us a law of oscillation in criticism of which it seems worth while to make a passing note.

Thomas De Quincey, in his “Essay on Style,” propounds a theory of the alternation of creative and reflective ages in literature. He instances, among the Greeks, the creative age of Pericles and the reflective age of Alexander; and, in our own literature, the creative age of Elizabeth, the reflective age of Anne, and again the creative age which followed the American War and the French Revolution. While he shrinks from enforcing his brilliant theory in too emphatic terms, he states it with sufficient clearness in the following passage:—

"Possibly it would seem an over-refinement if we were to suggest that the odd terms in the series indicate creative energies, and the even terms reflective energies; and we are far enough from affecting the honours of any puerile hypothesis. But, in a general way, it seems plausible and reasonable that there will be alternating successions of power in the first place, and next of reaction upon that power from the reflective faculties. It does seem natural that first of all should blossom the energies of a creative power; and in the next era of the literature, when the consciousness has been heightened to its own agencies, will be likely to come forward the re-agencies of the national mind on what it has created. The period of meditation will succeed to the period of production. . . . .

Should a third period, after the swing of the pendulum through an arc of centuries, succeed for the manifestation of the national genius, it is possible that the long interval since the inaugural era of creative art will have so changed all the elements of society and the aspects of life, as to restore the mind to much of its infant freedom; it may no longer feel the captivity of an inimitable spirit in dealing with the very same class of creations as exercised its earliest powers. The original national genius may now come, out in full view, which the first period of oppression from inimitable models. . . . . And thus it might not be impossible that oscillations between the creative and reflective energies of the mind might go on through a cycle of many ages."

Under the general law which De Quincey here suggests, our minor law applying to criticism alone undoubtedly ranges itself. The criticism of the creative age will differ from that of the reflective age even as other kinds of literature vary under the two eras. The criticism of the reflective age we may expect will be especially judicial. The criticism of the creative age, dominated by the force of the creative energies which it has to criticise, is not unlikely to be especially appreciative.

Before we proceed to elucidate this law of alternation it is necessary to arrive at some definite agreement as to what criticism is—or rather, ought to be in its ideal standard.

We allow on all hands that the Poet must be born, and cannot be manufactured. Almost the same thing might be pronounced of the Critic; and, indeed, the assertion has been boldly uttered by Pope:—

"In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the Critics' share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light—
These born to judge, as well as those to write."

Such a delicate equilibrium of opposite faculties is necessary to constitute the perfect critic, that education must mainly strive to regulate the exquisite balance unless the arch-mechanist, Nature, assist by her predisposition.

The poet is a poet by reason of his creative faculty. One of the chief requisites to the critic is that he should be utterly devoid of that faculty. While the poetic genius is in the highest degree creative, the critical genius must be in the highest degree receptive. He is, in this sense, a mere vessel to receive the poet's meaning.

But this receptivity is only one element of the critical genius: the other element is antagonistic to this. The critic has not only to receive the meaning of the poet, but he has also to judge of that meaning. While he feels and sympathizes most exquisitely through his emotional faculties, he must judge with a rigid and deliberate calmness through his intellectual faculties.

It is this exact equilibrium between feeling and judgment which constitutes the perfect critic. As, however, nothing is perfect in this world, we may allow at once that it is impossible to discover our perfect critic. In the first place, no man is ever absolutely devoid of the creative faculty; hence so much overstrained and far-fetched criticism. The modicum of Invention which our critic possesses shows itself now on the emotional, now on the intellectual side, or on both sides together. One critic is so super-sympathetic, that out of his own feelings, ostensibly excited by the subject before him, he calls up an original creation, quite different from the creation of his author. Another uses his text simply as one premiss to a foregone conclusion, which finds its other premisses in his own inventive intellect. While another brings overstrained logic to bear upon overstrained sympathy; and the product is an in-
vention as distinct and original as the creation of which it purports to be a criticism. Among the Shakespeare Commentators we may easily find specimens of all these classes of inventive criticism.

In the second place (and this is our main point), the two elements which make up the critical genius are never in exact equilibrium. The scales are never balanced originally to a hair’s-breadth nicely; and further, there are so many causes continually arising to disturb the balance, even did it originally exist. His own private feelings at the moment will disturb the critic’s emotional element; his prejudices will disturb his intellectual element. From this imperfection in the critical genius, namely, this lack of exact equilibrium, we may deduce the existence and the specialties of two distinct schools of critics. Firstly, there is the school in which the emotional element preponderates; secondly, there is the school in which the judicial or intellectual element preponderates.

It will be seen that the specialty of each school founds itself upon a fault; and therefore, by as much as a critic of the one school approximates to the other school, by so much he approximates to the ideal and perfect critic—who is the mean of these two extremes.

That being practically no perfect critic—no critic whose antagonistic elements are in exact equilibrium—it follows that all critics belong to either one of these two schools. Every critic has by nature and predisposition a leaning to one school or the other. In this man the emotional element naturally preponderates; in that man the intellectual element. But men, in their mental as in their social qualifications, are gregarious. The peculiar tendency of the individual is overruled by the predominant spirit of the age. The man of greatest force draws to himself the crowd of lesser forces, and prescribes in what channel their energies shall be exerted. The individual bias, though never destroyed, succumbs to the prevalent bias of the time. Wind and tide influence and conquer the strongest sailors.

Fashion—that principle of imitation and emulation which shows itself so markedly in all human affairs—shows itself here also. Fashion is doubtless, here as elsewhere, only the visible effect of a deeper and occult cause. Doubtless the reason is discoverable why in one age emotional criticism, in another age intellectual criticism, should preponderate. It is sufficient for us, however, in this paper, to suggest the fact of this alternate predominance. Taking Shakespeare-criticism as a guide and index to general criticism, we do find these two schools, the emotional and the intellectual, alternating in a marked manner. The appreciative criticism of the poet’s own time is succeeded by the judicial criticism of the age of Anne; and this, again, by the appreciative criticism of our era.

It is not our purpose to expatiate here on this Shakespeare-criticism, which has helped to suggest to us the law of critical oscillation. Nevertheless, of all standards by which we may judge of the successive tendencies of criticism, it seems to us that Shakespeare is the best. He stands like some cyclopean pillar on the shore of the critical sea; and in each era, as the waters rise or fall, they leave their mark upon him.

The school of criticism now reigning is the emotional school. This has succeeded to the intellectual school, which culminated in the so-called Augustan age of Queen Anne. The contrast between the criticism of that age and of this is absolutely ludicrous. Then each subject was brought to the critical bar, and judged by a code of laws alike for all, and which did not pretend to have the remotest adaptation to the special culprit on trial. Now each subject is judged by its own internal law, which it is the first business of the critic to discover by reverent study.

No doubt revolt from the enormities of the one school helps to start the oscillation towards the other. Critics emulate each other; each pushes yet further on the road travelled by his predecessor, until an extreme is arrived at which betrays its own absurdity. Then there is a revolt—which may be slow or may be sudden. One can conceive of an instantaneous recoil from one extreme to the other, although retrogression steps towards the mean, and so beyond it, seems to be the general rule. Transitory causes at work at the moment will help to regulate the pace of the recoil.

Of course the reigning school prides itself much on its own perfection, and points back with wonder and scorn to the school for the time deficient. At this present, we can hardly believe that the rule-and-measure criticisms of the last era were perpetrated in sober earnest: we look for an irony under the stolid and pompous gravity. We, who lap our poets in an Elysium of their own creating, cannot understand those tormentors who racked their victims up to or lopped them down to the dimensions of that rigid bed of Procrustes.

But the tide will turn again, and some of our now much-belauded criticisms will be equally objects of scorn and wonder to an intellectual race succeeding. Pure sympathy is not criticism, any more than unsympathetic judgment is criticism. It is when we try the judicial critics at the bar of our feelings that their absurdity most appears. But equally will the absurdities of our emotional critics appear when tried at the bar of unemotional judgment.

Surely, a safe rule for our critics—for critics of any age—is to hang back from and fight against the prevalent tendency. Instead of emulating each other, let them stand aside from the crush, and remember that, though activities be hard and de
civities easy, there is safety at the top of the hill and destruction at the bottom.

Recurring to our special instance of Shakespeare, I have not a doubt that in a succeeding age, when the tide again turns, much of our
present emotional criticism will be put aside under the influence of a cooler judgment. The Warburtons and the Popes and the Johnsons paid no heed to the warm and sympathetic praises of Shakespeare’s contemporaries. Civilization and taste had advanced, and the new critics knew better than the savages of a bygone age. In like manner civilization and taste will advance, and schools of criticism will oscillate, until the end.

J. A.

G U I Z O T.

Pierre François Guillaume Guizot was born at Nimes, in 1787. His parents were Calvinists. His father was guillotined, when the son was seven years old; and the mother sought refuge in Switzerland, with her children. The hard life he led in his youth has impressed him with that severe expression of countenance and misanthropic temper which shows itself in all his acts. It must have been in Geneva that he acquired that pedantic tone, those stiff manners, that Puritanical dress he has always worn.

At nineteen he went to Paris to study law, and engaged himself as tutor to Mr. Stopfer’s children. Stopfer was Minister from the Swiss Confederation. The future statesman’s pride could not stand this humble situation long. When he went out to walk with the children, they would pull his coat at every confectionary, and implore for cakes and candy; and if he refused, they complained to mamma! As Mr. Stopfer’s children were very intelligent, Guizot took some pleasure in instructing them, and even went to the trouble of compiling a “Dictionary of Synonyms” for their use. He afterwards sold this work for a handsome sum.

His next situation was secretary to the famous Antoine Suard, of the Institute, who was made censor of the press, to mutilate the works of Beaumarchais. Suard, finding Guizot to be a young man of good education and considerable talent, advised him to turn his attention to authorship, more honourable and lucrative than teaching children their letters. From that time Guizot began to write for the press. His style is plain, like the man; that means, it is obscure, heavy, stiff, and soporic. Hippolyte Castille says of Guizot’s works: “Ask the first person you meet about Guizot’s writings, and he will at first tell you they are admirable; but question him closer, and he will confess he has never read them. He has succeeded for the very reason that few persons take the trouble to read his books! They had rather accord him merit than give themselves the trouble of pursuing his uninteresting volumes. The titles of his earliest works are: “Annals of Education,” “Poetae of Louis XIV.,” “Spain in 1808,” and a translation of Gibbon’s “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.”

It is worthy of remark, that most of the distinguished politicians of the present time began by authorship. Guizot’s success in politics began after his appointment to the professorship of modern history, in the Institute. The newspapers began to laud his lectures, and everybody went to hear him. In 1812 there was a literary lady who visited Suard’s house, and whom Guizot saw frequently. She lived by her pen. This was Mdle. Pauline de Meulan, a particular friend of the Abbé Montesquiou, the agent of Louis the Eighteenth. Guizot, learning these particulars, paid assiduous attention to the lady. Once, during a long sickness she suffered, he wrote articles for her, that she might not lose her pay from the paper for which she was writing. When Mdle. de Meulan recovered, she gave Guizot her hand and heart; she had nothing more to give, except twenty years difference in age. Royer Collard said to him: “Go on, my young man; you are in a fair way to prosperity. When Louis the Eighteenth ascends the throne, Montesquiou will be minister, and you will be his secretary.”

This was a true prediction, and happened in eighteen months after the prophecy. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, our hero was exercising the honourable office of royal censor. He had just expressed his fidelity to the new empire, when he was dismissed from office. As soon as this happened, he ordered post-horses, and flew to Ghent, near Louis the Eighteenth, and took charge of a paper, that he might abuse the Emperor in it to his heart’s content. Since that time he has born the cognomen, “The Man of Ghent,” which will be handed down in history, to the most remote generations.

On Napoleon’s fall at Waterloo, our refugee returned to Paris, and was made Master of the Rolls and State Counsellor. His new office gave him ample leisure to practise his literary tastes; between 1815 and 1819 he published many political essays on the freedom of the press, public education, and kindred subjects.

In 1827, his wife fell sick; he would not permit a Catholic priest to come near her, but persuaded her to embrace Protestantism before she died. A short time after the death of his first wife, Guizot married a lovely Englishwoman, whom he had long loved. His former wife knew who would succeed her, and suffered
neglect from her husband—the disparity of age was too great.

His professorship had been abolished, and he took the "Progressive Encyclopedia" in hand. On the twenty-eighth of July, when the Man of Ghent leaped over barricades on his way to the Assembly, to preach his devotion to Charles the Tenth, he had his ministerial diploma in his pocket. The new minister laid the foundation-stone of that system of corruption which went on increasing for eighteen years. On the death of Casimir Perrier, the prime ministry was again confided to Guizot. Thiers now became a formidable rival of his; and they had a tough time of it together for fifteen years, alternatingly rising and falling. In his political career, Guizot did not neglect his pecuniary interests; he knew that gold was worshipped so devoutly that a man was considered a great heretic who would not bow down to mammon. Guizot never made a display with money; when Ambassador to London, he kept no carriage, but walked the muddy streets with an umbrella, like an artisan. Who then could dare to say that he was ever guilty of speculation? Yet, when the Revolution of 1848 came, it found him in possession of thirty thousand francs income.

Now we will look at the man in another light, not political. M. Guizot, the serious statesman, the excellent Puritan, had some weak points, as well as the rest of mortals; the iron politician softened and became veryplant before a woman's smile. I will let the historian who is to write his private memoirs tell the names of all the Omphales at whose feet this Hercules crouched.

The prouder a man seems to the world, the higher the stilts he walks on, the more humble and familiar is he in private life. It is the same way with school-boys; the more attentive and silent they are, the wilder and more boisterous they are at play. The bow must sometimes be unbent. Guizot was never seen at theatres; he preferred the society of women. It was said that the presence of ladies in the Assembly gallery was a great stimulus to his eloquence; and we believe it; he had in view a sweet reward, and in doing his best to merit it he worked wonders.

Since the creation of the world, women have admired daring men; and it always will be so, while time lasts. Eloquence conquers like the sword; and orators, as well as warriors, win their myrtle and laurel crowns. They say that Guizot often wore his myrtle crown. We do not censure him for this; we do not blame him in the least. If men must have passions, better this than others. Other ministers have pocketed their millions; our hero did not. We know by experience that a man in love seldom thinks of money.

If any favour was wanted of Guizot, just whisper to the Princess Liéven to request it of him.

Some curious letters were made public after the Revolution of 1848. Here is one of them:

"My charming Princess: I know you will have the kindness to do a little favour for me!"

(Here followed a long letter, the sum of which was to ask Guizot to give the Hanover mission to James, the Duke's nephew.)

"Receive my most grateful homage,

"Duke of Noailles."

Other smiles had their influence on the minister, and other fascinating eyes had their effect on him, as well as those of the princess. Esther Guignon was called la lionne in Parisian society, and passed for Girardin's Egeria; with what truth I cannot say, but certain notes to Guizot look suspicious. Adorable ladies often wrote to him from the provinces, informing him how many votes they had secured. It was after the death of his first wife that he took such a fancy to the Princess Liéven. This passion becoming notorious, Louis Philippe said to him: "Why don't you marry her?"

"I cannot think of it; she corresponds with the Czar."

"So much the better; we will dictate the letters."

"But she would never give up her rank and title; she would never consent to be called Madame Guizot."

"Ah! now you are right; why did you not say that at first?"

Perhaps I ought not amuse my readers with these details, but when ministers run off they should not leave love-letters behind them.

One of Guizot's most ridiculous pretensions was to think himself handsome. He has so many portraits of himself hanging in his house, you would take it for a museum; and the medals and busts are nearly as numerous as the pictures. No man since the time of Narcissus, was more pleased with his own image. I know he would be willing to look at it from morning till night in the clear crystal of a fountain. His proud look seems to say: "I am everything, and you are nothing."

But, notwithstanding all this, he was a puppet in the hands of his master, Louis Philippe. Surprised by the earthquake of 1848, the master and man escaped in disguise. The hour of retribution had arrived.

Living exiled in England, it is said they seldom saw each other; strange that two beings who had been so closely united in prosperity, should desert each other in adversity! The good Doctor Veron, in his "Memoirs of a Paris Citizen," undertakes Guizot's defence. You are welcome to defend him, worthy Doctor! He had no more of a conscience than Talleyrand; he was the Calvin of diplomacy, denying the dogma of true faith, and the real presence of honour. No; he cannot be a child of France: he exposed his country to the insults of other nations, and did not resent them!

Read the description that Cormenin has
The Rose-bush.

THE ROSE-BUSH.

A child sleeps under a rose-bush fair,
The buds swell out in the soft May air;  
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies  
To play with the angels in Paradise—
And the years glide by.

A maiden stood by the rose-bush fair,
The dewy blossoms bend the air;  
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,  
With love’s first wonderful rapture blest—
And the years glide by.

A mother stands by the rose-bush fair,
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;  
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,  
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes—
And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair,
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air;  
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,  
And silently cover a new-made mound—
And the years glide by.

THE SEMPSSTRESS AND THE STREET MUSICIANS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Behold the pale Sempstress! worn, spent, and oppressed,
She sighs for the blessings of leisure and rest;  
From Life’s pleasant scenes must she still dwell apart?  
Stay—why that faint smile, and that tremulous start?  
She pauses—she listens—an organ draws near,  
Unwelcome, perchance, to the critical ear;  
She thinks not the music is harsh and uncouth,  
It brings back again the bright scenes of her youth.

The street, the din chamber have passed from her sight—
The valley is tinged with the sun’s early light;  
How well she recalls that first morning of May  
When Royal dominion was hers for a day!  
Her subjects the crown of fresh hawthorn prepare,  
The crown that shall shortly be placed on her hair  
When music resounds from the gay village green,  
And crowds shall proclaim her the May’s chosen Queen.

TWO EVENINGS.

BY ADA TREYNION.

The landscape wore a shadowy hue,  
The dew was on the lea;  
And, save a trembling star or two,  
All by ourselves were we:  
The silvery sound of vesper bell  
Was borne upon the air,  
And softly on my shoulder fell  
The flutter of her hair;  
And, standing in the rippling grass,  
With cuckoo flowers in bloom,  
We saw the moss’d rust-tinted mass  
Of the Gargoyle through the gloom.

And now again I view the scene  
Where she is mine no more:  
The small stream moans of what has been  
The rivets sigh to the shore:  
The chill dew weeps; the twilight falls;  
The evening star dilates;  
In fields beyond those ired walls  
The Night in silence waits;  
And hark! the tender vesper bell  
Comes stealing on the air,  
As when upon my shoulder fell  
The flutter of her hair.

Ramsgate, 1864.

Anon, all is silent; the respite was brief—
Yet dear to her heart was the passing relief.
The dark shroud of Evening now curtains the skies,  
In silence and sadness her needle she plies.
She pauses—she listens—what spell can be found  
In a voice that is rough and unmelodious sound?  
A change has come o’er her—a change glad and free,
She stands on the beach by the blue, tranquil sea.

That song! how she eagerly dwells on each word,  
That song from her young sailor lover she heard;
He left her to sail for a far-distant shore,  
Has he gone from her gaze? shall she meet him no more?
The song tells of tempests, of shipwrecks, and foes;  
But comfort is breathed by the words of the close:  
The ship safely cleaves through the wild ocean foam,  
The seamen are greeting their loved Island Home!

Oh! ye, who can freely enjoy at your will  
The exquisite treasures of musical skill,  
Who love on the clear, practised cadence to dwell,  
Or hear the trained orchestra’s full, pealing swell,  
The pleasures you share are to thousands denied,  
The sweet charm of music can but be supplied  
To the lone, the neglected, the toiling, the poor—
By the humble musicians who come to their door.

Perchance they may break on your lettered repose,  
And cause you a favourite volume to close;  
Yet think on the many their presence who greet  
In the dull murky alley, and dense crowded street;  
This maxim deserves to be borne in your mind—
‘Promote others’ pleasures!’ Tis thus you shall find  
(Oh! would that the truth could more widely be known!)  
The best, surest way of increasing your own!
The New Year had had a stormy advent. Snow at dawn, snow at noon, snow drifted breast high in the roads, heaped above the tops of the fences, banked up against the doors, and falling, driving, whirling still when darkness closed gloomily upon the scene.

"What a delightfully stormy night!" said I, drawing my chair nearer the red-hot grate.

Cousin Martha rejoined by a smile of assent, and went on with her knitting—a pair of woolen socks, by which tingling or benumbed feet bleeding from long marches over frozen clods, or crushing the snow upon the picket’s round, were to be abundantly comforted.

I wish you had known my Cousin Martha! And, to brave prejudice at the outset. I will remark that she was thirty-seven years of age, and had never married. Nobody called her "an old maid," yet it seemed unlikely that she would ever enter any other state than that she at present adorned. I used to think it would be a pity if she should; for, with all due respect for the honourable exceptions that redeem single-blessedness from the stigmas continually cast upon it, those who dignify and render it a desirable condition in the eyes of the multitude are not so numerous that any shining example can be spared. Cousin Martha was greatly loved and respected in our community, and it would have argued ill for the sense and taste of her neighbours had not this been the case. She had been very pretty in her youth; and, although infirm health and sorrow, more than years, had scattered gray hairs among her chestnut locks, and wasted her once plump form, there were still traces of beauty in her features, while her pleasant voice and the gentle grace of every movement remained unchanged. She wore a mourning-dress to-night, with tiny white frills at the throat and wrists. She was always thus apparelled, for she was the last of her family. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters had all stepped down before her into the waters that, dark and cold as they may appear, and stormy from the "troubing" of Azrael’s wing, are yet potent to heal all mortal disease and woe. I thought of these repeated and thrice-repeated bereavements as I scanned the sweet, placid face, she unconscious of my scrutiny. She was small of stature, and very slight; her busy hands were dainty in form and touch; her eyes were still sparkling with life and intelligence. You might have searched far, on that wintry eye, before you found another fairer fireside picture than was set for my admiration—one alone, for we were the only inmates of her parlour. A bright nook it was, with the light of fire and lamp; thick curtains excluded the chill of the outer air, white and crimson hung the walls, the carpet was a white ground with bunches of roses dropped here and there; there were softly-cushioned chairs and lounges, and a crimson-draped centre-table, besides books and lamps, a vase of white teas roses, their creamy hearts filling the air with fragrance. Cousin Martha had taste and means; the love of beauty and the ability to gratify it. We had passed our New Year’s Day without other company, for in that quiet country neighbourhood the fashion of receiving calls at that season was not practised. But we had had a happy time, with books, work, and talk. My hostess was the best conversationalist I ever knew, and a charming racconteur, and spared no pains to entertain her solitary guest.

Since our early tea, she had grown more taciturn and thoughtful, and, as I watched her, I observed that her eyes were often raised to a portrait which hung over the mantel. By-and-by her fingers were still, and her upward gaze became fixed. Love, yearning and fond, and settled sadness were expressed in the look, and, attracted by its intensity, my regards followed hers. It was the likeness of a young girl, of perhaps twenty summers. Bands of dark hair were put back smoothly from a wide, rather low brow; the face was oval, the complexion brunette, with a tinge of olive; nose well-formed, and lips full; but in the eyes lay the chief charm of the physiognomy. They were large, and almost if not quite, black, and in looking long at them I became aware that there were wells of passionate meaning in their depths. So well had the artist done his work that the iris seemed to dilate and grow lustrous as I met its glance; the soul—earnest, longing, seeking, yet with a certain prescience of coming sorrow hanging over it—to speak to me from the dumb canvas. I could not command my eyes away from the fascinating study, yet there was the oppressive conscious ness all the while that I, a stranger, was guilty of unfeeling intrusion, in searching into the griefs I felt, without being told, had certainly befallen her. I was wondering whether this melancholy—mysterious and not to be described by words—were indeed, as poets tell us, the token of early death to her who wore it, when Cousin Martha spoke, softly and reverently—

"Earth holds few like her, my dear. In heaven there are many."

"She was a dear friend of yours, I think you told me once?" I said.

"The dearest God ever gave me! the most faithful that mortal ever had! It was her nature to be true, constant unto death!"
'Was hers a sad history?' I ventured to ask, timidly.

'Yes, my love.'

Her eyes glistened as they again sought the portrait. The wind whistled and the storm beat heavily against the panes; but the room was so still that the clicking of Cousin Martha's needles was sharply audible. It was such a night as makes dwellers by warm hearth stones think pitifully of solitary graves, and shudder at visions of bleak churchyards filled with snow.

'I have been dreaming much this evening of another New Year's day, just twenty years ago,' resumed the gentle voice, lowly still, as if self-communing, 'when in a fine old country house was gathered as merry a party as that festal season saw in all the land. The host was my uncle, and my two sisters, Ruth and Lizzie, were there, happy, rosy girls; my cousins, George, Charley, and Ned Nowland, manly, handsome fellows they were; Phoebe Lane, the best dancer in the county, and blue-eyed Nellie Grey, the sweetest singer, save one, of the band and her brother Luther.'

There was a little pause here, and the dear head was bowed slightly, as one might bend in prayer beside the tomb of a friend beloved. It flashed through my mind that I had the rapturous recollections of a future yet more abundant had not power to make her oblivious, for an instant, of the comfort and well-being of those about her. She would leave the society of the one dearest to her on earth, at the cry of a child or to dispel the lightest cloud upon a face she loved. I, and I alone, was near her, as she stood, despising and afflicting the ruins of her cherished temple of happiness, as she trod, un murmuriously in the rough path under the thick cloud that from that dread hour settled closely down on her every side; but as the blaze of joy had not blinded her, neither did this night hide from her the finger of light pointing to 'the duty that lay nearest her hand;' I never heard from her an uncharitable or impatient word; she was utterly incapable of an ignoble, not to say an unkind action. Once I remember animadverting severely upon the conduct of one who had spoken meanly malicious words of June herself—words that I felt must wound her in a vital point. Gently, dear! she said, beseeming; 'there is much excuse for her harsh judgment. She had no suffering to make her pitiful and tender to others!'

'It was no wonder that we—her young associates—one and all, loved her, and that our admiration kept pace with affection. Her intellectual gifts were rare and varied; her taste fine and pure to a proverb. Her tact was inimitable, and such her powers of adaptation to whatever society she might be in, that, while all recognized the ennobling influence of her character and conversation, she set the humblest at ease by her own unassuming humility and kindly speech.

'On the afternoon of New Year's-day we formed a wide circle about the parlour-fire. It was too dark for reading or dancing; yet the
long twilight, through which the blazing logs sent ruddy gleams, was too pleasant for us to think of sending for other lights. So we sang and talked by turns, sometimes a subdued murmur of conversation breaking up between the stanzas, like the throbbed accompaniment of some swelled instrument. Allen Morley was an enthusiastic musician; and the Grays being capital singers, they, with June, made up our finest quartette, the centre of our choruses. June sustained the alto. None of the rest of the girls would attempt it, being dubious of their ability to carry it through well, and considering it, moreover, as a subordinate, and not a pleasing part, until she proved the contrary to be the truth by singing it like an angel. It was her way to undertake all manner of distasteful duties, and make them lovely by her manner of performing them. She occupied an ottoman directly beneath the mantel on one side of the hearth. Allen Morley sat next, as it was his custom now-a-days to do, whenever he could so arrange it. His chair was raised partly away from his neighbour on the other side, so that he faced June. I shall carry that picture in my mind to my last day, as I saw it then—now dimly, as the flame sank and fantastic shadows swept and quivered over the group—again, as the red tongues leaped upward, so plainly that I could count the petal or rose in June’s hair, and scan every line of the earnest visage bent towards her.

“Allen was not a handsome man, but one looked at him more than once before arriving at this conclusion; there was something so attractive in the strong, intelligent countenance, and its habitual expression of frankness and good-will. He had keen grey eyes, rather deeply set, a broad brow, and a mouth that would have seemed too large but for the very beautiful teeth revealed by his smile. He was a popular member of our party. I think there was not one of us who did not wish him success in the suit he was now pressing, for his attachment and the probable declaration of it to its object were no secret to lookers-on. June wore a black silk that evening, open at the throat, as the fashion then was, with an inside kerchief of snowy tulle. About her neck was a narrow band of black velvet, and—addressed to this, a pearl cross, resting among the fleecy folds upon her bosom. It was a pretty jewelled thing, and as she toyed with it I had no pre- vision of the sadly heavy cross she was even then preparing to take up. A scarlet shawl had slipped from her shoulders to her waist; and once, when the saucy blaze laughed out suddenly, I saw Allen’s hand steal to that one of hers that lay buried in the drapery in her lap. I noted also, that it was not withdrawn, but that June dropped the cross and put her disengaged hand hurriedly to the cheek nearest the fire, as if she feared that the illumination should make visible its deepening blush. I knew all, then, and, to divert the attention of the rest, I began to sing—not very steadily, I daresay—the first song that came into my head. Luther Grey sat beside me, and we were just opposite June and Allen. Divining my purpose, he joined in directly with his deep bass, that rang through the chords like a bell. I was surprised that June’s voice was the next to catch up the strain, and then Allen took the tenor. It was that simple old ‘Hymn to the Virgin’—

“Ave, Sanctissima! We lift our souls to thee: Ora, pro nobis; ‘Tis nightfall on the sea.”

I cannot hear it now without an aching heart and that swelling of throat that betokens the rise of unshed tears. The plaintive melody has been vibrating in my memory for hours past, with the full, regular beat of the bass; the rise and fall of the tenor, as it blended lovingly with, then soared above the alto; the exquisite modulations of June’s voice, and the thrill of pathos that always belongs to the sub-tones of a fine contralto—I can hear it all. Thesong was encored, I recollect, and then some other air was named, and we did not cease singing until my uncle appeared and called for candles.

“Supper was half over before I dared look directly into June’s eyes. Their lids fell for a second—she had a trick of doing this when slightly confused—then a faint colour arose to her temples; she smiled, a little shyly, lifted her eyes, and gave me one glimpse of her heart—just one—and no one else was the wiser for the revelation. There was a certain delicacy about the girl’s very thought and action; and in nothing was this exemplified more forcibly than in her manner of communicating to me her newly-born happiness—the fact of Allen’s definite proposal and her acceptance of the same.

In all our years of intimacy I never asked her a more explicit expression of her inner life, nor did she of me. Confidence, to be valuable, must be spontaneous, and all seasons are not alike propitious for the utterance of unrestrained feeling. I was not disappointed. Therefore, when we were shut into the chamber we shared together, that Allen’s name was not mentioned. June knelt longer than was her habit, in her nightly devotions, and she gave me two ‘Good-night’ kisses instead of one.

“Many, many happy New Years, darling!”

“May yours be as many and as full of joy as those you wish for me, dear June,” I responded.

“Then we conversed no more until morning. Only once, when after more than two hours of happy wakefulness—for life was very bright to me, too, that New Year—I raised myself on my arm and glanced over at her, I saw by the light of the moon that she lay calmly asleep, her hands folded, as in thankfulness, on her bosom, and a smile of such sweet tranquillity on her lips, that I could not help pressing mine lightly to them. The touch, gentle as it was, stirred her dream, and she whispered one word—a name! I shrank back, conscience-stricken. I felt that I had violated the sanctity of the pen-
tralia, where even I had no right to enter uninvited. I never told her of the unintentional theft—so I called it then.

"Well, on the 3rd of January we scattered to our various homes, consoling ourselves and one another by pledges of many more such meetings, and a positive engagement of a reunion on every succeeding New Year's-day of all of us who could, by any stretch of human ability, accomplish this end.

"Mrs. Langdon, June's widowed mother, lived next door to my father, and not a day passed in the which June and I did not meet. We generally spent several hours together, working or reading or walking, yet a week went by and Allen was not referred to by either. An ordinary woman would have overwhelmed a confidante with all the particulars of the courtship and engagement, at the first available moment; poured the whole torrent of hopes, fears, and plans into her willing ears. At length, one evening, as I sat musing by my chamber fire, a clock-hitting dawdling made me from some merrymaking to which my sisters had gone, I heard June's well-known tap at my door, and hastened to answer it. She came in brightly, as she always did, inquired tenderly concerning my indisposition, and informed me that, feeling disinclined to gaiety herself, she had decided, instead of going to the party, to inflict her company upon me for an hour or two.

"You are very kind!" I said, gratefully.

"I feel that I am—to myself!" she rejoined, drawing a stool to my knee and seating herself upon it. "As if you did not know, you infinitesimal morsel of simple humanity, that I am weariest to death by dissipation, and that I at all times prefer a quiet confabulation with you to anything whatsoever. Moreover, I came over to-night, as the old people say, "for a purpose." I have something to show you!" And, with a kind of desperate courage, while her cheeks glowed like fire and her lashes drooped quite over the eyes, where I was sure I had seen the tears start, she held out her hand to me. There, on the third finger, gleamed a new ring—only a plain gold circle, such as Allen's means justified him in purchasing; but it looked very bright upon the delicately-shaped hand, and I knew that, had the koh-i-noor itself been set in it, the recipient could not have prized it more highly. "June!" I said, "my darling girl!"

The beautiful head sank upon my breast, and for a moment neither of us could speak. She was first to recover her self-command.

"Give me another!" she said, brushing away the glittering tears, and smiling, like sunshine through an April cloud. "I meant to be very straightforward and practical! You have not thought me unkindly reserved in not telling you all about it before, have you?"

"I answered truly in the negative.

"Because, you know," she went on, pleadingly, "it was all so new and unreal to me, for awhile, like a delicious dream I feared to dis-
loved and retreating forms, and we parted—the hopeful renewal of our pledge for the next year on every lip and comforting each heart.

"The ensuing summer was that of which I spoke awhile ago, when Allen spent two months in our village. He had completed the academic course; bearing off the first honour in his class, and was to go, in the fall, to a famous medical school, some hundreds of miles away. Of course he was at Mrs. Langdon's almost constantly, and June's whole being bloomed luxuriantly under the continued sunshine of his presence. Her cheek became more round, her step elastic; her eyes were luminous with thought and feeling; smiles and blushes came with ever-quickened pulsation of a heart moved to its very depths. She was glorious in her perfected womanhood! I was very busy all that spring and summer."

Here the narrator stopped, and I held my breath, longing yet fearing to hear what I divined was to come next. Then the mild eyes turned upon me, and in sweet, steady accents, my cousin said—

"I seldom speak of this, dear, although not a day passes—no, scarcely an hour—in which the memory is not present with me; but June's story would not be rightly told, nor you be able to do her justice, if I omitted a sad passage in my own life. To-night, too, I seem to be wandering through the restlessness of the past, rather than telling to another a sadly true tale of what has been and can never come again, for there is but one spring-time in each life, my child. God help those who have never known its freshness and beauty!

I expected to be married to Luther Grey that fall, and my preparations for this event engrossed so much of my time that it was very easy for June to have that portrait taken without my knowledge. The artist was a friend of Allen's, and came at his invitation to our rural neighbourhood. I have heard of him since as a successful painter, but he never achieved a greater success than that likeness of my darling. She intended it as a bridal gift. The bridal never came! One week before the time set for our marriage Luther was called to the city by business, was smitten by fever on the journey, and died among strangers!

"I have forgotten much that followed. I had never felt sorrow until then, and the shock prostrated me utterly. Mine was not a nature to find a tone in a single mighty grief. I was to be taught endurance by repeated lessons. But more distinctly than the comfortings of parents and kindred, although these were not wanting, do I remember the consolation I drew from June's society and sympathy. She would sit with me for hours together, when I could scarcely bear to hear or to speak a syllable, holding my hand in hers, or supporting my head, soothing my paroxysms of rebellious woe by mute caresses; or, when she thought that I could heed them, whispering words of holy truth, droppings of oil and wine into the bruised and wounded heart. Months elapsed before she alluded, however distantly, to her betrothal. As for me—I shame to own it, but I was young, and undisciplined by affliction—I could not bear to introduce the subject; not that I was so meanly selfish as to envy her happier fate; but we had been as one in joy for so long, had traced our futures in the self-same tints, and henceforward as if to be changed—the light was all on her head, the darkness on mine. I do not excuse the sinful repinings that then seemed to prove me unworthy to be her friend.

The time came when I was punished for these.

"New Year's Day arrived, and I passed it alone, obstinately refusing to admit any one to my chamber through its heavy, heavy hours. All that in other days made the anniversary dear and joyous combined to augment the gloom of this day of mourning. I called myself unfortunate, stricken of God, worn beyond the power of mortality to endure. I did not know that there crawled upon the Creator's footstool a more ungratef ul, mutinous worm than I was bent upon being. Just at nightfall June's step and knock sounded in the hall, outside my room. I actually hesitated, in my madness, whether to open to her or not. The gentle rap came again, and my better feelings moved me to unlock the door. Oh! the face that met my fierce, tearless gaze! So pale, so solemn, yet so eloquent of boundless compassion and love! It was as if a pitying angel had folded her wings upon the threshold. She closed and locked the door, took me in her arms, and wept over me, calling me by endearing names until my hard, bitter mood gave way under the gracious shower. Still hushing me upon her heart, as she would have done a sobbing, tired child, she remained with me until I fell asleep. I awoke two hours later to find her still supporting me, and all dark about us except where the decaying fire showed a dull red, and still, save for the sighing of the wind.

"'You have not tired me,' said June, reassuringly, as I exclaimed at my protracted slumber. 'I have been watching that star. How bright it is!'

"She pointed to one visible between the curtains of the window nearest the bed, gleaming like a ruby in the winter sky. I lay back against her shoulder, and looked at it with her. The piercing ray affected me singularly. It was like a calm, searching eye that read my thoughts, and rebuked the earthliness of my desolation. June's voice stole into the stillness like a strain of rich music:

"'Within my soul there is no light
Save the red light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again!"
Oh, fear not, in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know, ere long—  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong!"

"June! June!" I cried, clinging to her  
neck and weeping afresh, "I knew feared  
and have failed! I have suffered without tearing strength! Help me!"

"She did help me, as she knew best how  
to do. Her teachings were of childlike submision  
and filial trust; of the wisdom of that  
love that makes of the very hurt wherewith the  
Father is constrained to chasten his beloved the  
medicine for the wound; brings forth from the  
thorny seed of affliction the precious bloom of  
faith, love, and a deathless hope of life and joy  eyond the grave. My noble friend! She  
needed not suffering to make her tender! We  
talked on and on, until I started up in sudden  
remorse.

"O June! I am keeping you from Allen all  
this time! How cruelly selfish in me!"

"I shall stay all night with you, Martha, if  
you will let me; Allen is not here.

"Not spending his holiday with you!" I  
said, incredulously. "How is that?"

"We did not think it best for him to come  
on just now," was the quiet evasion.

"Allen told me, many months later, what  
she had not allowed me to suspect—namely,  
that he stayed away at her request. She feared  
that his coming would revive too painfully in  
my mind the memory of the gatherings of the  
three preceding New Year's days.

"It was about this time that she took up a  
course of study he had marked out for her; readings of history, philosophy, intellectual and  
moral, and French. I had a taste for such  
pursuits, and she enticed me into working with  
her. It did me good, by calling off my thoughts  
from morbid indulgence in sorrow, and she  
studied with avidity and success, to gratify him  
whose rapid strides in the acquisition of medical  
knowledge had not impaired his love of scholastic  
lore. Thus matters went on until he received  
his diploma. This was in the fifth year of their  
engagement. Meanwhile, my uncle and aunt,  
at whose house they were betrothed, had died  
within a few months of each other; two of their  
sons, both of my sisters, and Nellie Grey were  
married; Phoebe Lane had removed to the West,  
and Harry Frost was in Europe. June and I,  
thus left to each other, were more nearly in  
separable than ever. Allen was anxious to  
marry so soon as he received his doctor's  
degree, but his more judicious friends opposed  
this proceeding as imprudent, and June could  
not gainsay their arguments. He had no  
fortune, and her portion was exceedingly moderate.  
It would have been mere romantic folly in them  
to wed until he had a prospect of a settled  
pRACTICE. Appealed to by his advisers and  
hers, June undertook to reconcile him to the  
delay.

"I will never be a clog to you!" she said,  
firmly. "After all, it is only waiting a little  
longer, and—forcing one of her bright smiles  
—surely we should be used to that by this  
time, Allen."

"The last year in the felon's cell is the most  
tedious," he responded. But he yielded finally,  
although with indifferent grace.

"For some months he was in wretched spirits,  
and chafed sorely at the unsatisfactory drifting  
from probability to chance, from what looked,  
at a distance, like certainty, to disappointment.  
June bore up bravely. Where work was  
demanded, he might be the stronger; but in  
this season of suspense, of wearisome waiting  
and hopes often deferred, her cheerful fortitude  
surpassed his. Her letters were long and  
frequent, and breathed in every line her steadfast  
devotion to him; her sanguine belief  
that he must succeed in the end; her  
conviction that this trial was the needful cloud  
upon their otherwise clear sky, from the shadow  
of which they would emerge with renovated  
trust in Providence, and better fitted to perform  
their life-work. The man who would not rally  
at such encouragement would not be worthy of the  
name, and Allen Morley was no craven.  
Partly on account of his own merits, partly  
through the influence of friends, he was  
admitted to a partnership in a flourishing  
medical connection in the city of N—.  
Soon the news crept through the large band  
of June's friends and acquaintances that, after  
six years' waiting, she was to become the  
of her first and only love. By Allen's request, the  
marrige was to take place on New Year's day.  
It was to be an important occasion, for Emma  
Langdon, June's younger and only sister, was  
to bestow her hand at the same time upon my  
cousin, Edward Nowland.

"One afternoon—I Remember the date well,  
it was the fifth of December—June and I were  
closeted in my room, deep in talk of past,  
present, and future experiences. She spoke  
more freely of Allen than was her wont, even  
to me—more as a wife might speak of her  
husband.

"Poor fellow!" she said, smiling a little  
sadly, ' he used to wonder, during that dreamy  
six months of waiting for practice, if he would  
have to serve for me fourteen or seven years.  
I prophesied then that the Father would be  
to us than our fears. But I am humbled  
when I reflect how poor a Rachel is to reward  
his faithful service. Don't interrupt me,  
Martha; I foresee your indignant denial of my  
self-deprecation, and I thank you for it. But—  
I say it in all seriousness—it is no slight test of  
a man's love to set for him a probation of such  
length, and he should receive a peerless wife to  
compensate him for the trial. And Allen was  
so young when this tie was formed! I think,  
from what I have seen in other cases, that it is  
not so natural for men to be constant as it is for  
us. They like to have the prize held within a  
reasonable distance of their grasp, or they weary  
of the pursuit. But then—arousing from the  
dreamy tone into which she had lapsed—' Allen  
is like no other man that I ever saw!'"
Seven Years.

"'So you think!' I rejoined, jestingly.

'And who has a better right to know him? I have never been able to express even to you how lofty is my estimate of his character and motives; how firm is my belief in the sincerity of his avowed love for me. I have never felt one pang of distrust; never dreamed, for one second, of doubting his honour and truth. I look for the continuance of his affection and fidelity as surely as I do for the sun to rise tomorrow.'

'We were interrupted by the entrance of Emma Langdon.

'June!' she called, breathlessly. 'Come home, at once! Allen is there!'

'June grew pale with surprise.

'Allen! what brings him now?' she articulated.

'I suppose the desire to see you!' laughed Emma. 'At any rate, he said so! So, run along!'

The following morning a note was brought me before I was up. It came from June, and penned hastily at midnight—I judged, shortly after Allen's departure. She thought it best to inform me, without delay, of the postponement of her marriage. The communication went on to say: Allen's partner, Dr. Richards, had, in settling the yearly accounts with his young colleague, revealed to the latter the fact that he had greatly over-estimated the amount of his income from the business, as it now stood. It would be larger the ensuing twelvemonth—how much larger they could not yet determine. It would be unwise, in Dr. Richards' opinion, for Allen to marry upon an uncertainty. At present he could not hope to support a wife unless their establishment were extremely humble.

'For myself,' wrote June, 'I am willing to undergo privation—care not how simple may be my mode of life; but Dr. R. dwells upon the expediency of Allen's beginning his professional career under different circumstances. Their practice is principally among the wealthier class of N——, with whom Allen is already popular. I can see that unfashionable lodgings and a plainly-dressed wife may damage him in their eyes. You know his proud, independent spirit, and can appreciate how galling to him it would be to see me excluded from the society in which he has been accustomed to move, or to be received there by sufferance. He promised Dr. Richards to lay the case frankly before me, and at the cost of great pain and mortification to himself, he has done so. While declaring himself to be willing and desirous to consummate our engagement at the time appointed, and to bear the consequences of what the world might consider rash and premature, he has nevertheless consented to abide by my decision. You cannot doubt what that is. I should be recreant to my self-respect, false to the duty I have pledged to him, if I suffered him to sacrifice his fair prospects to my impatience. To you I confess that my heart fainted, for one sickening moment, at the thought of 'indefinite postponement'—courage, which I am thankful I did not let him detect. He has enough to bear without the sight of my weakness. He was so careworn and haggard, so miserable at the downfall of hopes that seemed so near their fulfilment, that I forgot my share of the burden in striving to alleviate his unhappiness. We will not talk of this when we meet, dear, if you please. I have a hard task before me in convincing my family and others that this is a slight trial to me, that I am so used to waiting, that a few months more will be as nothing added to the many, during which I have been in spirit, as I thought soon to be in name—Allen Morley's wife! Do I seem bold in writing that word? If so, forget it! I need something to-night to sustain me—this has come so unexpectedly upon me! I must be tired and nervous. I can attribute to no other cause the nameless dread that shakes my spirit. Do not, I entreat you, cast the shadow of blame upon Allen, nor suffer others to do so in your hearing. He has acted nobly throughout. The change is all my work, my own free choice. My trust in him was never stronger.'

'Judging rightly that my presence would be a support to her, I went over to Mrs. Langdon's, directly after breakfast, and found the family in great confusion: Emma crying; Mrs. Langdon gravely inquisitive, and two sisters-in-law, who had dropped in, severely censorious of the mismanagement displayed by both Allen and June, in not knowing more about their pecuniary affairs before fixing the wedding-day. One of them went so far as to intimate that the suggested postponement savoured of disrespect, on Allen's part, to his chosen bride and her family. June looked up quickly.

'You must not say that, Fanny! Allen is the soul of honour; otherwise he might, from considerations of mistaken delicacy, have let things take their course. There has always been perfect confidence between us. I might have complained, had he failed to repose this in me now. I "suggested" the change—not he! He would marry me to-morrow, if I would let him injure himself and me by so doing!'

'She asked my help in packing her wedding-clothes out of sight in the large new trunk that had been bought for the bridal trip. We performed the task in silence, folding and laying away the fine linen wrought by loving fingers, the soft flannels and muslins, the handsome dresses provided by her mother for her favourite child, handkerchiefs, collars, and ribbons we had selected together; all the best of their kind, for the doctor's bride must be well apparelled among her new acquaintances.

In everything Allen's taste had been studiously consulted. Not a chintz wrapper had been chosen without thought of how he would like it. The entire wardrobe was that of his wife, and would suit no one else. The last article was laid in, the white cape shawl in the tray allotted to it, and the dainty parasol with its rich white silk fringe beside it, and the spring-lock clicked into its place. To my aching heart it sounded
like the closing of a coffin-lid, but June did not shed a tear in my sight.

"Emma was married at the time set for the double wedding, and June was first bridesmaid. We had a gay time, or, to speak more truly, all appeared hilarious. For my part, I have often felt more cheerful at a funeral. Allen was not there. He made professional business the excuse for his non-appearance, but wrote privately to June that he could not risk being present in a scene that would bring to him so vividly the sense of his own great disappointment. For the first time I called him selfish and unmanly in my secret thoughts. Since she must run the gauntlet of curious eyes, and prying tongues, and suspicious whispers, it was surely his duty to stand at her side and assist her to support the ordeal. I had not known how brave she was until that night; I have never questioned since the truth of the stories told of martyrs who sang and smiled at the stake. Her flow of spirits had no semblance of recklessness; it looked like the blithe, spontaneous outgushings of a happy heart. Her hospitality was thoughtful and free, pleasing all, and overlooking none. The gossips forgot to remark how well she bore her recent trial—forgot, indeed, that she had anything to bear. 'If Allen does not choose to recollect this,' I said, in my cynical musings, 'it is not wonderful that others find it convenient to overlook the extent of her self-devotion.'

'Time did not fly the rest of that winter and spring; the days crept by with lagging, noiseless tread. I used to fancy there was something ominous in the dead hush and calm of our life. I say 'our,' for June and I were always together. I could see subsequently that she clung to me like a child that feels the first chill of coming evening, with a vague sense of loneliness and terror, the cause of which she knew not herself. Allen had spoken once of a hope that he might be able to claim her by midsummer; but when July came, he paid us a visit of a week, and 'feared,' as he told me—and I suppose June also—that he must not look forward to having a home of his own before the winter. I had never liked him so little as during this week's vacation, yet he found more favour in the eyes of our townpeople then ever before. His manners were more suave, his conversation entertaining, and he had greatly improved in personal appearance. June saw no fault in him; only grieved that his spirits were so often depressed.

'He feels our prolonged separation too keenly for his peace of mind,' she said to me. 'It almost breaks my heart when he speaks of it.' I learned later that he had criticized her appearance and dress on several occasions—a thing unprecedented in their intercourse; had cautioned her against becoming 'countryfied' and 'prim,' especially against 'growing sober before her time.'

'Poor girl!' he once said, in savage self-reproach, 'what have I ever been to you but a slow blight upon your life?'

'Her answer was instant: 'A blessing and a glory, Allen! the best gift Heaven ever made me!'

'The afternoon before he left for his post of duty I stood with them, watching the sunset. June was thinner and paler than usual that season, and as she leaned against a pillar of the porch, looking towards the west, the strong light showed this only too plainly. She was thinking, probably, of the morrow's parting, for there was a drawn, painful look about her mouth, and an expression of sad, dreary longing in her beautiful eyes. I saw that Allen was eying her narrowly, while he tried to talk to me, and imagining that, like myself, he desired to comfort the tired, faithful spirit that had passed the years of life in patient waiting, in the hope of finally becoming his, I slipped quietly away.

'June!' I heard him say, abruptly, before I was out of hearing, 'for Heaven's sake do not look so dolorous! It makes you appear a good ten years older!'

'I had nearly turned back to rate him hotly for his unfeeling and ungentlemanly address, but second thought showed me the manifest impropriety of interference.' Autumn drew on, and early in November June was called from home by the illness of her sister Emma. She was absent seven whole weeks. We corresponded regularly, although her letters were brief, and devoted principally to accounts of Emma, her home, husband, and baby—the fresh young June,' the fond aunt styled her. These seemed to engross her, to the exclusion of all thoughts of her own concerns. She was expected back on New Year's Eve, and I meant to be among the first to greet her; but an inconvenient arrival of company detained me in my own home until past ten o'clock. Too impatient to wait until morning, I only stayed to see the last of the mal apopos guests cross the threshold, when, saying to my mother that I should not be in again that night, I threw a cloak over my head, and ran through the garden to Mrs. Langdon's. The back entrance was not yet fast, but I met none of the family. I entered, stole up-stairs, and knocked at June's door. It was locked on the inside.

'June!' I called, supposing she had retired, 'are you awake? It is I!'

'There was a hasty rustling within, as of papers being pushed or dragged over the floor, the key was turned, and I caught her in my arms.

'And how are you?' I asked, pulling her around, that the light might fall upon her face. 'My beauty! how tired you look!'

'I have travelled far to-day,' she returned, hastily, 'and I have not had a night of uninterrupted sleep in six weeks. I told you, did I not, that while Emma was so ill Baby June was brought into my room? Afterwards, I would not let her go. She is the dearest little thing!'

'This was plausible, but I was not deceived,
The first glimpse of that colourless face, the deep, unutterable melancholy of the eyes, the dark shadows beneath them that spoke of nights and days of wretchedness, the unnatural smile and hollow voice, struck chill horror to my heart. I asked no questions, according to our custom, but talked about Emma, and the baby, and neighbouring news, as she evidently wished me to do, for half an hour. Then I said: "Had you not better go to bed, dear? You need rest."

"She seemed embarrassed, and stood, leaning her forehead on her hand, for a whole minute, as in irresolution, or reluctant to speak. Then she took my fingers in hers. I can feel their fevered clasp now!

"I intended to keep it from you, Martha, until after to-morrow. I feared to mar the pleasure of the day to you. But, since you are here, it may be best that you should know all. I was busy when you came to the door; I ought to finish my task to-night. Do not let what I am about to tell you trouble you, dear—what I will tell you, dear! That it would affect you I know, far you do love me, Martha! See here!"

"She drew from beneath the table a heap of letters and small packages, collected in the middle of a large sheet of stout wrapping-paper. My eye caught the superscription of that which lay uppermost.

'Dr. Allen Morley, N—ed—.'

The shock was overwhelming. I sank into a chair, sick and trembling; then a rush of tears came to my relief. It was long before I could utter a word. Even I failed her in her hour of extremest need. I sat, silent and despairing, while she finished the arrangement of the contents of the bulky parcel, folded the paper about it, and corded it up with all the strength of her small hands. Then—this is literal truth, my dear!—she took down an inkstand and traced the familiar address, for the last time, in firm, legible characters on the outside. As she raised herself from the floor where she had knelt to do this, the clock struck twelve! She shivered, as in an agony, looked at me with a piteous smile, a thousand times more mournful than tears, and covered her face with her hands.

"Seven years! seven years!"

"I have been in many scenes of distress since then; have heard many wails of bereavement, but never has there sounded in my ears anything else so plaintive, so expressive of wounded love and regretful anguish as that one low, sad cry. 'God forgive him!' burst from my lips. I am afraid the accent as well as the inward sentiment were those of a curse, more than a supplication for a blessing upon the author of her woe. Her ear was quick to detect my meaning.

"You wrong him, Martha! He was, and he is good! He could not help being weaned from me. He tried to keep his heart steady to its allegiance. He would have remained faithful to the letter of his pledge, although the spirit had died out. He never designed to desert me. But he is moving in a different sphere from mine; is courted and flattered, and he was always ambitious. Then, too, while he has barely reached his prime, I have passed the first bloom of youth. I feel that I have grown old very fast."

"'Waiting for him!' I ejaculated, warmly.

"'Hush, dear! Had this engagement ended in one year from the time it was formed, it would have been all the same. Having once loved him, I could never have married any other man. Do not dislike him because I have ceased to please him. He is not to blame. This change has been growing a long time. I can see it all now. When, through his representations, I postponed our marriage, a year ago, I thought it was all my doing; I am sure now that his heart shrank from fulfilling the compact even then. I was blind, selfishly blind, not to have discerned it, and, by breaking the engagement myself, spared him further pain—saved him from the odium that will, I fear, attach to him. He loves no one else, he says; but there has been a gradual waning of his affection for eighteen months past. I am not the only sufferer. This has been and is still a great sorrow to him. Now, dear, we will go to bed, for I need rest to prepare me for what is yet to come. I must answer questions, you know, and I must shield him! Mother knows nothing yet, nor Emma, although it is five weeks since our correspondence closed. I felt that all was not right, and finally gathered courage to write, imploping him to deal truly with me and tell me all. I fear I am not very coherent.' Again she put her hand to her head, and the poor, pale lips were wrung, not wreathed, by a smile. 'But I have maintained a show of composure in the sight of others until to-night, and I am weary—God only knows how weary! Forgive me for distressing you! You will stand by me, won't you? Will help me defend him, for there will be harsh, unjust things said of him, and that I cannot bear! Now, kiss me. Good night, dear! Our Father in heaven give you a happy New Year, and grant me strength!"

"My dear child, it is too much the fashion to speak lightly of woman's constancy, and there are those who exchange one lover for another with as much apparent ease as they would slip a glove from the hand. But, if only in memory of the sad, simple tale I have told you of one heart's loyalty—staunch, stainless, and abiding—never let these slurs pass unproved in your presence. Such women—and there are many as true—love for a life-time."

"Did she ever meet Allen again? (How I hate him!)' said I.

"Once. In the spring of that same year, we both paid a visit to Emma. We went by rail, and at the junction of the road with that leading from N——, a large wedding-party from that city came on board. It soon appeared that most of them had only escorted the happy pair to this point, and were to return upon the next down train. Conspicuous among the gay and
The Beacon of the Soul.

laughing group was the figure of Allen Morley! June and I were thickly veiled, and remained very quiet, not speaking or moving lest he should recognize us. I was somewhat surprised that he did not, for he stood for at least five minutes, talking to a lady directly opposite to us, and so near to June that she could have touched his arm. At his entrance, her hand had closed convulsively upon mine, and while he spoke, the pressure tightened until it was really painful. I could have said, too, that she held her breath, lest she should lose an accent of his voice. He lingered on the cars until the last moment, and was uttering his hurried adieu, when the first movement of the train at starting jostled him against June's shoulder.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, lifting his hat in courteous apology, true to his instinct of gentlemanliness, in the haste and bustle of the moment.

"The next instant he had sprung from the platform and we left him behind. We made no allusion to the meeting, for many miles: indeed, we did not speak at all, for June's bowed head warned me to forbear comment or inquiry. At last she looked up, and again pressed my hand.

"I must never see him again, Martha! never!"

"I understood the touching acknowledgment of the power he still possessed to move the inmost recesses of her heart, and devoutly hoped that the pathways so widely sundered might from that hour never cross one another. They did not. They will meet no more until the great day."

"What became of him?" I questioned, further.

"He lives yet—prosperous, and, the world says, happy. He was married about a year after his rupture with June, to a 'fast' belle, with red cheeks and saucy black eyes; voluble of speech; superficial as to education, and who bantered him at their wedding-feast, in 'the hearing of all the guests, upon his former 'escape.' I leave you to draw your own inferences as to her delicacy and depth of feeling."

"And she!" I looked up with moist eyes, now, into the noble face bent towards me from the mantel. I could have fancied that the head was encircled by a halo, such as worshipping painters love to throw around the brows of martyrs who have fought the good fight against great odds and entered into rest.

"She walked on in her appointed way, meekly, yet brightly still; more mindful than ever, if that were possible, of others' weal; charitable, with holy pity to the erring; gentle to the lowly, full of sympathy with the suffering, an angel of mercy to all upon whom her shadow fell. Such goodness was not without many admirers. More than one sought her hand perseveringly, in spite of her twenty-six years and the story of her disappointment; but she listened to none.

"How could I!" she said to me, once, when I spoke of her rejection of an estimable suitor. 'I told him, plainly, that I had no love to give him. The cup is as bitter, now, as when it was first pressed to my reluctant lips; but the Father gave, and shall I refuse to drink it?"

"Yet I have heard acquaintances of years' standing, compliment her upon her unflagging spirits; her mother told me she had never seen her downcast for an instant, and her sister would look on, with a sigh of envious admiration, as her children frolicked with their best-loved playfellow, 'Aunt June,' and say, 'How fortunate it was for herself and for others that June's temperament enabled her to throw off care so easily.' I knew better, and the merciful Father comprehended the full extent of her patience, her loving-kindness, and heroic self-sacrifice. When the precious fruit was fully ripe, He put forth His hand and took it. She has lived in the unclouded light of His love for seven years."

THE BEACON OF THE SOUL.

'Tis joy to hold some thought within,
Which—though it speak not from the tongue—
Has long each action over-ruled,
And ev'ry nerve with vigour strung.

A thought that fills the inner life,
And gilds the day-dreams of the soul,
And never in our darkest hour
Has failed to cheer us and console.

Like some tall lighthouse far from shore,
Which tow'rs above a storm-tossed sea,
And nerves the struggling mariner
To gain its shelter and be free:

So does this rise above the sea
Of life, that foams and roars below;
We fix our eyes upon its sheen,
And bravely o'er the waters go.

And be this Beacon what it may—
Or wealth or honour, fame or love—
If not with selfish aim we toil,
We too may raise our lamp above;

May gaze upon its cheering light
Through dark desponding nights of grief,
And thank the Hand which has bestow'd
This soothing ray to give relief;

May look to find some blessing rest
Upon our work, when it is done:
Although we dare not hope, by us
The highest prizes may be won.

The noblest aims the widest spread—
Like Air and Sun and genial Showers:
And not to all alike, are given
The wisest thoughts, the highest powers.

But each may steer his marked out course,
Yet strive within the Port to come;
So shall the Beacon of his Soul,
In its turn bring a good ship home.

R. F. H.
“MAN OVERBOARD!”

By Edward Branthwyt.

(Author of "The Wayward Heart," &c.)

It was a glorious day. The glowing tropical sun shone down from a sky whose deep azure was shown more vividly by the few fleecy snow-white clouds. Each ray was reflected with almost undiminished brilliancy from the mirror-like surface of the wide ocean. A gentle breeze, before which the good ship "Cynosure" was advancing, little more than four knots an hour, towards her destination, tempered the burning heat, and brought refreshing coolness on its wing. A musical ripple fell upon the ear, as the waters parted beneath the advancing keel, and surged along the sides in a white foam. All around lay the blue unbroken expanse of ocean, where not a sail was visible nor any sign of life but the white, glancing pinions of the swift seabirds.

To break the monotony there was but the heavy rolling swell, which at intervals masked the distant horizon and rocked our floating home with the gentle motion of a cradle. It was a proof that there was not always calm, a memorial of a gale (so the landsmen called it) which had hurried us along at the rate of twelve knots an hour, and had on the very same morning cost us the loss of the foreroyal, swept away to leeward, before a sudden gust, like the dry leaves of autumn.

Reclining on a rug beneath the welcome awning I lay in idle content. It was a scene and hour to make even an Englishman appreciate the enjoyment of the dolce far niente. Not that I was indulging in the luxury with altogether Italian devotion, for ever and anon I turned the leaves of a twice, a thrice, an oft-perused book, "What will he do with it?" It is an old friend of mine; for, besides its own merits, it has other means of affording me a great pleasure. And here I, Edward Branthwyt, take the opportunity of tendering my heartfelt thanks to the gifted author, not only for the works his genius has produced—a boon which all must share—but still more for a peculiar and personal motive. I should indeed be of an ungrateful disposition if I felt no gratitude for the gift of such a charming cousin as Lucy Branthwyt. Who will say she has no real existence, that she is but a vision of the brain? Can such thoughts die? Are they not immortal? Has not genius created her, and created her to live for ever? For me her existence in my heart and mind is no less real than much that I see and feel about me. I am the richer by the existence of that dear cousin, with all her charms of mind and body, and no man can take her from me.

I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of the dinner-bell, a summons welcomed by so many who found the hours hang heavily from the monotony of a long sea-voyage. But to me it had a reproachful voice. Four o'clock! Had I not made a promise—and to a lady—to give her before that hour some verses for her album? The lines were in my pocket; and starting to my feet I hurried to the spot near the stern, where she was sitting. Fearing that the little appetite left her by the heat would disappear altogether in the crowded saloon, with its steaming dishes, she had caused her light repast to be brought to her on the poop; so lingered by her side, listening to her mocking criticism, and chatting about the scenes at home, of which my stanzas were a reminiscence.

Suddenly there came a rush of many feet to the side, and the terrible cry of a "Man overboard!" rang through the air.

Who that has once heard that thrilling sound can ever forget its awe-striking effect? The cry of "Fire!" (and I have heard it in the dead of the night, both on land and at sea) is not so startling.

I hastened aft, and looked over the stern. Almost immediately I saw in our wake the form of a man, leaving us apparently, from the effect of our own motion, but, in reality, swimming directly towards us, and swimming well and strongly. At once I felt a sensation of relief. I was convinced that so good a swimmer, on such a day and in such a sea, could not fail to be picked up before he became exhausted. The sailor had been busy on the poop repairing a torn sail, and now as I glanced instinctively towards the lifebuoy, I saw him cut it away from the lashings, throw it overboard, not more than a hundred yards from the swimmer, and directly in his track. Here was another provision for his safety.

The orders of the mate in charge of the watch now came sharp and quick, and the ship was speedily put about. Standing close to the wheel there was a Miss Bell, whose energy of character I had noticed, and now she gave another proof of it. Instead of giving way, like others, to womanish lamentations, she seized a spoke, and rendered what assistance her strength would allow to the steersman.

The warning cry and the rush of feet had brought the saloon passengers from their dinners in the cabin, and the others from different parts of the ship. Intense was the excitement that prevailed among them, manifesting itself according to the peculiar character of the
individual. Some, with tears on their faces, were wringing their hands in the greatest distress; others, eager for action, were assisting in lowering the boats, or mounting the rigging to keep the swimmer in view. Many, with the intense interest of a deep personal concern, were inquiring who was the unfortunate in peril, while conflicting answers were returned, apparently the result of mere conjecture. One passenger, a widow, who had been cruelly informed that it was her son, had a look of despairing agony on her face that I shall never forget, nor the tone of her voice as she murmured, “Oh my boy! my poor boy!”

A sailor heard her, too, as he passed by, and said: “Be easy, ma’am: he’s not your boy, but Mr. Norton.”

I felt that it was true. With his cap low on his forehead, and his long hair washed over his face, I had not recognized him; but, as I consulted my memory, I wondered that I had not done so. Friends as we were, I was more interested, but little more anxious, as I had confidence in his powers.

The news rapidly spread, and if some were relieved from a cruel uncertainty, the general gloom was but increased. Young Norton was a universal favourite, and richly deserved his popularity. Though only a midshipman, he had considerable sea experience, having been in the royal navy, till the small prospect of promotion, owing to his political interest being with the party out of power, had made him resolve on joining the merchant service. His gentlemanly manner, gay spirits, and good heart had won the liking of all about him.

Cries of—“Poor Norton!” “I hope he will be saved!” “We could spare any one on board sooner!” echoed around, but the silence of others spoke even more eloquently.

One young and pretty girl, whom I had already suspected of having her heart slightly touched, stood gazing on the retreating form with stony gaze, her face death-pale, and her hands clasped as if by very physical force she would control her emotion.

“There is no fear for Norton, he is a capital swimmer, and the boats will pick him up,” I said, not to her, but for her ear.

What a grateful look the deep violet eyes beamed upon me for one instant!

The boats were quickly in the water, for there an abundance of willing hands to assist. The chief mate was hindered for a time by the ship rounding, and the third mate got a start; but soon they were well away, and rowing with the speed of men pulling for life or death. Now all must surely be right; we had seen him reach the lifebuoy and take to its support; the boats, too, would soon be on the spot, for he was not a mile from the ship. There remained but one chance against him, a danger at the very thought of which one shuddered. Sharks! But we had been none for some days, and Heaven grant there were none in our neighbourhood!

The steering of the boats became a little wild. The swell bid him from their view, though not from ours, except at short intervals. Their difficulty was removed, as soon as seen, by a hail from the mizzen top and the pointing of many hands when they pursued a straight course.

An albatross, which had been circling about him, now made a sweep almost at Norton’s face, but a gesture from him seemed to turn it. If it had hoped to find life extinct, it was very far wrong.

We saw Wallace, the third mate, reach him and take him up. The suspense was over, and hearty congratulations were exchanged on all sides.

The returning boats were quickly alongside, and were run up to the davits by the inspired passengers. As Norton came on board he was saluted by three hearty cheers as if by an irresistible impulse.

“The fools! what are they making that row about?” grumbled the captain, who had come on deck after the boats had started.

He was in a decidedly savage mood, that afternoon. When, as he sat at dinner, he was first told of the accident by one of the midshipmen, he had replied, “Norton did you say? What business had he to fall overboard?”

Captain Stout certainly had a name that did not fit him badly. He had a stout heart and a very stout frame, nor was he altogether without a fondness for Guinness’s bottled nectar, to which he had probably been giving an undue share of his attention that morning.

As Mr. Main, the chief-mate, crossed the deck on his way to the captain, he passed Norton.

“Next time you fall overboard,” he said, “mind you choose another hour, and don’t spoil our dinner again.”

If the speech had come from the captain, it would have been looked upon as an additional proof of heartlessness, but no one who heard him was likely to lay that to Main’s charge. It was his feeling of satisfaction that made him incline to be jocular.

“Mr. Main, come here, sir,” cried the captain, impatiently.

“Here, sir,” said Main, as he turned to him.

“What is the meaning of this, sir? Why did you lower two boats?”

“To pick up Mr. Norton,” replied the mate, with an air of some surprise.

“But what did you want with two boats for that? As if one was not enough.”

“I thought no chance should be lost, and seeing the boat being lowered, I went in it without waiting to look if the other was following,” replied Main.

“You had no business to leave the ship without my permission,” stormed the captain, “and not even one boat should have been lowered till I gave the order. Why was I not sent for at once?”

“I came up when I heard what had happened, and as you were not on deck I took the responsibility on myself. I suppose you would think his life of more consequence than etiquette; he
might have been drowned while I was sending to you for orders."

"Who commands this ship, Mr. Main, you or I? If you don't know you must learn. Mind, no boat is lowered in future without my express orders, whoever may choose to fall overboard."

The mate had come to the end of his patience. "You don't know what you are saying," he exclaimed hastily, "or you would not talk so."

If he could have retracted his words the next instant he would have gladly done so, but it was too late.

"I will have no such insubordination in my ship," said the captain. "Go to your cabin, Mr. Main; you are suspended from duty till further orders."

Now came the third mate's turn. "Mr. Wallace, it is your watch, I believe; why were two boats lowered?"

"Mine was the first down, sir; I did not see the other lowered," he replied. "You should have sent me to me as soon as it happened," said the captain.

"I did send the midshipman, sir."

"Then you should have waited till you got my order," returned the captain. "Be more attentive to your duty in future."

"At all events I saved his life," muttered Wallace as he turned away.

Captain Stout did not choose to hear; he could not suspend all his officers.

The feeling of indignation excited in the minds of the hearers may be imagined. I believe some of the more impulsive of the passengers positively attributed to the captain a wish for Norton's death, or at the very least, least thought that he preferred his own dignity to his officer's life.

Great as was the sensation of relief at this fortunate termination of what might have been a dismal tragedy, it was evident that many could not regain their calm of mind at once; the excitement had been too intense. Among others I saw that tears were still falling down Maggie Ferguson's cheeks, and I crossed the deck to try to console her a little. At the same moment a young Irishman, who, whatever might be his good qualities, was certainly not overburdened with tact and delicacy, also approached her.

"What crying, Miss Ferguson?" he exclaimed, "how fond you must be of Norton! I had no idea of it."

"Do you think everyone is as cold-hearted as yourself, Fitz-Patrick?" I interrupted. "Miss Ferguson's kind disposition would make her feel for anyone in danger. I daresay she would drop a tear even for you."

I was not very complimentary, and I spoke sharply enough; for I would not have her worried, and she was worthy to have the cudgels taken up for her.

"Do not excite yourself, old fellow," said Fitz-Patrick without losing his temper. "As you seem to understand the case better than myself, I will leave you, and finish my game of quoits."

A little show of sympathy, a few words of comfort, and Maggie's soft brown eyes had regained their usual gentle beam.

Ah, Maggie, you little know how much your pleasant companionship helped me to bear with patience the monotony of that long voyage. Your sweet Scotch tongue, your bright face and truthful eyes, your warm and tender heart had a charm to soothe me in my most irritable mood. We were friends, Maggie, were we not? and though our paths in life lie apart, I trust we shall long retain a friendly feeling for one another. May you be happy with the brother to rejoin whom you bravely made that tedious solitary voyage; may you be still more happy when the time shall come, as it surely must, for you to bless some lucky man with your young warm affection.

Some hours later young Herbert, a fine manly lad and great ally of mine, said to me, "Come and see Norton. The doctor tells me he has just woken from a long sleep, and a chat would do him no harm."

We found him looking rather pale, but evidently not much the worse for his docking. After the first few words of congratulation, Herbert asked him how it had happened.

"I was on the deck house," said Norton, "and jumped from it on to the bulkhead, intending to catch hold of a rope; but I was looking at the boatswain, who was asking me a question: so I made a blind guess at the rope, and only touching it with the tips of my fingers, of course went overboard: I made a considerable dive, I can tell you, before I came up again."

"And how did you feel at the moment?" I asked.

"I did not feel at all afraid; for I was confident I could keep myself afloat till a boat picked me up. Besides, I have been overboard before, and consequently felt cooler than if it had been the first time, and I knew every chance was in my favour."

He said nothing more about those previous occasions, for he was no braggart; but I had heard before from one of the sailors, a former shipmate of his, that he had twice, while in the navy, jumped overboard to save men of the crew at the risk of his life.

"Well, if you were not afraid," said Herbert, "I can assure you I was for you when I heard the splash, and saw you passing under me."

"I noticed you and MacMurray in the boats, and I tried to get hold of your fishing-line, but I could not reach it."

"But it would not have been strong enough."

"Oh, yes; there would have been very little strain upon it at the rate we were sailing, especially if I had swam forward. After that I knew there was no chance of a rope; so I took it easy till I saw the lifeboat thrown over, about a hundred yards from me, when I made for it as fast as I could. When I was once in it I was all right, if it had been for hours. I left it, however, for my cap was knocked off, so I swam for it; and then I found I had left the strap behind me, so I had to go for that too. The
water was rather cold, but my clothes felt so heavy that I took off my coat and hung it over the lifebuoy. I could not see the boats for some time, and then only occasionally; but I saw the ship put about, and the men in the rigging pointing me out."

"What a swoop that albatross made at you just before you were picked up?"

"Yes: I thought he was aiming at my eyes, so I shifted my cap to my left-hand that I might catch him by the neck if he came at me. If he thought me dead, he would have found out his mistake if he had tried it on."

Several men now came in, and Herbert and I took ourselves off, that he might not be fatigued by too many visitors at a time.

For some days the mate had a regular holiday. Many a yarn we had together during the long evenings, when he had no watch to keep. Though still a young man, he had knocked about the world more than twice his age. As a lad he had sailed the South Seas in a whaler; then he had formed one of a small settlement, established by a whaling company, on an island almost within the region of perpetual snow and ice. No wonder the miniature colony had to be abandoned after struggling against insurmountable difficulties. Shipswrecks, fires at sea, hair-breath escapes, both by land and water, he had gone through them all, and would describe them with a graphic simplicity that added to their interest.

At first he seemed rather to enjoy his holiday, for it was a complete change; but he was too actively disposed not to find this enforced inaction grow very wearisome long. Still he kept up his spirits, for he felt he had not much cause to reproach himself. Though he admitted, of course, that he had put himself in the wrong by that last inordinate reply to the captain; still it was not till he had been greatly tried, so he did not think it necessary to blame himself greatly, and others were not likely to take a very severe view of the case. On board, the sympathy with him was almost universal.

On the other hand, the captain had become extremely unpopular; even those who did not give him credit for deliberate disregard of life, blamed him for being so inconsiderate, and for allowing himself to be swayed by personal motives to commit an injustice. He was evidently uneasy and worried, for besides the necessarily greater responsibility, he had the prickings of conscience to suffer; and, to add to his annoyance, he was continually being asked when Mr. Main was to return to his duty, and if he would not be allowed to do so should a storm come: "As if," Captain Stout would grumble, "I was unable to take care of my own ship, and nobody deserved confidence but Mr. Main!"

"It was about a week after the accident that I exclaimed, one evening, "See, Maggie! There is Main on duty again."

"Oh, is he? Do you think we are likely to have a storm?" she asked, hastily.

"So you look upon him as a Mother Carey's chicken, do you? I must tell him that!" I cried, and, in spite of her protestations, I walked off to him.

How heartily he laughed, and how he teased her about it!

"Was it a compliment, or the reverse? Did she consider him a bird of ill-omen, or did she suppose they could not do without him in a moment of difficulty?"

From that time I addressed him as the Stormy Petrel, oftener than by his own name.

Even after this Captain Stout could not avoid showing his feeling of pique towards Main and Norton, occasionally.

One morning I was lying in one of the boats reading, when I heard the captain exclaim—

"Mr. Norton, don't you hear the men calling from the top? If I were mate of this ship, my young gentleman, you would have more to do, I can tell you."

Continuing his quarter-deck walk, he stopped short where the mate was standing examining the lashings of the boat. "Mr. Main, you are making quite a lady of Norton," he said.

"I, sir?" questioned Main, with a look of surprise.

"Yes, look at him there, with his hands in his pockets. He never seems to have anything to do."

Just before we landed we got up a memorial for the mate, in which the majority of the passengers praised his conduct on the occasion of the midshipman falling overboard, as well as throughout the voyage. If the captain tried to make mischief on his return to London, this might be of service, and for the next voyage Main was to have a ship of his own.

As for Norton, he got promotion at Brisbane; for one of the Black Ball liners wanted a junior mate, and the captain was glad to get him.

I can only say that I hope he will some day have the command of a fine vessel, and that he will have no more involuntary baths.

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**The Dying Stars.** — Like these drooping, dying stars, our loved ones go away from our sight — the stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light shines ever before us, leading on and up — they suddenly fade from the firmament of our hearts, and their place is empty and dark. A mother’s steady, soft, and earnest light, that beameth through all our wants and sorrows; a father’s strong, quick light, that kept our feet from stumbling on the dark and treacherous ways; a sister’s light, so mild, so pure, so constant, and so firm, shining upon us from gentle, loving eyes, and persuading us to grace and goodness; a brother’s light, for ever sleeping in our souls, and illuminating all our goings and our comings; a friend’s light, true and trusty — gone out — for ever! No! no! the light has not gone out. It is shining beyond the stars, where there is no night and no darkness, for ever and for ever.
CHAPTER III.

PEOPLE OF COLOUR.

One would form a poor estimate of the future prospects of Brazil, if he only saw the works of the negro and the Indian. He who would know all the elements of vitality existing in the Brazilian people, must observe the men of colour, who seem to have drawn from the mixture of races the necessary vigour for subjugating the rugged and torrid nature of the tropics. The constantly increasing number of people of colour is explained by European emigration. Few women emigrate across the ocean, while, on the contrary, twenty-five thousand men from Europe annually land in Brazil, where they disperse, some in the towns and others in the country, according to their taste, aptitude, or ambition. In the absence of white women, they ally themselves to negroes or Indians, and hence springs the class of mestizos, who, amalgamating in their turn, produce all the intermediate shades of the race. This crossing of the different classes may be divided into three primitive branches—the Mameluco, the Mulatto, and the Caboclo.

THE MAMELUCO.

Of these three types the mameluco presents the most singular characteristics. By this name are designated the descendants of the old conquistadores, who took Indian wives, after exterminating the warriors of the wilderness. They occupy a large belt on both shores of the Rio de la Plata, from the Atlantic coast to the most secluded forests of the interior. The southern provinces are almost exclusively populated by them.

HORSEMANSHIP.

Accustomed to the horse from childhood, the mamelucos rarely put their feet to the ground. They attend to business, hunt, fish, and talk over their affairs on horseback. Armed with the lasso, they form those redoubtable cauêras, so well known in South America under the name of Gauchos, and who may be considered the first horsemen in the world. They easily ride the swiftest animals, such as the nandu, or American ostrich, and strike them with their terrible bolas.* It is among them that are found, at the present day, the most intrepid soldiers and the best colonists of Brazil and the Argentine Republic. Accustomed to wrestle against the difficulties of wilderness life, to expire the air of the broad plains, and to race through the immense campos of the South with all the swiftness of their wild steeds, they differ wonderfully from their degenerate brethren who have been effeminated by the opulent fazendas of the coast, or the voluptuous cities near the Atlantic. One thing alone is common to them all, namely, a deep sense of the duty of hospitality. It would be necessary to go back to Homeric legends to meet, in Europe, with the reception that the humblest plantation offers to the traveller in the forests of the New World.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF RANCHO.

Like all people of colour, the mameluco troubles himself little about his lodging. The rancho suffices for him. This is an open structure, that serves, according to its situation, as a shelter for provisions, residents, mules, travellers, and frequently for all together. Nothing is more simple, and at the same time more varied than the architecture of this shelter. The rancho of the venda, or tavern, is not at all like that of the forest, which differs still more from that of the plantation. The primitive rancho is nothing more than the hut of the negro and the Indian. It consists of four posts set in the ground, supporting a roof of thatch or of palm leaves, and is met with in cultivated lands or on the borders of the forests. A few hours suffice to erect it, and a storm suffices to destroy it. The rancho takes the most varied forms. For example, there is the rancho of the tropeiros, or conductors of caravans. It is seldom found except on frequented roadsides, and it is the primitive hut enlarged and amplified, and no longer appropriated to a family of savages, but to a whole caravan. Pillars of masonry are erected at the four corners, and the tile-covered roof is sustained by solid wood-work. Numerous posts in the interior, set up in symmetrical lines, sustain the wood-work, and at the same time serve the tropeiros for fastening their mules while loading and unloading the sacks of coffee, casks of sugar, or bundles of cotton. Here they cook their food, and repose for the night upon the harness of their animals, while the latter feed in the adjoining pao, or pasture. Admittance is gratuitous, but the proprietor amply recompenses himself in the patronage of his bar, and the millet he furnishes for the mules.

There is also the rancho of the fazenda. Here the shed becomes a house, or rather a stable and house combined, in which lodge both animals and men.
CATTLE AND HORSES—CARNE SECA.

Besides the horses which they expose for sale at the great fairs, or take into the northern provinces, the Gauchos also raise numerous herds of cattle. At first they only took off the hides and left the flesh to the arubas, or vultures. Gradually, however, they accustomed themselves to smoke the meat, and prepare the carne seca, so extensively used at the present day throughout South America. Afterwards they used the tallow in the manufacture of soap; and, while I was in Brazil, I heard plans of factories talked of, for the manufacture of animal black, or charcoal, thus utilizing the bones.

SHEPHERD DOGS.

The Gauchos also have flocks of sheep; but, like veritable hidalgos, they have them watched by dogs which they educate to this shepherd duty. The dog goes out in the morning with his flock, his rations, in a basket, suspended to his neck, and brings the sheep safely back at nightfall.

THE PEON.

When the Gaucho has no patrimony, he goes out as peon, or mule-trainer, on the neighbouring fazendas. The peon is generally lean, but muscular and solidly built. His colour and deeply-tanned skin show that his life is spent in the open air. A coloured shirt, striped linen pantaloons, and a large curass suspended from his belt compose his costume. His eyes are hid under a straw hat, twisted and discoloured by the heat and rain of the tropics. To his naked and callous feet are attached immense spurs, like those worn by the paladins of the middle ages. A European spur would make no impression on the hide of a South American mule.

HORSE-TAMING.

The strength and dexterity displayed by the peon in taming a wild, unruly animal, are a subject of wonder and admiration to travellers, and even to Brazilians themselves. Placing himself at a little distance from an opening in a wall or fence, with one hand he holds the end of the lasso, while the other retains the noose and remainder of the cord arranged in concentric circles. While negroes, with long poles, are shouting and driving the animals toward the passage, the peon whirls the coiled lasso above his head in order to give it the necessary projectile force, and throws it suddenly, at the moment when the chosen victim passes before him; then, instantly inclining himself in the opposite direction, he braces his legs with all his strength, and gives his body a more and more oblique position. He now reminds one of an enormous iron post fixed in the ground, inclined in the direction of the tension of the cord. The quadruped, on feeling his neck fastened, at first rears and flies away at full speed; but, after a few desperate efforts, is choked by the cord, and stops. The tamer now approaches him, slips on a bridle,-mounts him, and having unfastened the lasso, commences the training. The first lessons are the most difficult. The animal rears and throws himself down, endeavouring at the same time to rid himself of rider, bits, and spurs. Vain efforts! victory rests with the man!

This rugged profession, compelling the muscles to severe tension and continual effort, wears out the peon before his time; and, whatever the skill of these centaurs, they do not always escape the dangers inseparable from their rude career.

A PERILOUS RACE.

I one day saw a horse running at full speed, while the horseman, held by the lasso, was dragged whirling behind the animal, unable to obtain a hold upon the ground, either with feet or hands. Trusting to his strength and skill he had the impudence to fasten the lasso to his waist; and, having lost his balance, was dragged after the leaping animal. Fortunately, the latter seeking refuge in the neighbouring rancho, he escaped with a few bruises.

THE MULATTO.

The mulatto has a European father and a daughter of Africa for his mother. The negro women being chiefly taken to agricultural districts, or the centres of commerce, that is, near the sea-coast or rivers, it follows that the mulatto is rather the product of towns and the coast than the interior. Being generally free, he is put to such duties as are considered too laborious for the indolence of the Indian, too elevated for the depraved intelligence of the negro slave, and too servile for the dignity of the white. He therefore becomes, according to his aptitude and the duties required, a carpenter, blacksmith, tailor, mason, herdsman, soldier, &c. If he is the descendant of a rich father, and has received some education, he engages in commerce, or joins the clergy, the medical profession, the magistracy, and even sits in Congress. He then loses his proper character, and you no longer behold him, except as a more or less irreproachable gentleman; for it cannot be denied that there is always a large dose of ascuteness in these compound natures.

INDUSTRIAL PREFERENCES OF THE MULATTO.

Like his neighbour the nameleuco, the mulatto, when left to himself, has an irresistible penchant for mules and horses. He is the proprietor of vendas on the roads, and the guide of travellers, and is found in all kindred occupations. Upon the plantations he becomes an overseer of negroes, a mule-trainer, or an arretrador. The latter name is given to the chiefs of caravans, which periodically carry the products of the interior—cotton, sugar, coffee, &c.—across the mountains to the nearest port. To give an exact idea of these, I cannot do better than to
quote the description of a countryman, whom I have already cited on the subject of the religious belief of the Indians, and who visited several parts of Brazil with me:

THE CARAVAN OR TROPA.

"Before quitting the inn at Iguassú,* where there was a swarm of young mulattoes, it was our fortune to witness the passage of one of those long trains of loaded mules called tropses.

THE MULE-LEADER.

"The mule-leader, which led the train and kept at its head, was decked with a plume, a bell, and a rich harness. Upon the head-band was a large silver plate, bearing the name of the proprietor's house; but the handsome animal, thanks to the arrobas,† no doubt, did not seem too conscious of the honour; and I have seen many generals and drum-majors who were unable to maintain, beneath their uniforms, the proud calmness and tranquil dignity of our queen mule. The others followed in a line or in little squads, according to the condition of the roads, but always with a steady, regular step. It was the order of free discipline without brutality, without the lash, and almost without command.

LEAVING THE FAZENDA.

"They leave the fazendas loaded and divided into eight, ten, or twelve sections, which, taken together, constitute what is called a troop. Each section is composed of seven mules, under the care of a negro, who looks after them, and is called a tocador, or driver. The chief of the troop is the arrejador, a free man, possessing the confidence of the master, and charged with the responsibility of the journey. He is at once treasurer, chief, and veterinary. Sometimes he has a staff—two or three dogs, who keep watch at night during the halts; but most frequently he is alone.

"The first few hours after departure are painful and difficult. It is necessary to adjust the faulty arranged loads, check trotting freaks, readjust chafing saddles, &c. It is a little world setting out on a journey; and this world of mules has, like many others, its caprices and whims.

THE HALT.

"But when the first halt is made at a rancho, everything is in order. The seven mules of the first section advance towards the arrejador, and are unloaded without taking off their harness. Then comes the second group; and the whole caravan thus files by, section by section, leaving on the ground, beneath the shed, its packages of coffee, which are stowed away in symmetrical order. For half an hour the mules, unburdened and free, are allowed to crop the fresh grass and enjoy relief; and, in the mean time, the black tocadores also rest themselves. One, however, remains on duty, who gathers green or dry wood, and cooks the feijão.

"After this short siesta in the sun or under the shed, the mules are brought up, and the harnesses are taken off, under the close inspection of the arrejador, who examines each animal, marks the cangalha or pack-saddles of those that are chafed, and sends them all to the pasto, or pasture. Now is the time for repairing the pack-saddles and attending to the repast of the tocadores.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE NIGHT.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon the arrejador again sends for the mules, which pass in file before him, for a minute inspection of their shoes, harness, and chafes. Then they bandage, burn, shoe, and feed with millet, and the mules are again sent to the pasto. But there must be no favourite, no privileged animal for this prehend of millet; it must not be distributed to one before another, or there would be a revolution at the rancho—kicking, biting, and a regular tumult of barracks in revolt.

RETIRING TO REST.

"The mules being gone, and the night-fires lighted, the arrejador takes his meal by himself. Then he stretches himself upon a bide between two walls of packages, which form a sort of alcove, while the blacks lie down, here and there, beneath the rancho, or perhaps in some neighbouring bushes, and silence prevails in the camp."

AT THE MARKET.

Having arrived at its destination, the caravan-manager, or arrejador, disposes of his merchandise, taking in exchange articles necessary to the fazenda, such as salt, oil, flour, wine, carne seca, dried codfish, &c., and sets out on his return.

THE RETURN.

The arrejador must now redouble his vigilance to prevent the negroes from breaking open packages and pilfering the goods. Wine and carne seca are the principal objects of their desires, and it is seldom that, with all the watchfulness of the arrejador, one of these convoys returns to the plantation intact.

BAD ROADS.

But these petty thefts are trifles compared with the anxieties felt for the mules in the stormy season, when the ground is soaked by long rains, which wash out deep gullies and render the roads impracticable. After an hour's travel the caravan presents a most pitiful aspect. The animals go hobbling along, panting for breath.

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* Iguassú is on the road from Rio Janeiro to the province of Minas Geraes.
† A Brazilian measure of weight; about thirty-two pounds.
constant plunging their half-shod feet into deep holes full of tenacious clay, till, at last, one of them sinks down, never to rise again. The tocacor shouts, the train halts, and the arreador comes up and gives his orders. The animal is unloaded, a lasso slipped around his neck, and the negroes seize the rope and tug away, while the chief urges the poor beast with a vigorous application of the lash. After half an hour of useless effort and shouting, the arreador at last abandons the almost dead mule and continues his journey. In order not to lose the eight arrobas (two hundred and fifty-six pounds) of coffee with which the animal was loaded, and which represents a value of forty milreeis (twenty dollars), he orders the negroes to distribute it among the loads of the sound mules. The latter, instinctively feeling that an increase of burden is a poor means of helping him forward, gather their forces, and launch a shower of kicks at the negroes before they submit. Meanwhile, the journey is resumed. New gullies soon present themselves, and another mule shortly drops down. The fruitless efforts to get him up are renewed, and new additions allotted to the load of the surviving mules; but this time, knowing that it is a question of life and death with them, they offer such a lively resistance that they compel the tocacores to keep away, and await a more favourable moment for the application of their curious mechanical principles. It is then decided to leave the sacks of coffee where they are, and they are soon invaded by the myriad of rodents that swarm in the Brazilian forests, and that feed upon the contents of the sacks, while the urubus (vultures) devour the dead mule.

CARAVANS ON THE SERRA DO MAR.

I remember having witnessed the descent of one of these caravans in the Serra do Mar, a maritime range separating the waters of the Parahybina from the sea-coast. This region is much traversed by caravans of mules, taking the products of the interior to the capital. It was just after the heavy summer rains. The road was marked on both declivities of the mountain by an uninterrupted succession of debris of every kind, and especially by such a prodigious quantity of horse-shoes, that whole regiments of cavalry might be shod with them. Here and there we saw an ox abandoned on the road, or the carcass of a mule emitting an intolerable stench and covered with vultures, which seemed in nowise disturbed at our approach, so conscious were they of the utility of their work.

THE TROPHEIRO'S MISFORTUNE.

Having reached the summit of the Serra, I encountered a tropeiro, who appeared very unhappy, and who told me of his misfortunes. He had started with an hundred oxen to get four sugar-boilers. He was overtaken by a storm on the journey, and was only able to gain the top of the mountain by the sacrifice of half of his cattle; he was now obliged to wait till his tocacores, whom he had sent ahead, should bring him fifty more, in order to continue his journey. This example may enable one to estimate the fearful waste of beasts of burden that annually occur in the fazendas of Brazil. Hence every estate has a stock of young mules, which are trained up by peones. These animals generally come from the southern provinces.

THE CABOCLO.

The caboclos, the third group of the people of colour, are not numerous in the towns on the coast. They are the issue of the two vanquished and proscribed races, the negro and the Indian. They are chiefly met with in the interior, on the limits of the forests, which serve them at the same time as a refuge from their persecutors and a shelter for their idleness. The African element is generally represented by the father. The Indian is too proud of his red-skin superiority to approach a negro; but, on the other hand, the Indian women voluntarily leave their copper-coloured husbands to go with negroes. The occupations of the caboclos are almost the same as those of the half-civilized Indians, with whom they are mingled. They gather sarraparilla, caoutchouc, and vanilla, and manufacture pottery which is not destitute of elegance, though rather too suggestive of the primitive races. The caboclos of Para have even attained some renown in this species of industry. They sometimes produce effects of inimitable grotesqueness with their black clay intersected with red bands. I noticed that these mestizo artists had a preference for reproducing the form of the alligator, which is the animal most feared in the country.

IDLNESS OF THE COLOURED RACES.

The caboclos who live in the towns, or in the neighbourhood of the plantations, become labourers or domestics; but these lazaroni of the New World will work only under the sting of hunger. This, unfortunately, is a reproach applicable to all people of colour, and whoever leaves a rancho, after seeing the mulatto by the side of the negro and the Indian, never inquires but with sadness which of these three types can most profitably assist in working the virgin soil of Brazil.

Our answer to this question may have been easily surmised. The Indian, as has been seen, plunges further and further into his ancestral forest, in his dislike for civilization, which has only brought him evil. The black submits with difficulty, his existence crushed beneath the wheels of that relentless machine called production. The caboclo, the hybrid issue of wild tribes, inherits only their indolence and their inaptitude for active and profitable labour. There remain, then the mameleco and the mulatto, who have drawn from Portuguese blood some germs of that feverish activity which made their forefathers so celebrated in the annals of navigation. Unfortunately, they
are far from being by themselves adequate to
the task. The maxim of dolce far niente,
imported by their fathers, is too much in accord
with the mildness of the climate and the
fertility of the soil, and suits their indolent and
sensual nature too well for them not to make it
their unique law. Besides, of what advantage
is industry to them, without an outlet, without
roads, without employments? The most enter-
prising of them, or those who live in the vicinity
of the Rio de la Plata, are only acquainted with
horses and cattle. A rancho and a certain
amount of pasture suffice for them. Their
brethren of Para, enervated by the warm
atmosphere that envelopes them, are not very
distinguishable from the Indian. They pass
their time in sleeping or bathing. It is only by
a constant infusion of European blood, by im-
pressing industry upon their minds and habits,
and finally by the vivifying effect which the
railroad produces everywhere on its advent,
that civilization will pursue its conquests and
the possession of those immense areas as yet
subject only to the powers of nature. Under
these latter conditions only can the man of nature
play a useful part, and assist in the progress of
colonization.

CHAP. IV.
THE FAZENDA.

To pass from the rancho to the fazenda is to
enter into full creole life, after witnessing the
wretchedness of savage existence. The traveller
who would thoroughly acquaint himself with
Brazilian manners must not shrink from fatigue;
he must renounce the observation of a society
at Bahia and Pernambuco differing but little
from that at Lisbon. If he would feel himself
really in Brazil, he must bestride a mule, face
the picadas (paths) of the forests, and seek the
creoles in the fazenda, where ancient customs
have been preserved intact.

What is the fazenda? It is a vast extent of
land planted with sugar-cane or coffee-plants,
the central portion of which is occupied by a
large rectangle of white buildings. The side re-
served for the senhor, or master, is distinguished
by its regular architecture and a piazza. The
beams that support the roof project several feet
beyond the exterior wall, forming on the northern
façade a varanda from whence the fazendeiro
can observe, sheltered from sun and rain, all
that is going on in the extended fields. Here
the members of the household come, to enjoy
the fresh morning odours or the soft evening
breeze. Two or three little negroes, playing
with a tame macaco (monkey), and several
chattering parrots with blue plumage, enliven
this peristyle with their frolic and their cries.
Opposite extends a succession of large store-
houses, to receive the harvest. At one of the
angles stand the cylinders used for bruising
the cane-stalks, or the machine for shelling grain.

These machines are operated by a large wooden
water-wheel. The two other sides of the quad-
rangle, built of clay, contain the dwellings of
the negroes and feitores. The large court in the
centre is used for drying coffee, millet, cotton,
&c. It is entered by two wooden doors, which
separate the habitation of the master from that
of the slaves. Only the store-houses and the
dwelling of the senhor have a floor, which is
built a few feet above the ground, as a precau-
tion against the floods of the solstices. None
of the buildings have more than one storey; the
warm temperature of the country easily accounts
for the aversion of the creoles to upper storeys.

Behind the fazenda, and at some little distance,
according to the arrangement of the place, the
masters of the principal buildings find the rancho,
the garden, the infirmary, and the
various parks set apart for cattle, sheep, and
hogs. To each of these sections is attached a
man of colour or a trusted negro; and here and
there amid the bushes, in the pasture, or on the
roadside, are seen the huts of the agregados,
which is the name given to slaves that have been set
free by wealthy fazendeiros in their will, either
from tradition or as a reward for long service,
or from a remembrance of the pontifical bulls.
Most generally these people, enervated by servi-
tude, especially when their liberty comes late,
forsook complete inactivity, under the
pretense of reposing from their long labours.
Seeking retirement in some nook of the forest,
always on the estate of their former master,
construed a hut of a few sticks and some
clay, sew a little feijao and millet around their
habitation, and pass the remainder of the year
in that absolute repose of which they have
dreamed all their lives as the ideal of human
felicity. Their children, brought up in perfect
liberty, naturally consider themselves the pro-
prietors of the soil, and when the fazendeiro de-
wires to clear his land, he is generally obliged to
resort to force to dislodge his tenants. This
life of indolence is the only one that a former
slave seems capable of leading. The negro and
the Indian never look ahead; and the mulatto,
brutified from infancy, follows their example.
The most enterprising content themselves with
raising pigs or poultry, but it is seldom that
these objects of their care profit them, on ac-
count of the wild-cats (gatos do matte). Some-
times, however, the germ of the white man’s
activity which lurk in their blood become mani-
fest; but the employments to which they devote
themselves are naturally of a primitive and
childish character. There are two of these, how-
ever, which especially struck me, and of which
I shall speak hereafter—those of the sorcerer
(feticeiro) and the ant-destroyer (formigueiro).

BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

Fields of coffee-plants, sugar-cane, or cotton,
and rich pasture-grounds extend around the
Brazil and Brazilian Society.

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fazenda for the space of several square leagues. Beyond these are large belts of forest never yet infringed upon. These forests are traversed by paths or picadas, which commonly, and especially in the stormy season, are nothing but a mass of deep holes, muddy gullies, fallen trees, and beds of dust. But what splendour of landscape! What harmonious skies! Now half-wild herds of mules or cattle meet the eye upon abandoned plantations transformed into pastures (pastos); now clearings of verdure, sheltered from the sun's rays by the bucolic branches of the trees, the sweet odours of which fill you with delight. Above your head little monkeys frolic on the lianas with cunning grimaces, whilst beneath the sombre green of the leaves myriad of birds with grey plumage sing their joys, their booby, or their love. At intervals an araponga, perched upon an old trunk stricken by time or storms, drowns all this music with his sonorous notes. This wild and virgin nature, which only a few years ago might be contemplated at the very threshold of Bahia and Rio Janeiro, day by day recedes. Coffee feeds upon the soil, and, like the Indian and the jaguar, the forest disappears before the colonist and civilization.

CLEARING THE GROUND.

The method of preparing the ground is the same for all sorts of cultivation. The wood or shrubbery that covers the land intended for culture is set on fire. If it is a virgin forest, the operation lasts sometimes for whole weeks. Frequently a storm sets in which interrupts the whole work. It is then recommenced on the following days and proceeded with till the trees have all fallen and the greater portion of them are reduced to ashes. When the work is to be done upon a declivity or hillside, trunks of trees are placed crosswise at certain distances, to prevent the rains from washing gullies in the soil. This mode of clearing, so different from our methods, and which has been so much condemned by Europeans, is the only one practicable in Brazil. The axe is powerless against its teeming growths. Its woods, rendered exceedingly hard by the enormous quantity of lignite constantly condensed from the sap in the cells of the tree, resist the best tempered tools, and would unavailingly exhaust the forces of the negro. On the other hand, there are no roads, no outlets for the profitable employment of this wealth of wood. Fire, therefore, is the only agent for disencumbering the soil. To this we may add, that the ashes thus obtained form the best fertilizer imaginable; they are, so to speak, the quintessence of the soil, prepared by the slow elaboration of ages, and returned to the common reservoir. This method, however, has its inconveniences. Frequently, especially if a wind spring up, the fire extends to the neighbouring plantation. The means employed in such cases to arrest the conflagration is worthy of notice. A gang of negroes place dry faggots at a little distance from the burning masses, in a line parallel to the field they wish to preserve, and apply the torch. The air between the two fires, rapidly becoming hot and rarified, rises and leaves a void, which, drawing in the flames, prevents them from extending further in the opposite direction.

UNHEALTHINESS OF BURNING FORESTS.

Effects of another kind are produced on the men themselves, and the vicinity of burnt forests has a pernicious influence on delicate constitutions. The clouds of gas, disengaged by the fire for weeks over an immense extent of territory, become seriously oppressive to the breast and affect the lungs. On my first horseback ride into the mountains around Rio Janeiro, the air towards the middle of the day's ride seemed heavier than it had been upon the margin of the bay, though the contrary should have been the case, since I was up in the midst of the mountains at the same time the sky seemed less limpid, and a reddish horizon had taken the place of the azure. At first I attributed this effect to fatigue of the organs. But a certain oppression that made the breath laboured soon made me aware that there was something abnormal in the atmosphere. At length, at a turn in the road, finding myself opposite the sun, I looked steadily at it; it was no longer the dazzling orb of the tropics, floating in vapours of purple and gold, but a sombre red disc lost in a wintry mist. My astonishment redoubled. Profiting by a halt, which the guide made to adjust the baggage, I pointed out to him the object of my thoughts. "He queimada," (it is a fire) he instantly replied with the brevity characteristic of the Portuguese. I was still puzzled to know how a fire that I was unable to see could at this point obscure the sun and render the atmosphere so oppressive. A few moments later, on reaching the summit of a hill where the plants, not being much grown, permitted us to see to a distance, the enigma was solved. It was not simply a fire, but hundreds of fires, visible in every part of the horizon. The Southern spring-time was drawing near, and the fazendeiros were hastening to burn over the forests and wild land that were to be put under culture. The slightest shower sufficed to dissolve or carry off the gas with which these fires had filled the air; but I have sometimes known whole weeks to pass by without rain, during the height of the burnings, and though the heat was not at the time excessive, I must say that it was during such periods that I suffered most in Brazil. The burnings generally last six weeks or two months. Beginning in July or August, according to the latitude, these burnings end in the course of September or October, in order to have time to plant and sow before the rainy season.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS—COFFEE.

The traveller, from observing the cultivated fields through which he passes, can form an opinion of the varied culture of the soil before reaching the fazenda. The coffee-plants, sugar-
cane, and cotton-fields successively attract his attention.

The most important culture of Brazil is undoubtedly that of the coffee-plant. This shrub never grows very tall. The leaves resemble those of the laurel, though smaller and more separated. The plants are arranged in rows along the hills, just as vines on the hillsides of France, only not so near together. The coffee-plant does not become productive until some four or five years old. At the end of about twenty years the sap becomes exhausted; but if the branches are trimmed, renewed vigour is imparted to the trunk, and another ten years of harvest may be obtained. The flowers of the coffee-plant are white, with five petals, and disposed in clusters. The fruit, when it begins to ripen, resembles a small red cherry. The taste of the envelope is not unpleasant. When it begins to grow dark, the grains are ripe and the harvest is gathered. As fast as the berries are taken from the plant, they are spread upon a platform which is generally built in front of the house. Here the sun dries the grains and completes the darkening of the envelope.

After several days’ exposure in the open air, the berries are subjected to the action of wooden pestles, which are moved by water-power. Each berry contains two seeds, lying with their flat surfaces together, and kept in place by the envelope. The backward and forward movement of the pestles readily separates the seeds from the pericarp, and nothing remains but to pass them through a sieve. The largest and ripest grains are put aside and reserved for the use of the fazendeiro. Those for four or five years of storage give them the strength and aroma of which Europeans have no idea. The chief occupation of the negroes between seedtime and harvest is weeding the plantations. One must have lived in the tropics to form any conception of the rapidity and strength of growth which vegetation acquires there in the rainy season, when water, sunshine, and electricity are everywhere in profusion. Sugar, coffee, and cotton would be quickly choked by weeds (capim) if the latter were not at once destroyed.

Coffee-culture exhausts the soil. Fields that have been used as a coffee-plantation for twenty or thirty years are rendered entirely useless for the purposes of agriculture. It is necessary to seek a soil into which another primeval forest has drawn the elements of vegetation from the bowels of the earth. I have seen old coffee-plantations which had been abandoned, according to the inhabitants, for many years. Nothing was visible to the eye but hills with barren summits, with scarcely a trace of vegetation—a strange phenomenon in a country where sap seems to start from stone itself. The rains, unchecked by any obstacle, had carried away the arable soil and left the rocks bare. The valley, it is true, profited by this detritus. There vegetation, finding a barrier to retain moisture, grows up rapidly, gradually gains the foot of the hill, and gives indications of some day reconquering it.

Thus, in a long succession of ages, have been formed and are still forming the forests that cover the granite mountains.

SUGAR-PLANTATIONS.

The sugar-plantations are more easily recognizable than those devoted to the coffee-culture; they resemble to a deceptive degree large fields of reeds. The size of the cane varies according to the altitude of the ground, or rather according to the quantity of water and sunlight it receives. I have often seen, on the plateaux of the interior, what the natives call macaco cane, or monkey cane. This is the indigenous cane, and it generally appeared to me about the size of an ordinary reed; though some species, in the low, moist regions, attained gigantic proportions. The mode of culture varies according to locality. In some places cuttings are made annually on the same fields for several years in succession, while in others one or two are practised.

SUGAR-MAKING.

The manufacture of sugar is too well known for me to enter into long details on the subject. When the canes are cut, they are immediately taken to the mill and crushed. The juice of a greenish colour, separated in a gutter into a series of boilers, where it is gradually concentrated. The people of the country attribute to this liquor a host of curative properties, and regale themselves with it freely. The blacks especially make large use of it, but they find it most convenient to tear the cane with their teeth. The liquor thus obtained has a fresh sugary savour, while the juice that comes from the mill, containing all the moisture of the stalk, leaves in the mouth an herbaceous after-taste. A few pints of wine from the ashes of certain plants rich in potash carry off the greater part of these matters, and the rest is afterwards eliminated by clarification.

When the actions of the fire begins to manifest itself, a slave stationed before the last boiler carefully watches the colour of the liquor and the different degrees of consistence. Long practice serves him instead of an aërometer. When the juice has turned to syrup, he takes it out and pours it into tubs where it is cooled. The sugar is made; it first appears in little reddish grains. Nothing further remains but to clarify and dry it. The residue of the liquor, called melasse or molasses, affords by distillation the liquor called cachaca, that nectar of the negro, the Indian, and many whites. This cachaca, after remaining several months in casks made of oak—a kind of wood, loses its wild taste, and becomes a liquor which experts place in the same rank with the famous Jamaica rum.

The sugar-culture requires more hands and more labour than that of coffee; but it is more productive, since spirituous liquors have attained such high prices. It has nevertheless its inconveniences. When the season is too rainy,
the sap, supercharged with water, is not readily concentrated, and requires very long boiling. In dry years the cane yields but little—nevertheless, it always yields a product, even in the most unfavourable seasons, while coffee may entirely fail. Notwithstanding this great risk, small proprietors cultivate coffee in preference. The harvest presents no difficulty. If they have no machine for shelling it, they take it to their neighbour. The establishment and maintenance of a sugar-plantation, on the contrary, requires heavy advances, which only the wealthy planters are able to make.

COTTON.

The cotton-culture in Brazil does not date far back, and except in some localities is not much practised. Perhaps the civil war which affects the United States (1863) will give it a decided impulsion. This culture, which is as simple as that of coffee, requires less care. Nothing is more picturesque than a field of cotton-plants in flower. The plant is not in general very tall, the branches of some species, indeed, trailing upon the ground. But when the bud opens to the warm breath of spring, the fields are spangled with great yellow petals that resemble so many butterflies feeding on the honey of the calices. At the end of a few weeks these flowers close, while others are developed. The product ripens in the sun’s rays, and the precious fleece is formed. The calyx soon opens a second time, displaying those silvery bolls that are the admiration of the stranger and the joy of the plantation. At nightfall, when after a scorching day the wide-open husk lets its white tufts fall in long clusters, and the sea-breezes agitate the foliage of the plant, the spectacle is indescribable. At the sight of these gay clusters of fleece, fluttering with the least breath of air, now half-concealing themselves, and now proudly displaying their incomparable whiteness, one would imagine an immense bouquet agitated by invisible hands.

NO BREAD.

Brazilian agriculture may be summed up in three terms—sugar, coffee, cotton. Grain never appears in the form of bread except upon the tables of the rich and of Europeans. The poorer classes and the inhabitants of the interior know it only by name. Its place is supplied by manioc, rice, maize, and feijão (haricots).

CHRISTMAS EVE AT SEA.

By Mrs. Newton Crosland.

The holly bough is gleaming
With dark and pricking sheen—
The mistletoe betwixt
Its tender white and green;
The Christmas-tree, like fairy,
Holds strange mysterious gifts,
And though the snow be lying
In deep and treacherous drifts,

Our English hearts are warming
Beneath their festive mirth,
For ’tis the Blessed Season
When Good-will came on earth.

The Season stirs our nature
In many mystic ways,
High tides of feeling rising
At thoughts of other days;
But when the bowl is brimming,
And when the feast is spread,
And when dear friends are meeting,
And happy tears are shed,
I claim there be remembered,
With cheers of three times three,
The English hearts who muster
On Christmas Eve at Sea!

Be sure with homeward yearning
Their thoughts incline to-night,
Where’er the ship be trawling
A wake of silvery light,
Upon a slumbering ocean,
Or near the coral caves,
As red as holly berries
Amid the emerald waves;
Or where the icebergs glitter,
And warn with frosty breath,
And glides like moving mountains
The Southern Cross beneath.

Where now ’tis chilly noontide—
Or balmy tropic night—
Or where the sun is beaming
In lancing lines of light;
Wherefore floats our banner,
As if a path to cleave,
Be sure our English brothers
Rem’ber Christmas Eve,
And think of all the friendships
Which absence shall not chill,
And household, deep affections,
More near the heart’s core still!

Our soldiers and our sailors,
Who hold, in England’s name,
The Nightless realm!—Dominion
Which only She can claim;
The brave adventurers swarming
From out the parent hive,
Who seek with hum of labour
To do, and dare, and strive,
And ’mid their toiling waken
The wilds to English speech,
And glory in the future
Their sons may haply reach!

And women weak, who bravely—
Some earnest hope at stake—
At call of love or duty
The ocean pathway take;—
Oh, sweet the spirit-fancy
That All in thought are near!
We feel their unseen presence,
Their voices almost hear,
While fondly we remember,
With cheers of three times three,
The English Hearts who muster
On Christmas Eve at Sea!
THE UNSUCCESSFUL NEGOCIATION FOR A DUKEDOM.

(An Episode from the Cruise of Her Majesty's sloop "Snake" in the Mozambique Channel for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, 1847.)

The Comoro Islands, situated between the east coast of Africa and the northern part of the Island of Madagascar, are possessed by Arab chiefs, calling themselves kings and sultans. Mayotta, however, is an exception, having been purchased by the French, who are forming an important settlement there.

Among these islands Johanna is the favourite resort of the English and other European ships passing through the Mozambique Channel, on account of the facility with which they can there obtain water, bullocks, poultry, eggs, vegetables, and certain fruits. "The Snake" anchored there in July, and again in August 1847.

Selim is the king of Johanna, and is not less cunning and knavish than the generality of his subjects. Selim's brother is called the Duke Ali, and his uncle is called the Duke Abbas. We found a single European resident there, an Englishman about thirty years of age, whom I had before seen at the Cape of Good Hope. Thinking that his having been noticed by a Man of War calling there might add to his consideration in the eyes of the natives, and even, on an occasion, add to his personal safety among them, I invited him to dine with me on board "The Snake." Among the lions of my cabin, which I was exhibiting to him, when on board, were some apparatus for conjuring tricks, which Mr. Simley (for that was the name of my guest) particularly begged to see performed. My compliance with his wish led, after a little preamble of hesitation and apology, to his expressing so great a desire that his host (the Vizier) should have the opportunity of seeing those tricks, that I allowed him to take the apparatus on shore with him, promising to call on him the next day, when he might invite the Vizier to witness the wonders of the West! This same Vizier is considered the first man in the Island; he is so at any rate, if the King be excepted, but many will not admit the exception; for, whilst the King is niggardly and grasping, the old Vizier is hospitable and generous.

When Simley first arrived in Johanna he was accommodated in some house belonging to the King, and had to pay an exorbitant price for house-room and for meals. Subsequently, on becoming acquainted with the Vizier, he was accommodated by him with a whole house, with twice as many meals every day as he could touch, accompanied by every attention, for the whole of which the Vizier would receive no remuneration.

When I went to Simley's, as appointed, I found quite a crowd there, including the Vizier, his three sons, his son-in-law, and among others, not his relatives, one Abderrachmah, the King's interpreter—as great a ruffian, by the way, I believe, as one may be likely to fall in with, in a month's travelling. Nothing daunted by the numbers present, I shortly after my arrival commenced my tricks; and it was truly amusing to see the effect on my spectators, who had never seen, or most likely never heard of the like before.

After they had been gone through once, and while, by particular request, some of them were being repeated, the King's interpreter withdrew, but in half-an-hour returned, and, with the manner of a man who thinks he is about to make a communication of sufficient importance for everything else to give place to it, he said to me:

"Porrerr [purrer] the King he wantay every mosh for you for do him one very great favor; he wantay every mosh."

"Well, Mr. Interpreter," said I, "what does the King want?"

"He wantay every mosh for you for show him this thing."

I was still so taken up and amused with those around me, that, notwithstanding the importance of Abderrachmah's communication, my only desire was to get rid of him as quickly as possible; and, solely with that view, I replied to him that if the King would give me letters patent under his royal sign manual, and the great seal of Johanna, affirming me to be the greatest conjurer in the world, and appointing me to be First Conjurer to His Majesty Selim, King of Johanna, I would comply with his request, but that otherwise it would be impossible. To this he replied, "Perhaps he give," and so saying he again went away; the English part of the audience then seeming to think it was their turn to laugh.

Such were the astonishment, the admiration, and sometimes the fears, of my spectators, that a couple of hours more elapsed before I was allowed to have my apparatus put by. During that interval Abderrachmah returned several times, with more pressing importunities, for me to adjourn to the King's; but each time I put him off with a repetition of my condition as to the royal letters patent.

At last he came and told me that the King would comply, and as my joke took that turn, I promised to wait on His Majesty the following day.

It fell out, however, the next day, as I turned the corner of one of the narrow streets, I perceived an Arab leaning with the breadth of his shoulders against the wall. He had on white cotton petticoat-trousers, leaving the leg bare from the knee, down to the red leather sandal; a close white dress, with a sort of waistcoat of red cloth, trimmed with gold lace, and falling in two low points over his silk net sash; his sword was unsheathed, and borne in his right hand as a..."
walking-stick; and his head-dress was a stiff built cap of a chocolate-coloured velvet, with a large raised crown; at the top, in front, was a sort of templar's cross, or star of gold, with a large topaz set under it. This was Selim, King of Johanna. I must here state that His Majesty does not speak English, but understands it pretty well when spoken slowly. The moment he perceived me he came forward and asked me how I was, and by certain inarticulate sounds, which were accompanied by the extended right hand twisting itself about on the wrist, with the fore and middle fingers kept beating against the top of the thumb, the King meant inquiringly to say: "Purser, I believe you can perform some conjuring tricks."

To which I replied, "Yes, King Selim," "And you will do them for me?" inquired His Majesty.

To this I replied, "Suppose King Selim make royal letters patent—great seal of Johanna; King Selim's sign manual—declare Purser great conjurer in the world, and first conjurer to Sultan Selim, King of Johanna, then me for do for you. Suppose King Selim no can for make, me no can for do."

Here the King gave two deep condescending nods of assent, and then one deeper and yet more condescending, at the same time saying, "Me give you." Thereupon we went together to his house; a messenger was sent to Simley for the traps; and while they were coming, a numerous audience was collecting at the King's, composed, no doubt, of the elite of Johanna; that is to say of the male elite, for, as in all other Mahomedan countries, the females are never to be seen. The traps passed off splendidly: all seemed much to admire, but some appeared considerably frightened. I returned to Simley's, whither my apparatus was sent after me, and an hour or so later came the royal letters patent. They are written on a sheet of English gilt-edged paper, the writing is in Arabic, and the great seal of Johanna is duly affixed, as also the royal signature. Some further negotiation, however, was destined to take place; and, although it ultimately fell to the ground, you will doubtless perceive that it might have led to affairs of importance.

Abderrachmah came to me, looking bigger, oh much bigger than on the occasion of the commencement of the former negotiation. "King Selim," said he, "wanty ever verry moosh, oh! but ever verry moosh; that you for do one very great thing for him: he wanty for you for show him how you for do that thing."

This I gave the royal interpreter to understand was a business of immensely great importance; but I told him that there might, however, yet be conditions on which I would do that great thing for King Selim.

"The sovereign of England, you know," said I, "is the queen or king. England is divided into counties, such as Northumberland, Devonshire, and so forth. When one man do one very great thing for sovereign of England, sovereign make him Duke of Northumberland, Duke of Devonshire, or Duke of some place or other. Johanna," continued I, "no got counties, Johanna no divided into provinces; but Johanna got North-east Point here," said I, pointing to one of the headlands of the Island; and then pointing to another, I continued, "Johanna got South-west Point there. Me do this great thing for King Selim if King Selim will give me royal letters patent under King Selim's royal sign manual and great seal of Johanna, making and creating me Duke of the North-east Point in Johanna, or Duke of the South-west Point, me no care which."

To this the interpreter hurriedly replied, "Me go ask him;" and he started off running, notwithstanding the intense heat then prevailing.

He presently returned and informed me how "very verry moosh" King Selim wanted me to teach him to do that great thing! My only reply was a repetition, word for word, of the condition previously proposed as above set forth. But the interpreter informed me that King Selim could not go further than to create me Duke of the North-east Point of England. But this I objected would be of no value, as it would only be giving his sanction to my wearing a title over which he had no more power or control than the least of his slaves. As, however, Abderrachmah informed me that King Selim could not, or would not, raise me to a Dukedom in Johanna, this important negotiation, as I have already said, fell to the ground. He then went away, carrying with him my request that he would inform His Royal Master how proud I should have been, when going to see Queen Victoria, if to my card, having on it "Mr. Cheeks, Paymaster and Purser in the Royal Navy of Great Britain," I had been enabled to add "Duke of the North-east Point in the Island of Johanna."

The brave old Vizeer heartily joined in the laugh in which, notwithstanding the unfavourable issue, we all indulged at the ludicrous negotiation; and without any attempt to disguise the utter contempt in which he holds the royal person, he assured me that, to have become possessed of the secret of the tricks he had seen performed, King Selim would have conferred on me the title of any Duke of any place I thought proper to select, were it not for the fear that Queen Victoria might some day or other find it convenient to send one or two of her ships of war to establish a settlement in, and take possession of a Dukedom belonging to one of Her Majesty's subjects.

H. M.
LOOSE THOUGHTS ON CULTURE.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

Astronomers assure us that the amount of light and heat we receive from the stars is by no means inconsiderable. Sun helps sun, and we are indebted for light and warmth to every star that shines.

There is something analogous in our culture. To the great luminaries of Science and Learning we attribute the moulding of our minds and the enlightening of our understandings, and give little credit to the thousand subtle influences that play upon us from star, and tree, and field, and mountain, yea, from every form and product of nature. Who are our teachers?

"More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of."

Silently and invisibly the elements are changing the face of the continents and the bed of the sea; so agencies are at work, unknown and unheeded, that mould and fashion our characters beyond our thought or will. How much constancy has the day taught us! How has the night revealed the stars of thought and imagination! Who will report what night has given to literature?

In like manner, who shall measure the effect of the seasons upon character? How inspiring and invigorating the fresh budding spring? Whom does it not call to youth and hope? How tranquilizing the golden October! When will it be known how much mankind are indebted to the summer? What lessons of calmness, of moderation, of peace and good-will toward men, are here! History is coloured by the spring and the autumn.

Thanks for the twilight! It educates us in pity, cools the fever, and tills the passions of the day. How medicinal a walk on the calm June evening, or a row on the lake or river! All men are religious then. A perennial gladness seizes one—a gladness as of love requited, as of a lost paradise regained; and sorrow, pain, crime, disappointment seem to be removed to an immeasurable distance—seem to belong to another world than this. What a bath is to the body, such, in these halcyon days, is wood and lake to the soul. They purify, they invigorate, they renew youth and hope. No associations, no counsels or philosophies, mould character like these. All good thoughts and feelings these beneficent, these summer influences bring out. If a man has charity, then is he most charitable; if mercy, then is he most merciful; if humility, then is he most humble. If he is angry, his anger dies; if harassed, he becomes tranquil; if sorrowing, he finds comfort and consolation. Nature, in these forms, takes us by the palm, like a great mother, and soothes and calms us, and inspires feelings of peace and harmony.

A school or a seminary diffuses knowledge, and elevates the standard of intelligence in the community where it is located; but a lake, or a river, or a mountain prospect, goes deeper, reaches the character, and cultivates the sentiment of beauty and the feeling of reverence. The influence of Nature is uniformly in the direction of the character and the moral sense, and is, therefore, constant and inevitable. Knowledge soon makes itself felt; the understanding is readily awakened. You can put facts and ideas into a man’s head almost as easily and as palpably as you can put coppers into his pocket, or food into his stomach; but appeal to the perception of beauty or the moral principle—in short, address yourself to his soul, instead of to any power or faculty of his mind, and your progress is slower and less obvious, because the grounds are deeper and more fundamental. Not in days, but in years, is the result noticeable. What the stars and the blue sky have taught us, let the centuries answer. What our lakes, and rivers, and mountain scenery are doing for us, time will tell. In every generation these fair features of our inland scenery reappear in the character of the people, and inspire brave and beautiful lives.

“How close akin is what is fair to what is good!” Beauty, in whatever form, is a friend of virtue and a tacit encouragement to right living. Mountain and landscape reassure us. On the hill I can feel and utter what in my study was beyond my grasp. I break down my prison-walls, and partake, in some degree, of the largeness of my vision. Even a well-kept lawn may serve to remind one of the virtue of neatness and regularity. Who can walk through a flower-garden without improving his taste and cultivating his perception of form and colour? Oh! the sweet and pure ministrations of flowers! If their good effects upon the race were balanced against its tomes (one might say tons) of theology, how would the scale poise?

It cannot be denied that the moral influence of all lovely objects is invariably on the side of right. Vice and sin are deformities, and at war with the eternal laws of God; beauty shames and refutes them, and suggests a return to virtue and rectitude. To people living in hovels and immersed in filth, poisoned by foul air and pinched with cold and hunger, crime comes easily. It is not difficult to understand that; but stately halls, cultivated associates, spacious parks, extensive views, the accessories of wealth and position, are supporters of virtue, and stand mute but eloquent witnesses against irregularity and disorder. Crime loves dens and
Loose Thoughts on Culture.

cheerless places, and hence our prisons serve rather to harden and confirm their victims than to mollify and reform them. The air and the sunshine, plenty of room, good food, cleanliness and exercise, a fine prospect, flowers and pictures, gentle looks and kind words, are more efficient instrumentalities than manacles and gloomy cells to recall men to themselves, and convince them that a life of order has more comforts than one of disorder.

Let me not, in this connection, overlook the Fine Arts in their influence on character—especially music, the “disembodied art.” There are few more powerful instrumentalities than this to tame and humanize men. Under its influence we are capable of all good things. Music liberates; it lifts up, it raises us at once above the tyranny of circumstances. There is a vast difference between being tossed off the sand-bar and being floated off by the incoming tide. Music invariably floats one up a little; it begins under us—back of us, and we ride triumphantly where before our keel ploughed the bottom. Nothing seems impossible—I am ready to undertake anything; the air seems suddenly to have acquired new properties; a new charm is imparted to the commonest objects, and I rise at once into the region of poetry and heroism. And when lifted to a higher plane of thought and feeling, we never quite settle back to the old low-water-mark—it is expansion, reinforcement, growth. A view from a mountain-top does not leave us quite where it found us; our horizon is always a little larger for it. In this way the fine arts minister to us. They awaken admiration and enthusiasm, and draw us off from personal matters and selfish ends.

Culture adheres to the blood. The first races are not scholars and philosophers. As man was the last and finishing stroke of creation, so the intellect is the latest and highest growth of man. In the soil the more recent deposits are the finest, and likewise in families the best blood is from the most cultivated sources. If lime in the bone or iron in the veins possesses properties that do not belong to it in its primitive condition in rock or earth, may there not be a like tendency in the blood to mount and refine also? Great men are not always, or even commonly, the parents of great men; fine manners and a fine susceptibility to culture in parents do not always reappear in the child; but why? No doubt the tendency is to transmit mental traits and powers, and that this beneficent design of nature is frustrated must be laid to the account of unfavourable material conditions. It is an evidence of our imperfect civilization, and of the irregularity of our laws. It indicates disproportion and a want of fitness, and favours the view that great men and handsome women are rather an exception, a lucky coincidence, and not the result of cultivated and well-ordered lives. If great men are a natural product, a legitimate result of conditions that made it thus, and not otherwise, as improved fruit-trees may always be relied on to produce improved fruit, and could by no possibility be made to yield crabs—if genius and beauty come thus authenticated, and thus inevitable, a family ought to go on producing great men for ever, and surfeit society with no inferior article. But we are not up to that yet. A great man seems only a lucky throw of the dice, and it would be strange that if, in so many trials, there was not occasionally a success. Given genius as a possibility, and somebody’s child will be a genius.

But from a given number of noisy boys, you cannot, on a priori grounds, predict a great man. Of course, as the number approximates towards the millions, the chances that there may be a genius among them increases; but can you put your finger on him, or, from a knowledge of each one’s history and antecedents, point him out?

Still, we say, culture adheres to the blood, reaches the organisation, the grain and temperament; and if nature was allowed perfect expression in this matter, a family would never deteriorate, never run out, and society be made up of only fair women and brave men. Why at the present time is New England making the literature of America? Because she has the most brains undoubtedly; yes, and also because she has the best blood, the most cultivated men and women to breed geniuses from.

Culture is the best remedy for materialism. Indeed, its chief object is to overthrow this mediocrity, and make man a believer in principles and ideas. In the long run, what is of any account but ideas; and what is wisdom but the perception of law? The grossest materialists I know are the spiritualists. Indeed, what is free from it—is not walled in by it, with only a loophole out into the open day? Give me windows, yes, and what is better, give me the great Out-of-Doors itself. What vulgar worshippers we are! We almost make a commodity of religion, and vie with each other to see who shall monopolize the trade. Churches are as hostile as rival shops in a country-town. For shame! Are we not brothers? Is God a respecter of persons? Can you fence in the heavens? Run your wall never so far, and build it never so high, and still outside is the same blue sky over all.

Let Diogenes find me a man who believes only in principles—who is not shaking with vulgar fears and perturbations, as if labouring under the apprehension that the universe was going to miscarry.

What is materialism? It is this: Not to believe in ideas, but in expedients; to doubt that justice prevails and law governs; not to see that virtue is its own reward and vice its own punishment. Must you have wages for doing right? must your charity be seen and heard of men? Can you not wait? are you afraid people will underrate your good qualities? must you tell how much you know? must you proselytize every man you meet? are you vain, proud, impatient, intolerant? What is materialism? A condition of the earlier races, and the office
of culture is to take this out of a man and to impart to him somewhat of the freedom and largeness of the ideal.

Akin to this influence of culture are its effects in liberalizing and unpersonalizing people, giving largeness and generosity to their views, and removing that intensely personal element which must give everything a name and a place, and which sticks so doggedly to a fact that is present to the senses in opposition to a principle that is present only to the intellect. This is a trick of women and under-bred persons. Shall we be so ungallant as to say that women are personal and gossipy, and that they make the poorest philosophers in the world, albeit the ideal seems habitually nearer to them than to the other sex? Women cannot club things—cannot grasp the mass. They will cite a fact in refutation of your argument, and think the matter settled; so, too, the boy will cover the moon with a copper farthing, and may—be think the farthing the larger.

Travellers in Africa remark that where the natives are the most warlike as a tribe, they are the most kind and humane as individuals, and the converse. So culture kills these petty personal feelings, and begets largeness and munificence of soul.

Coleridge was given to detect an uncultivated man by the construction of his sentences; but that was not the matter. Look at his deductions—his application of the facts. Must everything have a personal bearing? Can he put a liberal construction on your words? Can he appreciate pure blue sky, or truth divested of its accidental relations, and as it stands absolutely in nature? Does he set up a part against the whole? Does he think one side all right and the other all wrong? Uncultivated women are fiendish and gossipy; uncultivated men bigoted and selfish. Persons, places, and politics—what else do people talk about? Gossip, gossip, gossip, and a constant pinning of epithets and rude remarks to people behind their backs; you shall hear little else than this in any community. Our cheap press and multiplicity of books add to people's tongues without much increasing their brains, as a slight shower, or what the farmer calls a "spirit," rolls the brook, without materially effecting its volume. To be sure, a "spirit" relieves the drought a little; but oh! if we could only go a little deeper, though it did take more time! if we could only reach the fountain, and enlarge and facilitate matters there!

There is no perspective in a vulgar mind; all is flat, dull surface; hence the want of liberality and intellectual tolerance—the want of sky-room. The lesson of life, according to a high authority, is to accept what the years say against the days, and what the centuries say against the years—a process which common people are very apt to reverse and to side with the days against the eternities. Nothing but a comprehensive survey can settle the matter. The air is blue, though one would hardly perceive it with only a roomful. We are going up-hill—are we not?

—when we find ourselves on higher ground than that occupied when starting, though there may have been much going down-hill between the two intermediate points. Put the parts together, and note the total effect. Separated impressions mislead; culture says, look the whole length of the matter.

We are mostly like the boy commencing the study of geography. He meets with little difficulty in finding the cities and towns, the rivers and bays, but cannot, for the life of him, find the continents and oceans. He will come to the teacher with his map opened at the American continent, and implore aid to find it! His difficulty is what we all have to contend with and what the majority never get over; he was blinded by details, and regarded the parts without uniting them. The little names were easy to find, the large lettered comprehensive ones, with their grand circling sweep, escaped him. So law and order escape us till we have learned to look less intently and closely at particular facts, and to take a comprehensive survey.

Culture is emancipation—emancipation from form, from matter, from time and space, from persons and places. We lay less stress on the tools—on the process—and see the end through all the multiplicity of means. The matter need not take visible shape and outline; there is the power of imagination to hold things aloof and look at them as if they have so little power of lifting themselves up and poising on the wing, that you shall seldom meet a person among the ordinary classes who can even see how the earth can be round and turn around, and somebody's mill dam not spill out! We also learn to value logic less and reason more. Of what avail is all this brilliance and special pleading? Partial culture blinds people to debating and to persecuting each other for opinion's sake. We must all come down to simple statement at last. Do you think there will be any arguing in heaven? The nearer you get to the heart of things, or the farther you get into the soul, the less room there is for argument. We do not often want the process, but the result of it. Logic should be bid, like the cob in the ear: so that the golden kernels are there, and what more do we want? Out of every hundred persons the country through, ninety and nine shall esteem Pope a greater poet than Shakespeare, and Locke a better reasoner than Emerson. Scores admire the sunset where one loves the clear blue of the upper heavens. It is so difficult to cure people of their love of the showy, the demonstrative, the sensuous, and make them truly children of the simple and the beautiful. But cultivate, cultivate; that is the only remedy.

The perfection of art, we are told, is to conceal art; that is, push it so far that it ceases to be art, and comes around to nature again. The same is true of culture: it must be pushed so far as not to remind us of culture, of books and college, and seem inborn and natural. Is not that the best polish where all marks of the chisel or scratch of the
tools are polished away, and the lustre seems born on it? When the people say of the new minister, "He is college-bred I know by his talk," whether they mean it or not, they sound to me a little sarcastic.

Partial culture runs to the ornate; extreme culture to simplicity.” If the gymnasmus makes one sordid and stiff, what is the remedy? More club and dumb-bell. If still lame and sore, what then? More club and dumb-bell. If a little learning sets people's tongues loose, what then? Double the dose. The way to escape an enemy is over his dead body, and the way to get the conceit and garrulity out of half-bred people is to cultivate, cultivate.

After all, the great qualities are innate, and cannot be superinduced by any external means or appliances. What can men learn? Not common sense, nor courage, nor charity, nor manliness, nor presence of mind, nor heroism. Either a man is born into these possibilities, or he is not. On these high grounds culture is comparatively a small matter. You can polish the diamond, but can you impart any new properties? The whole difference between genius and talent is precisely this capacity for culture. A pebble is a pebble and a pearl is a pearl. Ordinary men are this or that, according to their training; but genius is genius, and there is no failure. What genius ever went undeveloped? What talent ever failed? You can no more rob genius of culture than you can of the air or sunlight. It is sheer cant to talk of "mute, inglorious Miltons." The great God will advise you of the fact when he sends a Milton. He will report himself. There is no contingency about it, except life and health. He is neither in the potential nor the subjunctive mood, but is a positive declaration. Most men are adjuncts, but genius is noun and verb. Culture is a great matter, but culture does not beget genius; genius induces culture. People fancy that with like advantages they would have equalled this or that great man; mediocrity consoles itself with the belief that it is only unflaged genius, and that when the favourable conditions are brought to bear it will plunge itself and soar away. But we are not to suppose that we are born in; if we are born underlings, we always remain so; we carry with us only what we have in the beginning. In the long run, and in a large sense, people get cultivated about up to their capacity for culture, and every one passes for what he is. No fine spirit goes undeveloped, for our conception of a fine spirit embraces this capacity for development. If a man is capable of great things, he will perform great things; the proof of the ability is the performance. If there is an Iliad in this or that man's head, he will some day write it out as sure as the light of the last star will ultimately reach us. Opportunity is everything to talent, but nothing to genius, since genius implies the ability to make opportunities, as a stream its own bed.

All of which is obvious enough. Yet we do well to insist on culture. Knowledge cannot be too general or books too plentiful. Educate the masses, and we improve the blood of the race. A nation's capacity for great men and great work is increased by every school-house and meeting-house and printing-press in the land. Thought refines and spiritualizes; and the more people think, the more they extricate their feet from the mud and the slough. Impart an impetus here, and you reach the mainspring of all progress.

A NIGHT AT THE ADELPHI AND HAYMARKET THEATRES.

In these days, when all that is real, natural, and common-place—for there is an essentially common-place, but not of necessity a vulgar, element in everything real and natural—has retreated before "sensation" and "effect," it is not to be wondered at that there should be a most marked diversity of opinion respecting the books, the music, the actors, authors, and composers of the present day. And that diversity will last as long as there are a few natural common-place people in the world to lift up their quiet voices against the many who live so fast in thoughts, habits, tastes, inclinations, and practice, that they give themselves no time to look whether below the surface there is not something nobler, truer, and more worthy of admiration than the monstrosities set up for our worship, and ticketed "Human Nature as it is."

It will long be a problem as to what has given rise to this love of "sensation." I think it is because the progression of the age has made us dissatisfied. We are like a family of quiet, well-brought up children, who get a supply of new toys at Christmas and at no other time, and we went to visit another family in which the children had new playthings every day, and so, as a matter of course, we got discontented, and insisted upon being treated as the little Jones's were. The eighteenth century was a quiet, contented, well-behaved old century enough; men and news travelled slowly, great events happened at a distance, and were heard of so long after they occurred, that their magnitude was obscured by time. The squires lived in their own counties from childhood to old age, only hearing faint echoes from the great world of London, which was a region as unknown as the moon. They
read few books: the people with whom they associated were as themselves, therefore the interchange of ideas was but scanty, and so they all lived and died harmless, uninteresting, unknowing and unknown.

But now enters the strong, muscular, broad-minded, far-seeing, progressive, untiring, bustling, noisy, and not over-refined nineteenth century, which has associated with its steam and its civilization to the ends of the earth. The country gentleman of to-day has thrown down the old house literally and metaphorically, and built a new one, with all the modern improvements: his sons have travelled and "seen life" in every phase, before they are twenty. His daughters are no longer trained at the fireside by their mother's precept and example; but in the fashionable schoolroom, the ball-room, the green-room of the amateur theatre, the German watering-places, and, by way of finish, in the hunting-field; or, if they find the fashionable market overstocked, they turn strong-minded, study medicine, and take out their diploma, make a tour on the unprotected female system, and swarm up Monte Rosa, Vesuvius, and the Himalayas.

As a natural consequence, books, music, and the drama—music, perhaps, in a less degree than the other two—must keep pace with the age. The same story which sufficed to keep alive the interest which has persisted over many generations will not suit us. If the characters in the books which we read do not break at least half of the Ten Commandments we shut the volumes in disappointment, and hope that the next box from Mudie's will contain more highly-spiced fare.

What are the trials and adventures of Clarissa Harlowe compared to the scenes in the life of the beautiful flaxen-haired demon Lady Audley? Who would venture to compare the "Helen" of Miss Edgeworth or the "Emma" of Miss Austin with the Amazon of the raven locks, who married her father's groom, and horsedhipped a half-witted stable boy with her riding whip?

But, even as the question is written, I am glad to be able to remember books published at the present day, in which are depicted ladies, or women let me call them, women in every sense of the word such as a man can love and marry, without the dread that a year in the girlish life, the history of which he must not ask, will ever bring shame and disgrace upon him.

We must name some of these women, although there is no doubt they are well-known to all those whose taste is still pure and refined enough to admire an unsensational fiction. First on the list shall be placed "Ada Latimer," the sweet, wondrous heroine of Whyte Melville's "Good for Nothing," then "Emily North," in a different rank of life, "Nancy" in "Silas Marner"; but Nancy had a harsher nature than Ada. "Grace," in "Two Years ago," is a very beautiful character; but she is too ideal, not quite earthly enough to fit into our every-day wants. The same thing may be said of that beautiful conception "Romola." "Mrs. Leigh," in "Westward Ho!" is a most lovely character, but much too simple, too unsuspicious to get on happily in the world. Let us hope that there are many women among us like Margaret in "North and South," with her refined, sensitive nature and high spirit, and it would not be difficult to find the fascinating, petulant, and of course "pretty English" in many an English home. Indeed, she is, with Lucy Roberts, Lily Dale, Kate Coventry, and some others, a very excellent type of the best class of nineteenth-century young lady; by "best class" I do not mean best by birth; I mean the bearable class—that is, the young lady who is, notwithstanding, a soupcoups of slang, having a decided leaning towards a "fast" hat, and an equally decided preference for the society of "nice" men—a thorough woman; one whom a man must and will fall in love with, and who will make an admirable wife and mother.

And then as regards the stage (for the drama is as sure an indication of popular taste as the publishers' list) we make a tour on the unprotected female system, and swarm up Monte Rosa, Vesuvius, and the Himalayas.

Relief of Lucknow," founded upon a fictitious incident of the Indian Mutiny. In that piece (which had but a short "run") there were sensation scenes without number, horses galloping up apparently inaccessible mountain-paths, and through foaming rivers, under a murderous fire from the Sepoys. Two soldiers of Her Majesty's service are all but hanged in a dungeon, when a trap-door opens, and from an underground passage the providential rescue appears. But the "Peep o' Day" and the "Relief of Lucknow" have now passed into the oblivion they deserve, and for two hundred and eleven nights "Leah" reigned in their stead in the favour of the London public. Of the young American actress, Miss Bateman, who played the part of the unfortunate Jewess, we wish to speak more fully.

It is not too much to say that the success of the whole piece depends upon the impersonation of Leah, the subordinate characters, with the exception of the lover Rudolf, and Madelina his cousin, whom he marries, are mere by-figures, with little to say and less to do. Madelina, the apostate Jew, the villain of the piece, is not sufficiently interesting as a villain to add to the interest of a most dreary, unexciting play. Miss Bateman must have that strong faith in her own powers, which some people affirm is in itself sufficient to ensure success, when she made her debut before a London audience in the cha
A Night at the Adelphi and Haymarket Theatres.

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character of Leah; and before any critic can fairly judge of her powers as an actress she must be seen in a variety of plays.

To personate Leah well is a task of some difficulty. It would be easy either to over or to under do it; the result of the former would be to vulgarize it, of the latter to make a complete failure. Miss Bateman’s conception is the happy medium, and her faults are in herself and not in her acting. Of those faults we would speak in the first instance.

Her voice is her weakest point; even had it the power which it lacks, a strong American accent makes it monotonous—gives a guttural sound to her tones when they are soft and pathetic, and a harshness when she exhibits force and passion. Her appearance is so peculiar, her face so refined and beautiful, and her figure so graceful, that it occurs to us, as we watch her, that she would do well to allow her face and figure to do their own work, and not to give so much of studied expression to the one, and of attitude to the other. But as the piece goes on we are inclined to alter that opinion: her face, with its total absence of colour, and its finely chiselled features, is wanting in natural expression, and when in complete repose it looks more like the face of a young than of a living woman. Owing to this lifelessness of feature her wonderful eyes are overworked, and there is a decided want of harmony between them and the rest of the face; this is more marked in the passionate scenes than in the pathetic. Let any one watch Leah closely in the celebrated malediction scene, and then in the scene with Rudolf’s child, and they will at once remark the difference we have pointed out.

In the former the eyes have everything to do, and from the absence of scorn, wounded pride, outraged feeling, and the other emotions which a passionate and wronged woman might be supposed to feel at such a time, appearing in the face and playing with every feature, Leah has the aspect of an angry fish-wife railing at an unfortunate customer. Of course the words which we hear her speak, and the line pose into which she falls at the end, lessen this impression considerably.

In the last scene of the play Miss Bateman leaves nothing to be desired. When, hunted by the mob she rushes in, looking baggadorn, worn, and wasted by the love she has not conquered, and with which hatred and remorse are waging such a fierce war, she catches at once our admiration, interest, and sympathy, and holds them securely to the end. She hardly looks like the same woman: the severe lines of the womanly vanity have departed. The beautiful eyes have retreated into the head, and, surrounded as they are by dark violet circles, give an almost unearthly expression to the countenance.

The very dress too, an unbecoming loose gown of grey stuff, and the disordered hair which seems to oppress the poor sufferer by its weight, betoken that with broken health and a broken heart all womanly vanity has departed. The short scene with Rudolf’s happy wife is admin-
beautiful features, and she again presses her little
name sake to her heart, and strokes and fondles
it for its father's sake.

Then having sent a message of forgiveness to
Rudolf through his child, she disappears to die
alone—and happy. But she is found by Rudolf
and his wife, and then comes the last and most
beautiful and touching scene of all, her death in
Rudolf's arms. We can almost fancy that she
is really dying, and we wonder how any acting
may be so natural. The wild, scared look has
vanished, the contraction of pain has left the
brow, the restless hands are still, and there is a
shadow coming over the eyes which are ever
turned on Rudolf. Yes, even when with a
slight, gasp the hands are pressed upon the
heart, and the head falls back upon the support-
ing arm, the eyes are turned with a look of the
most yearning affection upon the man who had
doubted her and cast her off to die.

As the curtain falls, we feel for a moment
that we have been looking at a real tragedy—
that the beautiful pale face we have just lost
sight of is really the face of the dead Jewess
Leah. But we are soon recalled to the actual:
there is around us a sound of vociferous
applause, and our last illusion respecting the
reality of what we have seen vanishes, when
Leah comes on, led by the smiling Rudolf.

I think it is well that we are thus rudely
brought back to earth again; but most certainly
it required the sight of Miss Bateman alive and
well, coupled with the belief which instantly
followed that she would go back to her Hotel,
and probably eat an excellent supper after the
talguises of the evening, to erase the impression
of that wonderful and perfect piece of acting.

Miss Bateman has appeared as Leah for two
hundred and eleven nights in London, and
when her engagement there ceased, she began a
tour in the provinces of the United Kingdom.
It now remains to be seen how she will succeed
in her next essay; but, there can be no doubt
of a reiterated success here, where in
which the gentle womanly traits exceed those
that are fierce and tragic. We should imagine
that her Desdemona and Ophelia would be
perfect.

In direct contrast to the heavy Tragedy of
"Leah" is a bright little piece, containing few
situations and still fewer characters, which had
a short but entirely successful run last season
in London, and which brought prominently
forward, in a new aspect, an actor, already well
known, and a decided public favourite. We
allude to the "David Garrick" of Mr. Soth-
ern. When that gentleman appeared as "Lord
Dundreary," and night after night filled the
Haymarket to overflowing, and convulsed the
audience by his inimitable personation of a
vapid "swell," there were hundreds who de-
crated that, excellent as "Lord Dundreary" was,
Mr. Sothen was quite incapable of playing any
other part.

Why Mr. Sothen did not at once show how
false was the estimate which the public had
formed of his powers by coming out as—to name
one character out of many to which he would
do the fullest justice—John Middmay, in "Still
Waters Run Deep," we cannot of course tell.
That "Lord Dundreary" was popular is per-
haps the true reason, and who that has seen the
vacant expression of his lordship's face, while
trying to repeat a simple proverb or solve an
aburd "middle"—who that has heard his hope-
less entanglement about his own mother and
"Sam's"—the effort to count upon his fingers—
the chuckle of satisfaction at what he considered
some wonderful piece of wit, and, above all, his
half-skipped half-hop across the stage, can won-
der for one moment at his popularity?

But when it was announced that Mr. Sothen
was about to appear in an entire new piece, and
to personate a character not in the least resem-
bling that of "Lord Dundreary," great was the
curiosity and excitement among the London
players. "David Garrick," the title of the
piece, told nothing; every one knew who David
Garrick had been; but how he could have been
moulded into a play was the question.

Almost every one now knows the nature and
plot of the little drama. The only and very
romantic young daughter of a rich city mer-
chant has been taken to the theatre by some
friends, and has seen the celebrated David
Garrick, in "Hamlet"; her enthusiastic nature
and romantic heart are touched, she has Shakes-
peare by heart, but her admiration of the poet
was miserably lifeless until she heard the glow-
ings words spoken in a voice which thrilled her
soul. Surely the man who could so fully enter
into the spirit of the poet must himself have a
noble nature, he must soar far above the petty
vices and failings of mankind; in short, Garrick,
through the influence of Hamlet and Romeo,
is idealized into the embodiment of everyth-
ing that is grand or noble in the world.

And Garrick himself, while bowing before his
enchanted audience, is conscious of nothing save
a beaming young face in one of the boxes, which
night after night he sees radiant with smiles or
bathed in tears, as the part which he plays is
gloomy or the reverse. He soon begins to look
for that one face, and by-and-by he plays to it
alone, out of all the brilliant throng that nightly
crowd the theatre.

But the father of the girl grows anxious; his
daughter spends her time reading Shakespeare,
and worries his life out by entreating his admi-
ration for her favourite passages. She goes to
the theatre every night that Garrick plays, she
raves about him, and, what is worse than all, she
scorns the addresses of her cousin—and for this
we cannot blame her—a coarse-looking, rough-
spoken, horsey young gentleman, whose conver-
sation is made up of stable-talk and slang.

The old gentleman (old Ingot) is in despair;
he is enormously rich, but money will not bring
his pretty Ada to a sense of her folly. But a
thought strikes him: he will see the great actor
himself, not on the stage, but in private, and
try what can be done with him.

The second scene of the play is the first
in which Garrick appears: he comes by appointment to Ingot's house, and without knowing in the very least for what purpose the interview has been sought. We are not surprised at the burst of applause with which Mr. Sothern's entrance as Garrick is greeted; and we are at once struck by the singular grace of his appearance attired in the becoming dress of the last century. His action is perfection— or, rather, his absence of acting; the slightly, very slightly piqued curiosity; the hauteur with which he puts aside the fussiness of the servant; the manner in which his thoughts stray back to that one face in the theatre, when the idea suddenly occurs to him that perhaps this mysterious interview has been sought by a woman—all these points are excellent.

And then the interview with the harassed old father, who would gladly, if possible, accomplish his purpose without betraying his child, and who is mightily confounded by the discovery that the actor is a very worthy old gentleman indeed, one far removed in every way from the vulgar city people with whom he is accustomed to associate. The contrast between the two men is most striking: Garrick, with a distrait and rather supercilious air, leans back in an easy chair, with an expression of face which seems to say, "You may be a very worthy old gentleman, but you are an intense bore."

The old gentleman flounders hopelessly on, and Garrick's start of astonishment is admirable, when, at last, out comes the question about his "wages", what he "earns in the year" by acting. His esprit de corps is wounded, and he is up in arms directly; but, mingling with his annoyance, there is evident curiosity to know what the aim of all this can possibly be. This curiosity reaches its climax when Ingot, having heard that the actor's income exceeds two thousand a year, offers to make it four if he will quit the London boards and never appear on them again. There is something so original in all this that David cannot longer remain angry; he suddenly becomes genial and amiable, and begs the old gentleman to explain.

Good-humoured banter of the fond and anxious father follows the explanation. Why make so much of the romantic fancy of an impulsive girl? Then, assuring Ingot, upon his word of honour, that she shall be cured of her folly, and that his own affections are irreconcilably engaged, he suggests that in order to effect the cure he shall come to dine at the merchant's house that very day. Ingot, who has not been altogether blind to the fascinations of his companion's manner and appearance, demurs; but Garrick tells him to have no doubt: the disentanglement shall be full and complete.

The scene of the dinner is the scene of the play. Sundry Smiths and Browns make the party; and Ada, whose innate refinement is outraged by their gross vulgarity, will not condescend to make any change in her dress to receive them. But, as the dinner hour draws near, and she is preparing to submit to her fate as best she can, a footman ushers in the last guest of the evening, Mr. David Garrick! He enters, and Ada flies from the room, unseen by him, to dress in a manner suitable for her hero's eyes.

Garrick enters, and moves about the room with all the courtly grace of the old school, and, as we contrast his high-bred air and handsome figure (to say nothing of his faultless dress) with those of Messrs Smith and Jones, we are inclined to echo old Ingot's doubts of the wisdom of having brought personal intercourse to complete the work which fancy has begun.

The young lady presently reappears, as her father exclaims, "Dressed like a duchess!" and she is face to face with Garrick. He gives a slight start, and we at once perceive from his manner that in the girl before him he has recognised the beautiful "unknown" of the theatre. But his honour has been pledged, and the work of disenchchantment must be done. And how it is accomplished we soon learn—to disgust the romantic creature who believes in but so thoroughly. Garrick pretends to get drunk at dinner, and it is in the portrayal of this phase of the character that Mr. Sothern shows his consummate skill. More perfect acting of that particular kind was never seen on any stage; there is nothing overdone, nothing gross or vulgar, although your sense of disgust at the change which drink has apparently made in the person and speech of Garrick is very keen. From his first appearance after dinner, when he comes in with a hiccup and a maudlin laugh, his face scarlet all over, and his wig slightly awry, half-tripping in the carpet, half-falling over a chair, you begin to doubt whether it is acting after all, and suspect that Mr. Sothern has really been indulging in Champagne behind the scenes. He goes from bad to worse, to the horror of poor Ada, who, regardless of her duties as hostess, looks upon the downfall of her hero with amazement and disgust. There are intervals when the mask is dropped, however, and we catch glimpses of the real Garrick; but these glimpses are very momentary, for the vow is not forgotten, and we can see that, if Garrick allows himself to look at the pleading face which has so long haunted him, all will be lost. But the crisis comes on; Ada resolves to make one appeal to the better nature of the man in whom she believes she has been deceived. Surely when she recalls to his memory the scenes in which she has seen him play with such power and pathos, he will remember himself, and be ashamed!

Meanwhile David, after some romping with the vulgar Miss Brown, has fallen upon a chair; his face is hidden, Ada imagines from drunken stupidity; but it is in reality to stifle a burst of self-reproach. She goes towards him, and we can see the start and shiver with which he hears her softly-uttered "Mr. Garrick!"

We watch for his reply as eagerly as does Ada herself. He looks up at her with a stolid, intensely tipsey expression, and answers by a hiccup only. It is the last straw. Ada can
bear no more. Garrick feels that the work of disillusionment is complete, and we soon see that he begins to rejoice in his supposed drunkenness in order to give vent to his feelings. He draws a bowl of punch at a draught, and then grows rapidly riotous and disorderly; he sits down to play cards, but soon overthrows the table and compels his companions of cheating; he kicks over the chairs, insults Mrs. Smith, makes a butt of stuttering Jones, and, finally having recited a passage from Hamlet, in a voice almost inaudible from drink, he kicks over the tea-table and rushes from the house.

It would be scarcely too much to say that with the dinner-scene the chief interest of the play ends, for even Mr. Sothern’s genius cannot make the last act anything but far-fetched and unnatural. Of course the piece ends happily, but we are put out by many incongruities, the greatest of these being that it strikes us as most unnatural that Garrick, after a declaration of love somewhat in the style of “Claude Melnotte,” should coolly advise Ada to give him up, and return to her father. But, to end as a whole, the little piece is very good, and it has proved beyond all question or doubt, that Mr. Sothern is an actor of great versatility, and capable of competing with any of the celebrated light comedians of the day.

In the little farce of “Dundreary Married and Done-for,” he is also excellent. The cares of a household, which apparently comprises every member of his wife’s family to the third and fourth generation, have in a great measure changed the train of his lordship’s ideas, but he is stupid as of old, and his face is as usual quite enough to convulse us with laughter. Hoping to meet him and Miss Bateman this year in new characters, we now take our leave of them, acknowledging the great pleasure they have afforded us, and wishing them the success they so undeniably deserve.

S. G.

MEMS OF THE MONTH.

On the 17th December there was snow, then came a thaw—a most unpleasant thaw—which made the streets exceedingly disagreeable even for those pedestrians who were lucky enough to escape being splashed from top to toe by the cabs, since the making any progress on the slippery pavement was attended with considerable difficulty. As organ-grinders and costermongers may be ordered to move on, we would ask whether something cannot be done with those urchins who come round before we are out of bed, with the unpleasantly suggestive cry of “Have your doorway done, mum?” It is true that the occupation may, once in a way, afford employment to those energetic youths, though it in no way administers to our peace but, on the contrary, rather irritates our sensitive mind at an early hour. Why cannot the servants do all that is necessary at the proper time? Or, if these boys must appear on such occasions, they should be silent, and take it for granted that our doorway wants “doing.”

In the way of serious calamities, attended with loss of life, we may refer to the wreck of H.M.S. “Racehorse,” in the China seas, when ninety-nine men perished, dropping one by one into the sea from sheer exhaustion. Also we should mention the loss of the ships “Bombay” and “Columbian,” with fearful results. Of the disastrous effects of the late gale we are afraid we have not yet heard the worst.

The total destruction by fire of the Edinburgh Theatre, when among others the Dean of Guild fell a victim beneath the crumbling walls, and the accident at a music-hall in Dundee, whereby nineteen people were crushed or smothered to death, and many seriously hurt, are sad events to chronicle.

We have been informed that Tennyson saw twenty revisions of the proofs of his “Enoch Arden.”

The murderer Köhl was condemned to death, and there appeared to be not the slightest question of his guilt from the first, but he has strongly protested his innocence to the last.

The first anniversary of the birthday of his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor is an event that should not be passed over in silence.

The opening of the Birmingham Exchange, by Mr. Scholefield, M.P., was an interesting occasion, the more so as there were speeches by Messrs. Bright and Scholefield, who, since that event, have been addressing their constituents.

The Charing Cross Terminus Hotel is rapidly approaching completion, and there will be no finer building in London: in the meantime the old buildings in or near the metropolis are being rapidly demolished or destroyed by accident; for instance, Cromwell House, at Highgate, has been much damaged by fire; the old staircase, however, has fortunately escaped destruction. In the City the custodians of the churchyards have been reported to be lax in their duties, and to their disgrace it has been stated that the monuments are not respected—notably the last resting-place of Bunyan.

Some sensation has been recently created by the disappearance of a girl from her home, and by her being taken charge of by the inmates of the Brompton Oratory, who do not appear to have cleared themselves in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

General Tom Thumb and Mrs. Stratton have not been able to withstand the temptation of exhibiting themselves at the Crystal Palace, in addition to Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren. Sala, in his “Echoes of the week,” says, “The public taste runs small this Christmas. Vive les Nains! Long live Lilliput!” Apropos of the Crystal Palace, we notice that it is advertised as the only place in which to spend a pleasant day! We should give the preference
Means of the Month.

Miss Annie Thomas's new novel, and it is spoken very highly of.

We may mention, amongst interesting works lately published, Mr. Tums' "Walks and Talks about London" and "The History of Playing Cards" (Hotten), in which there is a very clever etching by George Cruikshank, which appeared in one of his almanacks years ago, but it is an acceptable revival.

Mr. Hollingshead has produced a series of sound and readable essays, under the title of "To-day."

"The Mayne Reid Library" is the title of a new issue of the works of Capt. Mayne Reid.

We have seen the first two numbers of a new publication entitled "The Printer's Journal and Typographical Magazine."

John Ruskin and Peter Cunningham are, we perceive, writing on Art matters, in the "Art Journal." That the former should do so is a strange coincidence after the hard hitting he has received therein; but "Time works wonders."

We observe an announcement, that Leech's sketches are to be sold at Christie's in April. This artist's later pen-cractions from Punch have appeared uniform with the others, to which they have been a most acceptable addition. Mr. Roberts' sketches are also announced as about to come to the hammer. Messrs. Horsley and Faed, have been elected from the rank of Associates, to that of Royal Academicians. The vacancy which has been occasioned by Mr. Roberts' death will not be filled at present. The first soirée this season, of the Langham Sketching Club, has been given at their chambers in Langham Place. A large gathering of literary and artistic celebrities were present, and a very charming collection of new pictures and sketches adorned the walls. These meetings are always agreeable, and are of the true Bohemian order. It would be invidious to attempt to point out any one picture amongst such a display of really good productions; but we may mention the names of Messrs. Smallfield, Fitzgerald, Cattermole, Watson, Rossiter, Green, Hayllar, Beavis, Hayes, and last, but by no means least, that of the courteous secretary, Mr Pidgeon. We have been shown some admirable photographs of Phillip's "Prison Window," of O'Neill's "Eastward Ho!" and "Home Again," and Landseer's "Challenge." They are the most perfect photographs from engravings that we remember to have seen, but should not the engravers and print-sellers be protected?

It is expected that Charles Dickens will take the chair at the next anniversary dinner of the newspaper-press fund.

Amongst recent deaths we should not overlook those of Lady Brougham, and the mother of William Makepeace Thackeray. Also we have to refer to the loss of the Hon. Mr. Dallas, the ex-American minister, whose handsome face we remember seeing a few years ago at the dinner of the Royal Literary Fund; M. Proudhon, one of the most vigorous French writers of the day;
and Mr. Charles Greville, who was a great turf-celebrity, and one of the oldest members of the Jockey Club. Dr. Baikie, the well-known African explorer, is dead; and in literature we have lost Mr. Leitch Ritchie, contributor to the annuals, and for some time editor of "Chambers' Journal;" Mr. C. J. Collins, who was connected with the daily press, a contributor to the light literature of the day, the author of "Singed Moths" (recently published), and other works; and Mr. John Crockford, who was for a long time connected with the "Field" newspaper.

We may mention that Mr. Samuel Warren is dangerously ill; as is also Mr. Herbert of Muross, the Lord Lieutenant of Killarney. Mr. W. S. Lindsay, M.P., reports himself better.

Mr. Frank Buckland has written a long letter to the "Times," both descriptive and laudatory of his latest capture, which is quite childish in its glee (the letter we mean, not the porpoise).

News has been received from New York, of the death of the dashing James Wallack, which took place in that city. Wallack was celebrated as an actor in this country, some five and thirty years ago, and in "The Brigand," "Don Cesar de Bazan," "Wild Oats," and other pieces of a similar character, does not appear to have left a successor. We do not remember him at his best; but we were present at the Haymarket, on the occasion of his benefit there on 13th September, 1849 (at which time he was stage manager), when he played Charles Surface, the evergreen John Cooper giving his services as Joseph, with Webster and Mrs. Charles Keen as Sir Peter and his Lady. After Sheridan's comedy came the drama of "Ernestine," in which both the beneficiaries and Mr. Cooper appeared. In the same year we saw Wallack's 'Edgar and Macduff,' which were remarkable for their picturesque vigour and rough pathos. We rarely see such acting now-a-days, and we are comparatively not an old stage. The present issue of "Anson's Dramatic Almanack" is very creditable to the compiler; its own merits are sufficient to recommend it; but in addition, the investment of the small sum of sixpence enables the purchaser to benefit the Dramatic College.

"The Dead Heart," founded on Watts Phillips' Drama, and "The Orange Girl," which was produced at the Surrey, have been published by Maxwell & Co., as dramatic tales, and Mr. Robertson is bringing out his "David Garrick" as a story in The Young Englishwoman: the first part, containing eight chapters of the tale, is just published.

We have not had leisure to enable us to attend the representation of a pantomime. Her Majesty's is only moderately successful, in spite of "Eidos Aides"—first announced in Greek, character names afterwards altered into English for the benefit of the British public, who might still have been none the wiser, but for the explanation conveyed in the words "visible, invisible." We wonder Mr. Byron did not think of "hide us, hide us," as an appropriate translation. The so-called one-legged dancer at this house was a failure, and we heard no more of him after a few nights, which was a blessing; even the performance of Donato is said not to be a pleasing exhibition, and we trust that "no followers" will be "allowed," though Tescano continues at Drury Lane, which theatre, however, relies more on Beverley's scenery and Master Percy Rosell. The best pantomimes are, by all accounts, those at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Surrey. The Opera Limited Company; or, rather, the Pantomime Company Limited, have been doing well since Christmas, and pantomime retrieves the losses sustained by opera at Covent Garden. This is not as it should be. Banting, Miss Menken, and the Brothers Davenport must have been perfect godsend to the inventors of the comic scenes of pantomimes. The critics were unanimous in quoting some lines in the Haymarket burlesque as being above the average, and which are said to be capably delivered by that excellent actor Mr. Compton.

It has been announced that Miss Wilton has become the lessee of the Queen's Theatre. Where is it? asks the reader. It is in a street leading out of Tottenham Court Road, and we remember going there some five-and-twenty years ago, to see Mrs. Parry as Lady Sale, and her husband as Mr. William Ryder, in "Oliver Twist." We wish the arch Marie every success.

Considering that the actor who takes the part of Miami, in Mr. Byron's burlesque of the "Grin Bushes," does not imitate Mr. Arthur Sketchley's heroine, we do not see that the second title, namely, "Mrs. Brown, of the Missis-sippi," is applicable. We are informed that the original intention of the author was to have called it "A Heroine here's a go!" being in sound something like "A Hundred Years Ago," which was title number two of Mr. Buckstone's drama. Millie, Beatrice goes to Fether for three years. She deserved to succeed at the Haymarket; but perhaps the Parisian air of the Lyceum may suit her better than the thoroughly English atmosphere of the other house. Mr. Emery has returned to the Lyceum, and has appeared in "Grandfather Whitehead," which we believe has not been played in London by any actor since the late Mr. Farren's retirement, if we except Mr. Jamieson's performance of that character for two or three nights at the Strand Theatre before his return to America. "The Hunchback" succeeds "Leah" at the Adelphi; but Miss Henrietta Simms plays Helen. Why not Mrs. Mellon, the best Helen on the stage? And what reason was there for engaging Mr. Jordan for Mr. Billington's part in "Leah"? These are natural questions from

YOUR BOHEMIAN.
NEW STYLE OF RAISED EMBROIDERY ON NETTING.


This style of work produces a better effect than darning, and can be used for a great number of articles—window curtains, counterpanes, anti-macassars, &c. It can be worked from any crochet or netting patterns, as well as from all Berlin-work patterns, but a certain rule must be observed. Thus, all the stitches placed in a straight direction in the patterns are worked in a slanting line on the net—that is, in the direction of the diamonds, touching each other at the point; the stitches placed in a slanting direction in the patterns are, on the contrary, worked in a straight line on the net, but one diamond should always be left between two diamonds that are to be worked. By following these directions all difficulty will be done away with, and our readers will be able to work on a netted ground any sort of pattern in Berlin work. The working of this embroidery is very simple. Take embroidery cotton of the coarsest size; fasten one end to the netting; cover this diamond with five or six stitches which go round twice, by passing the needle from one corner to the other, alternately under two threads and over two threads of the netting. The diamond thus filled up is reckoned for one cross-stitch. The next stitch is filled up like the preceding one, and worked round in the same manner, the needle being inserted underneath the two outer circles of the previous diamond.

A pretty effect might be produced for an anti-macassar by working stars in coloured wool, in the same manner as we have just described. The wool would fill in the holes of the netting nicely, and the work would have a rich raised appearance.

CROCHET PELERINE.

Materials:—Half-a-pound of white Berlia wool; quarter of a pound of blue ditto; two ounces of speckled wool.

This is extremely easy to make, and forms a pleasant occupation for the long winter evenings. These little pelerines reach to the waist, and close at the throat, and are worn underneath a mantle out of doors; or they make an exceedingly comfortable wrap, on a cold winter’s evening, to put on in coming from a theatre or other place of amusement. Being arranged without sleeves, they are easily put on and taken off. Some are made of blue, white, and speckled wool, arranged in stripes; and the manner in which these stripes are crocheted, whether broad or narrow, must of course be left to individual taste. It would be superfluous to give directions for working every row, as the stitches are all the same, and the shape of the pelerine is formed by increasing in every row down the centre of the back, and on each side of the front. Make a chain rather longer than the size of the neck (as it diminishes in the working). 1st row: 5 chain, * 2 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, repeat from * until the middle of the row is reached. Into this stitch make 4 treble instead of 2, with a chain between, and work to the end of the row. 2nd: Turn, 3 chain, 2 long into space of previous row. We may here mention that all the treble stitches are worked into the spaces, and not into the chain of previous row. 1 chain, 3 treble, until the middle of the row is reached, when work a double quantity of treble stitches, then 1 chain, 3 treble to the end of the row. 3rd: 3 chain, 2 treble, into the space of preceding row, then 1 chain, 3 treble, to the end of the row, increasing as usual down the centre of the back. From the description of these three rows, it will at once be seen how the remainder of the pelerine is worked, always bearing in mind to increase at the commencement and in the centre of every row. When the foundation of the pelerine is crocheted, a row should be worked all round, consisting of 1 chain and 3 treble; this finishes off the sides neatly and nicely. A small collar may be added, if liked (this is, however, not necessary), by crocheting into the foundation round the neck, and working 3 or 4 rows, in the same manner as the pelerine. This little collar is finished off round the edge with a row of double crochet worked into every stitch. The fringe which ornaments the bottom of the pelerine is easily made. It consists of lengths of partridge and blue wool, knotted alternately into every space and treble stitch of the bottom row. A piece of plaited wool, with a pair of tassels at each end, is run round the neck, with which the pelerine is fastened. The arrangement of colours is as follows: 10 rows of white, 1 row of blue, 1 row of speckled, 4 rows of blue, 1 row of speckled, 1 row of blue all round. Fringe, blue and speckled.
OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR C——.

The Encyclique is the momentous question just now in Paris. It fell on us like a bomb before we had finished wishing friends and enemies a happy New Year, and has quite disturbed our equanimity; we rub our eyes, and ask, “Are we, or are we not, in the nineteenth century?” The papers have published and commented on this famous protestation of a crumbling power; but Government has prohibited its lecture in the churches, which very much enrages the bishops, and all have signed their indignation by letters to the Minister of Public Worship. The Bishop of Orleans has issued a refutation to the attacks of the liberal papers; while the Ultramontane party devoutly says, Amen, to all the Holy Father says, and will say; the successor of St. Peter being infallible. The Jesuits are accused of being the instigators of the deed, in reply to the Franco-Italian Convention this autumn, and the nomination of the Prince Napoleon as Vice-President of the Privy Council makes some think that the Emperor has good intentions, though his enemies assert that the Prince has been raised to that dignity on account of his Majesty’s ill health, he having frequent fainting fits of late. It is also whispered, and that rather loudly, that the Orleansists have united their forces with the Republicans, and that a revolution is preparing for us. En attendant, we have balls and parties in every direction. Four grand balls are to be given at the Tuileries; two have already taken place, although the Empress also is in a very delicate state of health. It was thought that she would go to Nice for the winter: they say she has the same disease of which her sister the Duchess of Albe died, and on New Year’s day she did not hold a reception for ladies as is customary, nor did she appear on the ice in skates, as last year—an amusement she is extremely partial too, as all our fashionable are at the present moment, when the weather permits, and grand fêtes were in preparation on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne when the frost disappeared, and left us to console ourselves with dancing, for which amusement an entirely new and interminable cotillon has been invented, and was tried the other night at the Countess D——’s. All the ministers and the new nobility have opened their salons with increased splendour if possible; but the old aristocracy in Faubourg St. Germain do not intend to give ball or concert all the winter, except between themselves in family reunions. The crinoline is also said to be in danger of being dethroned by the initiative of these noble ladies; but the alarm has been so frequently given, that I do not put much faith in it.

French beauties seem to be quite on the decline, now, in our gay capital: most of the men of note marry foreign ladies, and Russians are decidedly at a premium: their millions, real or supposed, completely transfigure them into all that is dazzling and seductive. It gives them beauty, wit, and amiability, to the highest degree. Alexandre Dumas junior married, the other day, Madame Narischkine, a lady of Swedish origin, but allied by a former marriage to the Emperor of Russia. This lady is said to have 100,000 francs (£4,000) a year, so is therefore lovely in the extreme, and possesses red hair without dyeing it. The happy bridegroom in the exultation of his heart, when announcing his marriage with £4,000 a year, declared that he would only write one comedy and one novel more. By-the-by red hair is likely to be dethroned soon, in spite of Midle. Cora Pearl, of the “demi-monde,” the frail beauty whose golden locks set the present fashion. The Countess Zichy, sister of the Princess de Metternich, arrives all the way from Mexico with the most superb white hair imaginable, although she is only thirty years of age, and she is also very rich, therefore very beautiful. It is expected that white hair will be the vogue soon; the hair-dressers and hair-dyers have already begun trying their art in producing this new colour, and I have no doubt but that the next reunion of the coiffeurs (artists in head-dressing) the secret will be found. I say reunion of “coiffeurs,” because there is a society of hair-dressers now, who assemble a certain day in the year, to decide what is to be the fashion. The inspried ones produce their inventions, medals are awarded them according to their merit, and the evening ends with a ball, at which are sometimes more than a thousand people. At the last the style “Empire” carried off the palm, and already the hair of our “élegantes” shows the effect of that decision.

There was a fancy bazaar the other day, at the Persian embassy, for the benefit of the Poles. Another foreign beauty—a Duchess of Colonna, a Swiss by birth, but a Roman princess by marriage, was the queen of attraction there, and sold much more than any of the other ladies present. The bazaar brought in 42,000 francs. The Poles in Paris have lately lost two eminent ladies—the Princess Czartoryski, and her young daughter-in-law the Princess Ladislas Czartoryski, daughter of Queen Christina and sister of the Queen of Spain.

Voltaire’s heart has at last found an asylum. The Academy refused it, and the heirs of M. de Villette were at a loss what to do with it; so they made it a present to the Emperor, who has ordered it to be deposited in the Imperial library. Voltaire was at M. de Villette’s residence when he died, and left his heart to that gentleman, who had it religiously enclosed in a silver urn, with the following inscription engraved on the urn:—“Son esprit est partout; mais son cœur ici!” (His wit is everywhere, but his heart here).

The Prince Metternich has bought the copy-
right of the posthumous works of Henri Heine for 3,000 francs a-year; which makes people think that they contain something that the prince or his imperial master wish to keep from the public. It is announced that we are to have another Great Exhibition in Paris in 1867; so Mr. Hausmann must hasten and get his new Paris finished. The proprietors of the Grand Hotel ask him to lend them two million francs for that part of the building which he says will obstruct the view of his new opera-house. This has made him reflect a little, and the purchase is not yet decided, though I do not suppose such a sum will prevent the great arbiter of the destinies of our houses from following his fancy. He made a speech the other day which has very much occupied the public, but has not exactly satisfied them. He pretends that the bakers are making fortunes since they have had their liberty, and he would rather see the money in the city's coffers than in theirs—which is very natural.

There has been great talk about a present that a gentleman makes — young lady of his acquaintance on New-year's Day, and which caused a great sensation amongst her female friends. It is certain that such presents are not everyday occurrences. It was an immense and splendid bag of bonbons, each sweetmeat enveloped in paper with a piece of gold the size of the stock of which made a total of 50,000 francs—£2,000.

The last night in the old year was celebrated as usual by the amateurs of such orgies, by a masked ball at the opera. At one o'clock in the morning, when the frenzy was at its height, a solemn procession of thirty-eight persons, walking two and two, dressed in the costume of the members of the Académie Françoise, and wearing masks that resembled them, entered the ball-room, preceded by the usher-in with his silver chain and ebony rod. They formed a circle, the usher drew forth an urn, which he presented to each in turn, and received a voting billet from them; he then read the votes, and declared Jules Janin elected a member of the Académie Françoise, and the thirty-eight fell in procession again, and descended with the same solemnity, mounted nineteen cabs that were waiting for them, and disappeared without the curious multitude being able to know who they were. They had given a mimic representation of an election in the Académie Française, at the same time a lesson to that learned Arcopagus, who refuse—unjustly, some think—to admit M. Jules Janin amongst them. As we are at the opera, we have not far to go to the Opera-Comique, where a new opera, words by Sardon and music by Gevaert, is nightly filing this House. "Le capitaine Henriot" (Henri IV.) is the hero, and the action is during the siege of Paris, when a truce allowed the two armies to visit each other, besieged and besiegers. The critics, as ever, are at variance in their appreciation of the piece; but the public fill the theatre, which is the director's affair. The operetta "La belle Hélène," at the Va-
Leaves for the Little Ones.

By Alexander the Good.

Translated from the French.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

At Champron, near Louppe, in the department of Noyon-le-Retrout, which formerly belonged exclusively to the great Sully, lived a carpenter by the name of Alexander Martin. The Martins had been in the service of the house of L'Aubespine (the family name of Sully) in the time of its opulence and grandeur. Alexander himself owed his education and what property he possessed to the goodness of the Marquis de L'Aubespine, formerly Colonel of the regiment of the Queen Marie Antoinette, who, in the early part of the Revolution, attached him to her service. Martin was not one to forget the early kindnesses of his good master. During thirty-five years he never quitted him. He saw fall and disappear in those disastrous times the entire fortune amassed by Sully; all was swallowed up in a few years. He saw pass into the hands of strangers the noble château of Villebon, dear to all the country round, and consecrated by the memory of a great man. The Marquis de L'Aubespine only saved from the wreck of his fortune three life annuities—one of six thousand francs, for himself; another of two thousand four hundred francs, for his son; and a third of four hundred francs, for faithful Alexander Martin. Soon after he died, Martin retired from service, with his family, counting for a support on his pension of four hundred francs. But vain was his trust; the annuity was seized by the creditors of the Marquis. Deprived of this support, he quietly returned to the trade he had learned in his youth, and cheerfully laboured for his bread at the carpenter’s bench. On the 16th of June, 1830, the door of his cottage opened, and there appeared the Count de L'Aubespine, with his three motherless children—Angélique, five years old; Joséphine, four years; and Louis, who was not yet eighteen months.

The father of these unfortunate little ones was obliged to fly from France; he was then about to exile himself. He spoke to Martin, however, of a short absence only, and hurried away never to return. Martin, employed by the carpenters of Champron the care of all that remained of the blood of the great Sully. Martin had himself three children. Fortunately his eldest daughter had just finished her apprenticeship, and was able to work at a trade. She and her mother together earned twenty-four sous a day, while Martin earned thirty. It was with this small income that they undertook to provide for the new family which Providence had added to their own.

When work failed, they borrowed; when they could not borrow they sold their furniture. They thought nothing of privations, provided the little grandchilden of their master felt none. They lived on black bread, but white bread was never lacking for the young children of the exiled noble.

Finally, after six years, it was known that the Count de L'Aubespine had died in exile. It was necessary that his poor children should have a tutor, and who could they have but Martin, the carpenter? He taught them all he knew. He studied hard in his old age, that he might teach them more. The tutorship of the descendants of Sully was well chosen by Providence. Their instruction devolved on a noble heart—one deeply learned in all the virtues.

But, meanwhile, the wonderful devotion of the Martins had made itself known throughout the country. The department, which was once filled with the fame and power of Sully, and which was still filled with his great memory, was moved by the story. The pious ladies of St. Paul, at Chartres, claimed the little grand-
daughters of the Marquis de L'Aubespina. The children had all grown finely; the good curé of Champron was attending faithfully to their religious instruction, but other care and training were needed for their education.

Martin at length consented with sadness to a separation, which had become necessary for the good of his pupils, and lovingly placed them under the kind protection of the nuns, who promised to complete his work.

The education of the little one, Louis, began to give the good man much solicitude. The hospital of Nogent-le-Rotrou, which Sully founded, and which held his honoured tomb, sent for this purpose some money to the faithful servitor. Of all the inheritance of the minister and the friend of Henry IV., the portion which he bequeathed to the unfortunate was the only one which benefited his posterity.

This assistance, however, proved insufficient. Then some generous friends proposed to meet the need by subscriptions, and one benevolent Bishop offered to the little lad an asylum in a convent. But Martin did not like to have his young master dependent on private charity, and he wished for them a more cheerful home and a more manly education than a convent could afford.

Finally, the King appointed him to a scholarship in the College of Henry IV. This was done for the memory of the minister who once served France well, and left an honourable name on her annals: it was also done for the faithful retainer, who nobly merit the reward of seeing his young master and pupil placed in a way to rise again to the rank from which he had fallen, through misfortune.

Thus, noble Alexander Martin, your task has been accomplished. You have merited the good word of all good people. You have given to our age an example, in all times too rare, of gratitude, fidelity, and respect.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Cecil Forrester. 2 vols. By Frederick Sheridan.—(London: T. Cauly Newby.)—We cannot compliment the author of those volumes on the originality of his plot, or the newness of his materials. Bigamy as a means to the end of complicating a story is overdone, and a whole scene from the "Corsican Brothers," without the grace of an acknowledgment, is rather too bold a piracy for even the most youthful writer to venture on. But, in spite of these faults, and of the introduction of some repulsive scenes and characters, which require art of a more masterful description than the author of "Cecil Forrester" at present possesses (to make us tolerate their hideousness or the power and truth of their drawing), the story is not without interest. The gradual weaving together, thread by thread, the ravelled proofs of Cecil Forrester's identity, exhibits a power of construction on the part of the author which we have no doubt will result in better work hereafter. The story, as we have suggested, turns on the hackneyed incident of Lord Langmuir marrying a second wife in the lifetime of a first. The character of this nobleman is, we trust, for the honour of the peerage, unique. We are glad to say that there is an unreality even in the description of his wickedness, which gives us hopes that no living member of the upper ten thousand has sat for the portrait. With the aid of an unscrupulous servant the Marquis manages to rid himself, with little trouble or expense, of wife the first, who is convicted, on the false evidence of his accomplices, of the murder of her child, and is only saved by dying in prison from suffering the penalty of her presumed crime. In the meanwhile her child, who had in reality been stolen from her, is rescued by a clergyman—a relative, and former lover of the recognized Marchioness—from the arms of a tramp, who has just time to avouch the innocence of Eileen Winter, when she also dies. A locket, bearing the name of "Cecil Forrester"—the assumed name of the child's father—is the only clue to the history of the babe which the clergyman (Mr. Sinclair) who adopts him, sets himself the task of discovering, and accomplishes step by step, till the superlative villainy of the Marquis is laid bare, and he chooses suicide to avoid ignominy. The description of the school-life of the half-brothers (Cecil Forrester the foundling, and the young Glenalis, the son of Lady Isabella and Lord Langmuir) is the most pleasingly written portion of the book. The author, who boasts of being an Etonian, evidently feels at home in the Dame's house, the chapel, and the play meadows, and the characters of the two boys are very nicely drawn. But as Lord Langmuir becomes convinced that Cecil is really his son, a fiendish desire to put him out of the path of his child by his later marriage resolves itself into a hideous scheme. He entices the lad, who is a fine, robust fellow, fond of all manly exercise, to go out in a boat, which he has contrived shall founder with him; but instead of Cecil going alone, as was intended, Glenalis accompanies him, and both are drowned. Lady Langmuir, relieved of her unamiable lord, and the only child of their illegitimate marriage, is left to poetical justice and the Rector of Hamp hill.

The Family Friend: Labour and Wait. By Emma Jane Warboise.—(Houlstone and Wright, Paternoster Row.)—As the latter tale, which has since been separately published, appeared originally in the "Family Friend," we shall be doing no injustice to either work in discussing them together. And first, of the "Family Friend," we cannot flatter the publisher or assure our friends that either its appearance or contents are improved. It is not
the only publication on which we have observed that the removal of the paper duty has acted in the very opposite way from that we were led to expect. In the present instance, while the paper has considerably deteriorated, the type has not improved with time, and we cannot hide from ourselves that “The Family Friend” of the present has fallen off considerably from what it was in the early days of our intimacy with it.

The redeeming and most important feature of the present volume is the tale we have just alluded to, and which, without possessing any very striking interest, is a nicely-told story which we should not hesitate to put into the hands of any young lady-friend of our own. Its merits will be raised in the appreciation of many readers, when we add that a sufficient dash of religious phraseology is mixed up with the sentiments and descriptions to bring it into the category of so-called religious novels.

The following works lie on our table for notice next month, having no farther space at our disposal this:


THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE—Indoor toilet: Dress of Irish poplin, trimmed at the skirt with a flounce, mounted in groups of five plaits, headed and intersected by a fancy trimming, and large lozenges of the same, which alternate between the groups of plaits. We do not ourselves admire this new style of trimming; but a decoration in the same style of black velvet has a very beautiful effect, and suits every shade of material. The same trimming goes round the body, which is made with a round basque, and ornaments the top of the sleeves, down which it is continued, and finishes at the cuff. Lace collar, with turned-down corners. Under-sleeves, with cuffs to match. Narrow black lace cravat. On the hair an invisible net; and a ribbon to match. The ribbon is interlaced with the tresses.

SECOND FIGURE—Visiting toilet: Dress of pou-de-soie, with the lower part of the skirt, as high as the knees, composed of the same coloured pou-de-soie, with black stripes of the Pekin style; this is cut in deep scallops, and finished with a black velvet and bows of the same; at the points of the scallops. Body composed of a waistcoat with Pekin stripes. Jacket in the Zouave style, with a short tail behind of plain pou-de-soie. Sleeves with Pekin stripes. Close-fitting, having a jockey at the top, formed and trimmed to match the trimming on the shirt. Linen collar, with turned-down ends, bordered by a row of fine Valenciennes; cuffs to match. A scarlet velvet in the hair. For full-dress the robe of the season is actually of velvet. This is worn in all its splendid simplicity, only relieved by rich guipure. Nothing is more charming than such a robe made with a round waist, finished with a wide ceinture and buckle enriched with brilliants; the body ornamented with revers à la paysanne of white guipure. The sleeves of this robe should be composed of a puffing of velvet. I have seen a very charming toilet of grey pou-de-soie, garnished at the bottom of the skirt with five black bises, surmounted by a narrow black lace, headed by a velvet. The corsage formed a habit behind, and a vest before, encircled like the basque habit, and the top and bottom of the sleeves, with a trimming to match that of the skirt. There is really no alteration in the form of robes. The crinoline is giving way to a reduplication of petticoats, the effect of which is far more graceful and natural.

The most elegant bonnets are always in the funchon form. Those intended for dress generally have the crowns formed of flowered tulle, white or black; but these are only the foundations, which are overlaid with velvet, ribbon, artificial flowers, jet, and lace, in the most bewildering and fantastic manner. I will endeavour to describe one of the simplest models—a bonnet of black velvet, with a little drawn crown of black tulle; above the hair fall loops of ribbon of a gilly-flower shade, and beneath them a cecche-peigne of lace. In the interior a neige of tulle, and tufts of velvet gilly-flowers of their natural tint. Coiffures de bal are simply composed of a neige of tulle in front, with a rose or other flower placed in the middle. Others take the form of a diadem embroidered with stars of pearl; the favourite shade is ponceau; and a little white plume sometimes accompanies this style of head-dress.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY received and accepted, with thanks:—

THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

By the Author of "A Few out of Thousands."

CHAP. VIII.

Dreaming that my mother still lived, and that we were walking together by the side of a bright stream, I was awakened by Miss Liscombe, who told me that it was six o'clock, and that I must rise and prepare for the morning walk before breakfast, which she told me it was the invariable custom of the young ladies at Mnemosyne House to take, weather permitting, and that Miss Margaret Partridge always accompanied us; deeming this maternal exercise beneficial for her health, and likely to reduce her bulk within the limits of gentility.

I rose directly, and after the morning ablutions, making the best toilet I could for my promenade, I joined my schoolfellows, who were by this time assembled in the hall, from whence, marshalled by the English and French teachers, and headed by Miss Margaret, who looked sleepy and cross, we all sallied forth into the square opposite, where, two-and-two, we paced about for an hour, during which time the conversation, as much at least as I could glean of it, was most unmitigated "bold disjointed chat," affording neither instruction nor amusement.

Lady Laura Tarragon walked in the front of our procession, leaning familiarly on the arm of the parasite Bidkins, whose plain face was quite triumphant by reason of the great honour and dignity conferred on her.

When we had achieved as much fatigue as was considered conducive to our health, we were marshalled home again to make fresh toilets, and then we descended to breakfast, most of the young ladies radiant in elegant muslins and laces. As for myself, dressed simply in a plain mourning costume, I found myself much looked down upon by the young elegantes, and certainly I wished that my dress had been more carefully selected.

Breakfast was but a repetition of the previous evening's; ten, the service being of plate, but the table sadly deficient in comestibles. The young ladies certainly ate very sparingly, an abstinence that surprised me less when I afterwards discovered that, at eleven o'clock after the morning studies were finished, Miss Bidkins brought in, for nearly all the pupils, a contraband supply of cold ham and jam tarts, this useful young person being in direct confidential communication with Betsy for that purpose.

When school commenced, Miss Liscombe examined me in several branches of the knowledge taught at Mnemosyne House, and evidently to her surprise found me more advanced than she had supposed. She gave me a few moderate tasks for the next day, the afternoons at this elegant seminary of learning, being devoted wholly to needlework, of the order styled fancy; drawing, dancing, and music. It so occurred that this very afternoon was one of those dedicated to music; and Miss Partridge, in one of her set speeches, informed me she would personally introduce me as a pupil to Signor Benvolere.

Accordingly after dinner I was presented to this gentleman in due form.

Let me pause here! How, at that moment, would my child's heart have expanded, could I have foreseen, that, although it had pleased heaven I should not be blessed with a real parent's love, yet here, amidst the dreary solemnities of Mnemosyne House, its hollow finery, its tinsel accomplishments and limited knowledge, I should attract towards me the love of a father and a friend! Having no previsions on the subject, I meekly followed the dignified superior into the music-room, and made my curtsy to Mr. Benvolere, as I found afterwards he best liked to be called.

Shall I describe him, who I warn my readers will occupy some space in these pages? I possess two portraits of him. One represents him in the prime of life, when he was certainly one of the handsomest men of his day. A fine face illuminated with kindness and good feeling, a pair of large dark liquid blue eyes fringed with black lashes, a tall fine form, were attractions, which even Miss Partridge succumbed to, for Mr. Benvolere had taught in her school for many years, and was distinguished by this lady's favour and patronage.

I have another sketch, taken as I knew him when age and affliction had left only the
moral beauty of that dear face, when silvery hair shaded the fine temples, whose indication of benevolence must have struck the most unintelligent observer.

Sympathies and antipathies were strong in my nature; else why did I dislike Lady Laura Tarragon at first sight? and why did I love my music-master from the first moment I saw him, to the last, when—? But I will not anticipate.

Expecting Mr. Benvolere to speak in broken English, I found, with the exception of a slight accent, that he spoke my mother-tongue like a native. He had indeed been brought to England when a youth by his parents, who dying, left the boy on the wide world to seek his bread and a place in society. How he might have achieved this seems now impossible to surmise, but like the nautical hero William, of "Black-eyed Susan" fame, he "played on the fiddle like an angel." This talent, and a good voice, gained him the favour of some musical celebrity of the day; Benvolere studied with this person, and recharging his stock of talent, returned a prodigy, well known in the science of sweet sounds. All his life he had taught music. Music, for many years his sole love, was to him a grave and onerous occupation. He was indeed a master too lofty and too classical to be either very fashionable or popular as a composer. He had reared professional pupils, and had seen inferior teachers secure all the merit and emolument of their subsequent success, while he, the real creator of their talent, escaped notice and remained in obscurity; in short Benvolere, at the age of fifty-five, had made the fortunes of many men and women, but had never forwarded his own. Temperate and simple in his habits, so that he could pay his way and help now and then the needy, he persuaded himself he was content. Once only in his life had he wished himself rich: that occasion passed away, and the humble musician was as well pleased to be poor; for gold afterwards could not have furthered his life's happiness, and so was unsought and uncare for.

Mr. Benvolere received me kindly, and not distinctly hearing my name, he requested Miss Partridge to repeat it. He started and looked at me earnestly, as she complied with his request.

"Her daughter," he said. "Do you know, my dear child, what was your mother's unmarried name?"

The ready tears, always flowing at that dear memory, came forth. "Mamma," I sobbed, "is dead."

"Great heaven; but her unmarried name, child, was——"

"De Trevor, sir, Frances De Trevor," I answered, wiping my eyes, and, to my own amazement, perceiving a huge drop steal slowly down the cheek of the master.

He brushed his face hastily with his handkerchief, and turning to the deeply scandalized Miss Partridge, who stood by in rigid amazement—

"Your pardon, madam," he said. "Many years ago I taught this child's mother; I was accidentally at Penrocket, and she was an inmate of the Parsonage house. I—I," his voice faltered, "was deeply interested in her beauty and accomplished mind."

Miss Partridge bridled. Had any one, I wonder, ever been interested in her beauty? She merely bowed; and coldly desiring I would not enroach on Mr. Benvolere's time, a significant hint addressed to both of us, she requested me at once to commence my lesson.

Although I had been but a very short time at Mnemosyne House, I appreciated Miss Partridge's character sufficiently to dry my eyes hastily, and swallowing my feelings as I best could, I commenced playing my very choicest piece.

I have said that I had a natural talent for music, inherited from my mother, and, eager on this occasion to please my new friend, I played, I believe, cos amore. He listened to the end of a long and somewhat elaborate piece in entire silence; but when the last chords were played, he uttered such expressions of praise and delight as convinced me he was unaffectedly pleased with his new pupil. I trembled. I wiped the perspiration on my ears, unaccustomed as they were to any eulogies, but those of a fond and partial mother. I trembled and blushed with gratification, for here was one who was a judge and critic, pleased with my poor talent; and when next my voice was tested and declared excellent in quality and tone, I felt happier than I had been since my mother's death.

The kind interest displayed by my master during this first lesson, his exhortations to persevere in the pursuit of an art loved by him with that intensity which many men display, who devote to it their lives, alike soothed and encouraged me. "I will excel in something," was my ardent resolution.

The difficulty after that to my teachers was, not to induce me to practise, but to get me away from the instrument. The piano seemed a friend: friend it was indeed of my friend—the soother of his sorrows, the consoler of troubles, disappointments, and all the evils this flesh is heir to.

To gain the esteem of this at once beloved master, was to me the most powerful of motives; therefore, urged by such an ambition, I speedily out-stripped the elder pupils, acquiring likewise, for my pains, a vast amount of envy, hatred, and malice. Such feelings were particularly manifested towards me by Lady Laura Tarragon. This unamiable young lady seemed indeed scarcely to possess a lovable trait in her disposition. She was the only daughter of a peer, whose ancient pedigree was of more consideration than his limited income, which, from the conversation of the teachers, I heard was taxed to the utmost in educating his daughter and paying her dressmaker's bills, as well as in giving a too liberal allowance to sons, who from the same authority I understood to be hand-some, dash ing young spendthrifts.

Lady Laura too was fond of boasting of her brothers among her select friends. She herself throughout the school was reputed a beauty, though many might have denied her claim to
such distinction. She, however, was understood to be heiress to a considerable inheritance from a godmother, a fact disseminated by herself, and which in after-years I knew to be wholly an invention; but which assertion, added to her title and Norman descent, caused her then to be regarded as quite the person of Mnemosyne House. Any authority, but that of the principal herself, this young lady entirely disregarded, displaying an arrogance and contempt towards the inferior and working teachers, which savoured extremely of hardheartedness, or, to speak more correctly, of no heart at all. With the utmost superficiality of education, she was too indolent to acquire, even in mediocrity, the accomplishments which formed the staple commodity of the school, or indeed to do much beyond adorning her elegant and aristocratic person; and, as no small time was devoted in that house to the worship of the graces, Lady Laura had ample opportunities for the display of her exquisite and elaborate wardrobe.

Young unmarried ladies then had not been taught to dress with the elegant simplicity of present times, and Lady Laura Tarragon loved to overpower every beholder with a multiplicity of silks, satins, feathers, flowers, and jewels, which now would barely be tolerated in such profusion on a married dame of mature age. Dancing and masquerades were the principal occasions for these grand displays.

This young and splendid lady—for some reason, then, best known to herself—presented my appearance at Mnemosyne House, and at once established herself as my decided enemy and unfeeling tormentor. Only Miss Liscombe, who was always treated by Lady Laura with a disdainful hauteur, interfered in my behalf, and, as she was mostly engrossed in the fagging duties of the school I had generally a pleasant life; for most of the girls (sycophants in that little world to rank and beauty, as are their elders in a wider sphere) laughed when Lady Laura laughed, and sneered when she sneered; between sneers and laughter, I well nigh, in this fashionable seminary, lost heart of grace altogether.

It was not long before my tormentor found out a famous way of wounding me to the core. One day, while we were busily dressing for the barmecidal repast termed at Mnemosyne House dinner, my poor cat (who, after much coaxing, had submitted at last to be conquered and installed in the kitchen), surreptitiously crept upstairs in quest of me, who now could only pet him by stealth; and having ensconced himself under Miss Pritt’s bed, in the small room which led out of my dormitory, he suddenly announced his presence by jingling his bells. Miss Pritt, who was occasionally inclined to have nerves, and who, in truth, now and then had them pretty severely tested, immediately decided that the noise must proceed from a large rat, un mindful that rats were not usually accustomed to wear bells. Under this persuasion, she engaged some of the most courageous of the girls to poke at the intruder with sticks and parasols.
cedented conduct in bringing a cat to school—the idea was preposterous."

"But nevertheless, sister," said the generally-silent Miss Margaret, who, when she did speak, copied her elder sister's didactic mode of speech,—"nevertheless, you accorded permission for Miss Castlebrook to keep the animal; and for my own part I must say, cruelty to dumb animals is the last trait I should have expected to result from the teachings of Mnemosyne House. Lady Laura," she continued, her florid countenance flushed to a peony red—"Lady Laura Tarragon, leave the table, retire to your own apartment, and consider yourself under punishment, till Miss Partridge or myself shall accord permission for you to come forth."

Lady Laura paused a second before she obeyed. She gave one glance towards the elder sister, who cast her eyes on the table-cloth; and then the young lady, finding Miss Margaret's command uncontradicted, rose up, and with a look of rage and vindictiveness which altered her lovely features to the semblance of a demon's, she quitted the dining-room, hanging the door with a reverberation that shook the plates and dishes on the table.

I do not think the wondering pupils of Mnemosyne were more astonished at the passive Margaret's sudden assumption of authority than was that usually-placid and portly lady herself at her own unexpected energy. It was pretty well known in the school that the sisters' rights of partnership were equal, and that Miss Margaret was merely put down by the authority of usurpation. Our dinner passed in a frozen silence. Before the whole school, Miss Partridge could not contravene her sister's decree. The Superior had sufficient self-control to perceive that a scene of recrimination between the heads of the establishment would by no means tend to preserve the dignity so necessary to overawe its élites; but her annoyance at what had passed was very visible; and when dinner was over, as it was dancing-day, Miss Phitta was deputed chaperone, and the sisters retired to their own apartments to hold a cabinet council.

In the interval preparatory to the dancing-lesson this matter was thoroughly discussed by the elder pupils. Margaret Partridge had been so universally considered by the whole school as a nonentity, that everyone had come to regard her as an under-teacher; but many were of opinion now, that her unlooked-for tone of authority gave evident tokens that she not only knew her rights, but was even prepared to vindicate them.

Only those who have experienced school-life know how stirring such events are considered; how they are talked over, exaggerated into vast importance, and what excitement they afford to the monotony, that too often generates the worst faults of women—small talk, scandal, and a love of bickering.

After the dancing-lesson, I whispered my distress to Susan Liscombe, and that kind-hearted young lady went with me into the kitchen to visit the invalid, who, stretched out on an old chair-cushion, was now as comfortable as his injuries permitted him to be; for Betsy, having that important person the cook, on her side, held fast to the rights of her territories, and declared she should resent any affront to Miss Castlebrook's cat.

After tea, Lady Laura was liberated by a joint order from the Misses Partridge; and this short and mild punishment was, I believe, the only one inflicted.

My readers may deem me weak for dwelling thus on my childish pets—my juvenile distresses; but my aim is, if possible, by these traits of character, to enable them to judge of the dispositions of Lady Laura Tarragon and myself, whose fates, thus early brought together, were destined to be interwoven throughout life.

A few days after this occurrence I took a resolution, the result of some deliberation, and I must say of self-conquest: I informed Betsy that, sooner than have my favourite tortured or distressed, I would give him away; "provided," I said, "I could find a kind and humane owner for him."

The honest girl's eyes sparkled with joy.

"Oh Miss," she cried, "do let mother have him. I know she'll be so fond of him, and I've lots of little brothers and sisters—worse luck—who will pet him, poor dumb beast, like anything."

Knowing Tootsy to be unaccustomed to children, I said I feared that might be an objection. But she assured me, with such an air of truth, that there was not one among them who would willingly hurt a fly's leg, that I at last consented to transfer the cat to this worthy family. It was therefore agreed that the next time Betsy was sent out for a relay of tarts or novels, she should take Tootsy, in the covered basket which brought him to Mnemosyne House, and bestow him on her grateful family.

Kissing my little pet's glossy coat, and sorrowful enough to think how seldom, if ever again, I should hear his merry bells, I gave him a parting hug, and placed half-a-crown in Betsy's hands, to enable her mother to purchase nourishing rations for Tootsy until he should be thoroughly convalescent.

Betsy contrived next day, as I was crossing the hall, to inform me that the cat was safe in his new abode, and apparently well contented; that he was an object of great admiration to the whole family, especially to the baby; to whom, her mother said, he was quite as good as a real coral and bells.

I rejoiced in my determination the morning after this news was told, when I accidentally encountered Lady Laura ascending the kitchen stairs—regions which were especially forbidden to the young ladies. She held a small china jug in her hand, and, as she tripped up-stairs, some of the contents were spilt. The liquid was milk. I took no notice of her, but when I had passed, and she thought me out of sight, I saw her go into the footman's pantry, and pour all that was contained in the jug into the small sink which was there.
I had a fixed idea thenceforth that the contents of that jug had been destined to give a final blow to my poor cat.

CHAP. IX.

Benvolore and Lady Laura, Tarragon held a decided feud. ‘Too honest to praise, where he knew there was no room for anything but censure,’ he denounced her openly as idle, tasteless, and obstinate. This of itself had been quite enough to make her his sworn enemy, but when his partiality towards myself became known, her malice knew no bounds. She was continually insinuating into the ear of Miss Partridge, praises of some fashionable master, whose pupils made the most wonderful progress; but there was an old saying, ‘All that glitters is not gold’—and in after-days I came to know that the more fashionable the seminary to which people of rank send their daughters, the less do these aristocratic persons deem themselves obliged to observe the vulgar virtue of punctuality in payments; so that, in spite of the silver services and small etiquettes which abounded at Maemosyne House, the simple fact was, that the superiors of that establishment were at times sadly hampered by pecuniary difficulties, and were so frequently, in debt to their masters, that it would have been peculiarly inconvenient to have dismissed any one of them suddenly.

In this respect Lady Laura’s malice completely failed; she therefore next endeavoured to persuade Miss Partridge to decline taking me out, when the young ladies took their stated walks, on the plea that my wardrobe was unworthy of so distinguished an establishment; but she failed again. Miss Partridge knew that whatever motive my father had for being parsimonious towards his only child, Mr. Castlebrook had still influence enough in the circle which comprised her world, to be a dangerous enemy if provoked. Her reply was repeated to me by Betsy, who was busy in Miss Partridge’s sanctuary at the time, employed in her household duties. ‘You know, my dear,’ she said to Lady Laura, ‘we gain our living by our school, and everybody must be treated courteously by us. We have the next generation to look to, and this child may marry well and influentially; it is wonderful how quickly children grow up, and become ready for school. It is true, from all I hear, that her father dislikes her; yet one day or other, she may come to be somebody, and her connection prove of consequence to us.’

I can offer no excuse for listening to these confidential communications of Betsy’s; the girl held me in especial liking, and, to say the truth, I had she not been a good girl, might have done me much harm at this time of my life; but, though kind—and kindness in that house was needed by a poor shivering heart like mine—Betsy was always respectful.

‘I feels for you, miss,’ she would say sometimes—‘I feels for you because you has no mother. You know I haves my Sundays out; and when I go home, mother she looks so cozy, and the children so clean; and then when I takes my wages I goes an’ I gives ‘em all a treat—sometimes we goes to Astley’s, or to Greenwich. La, Miss Castlebrook, you ‘igh folks don’t near enjoy life as we do! Why, look here, I can go in the one shillin’ gallery an’ see the beautifulllest play as ever was acted. I s’pose now, miss, you dursn’t do that?’

I assured her I had never seen a play in all my life, and saw no probability of doing so. She regarded me with a curious expression of pity; such a depravation appeared to her pleasure-loving mind quite terrible, and caused her out of pure sympathy to redouble her attentions and little services.

Benvolore, who it must be confessed was somewhat irritable, with dull and obstinate pupils, paid, however, the strictest attention to them. He had, moreover, a commanding manner, very necessary to those who undertake the tuition of school-girls, which effectually deterred them from such tricks as were frequently practised on Mr. à Plomb. The girls would, indeed, as soon have braved the anger of Miss Partridge herself as the dignified rebuke of the music-master, who, though simple and unaffected as a child himself, was instantly alive and resentful to insult. Thus, although there were many who, resembling Lady Laura in disposition, might dislike Benvolore, they were yet, in spite of themselves, compelled to respect him.

A confidential friendship had arisen between me and my master, the more surprising because we had few opportunities of cultivating it. When I looked at his fine face, and thought it was he who had taught and pitied my angel-mother, my heart nearly burst with extreme of feeling. He always finished his lesson with a paternal benediction.

‘I have no child,’ he said one day to Miss Liscombe, who was presiding in the music-room; ‘and it seems to me as if this girl were my own daughter. I should like to see more of the dear little girl.’

But it was not alone in music that I strove to become proficient. Something whispered me to make the best use of my time, for I might not stay at school long enough to complete my education satisfactorily. I soon became a good French scholar, for Mlle. Acajou was a Parisienne, and I spoke as much as possible with her. She was a poor little ascetic creature, who had come to Miss Partridge’s house straight from her convent, and who was so thoroughly imbued with prejudices about England and heresy, that she was nearly as impenetrable to confidence or esteem as the wood from whence she derived her name. But with all her horror of Protestantism and les bêtes Anglais,
she was still a Frenchwoman, and therefore was not averse to talk; so, as I endeavoured to avoid every subject likely to distress her nationalities, and being, moreover, much more likely to imbibe prejudices than refute them, we got on together pretty well.

I received, as well as a correct accent and orthodox Parisian idioms, much strange information respecting the merits of France, and the demerits of my own country—information which I received as undoubted matter of history, and at which, in mature years, I have often smiled, as resembling those graver authorities, on which men often pin their faith, till reason and experience teach them, that even large tomes, bound in calf and Russia leather, may gravely deceive one generation from another.

Among other notable things, I learned from this fountain of knowledge and encyclopaedia of remarkable events, that Englishmen were only semi-civilized, and that at any time an English husband could sell his wife—that Buonaparte was "une homme comme il faut"—that at all British aristocratic dinner-tables the standing dish was raw beef-steaks—that the English impeded the arts, true religion, and progress wherever they went; and, to crown all, that they dressed "comme les barbares!" To all these things I gave implicit credit for several years.

I had become so much engrossed in my studies, that for some time I did not notice a great change which had taken place in my chief friend and protector Susan Liscombe. She had never been very robust, but now I was startled by the discovery that, although she had no decided symptoms of illness except a cough, she was yet hourly and daily fading away. Who has not seen a rose opening its bud, and giving promise of brilliant bloom, droop, canker, decay, and fall to the ground leaf by leaf? Such a loveless, friendless, hopeless existence as Susan Liscombe's might well eat away any human plant. How many to this day are wearing out their lives, grinding the elements of knowledge into the brains of others, never able themselves to advance further, their wings clipped, forbidden to soar, flying round and round a circle till—they drop and die!

When questioned about her failing health, Miss Liscombe only answered with her old, sweet smile. She procured advice at last, I believe, for all; not rise very early to visit a physician—an effort which became shortly very painful, and utterly exhausting. Miss Pitts tried to spare poor Susan as much duty as possible; indeed, the head teacher, spite of many peculiarities, and a fidgety temperament, was both kindly natured and womanly.

Miss Liscombe had nothing to spare for doctor's fees. The teaching market was not then, as now, overrun with cheap talent; but still she, who did all the fagging work of the school, was expected to dress like a gentlewoman, to pay for her own washing, in the holidays, to find a lodging, and to do this she had—twenty pounds a year!

Susan's story was neither very uncommon nor one of frequent occurrence. She was the well-educated, petted, and beloved daughter of a merchant, who, having suddenly and utterly failed in business, died broken-hearted and oppressed with debt. His wife had survived him but a few months, and then the orphans were thrown on the bounty of distant relatives for support: but she would not eat the bread of dependence. What do women fly to, when the necessity of self-support becomes obvious? Teaching. Men tell us that is our mission—that it is the only sphere in which a woman's abilities can be permitted honourably or legitimately to shine, and where, if they shine at all, it must be by reflection. Hundreds of women-teachers, well educated and really accomplished, thoroughly loathe imparting instruction to others; and indeed, for such an occupation not one woman in ten is fitted in either patience or skill; and irksome as private tuition really is in most cases, how doubly trebly so it becomes in a school, only the grinding teacher can truly describe. But the men tell us to teach is our mission, and, believing it, we rush pell-mell into the market, and, overstocking it, cause the supply to be ten times equal to the demand, and reduce the emoluments to starvings-point for those who obtain employment; and for the surplus, what remains? destitution, slop-work—vice!

Things were too much in this way in Miss Liscombe's time: at the present day we know it is far worse even. I am not offering these remarks as those of a school-girl, but as reflections occurring to the maturity of one who, having observed the phases of teaching life, feels how much the advice is worth of those who, having no experience of its irksome duties, tell women indiscriminately their sole legitimate sphere of action is in the school-room. Let those teach, I say, who truly love teaching, whose souls and hearts are in the vocation. That many exist who like the employment for its own sake I firmly believe—nay, know; but I hope that other employments will arise for us, wherein women mentally unfitted for tuition may take honourable refuge from want, and its too frequent companion, crime; and this problem is one which I trust will, nay, must, work itself out, though perhaps not, dear reader, in your time or mine.

When Miss Liscombe followed her friend's advice, and her own promptings, by advertising for a situation as teacher in a school, she obtained one at Mnemosyne House. During four years of servitude there, not one ray of comfort came to the poor girl, who in her father's house had been accustomed to a luxurious home, and love and kindness. As I have said, Miss Liscombe's education had been an excellent one, and however distasteful, she was a conscientious teacher, sparing no pains; indeed, but for her and Miss Pitts—who, queer and fidgety as she was, possessed both a heart and mind—I believe the pupils of the Misses Partridge would have had no chance whatever of
understanding the commonest routine of education. The superiors themselves, indeed, had been born at an era when a tolerably well-informed woman constituted a rara avis. They had set up a fashionable supremacy, with no other earthly qualification than a connection among high folks, their paternal progenitor having been house-steward to a nobleman of distinction. This great man designed to bestow on the spinster daughters of his servitor, his patronage and recommendations. These ladies having no educational abilities of their own, had to found the reputation of their school solely on the abilities of their teachers, and salaries being indifferently at Mnemosyne House, talent was somewhat harder to be attained at that period than now, when every newspaper abounds in lists of accomplishments to be dispensed at sixpence an hour. The Misses Partridges' qualifications consisted solely in ceremonious display, and a tolerable imitation of the customs and usages of high life.

Poor Susan had fought as long as possible against that slow, but sure disease, which consumed her. At first I used to think how much prettier she grew; then a feeling came upon me how greatly she resembled my poor mother in her last days. After this thought occurred to me, I began to watch her more closely, and the idea gave me mingled pain and pleasure.

One evening Miss Phits came into the school-room, and, taking me aside, requested I would go upstairs to Susan, who that afternoon had been compelled to absent herself from the school-room.

"She wants you sadly, my dear," said the fidgety little lady: "she is very poorly, indeed, very—worse, I am afraid, than anyone thinks for."

She shook her head sorrowfully as she spoke, and her little cork-screw curls shook and danced about under her cap, as if they sympathised with her own. Alarmed at her manner, I hastily ran up to Susan a room. I found her lying down on the bed, which, a very small one, accommodated both the English teachers. There were few outward tokens of sickness round the invalid, save a small medicine bottle and a wine-glass, which stood on a toilet-table. There were no comforts at all for the sick girl, no nourishing wine, no cooling fruit for the fevered lips and parched tongue; neither did any kind attendant hover round that bed of death—for such, even to my inexperienced eyes, it seemed to be. Never much in the habit of controlling my feelings, I threw myself down by the side of the bed, on my knees, and sobbed aloud. I felt my helplessness more than usual. "What," I said to myself, "is the use of being a gentleman's daughter, since I am as much prevented from giving aid as if I were the poorest man's child?"

While I sobbed, and Susan exerted her feeble efforts to restrain my grief, I thought with regret on the state of my purse as it then existed. Of my inexhaustible five pounds, but one miserable half-sovereign remained. What could I do? It suddenly came into my mind that I was distressing my poor friend, and aggravating her illness; therefore, checking my tears, I listened to her faint, low voice, imploring me to take comfort—listened as if my very life hung upon her words."

"Isabella, I wished to see you, my dear, because I—must tell you sooner or later, and I chose this evening, for I may not again have another opportunity; for—I hope and trust the end draws nigh. Forgive me, O Father," she said, raising her eyes, which beamed with unnatural light—"forgive me if I seem impatient; let my time be thine. My dear child," she continued, "you lost a beloved mother; so you have seen death. You believe, I know, that dear parent is gone to a happier and a better world. Well! well! do not cry so. Will you not, love, rather rejoice that I, too, am about to depart to those who loved me—may, Isabella, be glad that I go from care and bitterness of heart? There are none to mourn me save you, dear girl; and it is to you I look to do my last bequests. When—when all is over, look, my dear, into my desk; here is the key. You will find there a bank-note for ten pounds and another of five. I have saved this money, because for a long time I have looked forward to this: and Isabella, tell Miss Partridge it is to pay for a very humble grave in Marylebone churchyard; and let me be laid as near my dear parents as possible—in the same grave," she said, with a sigh, "is impossible; for, when they died, there were no means of paying for a private vault. The distinctions of rich and poor exist even in death! But my dear girl," she went on, while with a full heart I heard and sobbed—"I have ascertained all expenses, and with the notes you will find enclosed an estimate. You will say all this when I am gone. The Miss Partridges do not credit that I am really ill, and if I spoke to them they would not be able to enter into my feelings. I hope," said Susan, "that I am not doing wrong by not at once telling them how the case really is; but then (with a visible shudder) I must go to an hospital, and, being incurable, it would only be to die; and—and—"

She grew faint as she spoke, and a blue tinge came over her lips. I looked around for something to revive her, and the utter absence of every comfort struck me painfully.

"Have you nothing," I said, half-choking with grief—"nothing, dear Susan, to drink?"

"A little water," she gasped, "will do."

"Won't those cruel old women send you something?" I said, distractedly. "Do let me go and ask them; let me ask Miss Margaret; she is better than the other one."

"Not if you love me, Isabella," said Susan Liscombe, to whom a dread of the superiors seemed a restorative. "I know very well the consequences."

"But," I answered, "I cannot see you thus. Let me go to Betsy."

"Oh no, no! Who is there but yourself and Miss Phits I can trust, Isabella?"
“Betsy,” I said, “is very kind; but why does not Miss Phitts get you proper things to eat?” I spoke with some indignation.

“Poor soul!” said Susan; “she is as kind as she can be. But for her I could not rest as I am now doing. I must tell you, dear, Miss Phitts is as poor almost as myself; Miss Partridge insists on her dressing handsomely, and that leaves little for others, let alone the power to be generous. She is rich only in good deeds; she sleeps on a mattress on the floor, that I may have the bed to myself; and when the cough is very troublesome at night, she sits on me like a sister. You do not know how very kind she is. She manages so that the Misses Partridge have no suspicion.”

“And how long,” said I—My tears returning, I stopped, for I felt my question was improper; but Susan Liscombe took it up—

“How long shall I live?” she said, calmly: “Dr. Wilson answered me candidly yesterday. It may be a few weeks, or a few days may terminate my sufferings, and the trouble I give. My love, I wish you to be near me as much as you can, without giving suspicion. I love you, Isabella, poor child, and I should like you to be with me at the last if you could bear it.”

I could not, though, bear to hear her talk thus. The near approach of the dread visitant struck me with fear.

“You shall not die so!” and I prepared to quit the room hastily. “Nay, Susan,” seeing her about to rise from the bed, though her weakness impeded her efforts, “trust me, I will return directly.”

I left the room, and, going down stairs, was fortunate enough to encounter Betsy, who, as usual, was doing some other servant’s duty. I stopped, and saying I wished to speak to her, we were compelled for the sake of secrecy to retire into a dark recess on the staircase, which formed a refuge for invalids and their attendants.

I stated my distress, and inquired how much a bottle of good wine would cost. Betsy thought about six shillings. I was relieved: I had enough, then, for wine and some fruit. Taking out my solitary piece of gold, I implored the girl to procure a bottle of wine and some grapes and oranges as soon as possible.

“Well, miss,” she answered, “I’ll see. There’s the mangling has to be fetched—I’ll get ‘em then for the poor soul.”

“But, Betsy, Miss Liscombe wants nice nourishing food, not what we have. I mean chickens and soup, and puddings.”

“La, miss!” Betsy answered, “I could get them kind of things at Mr. Mould’s, the pastry-cook’s: he sells them beautiful, he do.”

“But Betsy,” very ruefully, “I have no more money.”

Betsy, too, looked blank at this piece of information. Poor girl, she had none to offer, and blushed as she confessed the crime. We both stood silently looking our dismay.

“Stay,” said I. “I have a pair of bracelets: they are gold, and I know they cost a great deal of money. Mamma gave them to me one birthday, but I am sure she would not mind my selling them for Susan. Can you sell them, Betsy?”

The girl hesitated. “Suppose, miss,” she said, “I should get into trouble! Poor girls like me aint nothing but their characters to depend on; and mother would break her heart if anything went wrong with me. When servants sell jewels, folks always set it down that they have stolen them! But la! yes—so I can. Miss, fetch the things; I has a good thought: you shall have the money, and yet save your mamma’s bracelets too. Run, miss, or the old ladies will be seeing us together, and then goodbye everything!”

I did exactly as this honest girl desired me; and then returning to Susan’s room, in which, by Miss Phitts’s dispensation, I was permitted to stay, I was, in about an hour, agreeably astonished by Betsy’s return. Under the cover of her apron she brought in the delicacies which I was persuaded would do my poor friend so much good. At all events I had the satisfaction of seeing the invalid cheered by a glass of really excellent wine; and then summoned outside the room by Betsy, that kind messenger, pleasure shining in her homely face, placed in my hand four bright sovereigns, nine shillings, some halfpence, and a small piece of thin pasteboard. I was no less amazed than overjoyed at this sight.

“But Betsy, what in the world is this card for?”

“Your bracelets is safe, miss, for a year at least,” said Betsy, with more regard to my satisfaction than her own grammar. “They must be worth a deal of money to get all that lent on ’em!”

“Lent!” said I; “what do you mean?”

“Bless you, miss,” answered Betsy, laughing, “did you never hear of a pawnbroker?”

“Never in all my life,” I said.

She evidently felt for my ignorance, but delicately forbore remarking on it.

“Well, then, Miss Castlebrook, all I have to say is, that when you want your bracelets I’ll get them back for you. They have lent all that money on them, and if you don’t get them back by that time they’ll be sold. Why, bless you, miss, pawnbrokers is the most convenientest things that is. When father was alive, and on one of his drinking-bouts, mother pawned her flat-irons, and there was a loaf of bread safe for us children, when we was very hungry and had nothing in the house.”

My faculties became somewhat confused by this transmutation of jewels into coin of the realm, and flat-irons into bread. I gave Betsy a five-shilling piece for herself, and next a sovereign to lay out in nourishing and delicate food for Miss Liscombe, and told her very truly that I was greatly obliged to her for this service. I requested her to procure a chicken for Miss Liscombe’s supper, and, after a visit to the school-room, where the girls were too busily engaged in study and small-talk to notice me or my proceeding, I collected my books, and returned again to the sick chamber.
ABOUT HUMMING-BIRDS.

Stern, bigoted, and cruel, were those fierce, rapacious men, the Spanish conquerors of Mexico—men cast in an iron mould, which rendered them insensible to all ordinary emotions. It is, however, recorded of Cortez and his companions that as, on their route to Cempoalla, they marched through a wilderness of noble trees, from whose branches the most beautiful blossoms were suspended, and trod under foot wild roses, honeysuckles, and sweet-smelling herbs, expressions of admiration escaped them; and when, in addition to these charms of vegetation, clouds of gorgeous butterflies arose, and birds of glorious plumage filled the air with delicious melody, the apathy of these warriors was completely overcome, and they involuntarily burst forth in exclamations of delight, terming the country a terrestrial paradise, and fondly comparing it to the fairest regions of their own sunny land.

First in beauty among those birds which struck them with admiration were the Tomineos, or humming-birds, which, as old Herrera says, they doubted whether they were bees or butterflies; and civilized man has since vied with the Indian in inventing expressions of admiration of these fair objects. But here, as on other occasions, the child of nature has proved the better poet, and no term has been invented more expressive than their Indian name Guaroigaba, which signifies the beams or locks of the sun. Before this, the cheveux de l'astre de jour of Buffon is a tame comparison.

It is an interesting fact that, as a general rule, birds of the most brilliant plumage are found in those parts of the world where the sun shines brightest, and the flowers are the loveliest, and where gems and precious metals abound, as if Nature had bountifully brought together the objects most attractive to man. The rubies and the emeralds of the earth are, however, cast into the shade by the living gems which float in the air above them.

Holding a sort of analogy to the mosaic work of the Italians, and, like it, standing unrivalled, was the wonderful feather-work of the ancient Mexicans. Doubless, it was the beautiful plumage of the birds of their forests which first suggested this admirable art; but of these, the one held in the greatest respect by them was the humming-bird. It was their belief that Toyamiqui, the spouse of the God of War, conducted the souls of warriors who had died in defence of the gods into the mansion of the sun, and there transformed them into humming-birds. They believed also that the humming-bird, like the dove of Noah, went forth from the ark and returned with a twig in its mouth. Thus endeared to them by association and venerated by tradition, this diminutive bird supplied them with the choicest materials for the art in which they most delighted—the plumaje, or feather-embroidery, with which they could produce all the effects of delicate pictures.

The most airy tints of landscape, the most complicated combinations of flowers, were alike imitated with marvellous fidelity, and the following anecdote, related by Antonio de Herrera, proves their skill in figure-painting: "Don Philip, the Prince of Spain, his schoolmaster did give unto him three figures, or portraits, made of feathers, as it were to put in a breviari. His Highness did show them to King Philip, his father, the which his Majestie beholding attentively said, that he had never seen in so small a worke a thing of so great excellency and perfection. One day, as they presented to Pope Sixtus Quintus another square bigger than it, wherein was the figure of St. Francis, and that they had told him it was made of feathers by the Indians, he desired to make a trial thereof, touching the table with his fingers to see if it were of feathers."

We can fancy the worthy old gentleman fingering these beautiful works of art with the curiosity of a school-boy; but his test was certainly less destructive than that of Peter the Great, at Copenhagen, who, being shown a choice mosaic, flattened a pistol-bullet against it, to decide the fact of its being made of stone! Herrera goes on to say, that "they make the best figures of feathers in the province of Mechonacan, and in the village of Poscaro. The manner is, with small delicate pincers they pull the feathers from the dead fowles, and with a fine paste they cunningly join them together."

The feathers were, in reality, fixed on a very fine cotton web, and were wrought into dresses for the wealthy, also hangings for palaces and ornaments for the temples. Zuazo extols the beauty and warmth of this fabric, saying: "I saw many mantles worked with feathers of the humming-bird, so soft, that passing the hand over them they appeared to be like hair. I weighed one of these, which did not weigh more than six ounces. They say that in winter one is sufficient over the shirt without any covering, or any other clothes over the bed."

One of the noblest aviaries in the world was that attached to the palace of the ill-fated Montezuma. Here were collected the scarlet cardinal, the golden pheasant, the endless parrot tribe, and hundreds of humming-birds, which delighted to revel in the honeysuckle bowers. Three hundred attendants had charge of this aviary, and in the molting season it was their especial duty to collect the brilliant plumage for the use of the numerous Sultanas, who employed

* Antonio de Herrera. Description of the West Indies. Purchas, vol. iii.
their days in this feather-embroidery. Old Gomara, who had a fine eye for the picturesque, and who saw the Toscalian army decked out in all the splendors of the occasion. "They were trimme fellowes, and wel armed according to their use, although they were painted so that their faces showed like divelis, with great tufles of feathers and triumphed gallantry." Doubtless, the scene must have been brilliant, for all the chief were plumes and gorgeously embroidered surcoats, and there were banners and devices worked in gaudy hues, whilst the national standard displayed in exquisite feather-work and gold the armorial ensigns of the state.

"Others of higher office were arrayed
In feathery breast-plates of more gorgeous hue
Than the gay plumage of the mountain cock,
Or pheasant’s glittering pride."

* * * * *

The golden glitterance, and the feather mail
More gay than glittering gold; and round the helm
A coronal of high upstanding plumes,
Green as the spring grass in the sunny shower;
Or scarlet bright, as in the wintry wood
The clustered holly; or of purple tint,
Whereeto shall that be likened? to what gem
Indissembled? what flower? what insect’s wing?"

Not only was the great hall of justice called the "Tribunal of God," festooned with feather tapestry, embroidered in beautiful devices of birds and flowers, but above the throne was a casket of rarest feather plumage, from the centre of which shot forth rays of gold and jewels. But perhaps that which consecrated the humming-bird most in the estimation of this superstitious people was its connection with the Mexican God of War. This terrible idol, whose altars constantly reeked with the blood of human sacrifices, was Huizexualopochli, a name compounded of two words signifying "humming-bird," and "left," from the left foot being decorated with the choicest specimens of this favourite plumage.

Among the presents sent by the ill-fated Montezuma to Cortez, and transmitted by him to the Court of Spain, where, from their novelty and beauty, they excited the greatest possible sensation, were two birds of feather-work and gold thread, the quills of their wings and tails, their feet, eyes, and beaks being of gold; they stood upon reeds of gold, raised on balls of feather-work and gold, with tassels of feather-work hanging from each. There were also sixteen shields of precious stones, with brilliant feathers hanging from their rims, five beautiful feather-fans, and the choicest specimens of feather tapestry.

The humming-bird tribe is nearly confined to the tropical portions of America. The southern continent, as far as the tropic of Capricorn, and the great archipelago of islands between Florida and the mouth of the Orinoco, literally swarm with them. A high temperature is, however, by no means essential for their existence, as the most beautiful species are found at an elevation of from seven to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and one of remarkable brilliancy inhabits Chimborazo, at the height of fifteen thousand feet. Other species live in the dry, climate of Terra del Fuego; and Captain King saw many of these birds flitting about with perfect satisfaction during a heavy snow-storm near the straits of Magellan. In the humid island of Chiloe, the humming-birds, darting between the dripping branches, agreeably enlighten the scene; and Juan Fernandez, sacred to early associations, had two species peculiar to itself. Captain Woodes Rogers, who visited this island in 1708, and took Alexander Selkirk from it, says: "And here are also humming-birds about as big as bees, their bill about the bigness of a pin; their legs proportionable to their body. Their feathers mighty small, but of most beautiful colours. They are seldom taken or seen but in the evening, when they fly about, and sometimes, when dark, into the fire."

It is from the noise produced by the vibration of its wings that the humming-bird derives its name; for rapidity of flight it is quite without an equal, and to this end the shape and structure of the body beautifully tend. In no bird are the pectoral muscles, the chief agents in flight, so largely developed, and in none are the wings and the individual feathers so wonderfully adapted for rapid locomotion; the tail, though presenting every conceivable modification of form, is always made available as a powerful rudder, aiding and directing the flight; the feet, too, are singularly and disproportionately small, so that they are no obstruction to its progress through the air. Several species have the feet enveloped in most beautiful fringes of down, as if each were passed through a little muff, either white, red, or black.

The eggs of humming-birds are two in number, white, and of an oblong form; but the nests in which they are contained are almost as marvellous as the birds themselves. What will be said of a nest made of thistledown?—and yet one is to be seen in Mr. Gould’s collection. The finest down, the most delicate bark, the softest fungi, the warmest moss—all are made available by the different species of these lovely birds; and not less various are the localities in which the diminutive nests are placed. A tiny object is seen weighing down the streaming leaf of a bamboo overhanging a brook; it is one of these nestslets attached to the point of the fragile support, and waving with it in the breeze. Another tribe prefers the feathery leaves of the fern, whilst the tip of the graceful palm-leaf is the favourite bower of a third species; but in every instance, the spot is admirably selected to preclude marauding serpents or monkeys from destroying the eggs and callow young.

The down of the cotton tree, banded round with threads of spiders’ webs, forms the fairy abode of the Mango humming-bird. This silky,

* Harris’s "Voyages," vol. i. p. 157.
filamentous down is borne upon the air, and though so impalpable as to be inhaled by man in the breath he inspires, it is diligently collected by these little creatures. They may be seen, suspended in the air, battling with a puff of down, which, sailing with the gentle breeze, coquetishly eludes the stroke of the eager beak; filament after filament is, however, secured, and borne in triumph to complete the elfin bower.

"There builds her nest the humming-bird, 
Within the ancient wood, 
Her nest of silky cotton down, 
And rears her tiny brood."

Preparatory to the nidification is the important preliminary of courting, and on this delicate proceeding Mr. Gosse throws light. In a cage were placed two long-tailed males and a female. "The latter interested me much," says he; "for, on the next day after her introduction, I noticed that she had seated herself by a male, on a perch occupied only by them two, and was evidently courting caresses. She would hop sideways along the perch, by a series of little quick jumps, till she reached him, when she would gently peck his face and then recede, hopping and shivering her wings, and presently approach again to perform the same actions. Now and then she would fly over him, and make as if she were about to perch on his back, and practise other little endearments." We regret to say that the cold-blooded long-tailed gentleman was utterly indifferent to all these delicate attentions, and sat gloomily chewing the cud of his own reflections; a few days afterwards the lady-bird made her escape, and we hope soon ceased to wear the willow.

The same able observer gives the following account of the nest-building of these elegant birds. The scene was at a place called Bongie, on the Bluefields Mountain, in Jamaica: "About a quarter of a mile within the woods, a blind path, choked up with bushes, descends suddenly beneath an overhanging rock of lime-stone, the face of which presents large projections and hanging points, incrusted with a rough tuberculous sort of stalactite. At one corner of the bottom there is a cavern, in which a tub is fixed to receive water of great purity, which perpetually drips from the roof, and which, in the dry season, is a most valuable resource. Beyond this, which is very obscure, the eye penetrates to a larger area, deeper still, which receives light from some other communication with the air. Round the projections and groins of the front, the roots of the trees above have entwined, and to a fibre of one of these, hanging down, not thicker than a whisp of cord, was suspended a humming-bird's nest, containing two eggs. It seemed to be composed wholly of moss, was thick, and attached to the rootlet by its side. One of the eggs was broken. I did not disturb it, but, after about three weeks, visited it again. It had been apparently handled by some curious child, for both eggs were broken, and the nest was evidently deserted. But while I lingered in the romantic place, picking up some of the land shells which were scattered among the rocks, suddenly I heard the whirr of a humming-bird, and, looking up, saw a female Polytesa hovering opposite the nest with a mass of silk cotton in her beak. Deterred by the sight of me, she presently retired to a twig a few paces distant, on which she sat. I immediately sank down among the rocks, as quietly as possible, and remained perfectly still. In a few seconds she came again, and, after hovering a moment, disappeared behind one of the projections, whence, in a few seconds, she emerged again and flew off. I then examined the place, and found, to my delight, a new nest, in all respects like the old one, unfinished, affixed to another twig not a yard from it. I again sat down among the stones in front, where I could see the nest, not concealing myself, but remaining motionless, waiting for the petita bird's reappearance. I had not to wait long. A loud whirr, and there she was, suspended in the air before her nest. She soon espied me, and came within a foot of my eyes, hovering just in front of my face. I remained still, however, when I heard the whirring of another just above me—perhaps the mate—but I durst not look towards him, lest the turning of my head should frighten the female. In a minute or two the other was gone, and she alighted again upon the twig, where she sat some little time, preening her feathers, and apparently clearing her mouth from the cotton fibres, for she now and then swiftly projected the tongue an inch and a half from the beak, continuing the same curve as that of the beak. When she arose, it was to perform a very interesting action; for she flew to the face of the rock, which was thickly clothed with soft dry moss, and, hovering on the wing, as if before a flower, began to pluck the moss, until she had a large bunch of it in her beak. Then I saw her fly to the nest, and, having seated herself in it, proceeded to place the new material, pressing, and arranging, and interweaving the whole with her beak, while she fashioned the cup-like form of the interior by the pressure of her white breast, moving round and round as she sat. My presence appeared to be no hindrance to her proceedings, though only a few feet distant. At length she left again, and I left the place also. On the eighth of April I visited the cage again, and found the nest perfected, and containing two eggs, which were not hatched on the first of May, on which day I sent Sam to endeavour to secure both dam and nest. He found her sitting, and had no difficulty in capturing her, which, with the nest and its contents, he carefully brought down to me. I transferred it—having broken one egg by accident—to a cage, and put in the bird. She was mopeish, however, and quite neglected the nest, as she did also some flowers which I inserted. The next morning she was dead."

When looking at humming-birds—some no

bigger than a humble-bee, and blazing with all
the refugence of the brightest jewels—it is
scarcely possible to imagine how they can be
obtained without serious damage to their beauty.
Some writers have stated that they are shot with
charges of sand; others, that water is the
missile; but they are mistaken. Various
methods are certainly employed, but neither
of those. The little creatures are sometimes
shot with small charges of "dust-shot," as the
smallest pellets are called; frequently the keen
eye and steady hand of the Indians bring them
down by an arrow from their blow-tube; a third
mode is to watch them into a deep tubular
flower, and to secure them with a gauze net,
which is skilfully thrown over it.
Very many humming-birds were caught by
Mr. Gosse with a common gauze butterfly net,
on a ring a foot in diameter. The curiosity of
humming-birds is great; and on holding up
the net near one, he frequently would not fly
away, but come and hover over the mouth,
stretching out his little neck to peep in. Often,
too, when an unsuccessful stroke was made, the
bird would return immediately, and suspend
itself in the air just over his pursuer's head, or
peep into his face with unconquerable familiarity.
But, when caught, they usually soon died;
they would suddenly fall to the floor of the
cage, and lie motionless, with closed eyes. If
taken into the hand they would perhaps seem to
revive for a few moments, then throw back the
pretty head, or toss it to-and-fro, as if in great
suffering, expand the wings, open the eyes,
slightly puff the feathers of the breast, and die.
Such was the result of his first efforts to procure
these birds alive; but he was subsequently more
fortunate.
Collecting the nests of humming-birds in the
West Indies requires some care, on account of
the great number of venomous serpents which
frequent the thickets.
While Alexander Wilson, the subsequently
cognized ornithologist, was struggling against
poverty in his early days as a weaver, he was
much importuned by a shop-mate to write him
an epitaph. This individual had excelled in
little, except, to use the expressive Scottish word,
daundering about the hedge-rows on Sundays,
in search of birds' nests. After much pressing,
Wilson complied, and hit off the following:

"Below this stone John Allan rests,
An honest soul, though plain;
He sought half Sabbath days for nests,
But always sought in vain."

Had Mr Allan pursued his nidal investigations
in Jamaica, his curiosity might have met with
an unpleasant check. A young gentleman of
similar tastes, observing a parrot in enter a
hole in a large duck-ants' nest, situated on a
cedar, mounted to take her eggs or young.
Arrived at the place, he cautiously inserted his
hand, which presently came in contact with
something smooth and soft; he thought it might
be the cary young, but having some misgiving,
descended and procured a stick; having again
mounted, he thrust in the stick, and forced off
the whole upper part of the structure, when, to
his utter discomfiture and terror, an enormous
yellow boa was disclosed, his jaws retaining the
feathers of the parrot, which had just been
swallowed. The serpent instantly darted down
the tree, and the curious youth descended
scarcely less rapidly, and fled, cured for a time
of bird-nesting.
A story is told of a trick played upon an
enthusiastic foreign naturalist, on his landing at
Rio Janeiro, by certain middies of the ship
which had carried him out. The worthy sahrat
was very stout, very near-sighted, and very eager
to collect humming-birds. The young gentle-
men therefore determined to make merry at his
expense in the following manner: Having
cought several large blue-bottle flies, they stuck
them over with small bits of gay peacock-
feathers, with two long plumules behind, by
way of tail; the wings were left free. Then
carefully placing the chairs, boxes, and crockery
of the doctor's apartment in every possible
direction, they turned their insect "daws" loose
into the room, and quietly waited the result in
the adjoining chamber. Presently the victim
was heard cracking slowly up the stairs, ana-
thetizing the heat, and puffing for breath. He
entered his room, the door closed, and there
was a pause. Very shortly, a tremendous
scuffling and rushing about commenced;
chairs were heard to fall, crockery to break,
and at last the smash of a looking-glass com-
pleted the scene. The wags now entered the
room, and found the doctor with his coat off in
a state of great excitement; his eyes were filled
with tears, and he was actively rubbing one of
his shins.

"Good gracious! my dear sir, what's the
matter? Is it a coup de soleil, or— the
brandy, eh?"

"No, sэр; neither one nor olde," replied
he, with intense earnestness: "I was catch de
charmant liltt bottel-blue homing bairds, but
dey be so dam wild."

His indignation, when the explosion of now
irresistible laughter proclaimed the trick, was
marvellous to behold.

Wilson, in his "American Ornithology,"
states, that Mr. C. W. Peale told him that he
had two young humming-birds, which he had
raised from the nest. They used to fly about
the room, and would frequently perch on Mrs.
Peale's shoulder to be fed. When the sun shone
strongly in the chamber, they have been seen
darting after the moths that floated in the light,
as fly-catchers would after flies. In the summer
of 1803, a nest of young humming-birds, nearly
ready to fly, was brought to Wilson himself.
One of them flew out of the window the same
evening, and, falling against a wall, was killed;
the other refused food, and the next morning
was all but dead; a lady undertook to be the
nurse of this lonely one, placed it in her bosom,
and, as it began to revive, dissolved a little sugar
in her mouth, into which she thrust its bill, and
it sucked with great avidity; in this manner it
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was brought up until fit for the cage. Mr. Wilson kept it upwards of three months, supplied it with loaf-sugar dissolved in water, which it preferred to honey and water, and gave it fresh flowers every morning, sprinkled with the liquid. It appeared gay, active, and full of spirits, hovering from flower to flower, as if in its native wild; and always expressed, by its motions and chirping, great pleasure at seeing fresh flowers introduced to its cage; every precaution was supposed to have been taken to prevent its getting at large, and to preserve it through the winter; but unfortunately it by some means got out of its cage, and flying about the room, so injured itself that it soon died. A striking instance is mentioned by the same author, of the susceptibility of some humming-birds to cold. In 1809, a very beautiful male was brought to him, put into a wire cage, and placed in a shady part of the room, the weather being unusually cold; after fluttering about for some time it clung by the wires, and hung in a seemingly torpid state for a whole forenoon; no motion of respiration could be perceived, though at other times this is remarkably perceptible; the eyes were shut, and when touched by the fingers it gave no signs of life or motion; it was carried into the open air and placed directly in the rays of the sun, in a sheltered situation. In a few seconds respiration became apparent; the bird breathed faster and faster, opened its eyes, and began to look about with as much vivacity as ever. After it had completely recovered, it was restored to liberty, and flew off to the withered top of a pear-tree, where it sat for some time, dressing its disordered plumage, and then shot off like a meteor.

Though some humming-birds are gifted with powers of song, the greater number give utterance to a note not unlike the scraping of two boughs, one against the other. The following spirited description by Mr. Nuttall, of that beautiful species the ruff-necked humming-bird, applies very generally to the class: "We now for the first time saw the males in numbers, darting, burring, and squeaking in the usual manner of their tribe; but when engaged in collecting sweets in all the energy of life, it seemed like a breathing gem or magic carbuncle of glowing fire, stretching out its gorgeous ruff, as if to emulate the sun itself in splendour. Towards the close of May the females were sitting, at which time the males were uncommonly quarrselsome and vigilant, darting out at me as I approached the tree, probably near the nest, looking like an angry coal of brilliant fire, passing within very little of my face, returning several times. The male, straggling and darting with the utmost velocity, at the same time uttering a curious, reverberating, sharp bleat, somewhat similar to the quivering twangs of a dead twig, yet also so much like the real bleat of some small quadruped, that for some time I searched the ground instead of the air for the actor in the scene. At other times the males were seen darting up high in the air, and whirl-
came to the earth. It was some time before I could see with any distinctness what took place in these tussles; their twirlings were so rapid as to baffle all attempts at discrimination. At length an encounter took place pretty close to me, and I perceived that the beak of the one grasped the beak of the other, and thus fastened both twirled round and round in their perpendicular descent, the point of contact being the centre of the gyration, till, when another second would have brought them both on the ground, they separated, and the one chased the other for about a hundred yards, and then returned in triumph to the tree, where, perched on a lofty twig, they chirped monotonously and pertinaciously for some time, I could not help thinking, in defiance; in a few minutes, however, the banished one returned, and began chirping no less provokingly, which soon brought on another chase and another tussle... Sometimes they would suspend hostilities to suck a few blossoms, but mutual proximity would be sure to bring them on again with the same result. In their tortuous and rapid evolutions the light from their ruby necks would flash in the sun with gem-like radiance, and as they now and then hovered motionless, the broadly expanded tail—whose outer feathers are crimson purple, but when intercepting the sun's rays transmit orange-coloured light—added much to their beauty. A little Banana quit that was peeping among the blossoms, in his own quiet way, seemed now and then to look with surprise on the combatants; but when the one had driven his rival a longer distance than usual, the victor set upon the unoffending quit, who soon yielded the point, and retired humbly enough to a neighbouring tree.

The flight of the humming-bird from flower to flower has been described as resembling that of the bee, but so much more rapid that the latter appears a loiterer by comparison. The bird poises himself on wing while he thrusts his long, slender, tubular tongue into the flowers in search of honey or of insects; he will dart into a room through an open window, examine a bouquet of flowers with the eye of a connoisseur, and, presto! is gone. One of these birds has been known to take refuge in a hothouse during the cold autumnal nights, leaving it in the morning, and returning regularly every evening to the chosen twig in its warm palace.

"For though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves;
Yet still from time to time he loves
To light upon earth, and find such cheer
As brightens his banquet here."

The mango humming-bird is familiarly known to the negroes of Jamaica by the name of the "doctor bird," said to have been thus derived: In the olden time, when costume was more observed than now, the black livery of this bird among its more brilliant companions bore the same relation as the sombre costume of the grave physician to the gay colours then worn by the wealthy planters, whence the humorous comparison and name. It might, with equal propriety, have been called "the parson," but in those days ecclesiastics were but little known by the negroes.

Mr. Gosse observed that the bunch of blossom at the summit of the pole-like papaw-tree is a favourite resort of this species, and, taking advantage of this, succeeded in catching a fine live specimen. "Wishing," says he, "to keep these birds in captivity, I watched at the tree one evening with a gauze ring-net in my hand, with which I dashed at one, and, though I missed my aim, the attempt so astonished it, that it appeared to have lost its presence of mind, so to speak, flitting hurriedly hither and thither for several seconds before it flew away. The next evening, however, I was more successful. I took my station and remained quite still, the net being held up close to an inviting bunch of blossom; the humming-birds came near in their course round the tree, sipped the surrounding blossoms, eyed the net; hung in the air for a moment in front of the fatal cluster without touching it, and then, arrow-like, darted away. At length one, after surveying the net, passed again round the tree; on approaching it the second time, perceiving the strange object to be still unmoved, he took courage, and began to suck. I quite trembled with hope; in an instant the net was struck, and, before I could see anything, the rustling of his confined wings within the gauze told that the little beauty was a captive. I brought him in triumph to the house and caged him, but he was very restless, clinging to the sides and wires, and fluttering violently about. The next morning, having gone out on an excursion for a few hours, I found the poor bird on my return dying, having beaten himself to death."

Two young males, of the long-tailed species, were subsequently captured, and, instead of being caged, they were turned loose into a room. They were lively, but not wild; playful towards each other, and tame to their captor—sitting on his finger, unrestrained, for several seconds at a time; on a large bunch of acsletias being brought into the room, they flew to the nosegay, and sucked while in Mr. Gosse's hand; these and other flowers being placed in glasses, they visited each bouquet in turn, sometimes playfully chasing each other, and alighting on various objects. As they flew, they were repeatedly heard to snap the beak, at which time they doubtless caught minute flies; after some time, one of them suddenly sunk down in one corner, and on being taken up, seemed dying; it had perhaps struck itself during its flight; it lingered awhile and died.

Another of these long-tailed humming-birds, brought alive to Mr. Gosse, became so familiar that even before he had had the bird a day, it flew to his face, and, perching on his lip or chin, thrust his beak into his mouth. He grew so bold and so frequent in his visits as to become almost annoying, thrusting his protruded tongue into all parts of his mouth, in the most inquisitive manner; occasionally his master
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gratified him by taking a little syrup in his mouth, and inviting him to the banquet by a slight sound, which he soon learned to understand. Mr. Gosse had now several pets of this beautiful species, and it was interesting to observe how each selected his own place for perch- ing and for roosting, to which he invariably adhered—a peculiarity which caused many others to be caught; for, by observing a place of resort, and putting a little bird-line on that twig, a bird would be captured in a few minutes. Of the birds in this gentleman’s possession, one would occasionally attack a gentler and more confiding companion, who always yielded and fled, whereveron the little bully would perch and utter a cry of triumph in a succession of shrill chirps. After a day or two, however, the per- secuted one would pluck up courage, and play the tyrant in turn, interdicting his fellow from sipping at the sweetened cup; twenty times, in succession, would the thirsty bird drop down on the wing to the glass, but no sooner was he poised, and about to insert his tongue, than the other would dart down. If, by some inscrutable swiftness, and, wheeling so as to come up beneath him, would drive him away from the repast; he might fly to any other part of the room un- molested, but an approach to the cup was a signal for an instant assault. When these birds had become accustomed to the room, their vivacity was terrific, and their quick turns caused their lovely breasts to flash out from darkness into sudden lustrous light, like rich gems. Their movements in the air were so rapid as to baffle the eye. Suddenly the radiant little meteor would be lost in one corner, and as quickly the vibration of its invisible wings would be heard behind the spectator—in another instant it would be hovering in front of his face, curiously peering into his eyes, with its own bright little orbs.

Of twenty-five of this species taken, only seven were domesticated, and there was much difference in the temper of these—some being moody and sulky, others wild and timid, and others gentle and confiding from the first.

It is just possible that these pages may be perused by some one under favourable circum- stances for the capture of humming-birds. To them the following remarks, founded on the experience of Mr. Gosse, may prove acceptable: There should be a very capacious cage, wired on every side, in the bottom of which a supply of decaying fruit, as oranges or pines, should be constantly kept, but covered with wire, that the birds may not soil their plumage. This would attract immense numbers of small flies, which would, in conjunction with syrup, afford food for the birds. It was observed that on opening the basket in which newly-caught humming- birds were confined, they would fly out, and soar to the ceiling, rarely seeking the window. There they would remain on rapidly-vibrating pinions, lightly touching the plaster with the beak or breast every second, and slightly re- bounding; after a time they became exhausted, and sank rapidly down to alight; they would then suffer themselves to be raised, applying their little feet to a finger passed under the breast; they were then gently raised to their captor’s mouth, and would generally suck syrup from the lips with eagerness. When once fed from the mouth, the birds were always ready to suck afterwards, and frequently voluntarily sought the lips; after a time a glass of syrup was presented to one instead of the lips, and it soon learned to sip from this, finding it as it stood on a table; it was then considered domes- ticated.

Not the least curious part of the structure of hummin’birds is the tongue, which consists of two tubes, laid side by side, like a double-barrelled gun, but separated at a short distance from the tip, where each is somewhat flattened. This tongue is connected with a very beautiful apparatus, whereby it can dart out to a great length, and suddenly retracted. The food of humming-birds consists of insects, and the honeyed juices of flowers, and with this tongue the latter are pumped up. The mode of catching insects is interesting. (say Bullock*) frequently watched with much amusement the cautious peregrination of the humming- bird, who advancing beneath the web (of the spiders), entered the various labyrinths and cells in search of entangled flies; but as the larger spiders did not tamely surrender their booty, the invader was often compelled to re- treat; being within a few feet, I could observe all their evolutions with great precision. The active little bird generally passed once or twice round the court, as if to reconnoitre his ground, and commenced his attack by going carefully under the nets of the wily insect, and seizing by surprise the smallest entangled insects, or those that were most feeble. In ascending the angular traps of the spider, great care and skill was re- quired; sometimes he had scarcely room for his little wings to perform their office, and the least deviation would have entangled him in the com- plex machinery of the web, and involved him in ruin. It was only the works of the smaller spiders that he durst attack, as the largest rose to the defence of their citadels, when the be- sieger would shoot off like a sunbeam, and could only be traced by the luminous glows of his refulgent colours. The bird generally spent about ten minutes in this predatory excursion, and then alighted on a branch of an avocado to rest and refresh himself, placing his crimson, star-like breast to the sun, when there presented all the glowing fire of the ruby, and surpassed in lustre the diadem of a monarch.

The mode in which the humming-birds in Mr. Gosse’s possession partook of their favourite banquet of syrup was very characteristic. These volatile geniuses would not condescend to such a matter-of-fact proceeding as to fly straight to the glass—by no means; they invariably made a dozen or twenty distinct stages or swoops, each in a curve descending a little—then ascending again, and hovering a second or two at each

* "Six Months in Mexico,"
angle. Sometimes when they arrived opposite the cup more quickly than was intended, they would retreat again, as if, as with hydrophobic patients, a certain number of "turns" were indispensable before breakfast. When this proceeding was completed, and the appetite had acquired the proper razor-edge, they would bring their tiny feet to the edge of the glass, insert the sucking-tongue in its contents, and take a draught of nectar.

One of the earliest notices of humming-birds occurs in the writings of Antonio de Herrera, who, by the way, rejoiced in the title of "Coroneta Mayor de las Indias y Castilla," and died in 1625. In his "Historia General," he says: "There are some birds in the country (Mexico) of the size of butterflies, with long beaks and brilliant plumage, much esteemed for the curious works made of them. Like the bees, they live on flowers and the dew which settles on them; and when the rainy season is over, and the dry weather sets in, they fasten themselves to the trees by their beaks, and soon die; but in the following year, when the new rains come, they come to life again." The same writer says, that the women and girls of the Caribbee Islands, especially Martinico, hung humming-birds from their ears as pendants, and very elegant ornaments they doubtless were.

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**WILD FLOWERS.**

**BY CHARLES KENDAL.**

Sweet wayside flowerets, with eyes so pure and lowly,
Blooming, half-hidden, by the dusty road.
Cheering our hearts with Influence sweet and holy,
Exting our minds of half their worldly load.

How dear they are to us, these gems of field and river,
Starring the herbage with their bright-hued flowers!
Ever at sight of them, the heartstrings quiver
With bygone melodies of dead spring hours.

Dear, lowly violets, in each shaded alley,
Modestly nestling in the tender green;
Casketed their mantling leaves between.

Yellow-coated cowslips, ne'er forgotten flowers,
Gilding the meadows with their sunny hue;
White, fragrant windflowers, hid in cool wood-bowers,
Mingling, pale-visaged, with the violet's blue.

Sweet, faint-breath'd primroses, clinging to the tree-boles,
Shining afar, like disks of pale, soft light;
Rich-scented blue-bells, crowning all the green knolls,
Chequering the verdure with their petals bright;

Wild roses, blushings in sweet-brier bowers;
Bee-haunted wreaths of honeysuckle blooms;
Homely, yet welcome, scentless cuckoo-flowers;
Clematis, woven in the fairy looms.

With their soft voices, ever are they singing
Faint, broken snatches of enchanting song,
And from their flower-bells, their silvery ringing,
Tinkles a cadence fairy-like and long.

Nature's sweet poems, with their simple beauty,
Comfort they bring to many a wounded heart,
And the teaching of their voices, low and fluty,
Breathes many a lesson of Nature's wondrous art.

How we should miss them, the sweet, modest flowers!
Without them, poetry would almost cease;
God knows we need them in this weary world of ours,
With their unspoken preachings of kindness and peace.

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**THREE WISHES.**

**BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.**

I wish that I was beautiful,
I never see your eyes
Rest long upon a fair face
That the wish does not arise;
And though your reassuring smile
Can charm away my care,
Ah! still within my heart of hearts
I wish that I was fair.

It is not paltry vanity
That makes me wish the gaze
Of all on me admiringly
Should rest with murmured praise.
Ah, no! I think from such light thoughts
My mind is ever free;
But oh! I would be beautiful,
Beloved one, for thee.

I wish that I had genius,
That its halo girt my name
Though simple fond home-praises
Make woman's sweetest fame;
Yet were a wide world's homage,
An angel's charm but mine,
The beauty and the genius,
Beloved, should be thine.

I wish that I was wealthy,
Not for the glittering gold:
Love like to that between us
Was never bought or sold,
But were mine the gathered treasures
That fill the earth and sea,
The beauty, wealth, and genius,
Beloved, were for thee.

Nay, nay; you need not speak it;
I know you love me well,
While my heart is almost aching
With a love lips cannot tell:
Its every thought and feeling,
Like offerings on a shrine,
All "garnered up" and resting in
That large true heart of thine.
NOTES OF A TOURIST.

A DAY ON THE RHINE.

A day on the Rhine, and probably as long a day as can be devised. In few places in the world is it more pleasant to wake, at four o'clock in the morning on a bright summer's day, than at the wee town of Koningswinter. If the window of your bed-room look at the receding hills and on the steep streets, you may see the fresh light of the sun, not now to be shunned and shut out as it must be in a few hours' time, but to be welcomed and rejoiced in—flouting the mists that wreath the ripening vines. And you may hear voices, which perhaps distance makes more melodious than they really are, singing the peasants' morning hymn in the little church: and sun and psalm together call you out into the clear air. You see high above you the "castled crag of Drachenfels," and that we have to climb.

We trudge through the rough causeway of the village, and begin to mount. Vines on the right of us, vines on the left of us, vines in front of us; not, alas! ripe yet, but giving fair promise that the dragon's blood—for so the inventive Rhinefolk have named the wine of the Dragon's Rock—will this year be plentiful. At several turns of the road a rude cross marks the spot where, at certain holy seasons, climbing pilgrims stay to take of Koningswinter's very waters the holy stream. They draw clypeonses at the haste to take our places on the little quay, clothed once more, and ready to ascend the steam. Imagine the Thames at Richmond twice as big as it is; line both sides with Richmond Hills, two or three upon the top of each other; turn "The Star and Garter" into Dover Castle; now, on the left hand, bring in the Shakespeare Cliff, railway and all, only it must be grey and yellow—not white; now, on the right hand, clear out a little plain and build in it a little town of the little houses you can buy for two shillings in any toy shop, with a little church in the middle and a little steeple on the top; now clear off the tavern from Bel-pie Island, and set up instead a queer old ruin; now pile up more rocks as high as you can, so high that your neck aches as you look at them, and right in the middle make a ledge just big enough to hold a good-sized palace. So you will have some notion of the Rhine. And do not forget one thing. On every available bit of rock, on every knoll, of every hill, is there is not earth enough for their superficial roots, carry it up in baskets, for vines there must be, else how would you have your Asmannhauser, and your Rudesheimer, and your Niersteiner, and your Shammadeupinlondonheimer? Don't forget the vines—nor the wines—for it is one o'clock, the hour for dinner on the packet, and the obliging Kelmer offers the Weinkarte for your choice.

And as our minds and stomachs wonder at the unaccustomed order of dishes, and for a moment doubt whether the existence of stewed plums in the veal is not an error, and whether it must not have been forgetfulness that made the waiter postpone the pickled salmon till pudding-time; as we wash down pounds of various condiments with the honest Rheinwein, we see unfolded before us such a panorama as is in few places to be equalled—though it is rather the fashion to call it tame: glorious masses of dark foliage picked out by tawny crags; ruins, everyone of which is a picture; palaces of every kind and ownership—from Stolzenfels and Rheinstein, hung on the face of the rock, like castles in the air, the homes of Prussian Princes, to Biberich in the Rheingau, where the Duke of Nassau's pinnacles, they say, were knocked about his head by the French; towns of ever various interest, from Coblenz with its strong fortress of to-day, to Oberwesel, with the ruins of its Roman wall; vineyards of wines of every kind and value, from the
Notes of a Tourist.

Johannisberg, that Prince Metternich won't sell you for guinea a bottle, to the Argenfelsert— and very good it is—that you can get for tenpence; through scenes that deserve rather a month than a day for their exploration, till the sun that rose on the Drachenfels in the morning gets tired of lighting the world, and throws his red rays on the tall red towers that crown the huge red cathedral of the good city of Mayence.

A DAY IN HEIDELBERG.

Heidelberg is a ruin: nothing but a ruin. Nobody would go there if it were not for the ruin—Nobody, that is, in tourist sense. British families might go, as British families will go anywhere—to live cheaply. The curious in physiognomy might turn out of their way, to study the slashed faces of the student-duellists. But the ordinary traveller goes for the ruin, and for the ruin alone.

And what a ruin it is! What a glorious picture it makes from the Neckar valley below! And when you get within its precincts, what a labyrinthine monument it is seen to be—of art, of royal state, of war!

Let us approach it from the side furthest from the town, where it is flanked with strong towers, showing the teeth of the portcullis, and carved with the arms of the Electors Palatine, guards the entrance to the palace. To the left of this there is a new building just completed—a wall and gateway running almost flush with the older parts; the gateway delicately carved with fantastic scrolls and garlands; through the gateway you may see a terraced garden daintily laid out, and leading to a new wing beyond. Get the leave of the sentinel at the portcullised gate, and enter the great court. On the right rises one of the great façades of carved red-sandstone which photographs have made so familiar; push your way through the corridors in front, and you emerge on the terrace, the great glory of the palace; another great red front behind you, the town of Heidelberg at your feet; gardens, fields, and hills stretching for many a mile beyond. A man of apparent authority, covered, and dressed in "doublet and trunk hose," stands in advance of a gay group, and points the attention of a young girl by his side to the fresh stonework of that angle of the new building which is visible from the terrace. She looks very ambitious, for a young lady in her teens, and her face is marked by the presaging brand of melancholy that distinguishes all her race. She is Elizabeth Stuart, bride of the Elector Frederick V., and daughter of the British Solomon and James I. She has a devoted husband and a glorious palace to live in; but she will urge on that husband to aim at higher things. She is not satisfied with the name of Electress. She, the daughter of a King, will be a Queen.

At first sight there is something very disappointing in Chamouni. Nothing can be more unromantic and commonplace than the place itself. A dirty, straggling little street, choked with loitering guides and commissionaires—in the morning with scores of mules; no trees, no grass, no flowers; three or four great white-washed hotels with no pretensions to anything but ugliness and comfort; half-a-dozen shops, of a thoroughly Ramsgate-and-Margate character, crammed full of pebbles, and carvings, and photographs, and alpenstocks. This is all there is to be seen as long as you keep your eye on its own level. But then at Chamouni the thing is to look up. Look up, and you have right before you the cluster of mountains that guard the base of the tallest peak in Europe and far beyond them the smooth dome of the head of the moon-cradled Lacs—Mont Blanc. Stand on the verandah of the good hotel of London and England, and you
have the view in all its glory. First come fields of corn and grass; then gently ascending slopes thickly wooded with fir; then steeper heights more thickly wooded; then rocks of all imaginable shapes and sizes; then, pouring down over and between the rocks, the strange ice-rivers that we call glaciers, their surface tossed into fantastic pyramids and pinnacles; then, higher still, great fields of smooth white snow, from which rise three conspicuous dome-like summits. The first time you look at them you will be disposed to think that either the one on the right or the one on the left is the renowned Mont Blanc; but as your eye becomes accustomed to the scene, you will grow conscious that the middle height, lower as he seems, from being so much farther off, is really the highest; you will begin to feel that the far receding surface of the cone marks an elevation attained by none of his neighbours. It is quite possible that you may spend a week at Chamouni and never see Mont Blanc at all; you will only see the clouds with which it is continually covered. But if you are fortunate enough to see his grand head uncovered in the clear midday sunlight, it is probable that you will see him too when just before nightfall he blusters with shame at having to hide himself till dawn, when every wrinkle and undulation of the pure snow glows with varying shades of the most brilliant rose-colour.

Perhaps this is the only time that you might get tired of him, as too long familiarity breeds contempt for even the mightiest potentate. Perhaps ere long one might get wearied of being shut in by four walls, even by such walls as Mont Blanc and his neighbours, and crave to see something farther off. But for many hours and for several days, there is at the very least the pleasure in watching the great hill in all his moods and aspects; honouring his various appearances with the same reverence that is given by the men of Jeddo to the beloved peak that overlooks their city. The best place to see him is from the opposite height of the Brevent, because from thence he towers as he ought above his surrounding swards, and there can be no doubt about all his claim to the Mountain Throne. Thence, as indeed is possible in a lesser degree from Chamouni, is to be seen nearly the whole route travelled by those adventurous voyagers who aim at surmounting the summit. They may be followed with a telescope, dotting the pure snow like so many crawling fleas. To make the ascent is really now not a matter of any very great danger or difficulty. A strong pair of legs, and a certain amount of training, will, it is said, enable anyone to do it with ease. And now it does not cost above the half of the old price. But many of those who “go up” seem to go through a great deal and get very little for their pains; they may be no doubt so knocked up, that even the invariable champagne drunk at the top only elevates them a very little way above prostration, and they limp into Chamouni looking miserably miserable. They have the consolation of being saluted by a diminutive park of artillery, which fires as many salvoes for them as for the strong, hearty, skilful mountaineers, who do not think much of guides, and who seem to go up and down Mont Blanc as easily as common mortals go up and down Primrose-hill. Those canons are going off, in Chamouni, from morning till night. Somebody is always starting; somebody is always coming down.

Besides the grand excursion to the top, there are, of course, plenty of less ambitious expeditions to be made. There is the ascent of the Brevent, and its near neighbour the Flegere. There is the half-way house to the top of Mont Blanc, the Grands Mulets, or Big Mules, to which point some few, even of the gentler sex, sometimes attain, and whither our Prince Arthur went last summer. There is the journey to the Jardin, a spot beyond the Mer de Glace, also visitable by ladies, though requiring some toil and trouble. There is the Mer de Glace itself, where everybody goes, and which is one of the most wonderful sights of all. Most persons may go there alone, and all of them to some extent; and well on foot; but for ladies and invalids, mules must be had, and guides are certainly advisable. Chamouni mules and Chamouni guides deserve a word to themselves.

A mule is not a comfortable thing to ride on, specially down-hill. He is patient, sure-footed, and strong, but not easy. It is obvious that any one seated in an ordinary saddle on the back of a beast descending a very steep incline, must be in perpetual danger of sliding down over the beast’s neck. As some slight protection against this contingency, Chamouni saddles, those at least which are intended to be bestrodden, are provided with a tall brass-bound cone in front. Inevitable obedience to the laws of gravitation causes the descending rider to be thrown chiefly on the support of this peak. To look down from the height of the mule’s back and see such a precipice of rocks tumbled one on the other as would require some care to walk down, and to feel nothing between you and this precipice but the brass-bound cone, is rather terrible. But the mule will go anywhere. Hold fast, and however much you are jolted about, you will probably arrive safe at the bottom. If the mule does show any intention of misconducting himself, there is the guide close at hand to keep him in order; and it is hardly possible to be in safer hands than those of a Chamouni guide; they are honest, intelligent, careful, and kind; they form a kind of guild, under the supervision of the Government, which enforces submission to certain fixed prices and rules. They number over two hundred. Most of them seem to be devout, and attached to the services of their church. A very early mass is arranged expressly for them on Sunday morning, in order that they may be able to attend divine worship before they go out on their daily journeys. For, to the crowd of many nations assembled at Chamouni, Sunday is, of course, a day of pleasure trips just as any other. Not quite, though, as any other; for the influence of those English, who do not forsake the assembling of
themselves together, even in Chamouni, does make itself felt, and at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning a goodly stream of our beloved country-men and countrywomen, with all their peculiarities of religious observances—their best clothes and neatly bound books—wends its way over the little bridges, and along the fields, into the simple, but decent church, recently allowed to be built for the performance of our liturgy. Then many persons, who during the week have appeared in unmarked costume, shine in the conventional white tie; and, indeed, the display of muslin is so copious that half the men in Chamouni seem to be ecclesiastics.

We have wandered from the Mer de Glace, to mules, and from guides to church. Let us go back to the Mer de Glace, because, while on the Mer de Glace, something may be said of the great marvel of the Alps—the glacier. First, what does a glacier look like? Stand on the point at the top of the Montanvert, whence the Mer de Glace is best seen, you see stretching for miles into the mountains a broad surface of rough, dirty, broken ice. It is split into all kinds of inequalities; it is rent in all directions by great clefts and crevices. To the left it falls over towards the plain; and just where the descent begins, it rises into huge spires and turrets. From the hill, the people on the hilltop look upon it as they knew, and you find yourself walking on a rough yet slippery surface of half-melted ice and snow. At one moment you come upon mounds and declivities, where steps have had to be cut with a hatchet; at another deep holes and crevices, down which you see an infinite depth of greenish blue; here and there large rocks are to be seen raised above the surface; and on either side stretch the long regular ridges of dirty rock and gravel which go by the name of the Moraine.

If you were to stay beside the glacier for several years, you would observe by the changing of the positions of the prominent rocks and masses that it is not as it first seems. Its surface is never still, but always moves; so it is defined to be ice in motion. To account for this motion some theories have been proposed. Some have said that the ice melts by simple force of gravitation; that its own weight carries it down; that the bottom melts away, and the superincumbent mass presses down to supply the place of what has melted. Others have said that its descent is caused by the alternate melting and freezing of the great lumps of ice of which it is composed, that it so moves on by fits and starts. But these accounts are now held to be inconsistent with the phenomena of its progress, such as that the middle moves faster than the sides, and the ice on the surface faster than that nearer the bed. The result of the observation of Professor Forbes on the subject is, that a glacier is an imperfect fluid, or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts; and a writer in Murray's "Swiss Guide" illustrates this sort of motion by that of lava descending from the mouth of a volcano, or honey flowing from an overset jar. So much for the appearance and the cause of glaciers. One of their results we must not omit to notice, and that is the torrent which, formed partly from the land-springs and partly from the fusion of the snow and ice, issuing from the base of most of them. From the Glacier du Bois—that at the foot of the Mont de la Saxe—it fords the Arveiron issues out of a huge cavern of ice, this source being one of the great sights to be seen. From the glacier and the torrent, together, Professor Forbes has drawn the beautiful idea of a passage which we, imitating the great Murray, (who is aggravating in this respect, that he has said almost everything about every place that it is possible to go to) cannot forbear to quote. "Poets and philosophers have delighted to compare the course of human life to that of a river; perhaps a still aper simile might be found in the history of a glacier. Heaven-descended in its origin, yet yet takes its mould and conformation from the hidden womb of the mountain and you see stretching for miles into the mountains a broad surface of rough, dirty, broken ice. It is split into all kinds of inequalities; it is rent in all directions by great clefts and crevices. To the left it falls over towards the plain; and just where the descent begins, it rises into huge spires and turrets. From the hill, the people on the hilltop look upon it as they knew, and you find yourself walking on a rough yet slippery surface of half-melted ice and snow. At one moment you come upon mounds and declivities, where steps have had to be cut with a hatchet; at another deep holes and crevices, down which you see an infinite depth of greenish blue; here and there large rocks are to be seen raised above the surface; and on either side stretch the long regular ridges of dirty rock and gravel which go by the name of the Moraine.

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Love.

WHAT WAS THE RIVER SAYING?

What was the river saying,
As it flowed through the flowery lea,
In its winsome childhood straying
On its way to the boundless sea?

It sang of a joy without sorrow,
Of life from all trouble free;
And it said to the flowers, "To-morrow
I shall reach the glorious sea."

What was the river saying,
As it broader and stronger grew,
Amidst rocks and wild woods straying?
Was it still to its first hope true?

Oh! it sang in a strain exultant,
In its youth, and beauty, and strength;
And the words of its voice triumphant,
"I shall reach the sea at length."

What was the river saying,
When the rocks on either side
Kept its waters wild from straying,
And but mocked their strength and pride?

It said, "Though restraint but maddens
My waters wild and free,
Still the hope that my spirit gladdens
Is to reach the boundless sea."

What was the river saying
When, all its wanderings o'er,
It seemed for one moment staying
Its course on the longed-for shore?

Oh! it sang in a strain so tender,
From its depths it seemed to come,
"With joy I my life surrender;
I have reached my ocean-home."

What is the river saying
To all beneath the sun?
"Thy Father's will obeying,
Speed on, till the goal be won."  O. T.

LOVE.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Oh, Love! true alchemist, whose art
Turns to pure gold the meanest thing,
And from the darkest human heart
Bids rays of light divine to spring:
Oh, mystic lore! that worthless dross
Can change to treasure rich and rare,
And from life's waste, and pain, and loss,
Bring bliss and wealth beyond compare!

Love is a miser too, that hoards
With ar'rice keen a look or word,
Who garners in his heart of hearts
The whisper low, none else had heard;
The pebbles on the common path,
The weed all others would pass by,
To him a higher value hath,
Wears deeper beauty to his eye.

Poor alchemist! who spends long days
In search of but one golden gleam,
To find with weary aching heart
At last, 'tis all an idle dream;
Poor miser! who perchance is robb'd
Of that he deems of such high worth;—
Love! dreamer, miser though thou art,
Without thee what were life or earth?
HOW THE WRONG WAS DONE AND RIGHTED.

BY VIRGINIA P. TOWNSEND.

“And now, Cecilia, I want to make assurance doubly sure. You will not go to Central Park with this friend of your cousin’s while I am absent?”

“Yes, Horace, you may depend upon me; I will not go to Central Park with him or with any one else. Does that satisfy you, now?” And the last speaker looked up in the gentleman’s face with a smile whose exceeding sweetness had just that little touch of wilfulness which made it only the more attractive.

They were standing by the piano, the young lady and gentleman of whom I write, and their whole attitude and expression plainly indicated that some intimate relationship existed between them; and appearances were not at fault this time, for Cecilia Howard had been the betrothed wife of Horace Nichols for the last three months. They made a pleasant picture to look upon. There was a warm background of crimson curtains and cushioned chairs, and the carpet had a vine of blossoms whose golden flags were drawn on a russet ground.

Cecilia Howard’s years hovered among their early twenties. There was much that was sweet and lovely, and of good report in her character; there was much which was fair and attractive in that young face, where the fresh carnations hovered about her cheeks as the smiles did in her lips and eyes. But her beauty, her grace, and all the natural charms of her manner had not alone won for her the love of Horace Nichols; he was too sensible a man for that. He knew that the freshness and beauty of youth must fade with years, and that the most disagreeable, repellent, and malicious old women are often those who have nothing to supplant the bloom and grace of their youth, women who lacked cultivation of heart and of mind, and who have no stores laid up to beguile the weariness or lighten the burden of their old age, and who from a frivolous and empty youth pass into a fretful, selfish, miserable old-womanhood.

“God, in His good mercy, deliver me from such a wife!” prayed, reverently, the strong, brave heart of Horace Nichols. The woman of his choice was not faultless, any more than he was; but Cecilia Howard had a warm, quickly responsive heart, that most beautiful thing in woman. She was the only daughter of her widowed mother, who only escaped making an idol of her child, and had been over-indulgent with her; but Mrs. Howard was a woman of good sense, and she had spared no pains nor expense which her limited means allowed in the education of her child.

Horace Nichols was the nephew of a bank manager, who had adopted him into his own large family on the death of the boy’s parents, and generously afforded him every advantage which he bestowed on his own half-dozen boys. Horace was naturally thoughtful and studious. He had graduated at college, and because his uncle’s penetrations convinced him that he had more force and capacity than any of his own sons, he had offered him a lucrative and responsible position in the bank of which he was manager.

He did not look more than his years, and they were twenty-eight. His face was, I think, a fair index of his character. It was a good, manly face—intelligent, cultivated. Most people regarded him as somewhat reserved; yet, with those who knew him well, he was singularly frank and spontaneous.

There was a magnetic charm about Horace Nichols to the few to whom he disclosed himself; but his character rested on a basis of solid Christian principle, and the great aim of his life was not simply to please the aesthetic tastes of those over whom he had most influence. But although his character was “drawn on a grave reserve,” it was abundantly veined with humour, and a half-covet sportiveness flashed its light all over his conversation.

“Yes, that answer more than satisfies me, my little girl,” replied Horace Nichols to the question of his betrothed. “I am not exacting; I am quite satisfied that you should go to Central Park, only not in company with this Mr. Marshall. I know, notwithstanding his gentlemanlike appearance and personal accomplish-ments, that he is not a man of sound moral principle, not a man of right heart or life. And the one flower I have gathered to wear in my heart must not waste any of its sweetness or beauty on a man like this one.”

Cecilia Howard looked up, and blushed a little betwixt her smiles, as what woman would not at such sweet flattery? Then her thoughts touched on something which troubled her.

“What is it?” asked Horace Nichols, reading her face.

“Oh, I wish you weren’t going away! A week seems a long time, Horace, and I shall be so lonely without you!”

The young man looked down on her, before he answered, with one of his rare sweet smiles, which it was evident from its mingled expression touched on many feelings; but the tenderness triumphed.

“And whenever you feel lonely, darling, remember that my heart answers to yours, Cecilia. The week looks very long to me now.”

She thanked him with a smile, half shy, half fond, and altogether sweet.

“But this is not the way to talk of it,” said
Horace Nicholls. "We will put this week of our absence to all good work and uses, and when we see each other again, be a little better man and woman for the teachings of the days which are gone."

"I don't intend to waste the hours, Horace; I expect to make some strong leaps in my German before you return, besides devoting myself to various other work of a more decidedly feminine character which I've laid out to do."

It was very hard to leave her; Horace Nicholls' face bore witness to this as he looked at his watch.

"Is it time?" asked Cecilia.

"Almost; there is time for one song before I go; let me have it."

She swept her fingers over the keys of the piano, and then her voice—it was naturally a fine one and had received careful cultivation—flowed through an old, quaint ballad, whose mingled pathos and joy of tenderness gathered itself up at last into a triumphant close of faith and trust in the eternal love and wisdom which shall satisfy and answer with the fulness of joy to their trust in it. And the sweet air, as it throbbed and surged along the ballad, was only a new echo and disclosure of its sentiment in all its finest shades. Horace Nicholls was silent when the last notes ceased to palpitate on the air. He was exquisitely susceptible to the power of music, and it seemed as though the old ballad and the sweet air had expressed somewhat in his heart that words could not.

He drew Cecilia to him, and his last speech, solemn and tender, went beyond this life, even as the life of Horace Nicholls did: "The Lord bless and keep thee, my darling, and give thee peace!" Then he went away without another word.

Three days had passed; the cold snows of winter had rolled thick over the earth, hiding as was best the woe and desolation from her face, for the beauty of the summer and the stately splendour of the autumn had departed from her. But on the fourth day the low, sullen clouds were swept away by the triumphant sunshine; the storm of wind had lifted up its banners and come on; the storm of snow ceased at last.

"Everybody was out that day. So said Helen, the cousin of Cecilia Howard, a pretty, kindly, frivolous girl, as she came in, just before lunch. "Cecilia, I've come for you," said the young lady, bestowing her cape and muff on one-half of the sofa and herself on the other, "and I sha'n't have any denial. You're to go to Central Park with me this afternoon."

"Oh, I can't think of it!"

"That's exactly what I want you not to do"—with a toss of her head and a little twitter of a laugh. "You're not to think at all; only to go. Why, the skating is perfectly charming, and the day, coming out of three storms, is probably the fairest we shall have this January. Let me have some coffee and cake with you, and then we will go."

Helen Eustis, without any real force of character, had a certain promptness and vivacity, which often served to bear down any slight opposition, and compel acquiescence.

The day certainly was attractive, and three indoor's prepared Cecilia to relish a walk. Then, like most young ladies, she enjoyed intensely the new pleasure and excitement of skating, and would have entered eagerly into her cousin's proposition, if it had not been for the remembrance of her promise to her betrothed. And this memory held her back.

"There is no use to urge me, Helen," she said, with quiet determination, and yet with a little lurking regret in her tones, which prevented her cousin from abandoning the matter. "I cannot go out this afternoon; I have good and sufficient reasons for it."

"What are they, Cecilia?"—in that abrupt manner which in another must have seemed impertinent, but which was Helen's "way;" and the words were partly warranted by an intimacy which had existed betwixt Cecilia and herself since their infancy.

Cecilia hesitated a moment, and then, thinking the best way was to meet her cousin in her own straightforward fashion, answered, quietly—

"I promised Horace that I wouldn't go to Central Park while he was away."

"I thought so!" There was a very faint curl of the lip which said vastly more than, with all her freedom of speech and manner, Helen Eustis would have ventured on. "Dear me, I'm thankful I'm not an engaged young lady, if I should in consequence have to be shut up like a nun in a convent."

"I don't know that I am." There was a little shade of annoyance in her voice and manner. "The promise was quite of my own making; Horace didn't ask it."

"Oh well, that alters the case. I thought it was singular enough that he should be so exacting as that. Of course he wouldn't care at all, if you rode up to the Park with brother Daniel and me," seeing that Cecilia's last remark had given her another stand-point from which to renew argument and persuasion.

That her cousin had made an advance on her objections was evident enough by Cecilia's half doubtful reply: "I don't know that Horace would care; but then I promised him, you know."

"What made you promise him such an absurd thing?"

There was a little flutter of embarrassment in Cecilia's face. "There were good reasons; I can't explain them, though."

Helen Eustis was a shrewd girl. She suspected the truth at once; and this suspicion gave her a fresh motive to induce her cousin to accompany her. She was well aware that Horace Nicholls had no respect for the man who was her acknowledged lover; and this knowledge, while it offended her, stimulated her desire to triumph over her cousin's betrothed. The truth was, she had never liked Horace Nicholls. She felt, intuitively, the moral antagonism of their
characters and aims in life, and the real estimate in which he held hers. This conviction galled the girl’s pride, and her vanity was piqued because she had never succeeded in gaining the admiration of Horace Nichols.

She felt that he had penetrated farther into her inner character, into the motives which moulded it, and controlled her living, than any man had done before; and that in his heart he had pronounced her worldly, vain, and selfish. And this knowledge not only galled her proud spirit, but gave her a thirst for some petty revenge, and a desire to wound the man through his affections, although she would not have acknowledged this even to her own consciousness.

“Excuse me, Cecilia,” subjoined the lady, playing with the tassels of her muff, and feeling her way softly along the new ground she had gained, “I didn’t mean to intrude on any private reasons you might have for this promise; but I’m altogether certain that if Mr. Nichols were here, he would insist upon your going with Daniel and me this afternoon. You know what he said, the last time I was here, about the absolute necessity of a woman going out of the house every pleasant day at least.”

“I remember,” more and more inclined to the ride.

“There goes the lunch-bell. Say you’ll go. Come, now! Horace will not say a word, I’ll wager a new pair of gloves. Shall you be always just so careful and obedient, my little cousin? What a model wife you will make!”

The speaker had come over to her cousin’s side now, and was stroking her hair, and her smile was a very bright one, only it concealed several things!

“I’m neither fearful nor obedient,” nettled again, as Helen meant she should be, under the soft words. “It was wholly my own promise, not Horace’s asking.”

“Why don’t you go, then, when you are certain he would like you to keep it under the circumstances? Come, Cecilia, I’m famishing for a sandwich and some coffee.”

“Are you sure, Helen, that no one is to go with you excepting Daniel?”

“He and yourself are the only persons to whom I have spoken of it.”

Helen thought that she had spoken the truth, for she had too much self-respect to utter a base falsehood; but she concealed something which made her remark only true to the letter.

“Well, I’ll go, I believe,” was the audible conclusion of Cecilia’s meditations, the burden of which was, that if Horace was there he would certainly approve of her doing so; and yet it was singular that she had to repeat this so many times to herself, in order to satisfy her own mind.

“There’s a darling.” And Helen kissed her cousin, and there was a flash of triumph in her eyes.

Great was the surprise and consternation of Cecilia Howard when, three-quarters of an hour later, she entered the parlour of her cousin’s residence, and Mr. Marshall rose up from the sofa, with a couple of his most graceful bows to the ladies.

Helen’s surprise was well acted. “Is it possible, Mr. Marshall? Who expected to find you here, and to what or whom are we indebted for the pleasure?”

“I am indebted for it to your brother, Miss Helen. He informed me that you had engaged to ride with him to Central Park this afternoon, and invited me to join you.”

“That is just like Daniel. He always likes to share his rides with somebody who can be more agreeable than his sister,” said the young lady, with a toss of her pretty head, and a little pout which she knew how to use on just the right occasion; but she did not think it necessary to acquaint either of her guests with the fact that Daniel would never have thought of inviting his friend to join in the ride, if his sister had not suggested it in the morning, in case the two young men could cross each other.

“We are to have the pleasure of your company, Miss Howard?” said George Marshall, as he restored Cecilia the handkerchief which had fallen from her hand to the floor; and he accomplished this little act with all the grace which rendered him so great a favourite with a certain class of ladies.

“I—I havn’t quite decided,” rejoined Cecilia, as she received the handkerchief, and forgot to thank the gentleman, her face full of indecision and pain.

Helen turned around, and faced her cousin with her large, dark eyes. “Why, Cecilia, what has got into you? You promised me that you would go.”

“I know that I did; but it was half against my best judgment, and I think now that I must recall it.”

The low, steady voice made Helen think that, after all, her cousin might not be over-persuaded against her best judgment; but at that moment the door opened, and Daniel Eustis entered.

He was a good-hearted, well-meaning young man, with a character neither very fine nor high-toned, but kind and good-natured as far as he went. He had always been very fond of Cecilia, and she had a kind of half-sisterly affection for the young man, because of the old, pleasant memories, that knit up many of the golden hours of his and her childhood together; for Daniel Eustis had carried her in his small arms around the nursery, in the earliest dawn of her remembrance.

“Daniel, you’ve come just at the right moment,” observed his sister. “For some unaccountable reason, Cecilia’s taken it into her head to go home. Perhaps your entertainments will avail to keep her; mine can’t.”

Daniel Eustis came up to his cousin, and kissed the peach-bloom on her cheek with the freedom which had always existed in their intercourse; then he took both her hands in his playfully. “You’re my prisoner; I shan’t let you go, Cecilia,” he said, “without the very best of reasons.”
Their eyes were all on her face, and Cecilia felt her position most embarrassing. She feared that Helen might suspect the real motive which had induced her change of opinion, and she lacked moral courage to run the risk of offending her. She reflected, too, that Daniel's presence would shroud her from any attentions which the chivalric Mr. Marshall might otherwise be disposed to render her; and in the awkward position in which she was placed, there was certainly nothing better to do than to quietly acquiesce in the matter. Horace would not be unreasonable enough to blame her, for she was in no wise responsible for Mr. Marshall's presence.

So the matter was ended, with a little nervous laugh on her part, and a "Well, as I'm your prisoner, there's nothing for me to do but to surrender as gracefully as possible."

Alas for thee, Cecilia Howard! They had a charming ride up to the Park. The beautiful grey ponies seemed to enter into the spirit of the day, as they dashed along the newly fallen snow to the silver chime of the sleigh-bells.

As for the skating, that was charming, too; and Cecilia shook off the shadow from her spirits, and for the next three hours she gave herself up to the enjoyment of gliding over the frozen waters. She was accomplished in the exercise, and many admiring eyes followed the graceful sweep of her figure along the ice, or watched the fair face whose soft bloom the winds opened into damask roses, and whose bright eyes and bright lips answered each other with smiles that were equally captivating.

It was impossible to skate all the time with Daniel. Mr. Marshall often took possession of her, in a manner which she could not decline without marked rudeness; and in a little while she submitted to it, and forgot all about the disagreeable necessity.

"You are not sorry you came, after all, are you, little cousin?" asked Daniel, as he assisted her into the carriage, just as the short winter day was being gathered up into the night.

"Oh no," was the quick response. And then the memory of Horace's visit flashed across Cecilia Howard, and she was not certain that she had spoken the truth, after all; and she was so quiet during the ride home that her cousins rallied her several times on her silence, but it was in vain.

Horace Nicholls had always feared the influence of Helen Eustis over the woman of his choice. He knew that Cecilia was too susceptible and appreciative, but he hoped that time would strengthen and develop all the beautiful possibilities of her nature, and he had resolved that when she belonged to him, the intimacy betwixt the cousins should be gradually lessened.

As for George Marshall, the pure-minded and true-hearted man could only contemplate with a shudder the possibility of Cecilia's youth and sweetness being brought under the influence or into the moral atmosphere of her cousin's betrothed for a moment. Horace knew that this man was unsound to the core; a man without principle or honour; without belief in God or faith in man; one who sneered at all truth and self-sacrifice, and whose only aim in life was the achievement of his own happiness and aggrandizement.

George Marshall was a man of marked ability; one who possessed taste, discernment, and that social adaptation which, combined with many personal gifts and graces, made him a great favourite, and he was especially successful in dazzling women who had not the fine moral sense that could penetrate his disguises and find his soul and heart hollow and selfish.

Cecilia Howard had this; from the first acquaintance with George Marshall he had repelled her, and she had always avoided his society as much as she could, without absolutely declining it.

Helen Eustis was acute enough to perceive all this, and she attributed the whole thing to Horace Nicholls. She was just the style of woman for a man like George Marshall to dazzle; and her social position and her father's wealth made him desirous of winning her for his wife; but Helen Eustis had occasionally glimpses of the real sentiments of her betrothed, which for the moment shocked her, and she was thus rendered doubly sensitive to anything giving her pain, and the conviction that Horace Nicholls had done this made her dislike for the man almost amount to hatred. She vainly sought opportunities of bringing George Marshall and her cousin together, and it was the knowledge of this desire on Helen's part which made Horace Nicholls obtain from Cecilia the promise that he had on their last interview.

"Why, Horace?" That was all she had time to speak, for the arms which had seized Cecilia Howard about the waist, as she stood slipping a lump of sugar betwixt the wires of her canary's cage, gathered her up closely, and sweet and tender kisses said at that time all that the giver felt and could not.

"I did not expect you until to-morrow, Horace." Cecilia disengaged herself at last; and how sweet she looked, in the eyes to whom she was beautiful beyond comparison with all rare and beautiful things! How sweet she looked, with the glad welcome in her eyes and the rosy widening in her cheeks, I cannot write.

Horace Nicholls took entire possession of the lady, and carried her off into the parLOUR, and seated her down on the lounge.

"It is good to get back; it has been a long week, Cecilia."

"It has seemed like three, Horace."

"So it has. And now, what have you been doing of work or play during this time?"

"Oh, various things. Dipping into French and German, taking some deep draughts from that fountain whose waters are always fresh, 'Aurora Leigh,' and using myself in all homely ways and offices, for Mary has been sick, and mamma's purse, you know, is not deep enough for two domestics."

How the Wrong was Done and Righted.
"That is one kind of the work which is worship, my little girl. And, now, how about the play?"

"Oh, I haven't had much of that." She said this in a little hurried-way that he afterward recalled, although he was unconscious of observing it at the time, and he thought it must have prompted his next inquiry, for no fear or suspicion that Cecilia would break her promise had crossed his thoughts during his absence.

"And you haven't been to Central Park, as you promised me, notwithstanding the fine skating?"

"No; of course not," answered Cecilia, her breath, and feeling a cold shudder run over her. "Why, what can have put that idea into your head?"—busy with the velvet cushion, so that Horace Nicholls did not see her face while she spoke.

"I don't know, I'm sure"—half apologetically. "I asked the question without reflection, as I knew that you wouldn't go.

The young lover remained less than an hour with Cecilia. Perhaps he would have observed a slight constraint and agitation in her manner if the happiness of being with her once more had been less deep and full. At the end of an hour he left her alone that evening, and he little imagined that as soon as she had closed the door on him Cecilia Howard returned to the parlour, flung herself into a chair, and lifting her hands, there broke from the girl's lips a wail of exceeding anguish. "I have told a lie! I have taken a great sin upon my soul!"

"Halloo, Horace! can't you stop long enough to shake hands?"

The voice, loud and good-natured, reached the young man as he was hurrying up High Street. He turned hastily, and confronted Daniel Eustis, who had just crossed one of the streets which intersected the great thoroughfare. The young men shook hands cordially, and then Daniel asked—

"Where do you keep yourself now-a-days?"

"I've been out of town for a week, and got back within the last hour."

"Seen my pretty cousin?" asked Daniel, with a significant smile, gracefully shaking a few gray flakes from his cigar.

"Certainly I have," answered Horace Nicholls. And his smile said very plainly that he was quite ready, and proud to avow the fact before the whole world.

Daniel Eustis was fond of a joke. This time he put on a slightly mysterious expression, and continued: "Well, it's fortunate you've got back again, for your own peace of heart, and that of your pretty cousin, too."

"What do you mean?" asked the other, half indifferently, supposing that this was merely some of Daniel's nonsense; for he knew his habit of light talking, as he had frequently met him at his cousin's, and liked him, partly for her sake, partly for his good nature.

"Oh, nothing; only Helen insists that if Cecilia wasn't just the little saint that she is, she should certainly be jealous, for George Marshall was so deeply impressed the day they were out together. He says she's perfectly charming, and he's a man of taste, Horace; you may be glad to have him endorse your choice."

Horace Nicholls did not seem to feel the force of the latter part of this remark. He brought his deep, grey eyes on Daniel's face with an expression which the young man had never seen there before.

"When and where were George Marshall and Cecilia Howard out together? What do you mean, Daniel?" The voice was that of a man who would not be put off.

"Why, man alive, nothing serious; only that Mr. Marshall and Cecilia Howard were out together at Central Park, last Thursday afternoon, with Helen and myself, and we had a capital time of it; and the former young lady's charms of person and grace of manner made an impression which you, certainly of all others, can best understand."

The face of Horace Nicholls was very white, but he controlled himself, and his voice was steady, although it was not the voice of the same man who had spoken two minutes before:

"Daniel, do you tell me, on your most sacred word and honour, that these two—your cousin and George Marshall—passed last Thursday afternoon together at Central Park?"

"Of course I do," answered Daniel, with a stare. "There was no harm in that, was there? Helen and I were alongside. For it now recurred to Daniel's memory that his sister had told him with a covert sneer that she did not think Mr. Nicholls liked George Marshall very well, he was quite too great a saint for that."

"That's all, Daniel. Good-morning." And touching his hat, Horace walked off.

Daniel did also, whistling to himself, and thinking, "I've got myself into a fix. Hang it! I wish I'd kept still." And he made this remark to his sister, on finding her in the sitting-room.

"What have you done, now, Dan?" asked Helen Eustis, looking up from an exquisite bouquet of camellias and moss which she was arranging in a vase.

The young man threw himself into a chair, and related the conversation which had just transpired betwixt himself and Horace Nicholls.

Helen listened with evident interest, and there was a look of triumph on her face when he concluded.

"I'm very glad you told him, Daniel. How absurd it is that Horace Nicholls should be so jealous! Poor Cecilia!"

And Daniel concluded his sister must be right after all, and dismissed the subject from his thoughts.

Horace Nicholls did not go to the bank as he intended. He went home, with a fierce longing in his soul that he might die, with a wonder that the sun in the heavens above could smile down on him, while it seemed to him that he was almost forsaken of God.

The woman of his love and trust had proved herself a liar! The word seemed to blaze and
curl in fiery lines before him, as he walked and hurried on. He was a man whose soul demanded truth, unflinching, absolute in the woman of his election; and he had loved Cecilia Howard with all the strength of his manhood, with a love so unutterable that it had been his daily prayer that it might not become idolatry, remembering who had said, “Thou shall have no other Gods before me!” And now his faith and trust in her were gone for ever! Horace Nicholls was a man who would put his right hand in the fire, and hold it there, before he would sacrifice his judgment or his conscience to his affections. No matter though the sacrifice cost him his life a thousand times, once satisfied that it was right he would make it. He went home, and for the next three hours no human eyes beheld Horace Nicholls. He was alone with his God.

But at the end of that time his resolution was taken. He would see Cecilia, no more; he would write her a brief note, acquitting her with all he had learned that morning, and the terrible consequences it had wrought for both of them. Then he would take the steamer which sailed the next day for the continent.

He knew that his uncle had some important business to transact in Paris, and that he would very gladly avail himself of his services in this matter, after his first surprise at his nephew’s determination was over. He shrank from the thought of seeing any other of his relatives or friends; he would leave the dearest of them a weight of sorrow, and that would be enough.

Cecilia Howard had passed the most miserable day of her life. She had gone about with a weight of remorse upon her soul which she could not put aside for one moment, and looking forward to the night, when Horace should come to her, with unutterable fear and dread. The girl was instinctively truthful. Her deep moral sense recoiled with unutterable loathing from the lie she had uttered, and the good that was in her triumphed at last. She resolved that she would not sleep that night until she had told Horace the whole truth. She shrank from the thought of his displeasure; she fairly writhed under the fear that she must sink forever in his esteem, that he must lose faith in her word; but anything, anything was better than that falsehood, whose knowledge bowed her to the earth. “God help me!” prayed the heart of Cecilia Howard.

Hour after hour that night she listened, trembling, and afraid for the footsteps of Horace Nicholls, but greatly to her surprise he did not come. And at last her mind must have detained him, and fearing that her courage might fail her in his presence, resolved that before she slept she would write him a letter, telling him all that she had done and suffered.

She did not sleep that night until the letter was written. It was one that must have won forgiveness from and inspired new faith in any man, for its touching repentance, its womanly fear of the loss of Horace’s confidence or his affection, were witnesses of all the disclosure had cost her; and how deep and strong was the love of truth in the soul of Cecilia Howard, that she would rather brave anything, make any sacrifice than carry the consciousness that she had deceived the man who loved her.

The burden was lifted from the girl’s soul after the letter was written. She slept soundly that night, and the next morning, fearing to delay, sent her confession to Horace Nicholls.

It was delivered to him with several others, and he was then in the midst of preparations for his departure at noon. He tossed the whole into a drawer, and an hour later tore the envelopes hastily and ran them over. Cecilia’s letter had slipped behind the others, among a pile of unimportant papers, and escaped his notice.

He was on board the steamer which at noon left the harbour for Dieppe, and on the evening of the same day, Cecilia Howard, who had watched and waited for his coming, received the letter which told her all.

A year had passed. During this time Horace Nicholls had been a wanderer in many lands, no one of his friends could have told where; for he had not communicated with his uncle except through the latter’s agency, and in each case had carefully concealed his address, for it was his great aim to ignore everything which could awaken the old memories and the old pain in his heart. But one day, during a brief visit in Naples, he came suddenly upon some English papers, and read there a statement of a severe injury which his uncle had received in the winter from a fall when alighting from his carriage.

Horace Nicholls owed something to the uncle who had sheltered his boyhood with a father’s tenderness. He knew that the old gentleman would need his presence and services now, and that he felt that duty summoned him home. He believed that he had conquered his own pride at least so that he could bear the pain which the old associations would awaken; and in less than two weeks he was on his way to his native land.

For Cecilia Howard, her heart had not broken when she read that last letter of Horace Nicholls. I think that it might if she had not been sustained by the knowledge that, after all, he had not mistaken her; that she was better than he believed, and that her letter, which she was certain could never have reached him, proved this, for it had been written without a thought or fear of his discovering the truth through any other source. After that he owed her something, and the feeling that he had been unjust to her saved, as I said, her heart from breaking. But that was all; his letter laid her for three months on a sick bed, whence she rose at last a wiser and better woman.

Horace Nicholls had been home three days, and he had passed most of this time with his uncle, who was still confined to his chamber. The old gentleman had been quite overjoyed at seeing his nephew again, and if he suspected
any reason for his long absence, never alluded to it. But that morning, the third after his return, the young man went to the room which he had formerly occupied, and which was in the residence of a widow lady who had been a friend of his mother's. Nothing had been changed during his absence. He opened the small table drawer, rummaged among its papers, which lay just as he had left them, and in over-turning these his eye suddenly fell upon the letter which Cecilia Howard had last written him.

His heart gave a quick bound, for he knew the handwriting. He sat down, and after a little while opened the letter. When he had read it, he laid it down on the table, and laid his head down there too, and the proud man sobbed like a little child. He saw then that in the horror and pain of his first discovery of Cecilia's deception, he had acted unwisely, and that, after all, his first faith in her, his first intuitions of her real character had been the true one; and he was a man to make full atonement when he had erred.

Cecilia Howard sat sewing, that morning, before the pleasant fire in the sitting-room. She was humming fragments of some sweet, old-fashioned tune to herself. She was not much changed, except in that change which is of the soul, and which touches and sublimates the whole face. Horace Nicholls stood still and looked at her a few moments as she sat there, for he had opened the door softly, as the domestic, who knew him well, had, at his request, told him where to find Cecilia, and that she was quite alone, for Mrs. Howard happened to be absent that morning.

"Cecilia!" It was said almost in a whisper.

She started and looked up. She had had no tidings of his return.

Horace Nicholls came forward very humbly; many feelings struggled in his face, but he said: "One hour since, Cecilia, I read the letter you wrote me a year ago, and which has lain in my drawer all that time. Cecilia, can you forgive me? Will you come back to me?"

She leaned her head back; the tears ran over her cheeks, but the light shone on her face, exalting it into a new beauty, not at all of this world, as she said, with a mingling of gratitude and solemn triumph in her voice: "I thought you would come, Horace; I thought God would send you back to me."

"King John," "Macbeth," and others of his plays confirm our wickedness in many ways:
First, the Infant in its nurse's arms, it
"Mewes and pukes," and as it cries and calms it.
Next there's the Scooby boy, constantly declining
The verb "to work," and with its satchel whining,
As on he creeps, like snail, at slug-gard's pace—
A sun not always "with a shining face:"

Until he learns 'tis easier to be good,
His master being in 'th imperious mood.
And if the youth is backward in the school,
He has his knuckles reddened with the rule.
The rule of three he does not deem much fun
While he is flinching at the rule of one
Who makes him only ten times more perplexed;
The lover à la Vilkins comes next,
And who, like Vilkins, rolls out a ballad
As neatly garnished as a lobster salad;
"Made to his mistress' eyebrow" to some air,
Which howsome'er, she says, she cannot bear.
Sometimes this age betokens noisy gent
Not coming home till midnight is far spent,
Who cannot from the knockers quite abstain,
Of which the quiet inmates will complain.
Sometimes these fast young men, after the play,
At Cyder Cellars turn night into day:
This they call "killing time," until they learn
Old Time may, perhaps, the compliment return.
Then come the Soldiers and the Volunteers—
In other words the prime of life appears—
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the bard,
Jealous in honour, zealous when on guard;
Seeking without the least intimidated,
What Shakespeare calls "the bubble reputation;"
'Tis strange they are not bored with so much drilling,
While practising the noble art of killing!
Next is the Justice, and he just is fat,
Living on law—not always justice that!
Proving beyond all doubt, by frequent panting,
The law he lives on is not that of Haulting!
His body (outside) like water-butt,
But not within! His beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws, such as are seldom seen
Excepting at a carpenter's, I ween),
And modern instances; and so he plays
His part, until he sees declining days
Announce another age, when entertain soon
The sixth, "the lean and slipped Pantaloons,"
"With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
"His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide"
"For his shrunk shank"; his voice begins to fail,
And whistles up and down the vocal scale.
Last scene of all, this history that ends,
Is mere oblivion of those trusty friends
Who gather round us, and who thus endeavour
To cheer and comfort ere we leave forever
This busy, meddlesome, money-making world,
Sans teeth, as into it we once were hurled:
Indeed, for time can no more changes ring,
"Sans sight, sans taste, sans smell, sans everything!"
And so the curtain falls, thus ends the play,
Which might be named "Bud, Blossom, and Decay;"
"The time is short between each act, and we
Should note the changes, and our errors see.
And thus a wholesome lesson may be gained,
The proper sentiments in our youth retold
Without a jest against the reader's will,
Though slightly altered, "As you like it" still.
THANKSGIVING-TIME.*

An American Story.

Old Jacob Newell sat despondent beside his sitting-room fire. Grey-haired and venerable, with a hundred hard lines, telling of the work of time and struggle and misfortune, furrowing his pale face, he looked the incarnation of silent sorrow and hopelessness, waiting in quiet meekness for the advent of the King of Torrors; waiting, but not hoping, for his coming; without desire to die, but with no dread of death.

At a short distance from him, in an ancient straight-backed rocking-chair, dark with age, and clumsy in its antique carvings, sat his wife. Stiffly upright, and with an almost painful primness in dress and figure, she sat knitting rapidly and with closed eyes. Her face was rigid as a mask; the motion in her fingers, as she pried her needles, was spasmodic and machine-like; the figure, though quiet, wore an air of iron repose that was most uneasy and unnatural. Still, through the mask and from the figure there stole the aspect and air of one who had within her deep wells of sweetness and love, which only strong training or power of education had thus covered up and obscured. She looked of that stern Puritanical stock whose iron will conquered the severity of New England winters, and overcame the stubbornness of its granite hills, and whose idea of a perfect life consisted in the rigorous discharge of all Christian duties, and the banishment, forever and at all times, of the levity of pleasure and the folly of amusement. She could have walked, if need were, with composure to the stake; but she could neither have joined in a game at cards, nor have entered into a dance with little children. All this was plainly to be seen in the stern repose of her countenance and the stiff harshness of her figure.

Upon the stained deal table, standing a little in the rear and partially between the two, reposed an open Bible. Between its leaves lay a pair of large, old-fashioned, silver-bowed spectacles, which the husband had but recently laid there, after reading the usual daily chapter of Holy Writ. He had ceased but a moment before, and had laid them down with a heavy sigh, for his heart to-day was sorely oppressed; and no wonder; for, following his gaze around the room, we find upon the otherwise bare walls five sad mementos of those who had "gone before"—five coarse and unartistic, but loving tributes to the dead.

There they hang, framed in black, each with its white tomb and overhanging willow, and severally inscribed to the memories of Mark, John, James, Martha, and Mary Newell. All their lock. None left to honour and obey, none to cheer, none to lighten the labour or soothe the cares. All gone, and these two left behind to travel hand in hand, but desolate, though together, to the end of their earthly pilgrimage.

There had, indeed, been one other, but for him there hung no loving memorial. He was the youngest of all, and such a noble, strong, and lusty infant, that the father, in the pride of his heart, and with his fondness for Scriptural names, had christened him Samson. He, too, had gone; but in the dread gallery that hung about the room there was no framed funeral picture "To the Memory of Samson Newell." If in the tomb of his father's or mother's heart he lay buried, no outward token gave note thereof.

So the old couple sat alone before the sitting-room fire. It was not often used, this room—scarcely ever now, except upon Sunday, or on those two grave holidays that the Newells kept—Thanksgiving and Fast-day. This was Thanksgiving-day. The snow without was falling thick and fast. It came in great eddies and white whirls, obscuring the prospect from the windows and scudding madly about the corners. It lay in great drifts against the fences, and one large pile before the middle front window had gathered volume till it reached half up the second row of panes; for it had snowed all night and half the day before. The roads were so blocked by it that they would have been rendered impassable but for the sturdy efforts of the farmers' boys, who drove teams of four and five yokes of oxen through the drifts with heavily laden sleds, breaking out the ways. The sidewalks in the little village were shovelled and swept clean as fast as the snow fell; for, though all business was suspended, according to the suggestion in the Governor's proclamation, and in conformity to old usage, still they liked to keep the paths open on Thanksgiving-day—the paths and the roads; for nearly half the families in the place expected sons and daughters from far away to arrive on the train which should have been at the railroad-station on the previous evening, but had been kept back by the snow.

But Jacob and Ruth Newell had neither son nor daughter, grandchild, cousin, relation of any nearness or remoteness, to expect; for the white snow covered with a cold mantle scores of mounds in many graveyards where lay their dead. And they sat this day and thought of all their kindred who had perished untimely—all save one.

Whether he lived, or whether he had died,—where he layed buried, if buried he were,—or where he rioted, if still in the land of the living,
they had no notion. And why should they care? He had been a strong-willed and wild lad. He had disobeyed the injunctions of his parents while yet a boy. He had not loved the stiff, sad Sabbath, nor the gloomy Saturday nights. He had rebelled against the austerities of Fast and Thanksgiving-days. He had learned to play at cards, and to roll tobacco with the village boys. He had smoked in the tavern bar-room of evenings. In vain had his father tried to coerce him into better ways; in vain had his mother used all the persuasions of a maternal pride and fondness that showed themselves only, of all her children, to this brave, handsome, and reckless boy. He had gone from worse to worse, after the first outbreaking from the strict home-rules, until he had become at length a by-word in the village, and anxious mothers warned their sons against companionship with wicked Samson Newell; and this when he was only seventeen years of age.

Perhaps mildness might have worked well with the self-willed boy, but his father knew nothing but stern command and prompt obedience in family management; and so the son daily fell away, until came the inevitable day when his wrong-doing reached a climax and he left his father’s roof forever.

It was on a Thanksgiving-day, fifteen years ago, that the boy Samson, then seventeen years old, was brought home drunk and bleeding. He had passed the previous night at a ball at the tavern, against the express command of his father, who would have gone to fetch him away, but that he could not bear to enter upon a scene he thought so wicked, and especially upon such an errand. When the dance was over, the boy had lingered at the bar, drinking glass after glass, until he got into a fight with the bully of the village, whom he thrashed within an inch of his life, and then he had sat down in a small side-room with a few choice spirits, with the avowed purpose of getting drunk over his victory. He had got drunk, “gloriously drunk” his friends at the tavern styled it, and had been carried in that state home.

Oh, the bitterness of the misery of that Thanksgiving-day to Jacob Newell! He may live a hundred years and never know such another.

The next day Samson awoke from a wretched stupor to find himself weak, nervous, and suffering from a blinding headache. In this condition his father forced him to the barn, and there, with a heavy raw-hide, flogged him without mercy. That night Samson Newell disappeared, and was thenceforward seen no more in the village.

The same night one of the village stores was entered, the door of an ancient safe wrenched open, and something over a hundred dollars in specie taken therefrom. So that on Samson Newell’s head rested the crime of filial disobedience, and the suspicion, amounting, with nearly all, to a certainty, that he had added burglary to his other wrong-doing.

His name was published in the papers throughout the county, together with a personal des-cription and the offer of a reward for his arrest and return. But as he was never brought back nor heard of more, the matter gradually died away and was forgotten by most in the village; the more so as, from respect and pity for Jacob Newell, it was scarcely ever mentioned, except privately.

Eight years elapsed from the time of his flight and supposed crime, when the fellow he had thrashed at the tavern was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death for a murder committed in a midnight tavern-brawl. In a confession that he made he exonerated Samson Newell from any participation in or knowledge of the burglary for which his reputation had so long suffered, stating in what manner he had himself committed the deed. So the memory of the erring son of Jacob Newell was relieved from the great shadow that had darkened it. Still he was never mentioned by father or mother; and seven years more rolled wearisomely on, till they sit, to-day, alone and childless, by the flickering November fire.

Sore trouble had fallen on them since their youngest son had disappeared. One by one the elder children had passed away; each winter’s snow for five years covered a fresh grave, till the new afflictions that were in store for them scarcely seemed to affect them otherwise than by cutting yet deeper into the sunken cheeks and deep lines of sorrow and regret.

Jacob Newell had been known for years as a “forehanded man” in the rural neighbourhood. His lands were extensive, and he had pursued a liberal system of cultivation, putting into the soil in rich manures more in strength than he took from it, until his farm became the model one of the county, and his profits were large and ever increasing. Particularly in orchards of choice fruit did he excel his neighbours, and his apples, pears, and quinces always commanded the best price in the market. So he amassed wealth, and prospered.

But, unfortunately, after death had taken away his children, and the work in the fields was all done by hired hands, the old man became impatient of the dulness of life, and a spirit of speculation seized him. Just at that time, railroad-stock was in high favour throughout the country. Steam-drawn carriages were to do away with all other modes of public travel (as, indeed, they generally have done), and the fortunate owners of railroad-stock were to grow rich without trouble in a short time. In particu-
lar, a certain line of railroad, to run through the village where he lived, was to make Jacob Newell and all his neighbours rich. It would bring a market to their doors, and greatly increase the value of all they produced; but above all, those who took stock in it would be insured a large permanent income. Better the twenty and thirty per cent. that must accrue from this source than to loan spare cash at six per cent., or invest their surplus in farm improve-
ments. So said a very fluent and agreeable gentleman from Boston, who addressed the people on the subject at a “Railroad Meeting”
Thanksgiving-time.

held in the town-hall; and incautious Jacob Newell (hitherto most prudent throughout his life) believed.

Only twenty per cent. was to be paid down; no more, said the circular issued by the directors, might be required for years; perhaps there would never be any further call: but that would depend very materially on how generously the farmers through whose lands the road would pass should give up claims for land-damages. Jacob Newell needed excitement of some sort, and it took the form of speculation. He believed in the railroad, and subscribed for two hundred shares of the stock, for which he paid four thousand dollars down. He also gave the company the right of way where the track crossed his farm.

In six months he was called upon for two thousand dollars more; three months afterwards another two thousand was wanted; and so it ran till he was obliged to mortgage his farm, and finally to sell the greater part of it, to meet his subscription. In vain he begged for mercy, and pleaded the statement that only twenty per cent. would be needed. A new set of directors laughed at him, and others like him, to scorn. He would have sold his stock, but he found it quoted at only twenty-five cents on the dollar; and that price he could not prevail upon himself to take.

So he sat on this drear Thanksgiving-Day despondent beside his hearth. With a hundred hard lines furrowing his pale face, telling of the work of time and struggle and misfortune, he looked at the catarrh of silent sorrow and hopelessness, sitting in quiet meekness for the coming of Death—without desire, but without dread.

It was not strange that on this day there should come into the hearts of both Jacob and Ruth his wife sad and dismal memories. Still his gaze wandered silently about the room, and she plied her unceasing, her stiff, bright knitting-needles. One would have thought he a figure of stone, sitting so pale and bolt upright, but for the activity of the patiently industrious fingers.

Presently Jacob spoke.

"Ruth," he said, "it is a bitter time for us, and we are sore oppressed; but what does the Psalmist say to such poor, worn-out creatures as we are? "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed beggaring bread." Wife, we are not forsaken of the Lord, although all earthly things seem to go wrong with us."

She made no verbal reply; but there was a nervous flutter in the poor, wan fingers, as she still plied the needles, and two large tears rolled silently down her cheeks and fell upon the white kerchief she wore over her shoulders.

"We have still a house over our heads," continued Jacob, "and wherewithal to keep ourselves fed and clothed and warmed; we have but a few years more to live; let us thank God for what blessings He has yet vouchsafed us."

She arose without a word, stiff, angular, ungainly, and they knelt together on the floor.

Meanwhile the snow fell thicker and faster without, and blew in fierce clouds against the windows. The wind was rising and gaining power, and it whistled wrathful about the house, howling as in bitter mockery at the scene within. Sometimes it swelled into wild laughter, and again dropped into low and plaintive wallings. It was very dismal out in the cold, and hardly more cheerful in the warm sitting-room, where those two jaded souls knelt in earnest prayer.

* * *

A railway-train was fast in a snow-bank. There it had stuck, unable to move either backward or forward, since nine o'clock on Wednesday evening; it was now Thursday morning, the snow was still falling, and it seemed likely to fall, blocking up more and more the passage of the unfortunate train. There were two locomotives, with a huge snow-plough on the forward one, a baggage and express-car, and four cars filled with passengers. Two hundred people, all anxious, most of them grumbling, were detained there prisoners, snow-bound and helpless. It was a hard case, for they were more than two miles distant—with three feet depth of snow between—from the nearest house. The nearest village was five miles away at least.

It was Thanksgiving-Day, too, and they had almost all of them "lotted" upon a New-England Thanksgiving-dinner with old friends, brothers, fathers, mothers, and grandparents—and there they were, without so much as a ration of crackers and cheese.

It was noticeable that the women on the train—and there were quite a number, and most of them with children in their arms or by their sides—made, as a general rule, less disturbance and confusion than the men. The children, however, were getting very hungry and noisy by this Thanksgiving-morning.

In one of the cars were clustered as fine a family-group as the eye would desire to rest upon. It consisted of a somewhat large and florid, but firmly and compactly built man of thirty years or thereabout; a woman, evidently his wife and apparently some two or three years younger; and three beautiful children.

The man was large in frame, without being coarse, with a chest broad and ample as a gymnast's, and with arms whose muscular power was evident at every movement. His hair and beard (which latter he wore full, as was just beginning to be the custom,) were dark brown in colour, and thick and strong almost to coarseness in texture; his eye was a clear hazel, full, quick, and commanding, sometimes almost fierce; while an aquiline nose, full, round forehead, and a complexion bronzed by long exposure to all sorts of weather, gave him an aspect to be noted in any throng he might be thrown into. There was a constant air of
pride and determination about the man, which softened, however, whenever his glance fell upon wife or children. At such times his face was lighted up with a smile of peculiar beauty and sweetness.

The woman was of middle size, with fair hair, inclining towards auburn, blue eyes, and a clear red and white complexion. Her expression was one of habitual sweetness and good-humour, while a continual half-smile played about her rosy mouth. She was plump, good-natured, and coy—altogether a most lovable and delightful woman.

This pair, with their bright-looking children, occupied two seats near the stove, and were in constant pleasant converse, save when an occasional anxious and impatient shadow flitted across the face of the husband and father. On the rack over their heads reposed a small travelling-bag which the day before had been filled with luncheon for the children. Upon its bottom was written in small white letters the name, "Samson Newell."

It was, indeed, the long-lost son, returning on this day to answer, so much as in him lay, the prayers repeated for fifteen years by his father and mother—returning to see his former home once more, and here, nearly on the threshold, stopped by a snow-storm almost unprecedented at that season. There was occasional bitterness in his impatience at the wearying detention, but he controlled it as well as he was able.

During the night the passengers had been quiet and uncomplaining. Wood taken from the tenders of the two locomotives was brought to the lines in small quantities, and, when the engineers stopped the supplies in that quarter, rails torn from the neighboring fences and broken up for firewood, kept them warm; but after the day had dawned, when the little treasures of hunger were exhausted and all began to feel the real pangs of hunger, things assumed a more serious aspect. Children in all the cars were crying for breakfast, and even the older passengers began to feel cross and jaded.

One pleasant fellow, with an apparently inexhaustible flask of whiskey in his pocket, and good humour oozing from every pore of his jolly countenance, passed from car to car, retelling a hundred jokes to every fresh batch of listeners. But presently the passengers began to tire of his witticisms, and one after another "poohed" and "pshawed" at him as he approached. Then with infinite good-nature and philosophy he retired to one of the saloons and peacefully fell asleep.

Almost equally amusing was a wizened, bent, and thin old man, draped from head to foot in coarse butter-nut-coloured homespun, and called "Old Woolen," by the funny fellow, who walked from car to car bewailing his hard lot.

"I've left the old woman to home," he whined, "with all the things on her hands, an' more 'n fifty of our folks comin' to eat dinner with us to-day; an' I've got a note of a hundred an' fifty dollars to pay—to-morrow's the last day of grace—an' I've been sixty-five mile to get the money to pay it. Now, look here! I suddenly and sharply to the Funny Man, "what do you think o' that?"

"Old Woolen," said the Funny Man, with a tremulous voice and tears in his eyes, "it's a hard case!"

"So's it! That's a fact! Call an' see us, when you come round our way!"

And the old gentleman, greatly mollified by the sympathy of his new friend, moved on to find fresh auditors for his tale of woe.

It came to be nine o'clock on the morning of Thanksgiving-Day, and still the snow fell with unabated violence, and still drifts piled higher and higher about the captive train. The conductor and one of the firemen had started off on foot at early dawn in search of food for the passengers; and now there arrived, ploughing near breast-high through the snow, a convey from one of the nearest farm-houses, carefully guarding a valuable treasure of bread, cheese, bacon, eggs, and pumpkin-pies; but so many were the mouths to fill, that it scarcely gave a bite to the men, after the women and children had been cared for.

Then the passengers began to grow clamorous. Even the Funny Man had his woes, for some rogue entered the saloon where he slept, and stole the whiskey-flask from his pocket. When he awoke and discovered his loss, he remarked that he knew where there was more of the same sort, and turned over to sleep again. But all were not so philosophical as some cursed the railroad company, some cursed the fate that had placed them there, some cursed their folly in leaving comfortable quarters in order to fast in the snow on Thanksgiving-Day.

Presently the impatiently-pulled-out watches showed ten o'clock, and still it snowed. Then a rumour ran that the train in the car—"stand back a moment. There were a couple of barrels of chickens, ready-dressed for market, in the express-car, and a general rush in that direction followed. One of the first to hear of it, and one of the first to be on the spot, was Samson Newell.

"Stand back, gentlemen," he cried to the foremost of the throng that poured eagerly into the car—"stand back a moment. This poultry is in charge of the express messenger, and we have no right to take it without his licence."

As he spoke he placed himself beside the messenger. There was a determination in his eye and manner that held the crowd back for a short time.

"The chickens are mine," the messenger said; "I bought them on speculation; they will spoil before I can get anywhere with them, and they are now too late for Thanksgiving. You may have them for what I gave."

"I will give five dollars towards paying for them;" and Samson Newell drew out his pocket-book.

"Here's a dollar!" "I'll give a half!" "Count me in for two dollars!" cried the
Thanksgiving-time.

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crowd, favourably struck with the notion of paying for their provender.

But one hulking fellow, with a large mock diamond in his shirt-front, and clumsy rings on his coarse and dirty fingers, stepped forward, and said that he was a hungry man, that he had lost money by ——; and now he already, waiting a day and a night in that blamed snow-bank, and that he was going to have a chicken — or two chickens, if he wanted them — and he was decidedly of the opinion that there was no express messenger on the train who would see the colour of his money in the transaction.

Samson Newell was evidently a man of few words in the case of any emergency. Of cakes and only an instant to assure himself that the man was in earnest; then he slid open one of the side-doors of the express-car, and stretched forth a hand, whose clutch was like the closing of a claw of steel. He seized the bejewelled stranger by the coat collar, shook him for an instant, and dropped him — dropped him into a soft snow-drift, whose top was level with the carriage floor. Whether the unfortunate worked a subterranean passage to one of the passenger cars, and there buried himself in the privacy of a saloon, is not known; he certainly was not seen again until after relief came to the imprisoned train.

There was neither noise nor confusion in the matter of paying for and dividing the poultry. Samson Newell had already made himself prominent among the captive travellers. He had eaten nothing himself, that he might the better provide, so far as his limited provision went, for his wife and children; he had even gone through the car with an chairman. He had caked and apples, and economically fed other people's little ones, besides administering to the wants of an invalid lady upon the train, who was journeying alone. He was therefore a favourite with all on board. His action, enforcing payment for the provision that would very likely, but for him, have been distributed among the passengers, to defer to him as a leader whose strength and courage fitted him for the post, and so he presided at the distribution of the chickens without dispute.

The fuel in the stoves was replenished, and quite a large space was cleared to the leeward of the locomotive, where a fire was built from the neighbouring fences, so that in an hour's time from the finding of the poultry the entire body of passengers were busy picking the bones of roasted and broiled fowls. It was not so bad a dinner! To be sure, it was rather chilly now and then, when the opening of a car-door, to let in a half-frozen gentleman with a half-cooked chicken on his hand, admittted with him a snow-laden blast from without; and then the viands were not served à la Sopex, but there was an appetite for sauce, and a certain gypsy-like feeling of being at a picnic that served as a relish. And so, in the year of our Lord 18—, two hundred strangers sat down together at a most extraordinary Thanksgiving-dinner, of which no account has hitherto been published, if I except a vote of thanks, “together with an exceedingly chaste and richly-chased silver goblet (so the newspaper description read), which were presented to the conductor by the surviving passengers,” after he had procured help and rescued them from their perplexing predicament.

But dinners end. Twelve o'clock came, and still the snow was falling thick and fast, and still the white plain about them mounted slowly and surely towards the skies. Then the passengers became yet more weary and unhappy. Old Woollen, the unfortunate, detailed his woes to more and more appreciative audiences. Even theFunny Man — and the Punch, perhaps, for they were not far apart — found his material. As the sun shone over a broad surface of glittering snow, with here and there a fence-post obtruding into notice, but otherwise a cold, blank expanse of whiteness. One or two remote farm-houses, with blue smoke rising in thin, straight columns from their chimneys, a wide stretch of woodland to the right, distant hills bounding all the prospect, and everywhere snow, a fresh flask of whiskey — sighed almost dismally between frequent uneasy “cat-naps.” And Samson Newell, first seeing his wife comfortably settled, and his little ones safely disposed about her, strode up and down, from car to car, with a gloom of disappointment on his face that was almost ferocious. “Too bad!” he muttered, “too bad! too bad!”

One o'clock came, and the snow held up. At first the passengers noticed that the flakes fell less thickly. Then, gradually and ever slowly decreasing, they finally ceased falling altogether. The clouds drifted from before the face of the heavens, and the sun came out. Its rays shone over a broad surface of glittering snow, with here and there a fence-post obtruding into notice, but otherwise a cold, blank expanse of whiteness. One or two remote farm-houses, with blue smoke rising in thin, straight columns from their chimneys, a wide stretch of woodland to the right, distant hills bounding all the prospect, and everywhere snow, no roads, no paths — but only snow!

The passengers gazed out of the windows or stood upon the platforms, drawn thither by the warmth of the sun, with feelings almost akin to despair. Presently it was proposed to make for the farmhouses, and fifteen of the more adventurous started. A few strangers, who had arrived in something over an hour at the nearest house, wet to the skin with melted snow, and too much fatigued to think of returning; but most of them gave up at the end of the first half-mile, and came back to the train.

So the prisoners sat down, and whiled away the time as best they might, in the relation of anecdotes, telling stories, and grumbling. A few slept; and a large number tried to do so, without success.

The slow hand of Time, moving more slowly for them than they remembered it to have ever moved before, crept on to three o'clock, and still there was no prospect of relief, and no incident of note, save the arrival through the snow of a dozen men sent by the conductor. They brought word that help was approaching from the nearest station, where a sufficiently powerful locomotive could be obtained, and that they would probably be started on their way during the next forenoon. These messengers also brought a small supply of provisions and a number of packs of cards, with the latter of which
many of the passengers were soon busy. They now resigned themselves to another night in the drift. But at half-past three occurred an incident that restored hope of a more speedy deliverance for a few of the passengers. Through the low pine-lands to the right ran a road which was very thoroughly protected from drifting snow by the overhanging trees, and along this road there now appeared two pair of oxen. In front of the oxen were five men, armed with wooden snow-shovels, with which they beat down and scattered the snow. Behind all was a small, square box, on runners. It was very small, and contained only one board seat. Three persons could sit and three stand in it, no more.

Upon the appearance of this squad of road-breakers with their team three hearty cheers went up from the train. They were immediately answered by the approach of the apparent leader of the party to the car. He was a small, active, spare old fellow, so incrusted with frozen snow, which hung all over him in tiny white pellets, as to resemble more an active, but rather diminutive, white bear, than anything else known to natural history. He scrambled and puffed through the snow till he found a mounting-place upon an unseen fence, when he arose two or three feet above the surrounding surface, and spoke—

"There’s five on us, an’ two yoke."

"A pause."

"Two yoke yender, an’ five on us."

"Well, supposing there is?" from the train.

"Five mile to town," continued the White Bear, "an’ been sence nine this mornin’ gittin’ here. Five times five is twenty-five, but, seein’ it’s you, I’ll call it twelve ‘n’ arf.""

"Call what ‘twelve ‘n’ arf,’ Sheep-shanks?" from the train.

"That man don’t ride, nohow! I’ve marked him! I don’t cal’late to take no sober this trip! Take any six or eight for twelve dollars an’ fifty cents right straight to the tahvern! Who bids?"

"‘I’ll give you fifteen dollars, my friend, to take myself, my wife, and three children to the village."

It was Samson Newell who spoke.

"‘I offered fifteen,’ cried the White Bear, pricking up his ears; ‘goin’ to the tahvern at fifteen; who says fifteen ‘n’ arf?"

"‘I do!’ from a pursy passenger with a double chin and a heavy fob-chain.

He glanced round a little savagely, having made his bid, as who should say, "And I should like to see the man who will raise it!"

"‘N’ arf! n’ arf! n’ arf! n’ arf!’ cried the White Bear, growing much excited—” an’ who says sixteen?"

Samson Newell nodded.

"Sixteen dollars! sixteen! sixteen! We can’t tarry, gentlemen!"

The White Bear proved the truth of this latter assertion by suddenly disappearing beneath the snow. He reappeared in an instant and resumed his outcry.

"I see the gentleman’s sixteen," quoth the man who had called the White Bear Sheep-shanks, "and go fifty cents better!"

"I see you," replied the auctioneer, "an’ don’t take your bid! Who says sixteen ‘n’ arf?"

"I do!" quoth the Double Chin; and he glowered upon his fellow-passengers wrathfully.

At this instant appeared Old Woollen on the scene. In one hand he bore his pocket-book, in the other a paper covered with calculations. The latter he studied intently for a moment, then—

"I’ll give you sixteen dollars an’ sixty-two ‘n’ a-half cents; an’ if you ever come round our way—"

The jubilant auctioneer, fairly dancing upon the fence in the energy of his delight, broke in here—

"Can’t take no bids, gentlemen, short of a half-dollar rise, each time!"

Old Woollen retired, discomfited, and was seen no more. From this point the bidding ran up rapidly till it reached twenty-five dollars, where it stopped, Samson Newell being the successful bidder.

It was a study to watch the man, now that his chance for reaching home that day brightened. Instead of being elate, his spirits seemed to fall as he made his arrival at the village certain.

"Ah!" he thought, "are my father and mother yet living? How will my brothers and sisters welcome me home?"

How, indeed!

In the village where dwelt Jacob Newell and his wife, an old man, lame and totally blind, had been for over thirty years employed by the town to ring the meeting-house bell at noon, and at nine o’clock in the evening. For this service, the salary fixed generations before was five dollars, and summer and winter, rain or shine, he was always at his post at the instant.

When the old man rang the evening-bell on the Thanksgiving-Day where I write, he aroused Jacob and his wife from deep reverie.

"Oh, Jacob!" said the latter, "such a waking dream as I have had! I thought they all stood before—all—everyone — none missing! And they were little children again, and had come to say their prayers before going to bed! They were all there, and I could not drive it from my heart that I loved Samson best!"

His name had hardly been mentioned between them for fifteen years.

Jacob Newell, with a strange look, as though he were gazing at some dimly defined object afar off, slowly spoke: "I have thought sometimes that I should like to know where he lives, if he is dead, or how he lives if he be living. Shall we meet him? Shall we meet him? Five goodly spirits await us in heaven; will he be there also? Oh, no; he was a bad, bad, bad son, and he broke his father’s heart!"

"He was a bad son, Jacob, siddy and light-headed, but not wholly bad. Oh, he was too strong, so handsome, so bright and brave! If he is living, I pray God that he may come back to see us for a little, before we follow our other lost ones!"
“If he should come back,” said Jacob, turning very white, but speaking clearly and distinctly, “I would drive him from my door, and tell him to be gone forever! a wine-bibber, dissolute, passionate, headstrong, having no reverence for God or man, no love for his mother, no sense of duty towards his father; I have disowned him, once and forever, and utterly cast him out! Let him beware, and not come back to tempt me to curse him!”

Still from the distance, overpowering and drowning the headlong rush of passion, came the soft booming of the evening-bell.

“I hear the church-bell, Jacob: we have not long to hear it. Let us not die cursing our son in our hearts. God gave him to us; and if Satan led him astray, we know not how strong the temptation may have been, nor how he may have fought against it.”

Jacob Newell had nought to say in answer to this; but, from the passion in his heart, and from that egotism that many good men have, whose religious education has taught them to make their personal godliness a matter to vaunt over, he spoke, foolishly and little to the point—

“Ruth, did Satan ever lead me astray?”

“God knows!” she replied.

There came a rap at the door.

The melody of the church-bell was fast dying away. The last cadences of sound, the last quiver in the air, when the ringer had ceased to ring and the hammer struck the bell no more, lingered still, as a timid and uncertain tapping from the door.

“Come in!” said Jacob Newell.

The door was slowly opened.

Then there stood within it a tall, muscular man, a stranger in those parts, with a ruddy face, and a full, brown beard. He stood grasping the door with all his might, and leaning against it as if for support. Meanwhile his gaze wandered about the room with a strange anxiety, as though it sought in vain for what should assuredly have been found there.

“Good evening, sir,” said Jacob Newell.

The stranger made no reply, but still stood clinging to the door, with a strange expression of mingled wonder and awe on his face.

“Tis a lunatic!” whispered Ruth to her husband.

“Sir,” said Jacob, “what do you want here to-night?”

The stranger found voice at length, but it was weak and timorous as that of a frightened child.

“We were on the train, my wife and I, with our three little ones—on the train snowed in five miles back—and we ask, if you will give it, a night’s lodging, it being necessary that we should reach home without paying for our keeping at the hotel. My wife and children are outside the door, and nearly frozen, I assure you.”

Then Ruth’s warm heart showed itself.

“Come in,” she said. “Keep you? of course we can. Come in and warm yourselves.”

A sweet woman, with one child in her arms, and two shivering beside her, glided by the man into the room. They were immediately the recipients of the good old lady’s hospitality; she dragged them at once, one and all, to the warmest spot beside the hearth.

Still the man stood, aimless and uncertain, clutching the door and swaying to and fro.

“Why do you stand there at the door? Why not come in?” said Jacob Newell. “You must be cold and hungry. Ruth—that’s my wife, sir—will get you and your family some supper.”

Then the man came in, and walked with an unsteady step to a chair placed for him near the fire. After he had seated himself he shook like one in an ague-fit.

“I fear you are cold,” said Ruth.

“Oh, no!” he said.

His voice struggled to his lips with difficulty and came forth painfully.

The old lady went to a corner cupboard, and, after a moment’s search, brought forth a black bottle, from which she poured something into a glass. It smelt like Jamaica rum. With this she advanced towards the stranger, but she was bluntly stopped by Jacob—

“I am afraid the gentleman has had too much of that already!”

For an instant, like a red flash of lightning, a flush of anger passed across his features before the stranger meekly made answer that he had tasted no liquor that day. Ruth handed him the glass; and he drained it at a gulp. In a moment more he sat quietly upright, and proceeded gravely to divest himself of his heavy shawl and overcoat, after which he assisted in warming and comforting the children, who were growing sleepy and cross.

Ruth bustled about with her preparations for giving the strangers a comfortable supper, and Jacob and his unexpected guest entered into conversation.

“I used to be acquainted hereabout,” the stranger began, “and I feel almost like getting among friends, whenever I visit the place. I rode over with old Gus Parker to-day, from where the train lies bedded near the five-mile cut, but I was too busy keeping the children warm to ask him any questions. I came here because your son Mark Newell and I were old cronies at school together. I—I don’t see him here to-night!”—the stranger’s voice trembled now—“where is he?”

“Where we must all follow him, sooner or later, in the grave!”

“But he had brothers, I’ve heard him say,” the stranger continued, with an anxiety in his tone that he could by no means conceal; “I believe he had—let me see—three brothers and two sisters. Where are they?”

“All gone!” cried Jacob Newell, rising and pacing the room. Then suddenly facing his singular guest, he continued, speaking rapidly and bitterly, “You have three children, I had six! Yours are alive and hearty; but so were mine; and when I was a young man, like you, I foolishly thought that I should raise them all,
have them clustering around me in my old age, die before any of them, and so know no bereavements! To-day I stand here a solitary old man, sinking rapidly into the grave, and without a relation of any kind, that I know of, on the face of the earth! Think that such a fate may yet be yours! But the bitterness of life you will not fully know, unless one of your boys—as one of mine did—turns out profligate and drunken, leaves your fireside to associate with the dissolute, and finally deserts his home and all, forever!"

"If that son of yours be yet alive, and were ever to return—suddenly and without warning, as I have broken in upon you to-night—if he should come to you and say, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!' what should you say to him?"

"I should say, 'For fifteen years you have deserted me without giving mark or token that you were in the body; now you have come to see me die, and you may stay to bury me!' I should say that, I think; though I swore to Ruth but now that I would curse him, if ever he returned—curse him and drive him from my door!'"

"But if he came back penitent indeed for past follies and offences, and only anxious to do well in the future, if your son should come in that way, convincing you with tears of his sincerity, you surely would be more gentle to him than that! You would put away wrath, would you not? I ask you," the stranger continued, with emotion, "because I find myself in the position we suppose your son to be placed in. I am going home after an absence of years, during all which time I have held no communication with my family. I have sojourned in foreign lands, and now I come to make my father and my mother happy, if it be not too late for that! I come half hoping and half fearing; tell me what I am to expect? Place yourself in my father's position, and read me my fate!'"

While he spoke, his wife, sitting silent by the fire, bent low over the child she held, and a few quiet tears fell upon the little one's frock.

Ruth Newell, moving backwards and forwards, in the preparation of the stranger's supper, wore an unquiet and troubled aspect, while the old farmer himself was agitated in a manner painful to see. It was some seconds before he broke the silence. When he spoke his voice was thick and husky.

"If I had been like you—if those little children were my grandchildren—if the sweet lady there was my son's wife—ah, then—But it is too late! Why do you come here to put turbulent, raging regrets into my heart, that but for you would be beating calmly as it did yesterday, and the day before, and has for years? Ah! if my son were indeed here! If Sanson were indeed here!"

The stranger half-arose, as though to spring forward, then sank back into his seat again. But the little child sitting in her mother's lap by the fire clapped her hands, and laughed a childish, happy laugh.

"What pleases my little girl?" asked the mother.

"Why, 'Sanson!'" the child said—"that's what you call papa!"

Then Ruth, who stood by the table with a pitcher of water in her hand, staggered backwards like one stricken a violent and sudden blow—staggered backwards, dropping the pitcher with a heavy crash as she retreated, and crossing her hands upon her bosom with quick, short catchings of the breath; then crying. "My son! my son!" she threw herself, with one long, long sob, upon the stranger's neck!*

The story is told. What lay in his power was done by the returned prodigal, who did not come back empty-handed to the paternal roof. His wife and children fostered and petted the old people, till, after the passage of two or three more Thanksgiving-Days, they became as cheerful as of old, and they are now considered one of the happiest couples in the county. Do not, on that account, O too easily influenced youth, think that happiness for one's self and others is usually secured by dissolute habits in early life, or by running away from home. Half the occupants of our jails and almshouses can tell you to the contrary.

THE NEW SERJEANT-MAJOR.

(A Tale in Three Parts.)

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

PART I.

The barracks built for Her Majesty's troops-of-the-line in Bombay are situated on a sort of little peninsula at the southern extremity of the island, and as the sea comes close up at high tides, they almost always enjoy the advantage of a good sea-breeze. From the windows of the serjeant's mess-room, indeed, one could easily, at either side, pitch a stone into the water. The entire of the western beach is open to the Indian Ocean, which causes the waves to roll in over the rocks, with terrific violence, in huge masses of white foam—particularly when the wind is blowing from the westward; and there can be nothing grander imagined
than to watch the sun setting amid his attendant clouds of purple, orange, and crimson, the gorgeousness of which is utterly unknown to our cold grey skies. The before-mentioned mess-room was, and of course still is, so favourite a lounging-place with the men as to be seldom altogether deserted, it is no trifling luxury to them to inhale the cool breath of the mighty ocean, and stretch their languid limbs beneath the friendly shade of the sheltering verandah.

On the evening, however, on which our story opens, it was left to the sole occupation of two men: the one elderly, with slightly grey hair, hard features, and keen, dark, closely-set eyes, which gave a rather sinister expression to his countenance; the other the very impersonation of a young, handsome, thoughtless soldier, at least twenty years younger than his companion; yet as he lifted his cap for a moment, the too small head, and low, retracting forehead displayed in the act, coupled with the somewhat loosely though handsomely-shaped mouth, told that he was one whose intellect—not of the highest—was easily influenced by another; whether for good or for evil. The stripes and colours on their respective arms told that, though so different in age, they were of equal rank as non-commissioned officers in the service—colour-serjeants, and, as it would also seem, very good friends.

"By Jove, that confounded regimental order keeps ringing in my ears," exclaimed the elder soldier, impatiently, continuing some previous conversation: "Colour-serjeant Edward Morton to be Serjeant-major, vice D. S. Buckstone to England." Such a sell, too; such a regular sell," he continued; "all the fellows saying to me, 'Eh, Hinstone, old fellow, we thought you were to be our new Serjeant-major!' And then I was so sure of it myself." "Yes," replied his comrade, gaily, "the idea was a regular old bachelor's baby to you. By-the-bye, Mr. Hinstone, I beg to offer my condolences on the loss of the child."

And while the young soldier was still laughing loudly at his own joke, they were joined by a tall military-looking man, in mufi, with a dark handkerchief, which already (probably from the effects of climate, as he could not have been more than three or four and thirty) seemed rather worn, displaying lines about the eyes and mouth which could not have been placed there by Time. His countenance in repose was stern, almost gloomy, in its expression; but his smile, as usual, the expression of his teeth dazzling its beauty, gave a great vivacity to his features: it was difficult, either, to excite that smile, as his was a buoyant temperament, easily raised, and, unfortunately, it was as easily depressed. Just now, however, the new Serjeant-major (for it was he who now joined them, and of whom they had been speaking) was in the highest spirits, and in cheerful ringing tones he made his presence known to his comrades by demanding, "What's the fun, lad?—what's the fun? Might a fellow know?"

The younger of the two men started, coloured, and became confused; but the elder, with quick presence of mind, said (giving him a paper which he held), "O yes, of course. We were listening at the new negro-fellow's proposal to supply our mess. Read for yourself. Is it not a precious document?"

And as he exchanged a knowing look with his confidant, the unsuspecting Serjeant-major read as follows:


"He is very willing to take Serjeant Mess at the rate of company Rs. (10) per each No., and he will supply good breakfast, Dinner, and supper of different sort, and two Guts in every month. Each Gut will charge Annas 8 (eight). Every No. must come for there Breakfast, Dinner, or Supper to the mess-room. If anyone went there Breakfast, Dinner, or Supper to there own quarters will bee charge for the sum. The Mess-butler will supply in every Month 2 Bottle of Pickle, 2 Bottle of Mustard, 2 Bottle Vinegar. Breakfast without tea, and Dinner without Ham and Turkey.

If Mess Butler Services don't require any longer, notice ought to be given before a month.

"Bombay, Feb. 27th, 185—"

"(Signed) ANDREW.""

"Has he a competitor?" asked Morton, much amused as he finished reading. I know I vote for Jandrews, in any case." "So do I," echoed Harvey, the young serjeant, "if it was only in consideration of the two guts."

"Yes, it has a refreshing sound," remarked Hinstone, drily, as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Of course he must mean a stiff breeze; and, with the thermometer 115 in the shade, a prospect of even two guts a month is something worth looking forward to. He seems inclined, though, to make us pay for 'raising the wind,'" laughed the young soldier. "Could we not screw him down a bit?"

"No, no," exclaimed the Serjeant-major, hastily, "let the niggah have his price. We will see that the rations are good, and, if they are, the money is of little consequence."

"Not to you, I suppose," said Hinstone; "you have picked up your crumbs pretty well. I fancy you could not have made less than two or three hundred sterling while you got the canteen at Poonah. No doubt you have a good book at the 'Oriental.'"

"Not I, faith," said the man addressed, carelessly: "the golden harvest was too well gleaned in the early days of 'John Company' to leave anything for us poor rank and file—but I hear the band. Are either of you musically inclined this evening? I am bound for the green."

And on receiving an answer in the negative from both, he strode away, after returning Jandrews' proposal, humming—

"A poor, but honest, Sojer,—"

and left his comrades to pursue their interrupted gossip.
"Do you know," said Harvey, "that I half like him? What is your spouse, to me? I really think him not a bad fellow, after all."

"On the contrary," replied his companion, "he was the best of good fellows to you; what more could he do than get you into Paradise? You know his report of you—that night of your row with Stevens—nearly cost you your stripes, and certainly sent you to "Araby the Blest," where you spent one year and ten delicious months in Aden; why, man, you would be very ungrateful if you forgot so much goodness."

Harvey's face darkened, and he paused for a second or two, before he answered, "Yes, he favoured that puppy Stevens against me certainly, on that occasion, and unfairly too, I think; although he said he was only telling the plain truth and doing his duty."

"Aye, grubbing under ground for his present position," put in Hinstone. "But, on the other hand, without noticing the remark, went on: "What an abominable hole that said Aden is, with those stinging tents on the sand, where one can scarcely breathe! Oh! how I was grilled there to be sure, even though I with other chaps used to take down my cot to the shore and stand it in the sea at night! Ye no owe Master Morton a turn for that, if I could only see how I am to pay it."

"Easily, in the way I have already told you," answered Hinstone. "His whole soul, I repeat, is wrapped up in that girl Minnie Corbet. Her father and mother are both anxious to have him as a son-in-law; but the girl, I think, though she is with him a great deal, half-fears him; he sometimes looks so dark and stern. I have watched their little drama closely—he has a strong dash of vanity in his composition, and is evidently certain of his prize; it would be the best thing of all to snatch it from him when he was most secure; and yet you are the very man to do that, without difficulty. Only I am so much in his bliss," he continued, as he passed his broad hand over his grizzled moustache, "I would try my own luck in the matter; but that is out of the question: you are to be the 'Conquering Hero.'"

"But if she does care for him?" doubted Harvey. "If I should not—"

"Bah," interrupted his tempter, contemptuously, "a soldier and afraid! and of a pretty girl too! If she really cares for him she will not heed you; while, if you do succeed, you will have a glorious revenge for your enforced sojourn in the bowers of Aden, by depriving him of his beautiful Eve; to say nothing of the triumph of winning the prettiest girl in the regiment for your own."

"Aye, 'there's the rub."

"I told you before, and tell you now again, that even if I succeed in depriving Morton of her affections, I do not want to gain them: I would not marry her. If ever I am guilty of the impiety of marriage, it will be with some gentle English or merry-hearted Irish girl. I have no desire for any of those Anglo-Indian ladies, with their 'High Life Below Stairs' experiences."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the other sergeant, "and you are the man to twit me so often with my old-bachelorhood. However, I fully understand that you are not to marry her, but merely to separate her from the Serjeant-Major, save the mark! Just succeed in making him jealous, and the thing is done. He will terrify her with his passionate reproaches; she is so timid. Besides, she is barely seventeen; while he is thirty-four—double her age. Impress this fact on her—it always tells in this country—and make the most of his flirtation with that blessed old conductor's daughter Fanny Jameson; she is married now, but that makes no difference. Say she refused him; it will touch her vanity, and perhaps induce her to follow her example. You are nearer her own age—not five-and-twenty, I believe. Hang it, man! Young, handsome, and of agreeable address, it is impossible that you can fail in crossing the wishes of the coxcomb who has caused you so much annoyance."

"To say nothing of his base conduct to you in getting the serjeant-majorship over your head, who was a serjeant when he enlisted," said Harvey, slyly. "Why, Hinstone! you are like the villain in a story, with your plots and insinuations. However I am in for it now, and will try my luck in the matter the very first opportunity; and so, in Heaven's name, let me hear no more of your schemes at present. I am tired of listening, and mean to smoke my cheroot in profound silence"—a design in which his companion wisely indulged him, and soon after leaving him returned to his own quarters.

Edward Morton, the new serjeant-major, was now a soldier of some eighteen years' standing, being barely sixteen when he enlisted. An orphan, living with some distant and not over-kind relatives, he had not been able to resist the attraction of the bright uniform and gay music of H.M. Regiment of Infantry. Happening to write a good hand, he was very soon taken into the orderly-room, where, being much under the eyes of his officers, he was fortunate enough to make many friends among them, whom he retained throughout his entire career, until, rising step by step, on his return to the ranks for military duty, he had just been appointed to the position which made him the object of such malicious envy to Hinstone, who was his senior in the service by many years. As to Harvey, he was born in the regiment; and the only wonderful thing about him was how he had scrambled up to his present rank, or, having done so, how he retained it, as he was frequently in rather serious scrapes, generally in advance of his pay, and always ready to join or be led into

*A conductor is a warrant officer holding a civil situation in the Government stores in India, and merely ranks with the non-commissioned officers of the army.
any frolic going forward, creditable or otherwise, we have just now heard him promise to be guilty, at the instigation of another, of a very dishonourable act, from which he himself could derive no benefit, and very little even of amusement.

Meanwhile, Morton had not gone many paces from his treacherous companions, when he was met by the adjutant, with whom, in carrying out the discipline of the corps, he should henceforth be brought much in contact; and that gentleman immediately joining him said, with much kindness, "Well met, Serjeant-Major; I have been wishing to see you; indeed I intended to have sent for you to-morrow to my bungalow, to speak over things with you, as well as to offer you some little advice. I may as well tell you, by the way, the whole of the officers join with me in wishing you success. Of course, henceforth everything lies with yourself, although I candidly tell you I see nothing to prevent your rising."

With this feeling, Morton thanked the adjutant and, through him, his brother-officers, for the interest they took in his welfare; and concluded by hoping that he would be found capable of worthily fulfilling the duties of his very responsible position.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Dudley, "I am sure we shall get on very well together. And now will you suffer me to say a few words to you on your private affairs, as to a man whom I have known long, and would wish to see succeed in life."

"Thank you very much for the offer, sir," replied Morton; "I am sure you will not say anything I should not wish to hear."

"I am not quite so certain of that," said the adjutant, laughing. "You have a temper of your own, Morton, on occasion, and I am about to offer you some unpalatable advice. In the first place you must allow me to ask you some questions. Do you not bestow a great deal of your spare time on Serjeant Corbet's pretty daughter? Are you serious in your intentions in that quarter? Have you won the girl's affection, do you think?"

"These are very delicate questions to put to a man," said the Serjeant-Major, bluntly; and—"

"There, there," said the officer, kindly preventing him from finishing his sentence, lest he should say something rashly at the moment, which he should afterwards regret, "you need not reply to them; I will say what I intended, all the same. It is this—do not entangle yourself in a marriage with any one just now; you are very likely to rise, and if ever there was a miserable wretch in the world, it is an ensign trying to make a living on his bare pay. To be sure it is not impossible in this country, where the pay is so much more, but utterly impossible in England, even for an unmarried man; what must it be then for a fellow embroiled with a family? I found the other day, among my papers, a memorandum of my old ensign days at home, and see by it that, out of my unfortunate five and threepence per day, seven days' pay out of every month was stopped for 'bands and mess expenses'; and this independent of 'contribution on joining,' subscriptions to balls or other entertainments got up by the regiment, obliged to be allowed, even though away on leave; and then what remained to pay my servant, get his livery, and buy my cigarettes, to say nothing of breakfast, pocket-money, washing and other incidental expenses? Why, man, only for a kind old aunt of mine, who never left me short of an odd ten-pound note, I should have run away like a parish apprentice, and left martial glory to what it too often means—short rations, long marches, and broken bones."

Although Mr. Dudley (he was senior lieutenant, and had his name in for the purchase of his company) laughed heartily as he concluded his sketch of the troubles of a poor ensign, the serjeant-major did not join him; but said gravely, "And it is for this Dead Sea apple, rising from the ranks in the British army, that you would have me give up Minnie and all the hopes."

"Stay, stay," interrupted the adjutant, "you must not imagine for a moment that I meant to depreciate the service. We soldiers have a bad habit of grumbling; yet who among us would exchange our gay profession for any other? Our turn comes, in the end, fairly enough, if we only have patience; and it is to try and induce you to have that very rare virtue, that I speak to you at all."

"I at least, sir," replied Morton, "have had my fair turn more even; advanced, as I have been, over older, and perhaps better men; but I tell you candidly, that not to be made Governor-General—not to marry with a queen would I give up the girl whom I love, and who loves me."

"Well, I will say no more on the business," said the adjutant, in rather a piqued tone, as he prepared to hasten forward; "good evening."

"No sir, not good evening yet," exclaimed the serjeant-major, his voice trembling with gratitude—"not good evening until I try to thank you for your goodness in offering me advice; not until I try to assure you that I shall not make the worse soldier for knowing that my superior officer has shown such friendly concern for me."

"Well, well," said the adjutant, again softened, and a little moved at the man's words and manner; "enough said, enough said. When is the affair to come off? at once I suppose."

"No sir, not for six months; I have not been so careful as to might have been, and her father thinks it better to wait until I have a bungalow ready for her, that we may not begin the world in debt."

"Very good," said Mr. Dudley. "By-the-bye, I was near forgetting to tell you, there is a very well-founded report of the right wing of
ours being moved back again up the country—
to Belgaume, I believe.”
“Indeed, sir,” said Morton; “I thought
our next move would be for home.”
“It seems not,” replied the adjutant; “and
now good evening in earnest: I fear I am late
for an appointment.”
And so exchanging the usual salutes the men
separated, each thinking not the worse of
the other for the conversation which had just
occurred between them.

PART II.

Mr. Dudley’s news proved true; the route
came for the right wing, and Morton was
taking leave of Minnie Corbet. The casket
was a frail one in which the strong man had
“garnered up his soul”—a graceful, fragile-
looking girl, with the soft sweet English features
inherited from her English mother; the only
drawback to the perfect beauty of the face being
the extremely light shade of the large blue eyes,
which gave them an almost unmeaning expres-
sion, contrasted even as they were by the
long black lashes, brows, and profuse silken
hair which she had at the same time inherited
from her Irish father. Minnie, the Paymaster-serjeant,
Corbet, a shrewd careful man, whose only child
she was. But, increasing as those eyes did the
almost child-like innocence of her look, they
seemed to render her only the more lovely in
the eyes of Edward Morton, who little prized
intellect in women, much preferring those who,
like Minnie Corbet, were clinging and dependent.
How lovely she looked in the glorious Indian
moonlight, as she stood within the embrace of
her tall lover’s arm, with one of those snow-
white, soft woolen shawls, so much used by the
women of India at night, or on leaving heated
assemblies, wrapped round her, and partly cov-
ering her head. She was looking up at him,
his head resting against his shoulder, listening
as he spoke to her.

“After all, the separation will not be a long
one: at most, six months. But I will try hard
to have everything ready in four. O, I could
curse the heedless extravagance that occasioned
it; but, for myself, I could now take you with
me as my wife, instead of leaving you here as
my promised one. My dearest,” he continued,
with sudden passion, as he drew her closer to him,
—“my dearest, you will think of me every
moment when I am gone. Remember, I am a
miser about your very dreams. I must be all
to you: you must not even breathe for anyone
but me.”
She shrank a little from him as he spoke, as
if half-frightened at his vehemence, or not being
capable of understanding so much overwrought
feeling; and it was with something like fear in
her tone that she answered, “You know I will
think of you, Edward.”
“And love me?” he said.

“And love you,” she repeated, obsequiously.
“I am not gentle enough with you,” he went
on, tenderly; “yet you know how I worship
you; and you must never fear me; remem-
ber that, darling. It would be most pain-
ful to me if you did—as bitter, maybe more so,
than this temporary parting; but in four
months I am sure I shall have a pretty nest
for my dove. I do not blame your father now,
although I did at first, that he objected to give
you to me until I had it ready.”
“Yes,” she said, gently, “he said it would
be bad to begin by getting into debt. When
do you march? At day-break, I suppose.”
“Yes, at day-break,” he replied. “How
unlucky that your father belongs to the left
wing! or you would be moving too. By the
way, the Colonel met me to-day for the first
time since my promotion, and, like the Adjutant,
spoke most kindly to me, saying, “Now, sir,
there need be no limit to your ambition: it de-
pends solely on yourself whether you rise or fall
in your profession.”
“I do not care what he said,” exclaimed the
girl; for the first time during the conversation
displaying anything like feeling: “I do not care
what he said; I only know that you are leaving
me. Oh, Edward, Edward, could you not stay?”
“Do not totally unman me, darling,” he
answered; “surely, Minnie, you must know
how utterly impossible it is for me to remain!
But the months will pass, however slowly they
may seem to us to do so; and then comes the
time when we will not be separated any more.”
“Oh, it will be a weary time,” repeated the
girl; “I shall not go anywhere or dance with
anyone until I see you again.”
Morton caught eagerly at these words, and
said, “I should be selfish enough to take it as
a very great favour if you did not.”
“Oh you may be certain that I will not,” she
replied. “I shall not go anywhere, unless Mrs.
Burchill asks me to Kandallah. You know I
could not refuse her.”
“And yet I was just about to beg that of all
people you should associate as little as possible
with her. I am glad when I think that there
are twenty miles of country between you.
Surely the fatigue of such a journey would be
barely repaid by a few days’ visit to such an
empty, giddy creature as she is! Do promise
me not to go.”
Minnie hesitated a moment, and then said—
“But Fanny Burchill is such an old friend, and
it will be so lonely here when you are gone!”
“You have just said, of your own accord,
he was beginning coldly; when, noticing the
changed tone and contracted brow of her lover,
she interrupted him, by saying—
“I do promise. Now do not look so cross,
Edward: I shall not go; now will that do?”
And she lifted her sweet face to his to seal her
promise with a kiss.
Bewildered by her beauty, and charmed by
her pretty winning ways, the strong man could
only see the sweetness, not the weakness of her
character; and again all tenderness and delight
at what he deemed the innocent gentleness of her submission to the somewhat exacting jealousy of his love, he assured her of his perfect trust in her truth and her affection; and at length, with many an anticipation of their next meeting, with many a sob on her side and passionate embrace on his, they parted—he to prepare for his rather unexpected march up the country; she to return to the home she had assured him she would not quit until she saw him again, and that promise she had made in all sincerity.

She was not false, but weak; and now, at any rate, every thought of her soul belonged to him, and she lay sobbing in her little white bed, while her mother watched beside her until, like a child, she cried herself to sleep, and to dream that she was again with him, promising to be true.

Pretty little Minnie! as has been already said, was weak, not false; but for this parting all would have been well, as she loved him as much as it was in her nature to love anyone; and, for the first month or so after his departure she kept her promises to him very faithfully, feeling as her fortune had now been so remarkably altered, she could not appeal to him as a "betrothed," and pining herself greatly for the grief of being separated from Edward. Indeed, she attributed much more of her unusual depression of mind to this separation than was quite just, as, after the first few days, it could be as correctly set down to the loss of her accustomed amusements as to sorrow for her love. But perhaps, had she, instead of being in London, been in a short distance outside the city, her mother sometimes accompanying her, but more frequently not, as she had her house-keeping to attend to, with which her early habits of English thrift, she never left to the native servants altogether.

The way lay across a rather lonely common, and after a while it was rather strange, if one thought of it, that he had so suddenly become so attentive to lectures, having been here before never remarkable for his devotion. However, so it was; and, at the end of the second month, Minnie almost expected him, even though not present at service, to meet her and see her safely to the compound. But strangely enough, although in constant correspondence with Morton, she never mentioned Harvey’s name to him in any way, and this without being quite conscious of avoiding doing so herself.

That Minnie was engaged to the Serjeant-
It did not occur to the weak girl to say to this man that he had nothing to do with her actions or their motives, and to decline being further lectured by him; she only listened in silence while he continued:

"Such a pity, too—you, who have been so lonely lately, to lose so really pleasant an excursion. Do you remember the pio-nic we had there last time?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl eagerly; "it was delightful!"

"Surely you could consult your mother on the matter again," said Harvey; "if she consents, what need the sergeant-major know you were there at all?"

"Oh! he would be sure to hear of it," said Minnie, already yielding to temptation.

"Not the slightest danger of it," was the answer; "there are to be only a few friends, who will all keep the secret."

"If I thought so!" doubted Minnie. "If mother says it would not be wrong! Do you know, George, I think I shall ask her; perhaps I may go, after all."

As she spoke these words Harvey felt he had gained his point, as he knew well that the doing mother, influenced as she always was by the wishes of her young daughter, would only too readily assure her there was no possible harm in the little concealment of her trip from Morton; while the idea of her father ever denying her anything was utterly out of the question. He therefore pressed her no more on the matter just then, and prudently held back what he had intended to insinuate to her concerning the sergeant-major's own flirtations, as a still farther argument in favour of her joining the Kandahar party, should be, when the time came for doing so, see in her any symptoms of wavering or change, and so for the present they separated.

MEMS OF THE MONTH.

On the night of the very dense fog, which occurred on the 21st January, your Bohemian had to find his way home as well as he could in the darkness. From Finsbury to Brompton he trusted entirely to himself, which possibly accounted for his reaching his destination in safety. The few cabmen who could be induced to brave the perils of the night asked and received fabulous fares for conveying befogged travellers a few yards. There was little or no sign of such a thick fog at the time we passed Temple Bar; nor was it until Hyde Park Corner was nearly reached that the extreme density set in. It was quite as bad at Brompton as at Knightsbridge. One word on those imps of darkness the link-bearers, who remind us somewhat of that scene in a pantomime where all is despair and desolation. These wretched beings, in their frantic endeavours to earn a few pence, serve but to bewilder man and quadruped, and make confusion worse confounded, appearing before us like demons, and rendering the wayfarer an easy prey should they be professed thieves as well—which, in many instances, seems not at all improbable. We protest against them even more strongly than we have spoken of the door-way "doers," who pester us with their unpleasant salutations when we are perfectly convinced that the snow has not all fallen; and who, forsooth, threaten us with the police if we do not regularly employ them.

The wiseacres were decidedly at fault in their prophecies that we were to have a continuance of frost immediately after Christmas Day; but it has been sharp enough during the past month, and they were only wrong by about six weeks in their calculations; the weather appears to have been very severe everywhere, proving the truth of the old adage that

"As the day lengthens
The cold strengthens."

Skaters could not be restrained from recklessly venturing on the thin coating of ice in the parks; fortunately, however, resulting in nothing more serious than severe duckings, thanks to the precautions taken by the Royal Humane Society.

The total destruction by fire of the Surrey Theatre, on the night of the 30th January—happily attended with no loss of life—following so soon on the more unfortunate catastrophe at Edinburgh, will, we hope, have the effect of ensuring every possible facility for egress at all public buildings. The Surrey Theatre appears to have been consumed in an incredibly short space of time, and the adjoining public houses (one on either side) seem to have escaped by a miracle, although the frontage of the theatre is perfect, with the exception, of course, of the windows, through which a glimpse is obtained of the burnt ruin behind. The poor people (about three hundred) who have thus lost their little all, and been thrown out of employment besides, have enlisted the generous sympathy of the public and the profession generally; and so considerable a sum has been raised for their relief, by subscriptions and benefits, that up to this date they have all received their salaries in full, in addition to compensation for lost clothes, tools, &c. The Illustrated Times has given us a sketch of the escape of the harlequin, clowns, ballet, &c., in their professional gear, and in such attire as they could hurriedly assume. Of course our
artist" (who seems to be in every hair-breadth escape by flood and fire) was "on the spot" on this occasion; or was it merely the creation of his fancy, and an illustration of the scene as stated to have occurred?

Sandringham Hall (the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales) narrowly escaped destruction in a similar manner a few days since, and considerable damage was done to a portion of the interior.

We also read that a fire has been discovered at the Deanery, Windsor Castle, in time to prevent any serious consequences.

An event which has caused little consternation in the City has been the robbery of a jeweller's in Cornhill. The premises being unguarded from Saturday until Monday, the thieves worked without hindrance during Sunday, and effected their escape without any one being the wiser. The police (who have succeeded in capturing one man) have been most unreservedly blamed, and two airmen, between whom an angry discussion has arisen, are at loggerheads.

Blondin, it would seem, has lost all his hard-earned money, and "The Hero of Niagara" is once more obliged to risk his neck, and thus gratify the public who rush to such exhibitions; it is reported that this has been brought about by his misplaced confidence in his managing man, with whom he had entrusted his savings.

Speedily following the death of the Hon. Mr. Dallas we have now to record that of Mr. Edward Everett, formerly Minister of the United States to this Court; also we regret to chronicle the deaths of the Duke of Northumberland, Viscount Combermere, and Cardinal Wiseman. The death of Mr. Gregson, M.P. for Lancaster, has also occurred; his loss was alluded to in the House, by the Premier, in very handsome terms; that of Dr. Hugh Falconer, the eminent zoologist, geologist, and botanist, is a great loss to science; Professor Ramsay of Glasgow, is also dead; and we omit to mention the death of the stepmother of the illustrious Maria Edgeworth, at the advanced age of 96.

Townley, the murderer of Miss Goodwin, whose sentence of death it will be remembered was commuted to penal servitude for life, though proved to be sane, has destroyed himself by throwing himself over a balustrade in Pentonville prison. [Query—Was he not mad, after all?]

Alas! and alas! the porpoise is no more. He expired the other day at the Regent's Park Gardens, whether from a surfeit of eels, or want of his usual exercise, we know not. It is indeed sad that the minds of porpoises are so irregularly that they resolutely decline to be kept in confinement. It is probable the next attempt will be more successful, tepid water and a greater depth of it, it is said, would have saved this fellow's life. Mr. Frank Buckland will probably go into mourning in consequence, and, for a time at least, we have lost the chance of partaking of côtelettes de marmouin, or potage aux nageoires de marmouin, to which we had looked forward with some gusto.

We should refer to the opening of Parliament, which, however, did not create much excitement, if we except Earl Derby's speech, which greatly irritated the Morning Star, et hoc genus omne. We may also state that the customary vows were offered up by high and low, rich and poor, at the shrine of St. Valentine, on whose day the greatest excitement still prevails on the arrival of the postman.

For some time an announcement has appeared in the Daily Telegraph that the conductors "will signalize the present year by the extension of every department of their business," &c., &c. It is certain that the chief features of the Telegraph have for some time been its leading articles and its advertisements, giving less miscellaneous news than its contemporaries. This notice, which is dated 2nd January, states that in a few weeks the whole arrangements will be perfected, so that we may very shortly expect an improvement in that paper. The Pall Mall Gazette and The Owl are now in full swing, the former gaining strength since the first number, and the latter rather a dear sixpennyworth.

We have seen a quarterly journal called The Anti-Teatot Review, which, from the hasty glance we obtained, appears to have some well-written articles on literature and the drama. In The Standard have appeared some articles called "The British Drama in the Provinces," giving a description of the performances at Birmingham, Liverpool, and other provincial towns, but which have been discontinued since the opening of Parliament. We perceive that the Comic News, in spite of its new management, has been returning to its mal-practices, having republished, with different letter-press, the illustrations which appeared in defunct Mr. Merryman—a very short-lived periodical, which may be almost forgotten; but that Mr. Merryman's name will be remembered for the reproduction of its comic cuts. While on the subject of comic literature, may we be permitted to inquire the meaning of a recent cartoon which appeared in Fun, called "Dignity and Impudence, slightly altered from Landseer to suit the Times?" It is not a travesty of that well-known picture, but the idea is taken from "A distinguished member of the Royal Humane Society," by the same artist. In the Comic News have appeared some graceful lines on Marie Wilton, which are attributed to Godfrey Turner. There has been a paper war between the Athenæum and the compiler of Familiar Words. The Examiner takes up Mr. Frisiell's cudgels in four columns, and he has evidently the best of the battle.

There is a new Literary Gazette, which is "a monthly record of literature;" it is a little more than a bookseller's catalogue; the first number, however, is interesting, as it contains a letter from William Jordan, who was for so long a period the editor of the original Literary Gazette (1817-50).

Miss Annie Thomas makes a statement in the Athenæum—which, however, has been denied
by Messrs. Maxwell—to the effect that her novel of "Barry O’Byrne," recently published by them, which appears in its present shape without her consent. We are not aware who is in error, but it must be apparent that there is a mistake somewhere.

The opening chapters of Miss Braddon’s new tale in Temple Bar lay the foundation for a plot Bradduonian in character, with plenty of sensational incident.

Addison has produced a three-volume novel, called "Behind the Curtain" (Maxwell). It is a subject on which he is qualified to speak, and we should think it would be interesting, as he has been connected with the stage for very many years. We trust that Mr. Byron may not have forestalled the Colonel in his efforts; which, as "Pold" the largest share descriptive of life behind the scenes, "Love's Conflict" is the title of a novel proceeding from the pen of a daughter of the late Captain Marryat. We have heard two recent novels spoken of very highly, one is "Christian's Mistake," by the author of "John Halifax Gentleman;" the other, with a pretentious," by the author of "Grandmother's Money." In the February number of the Art Journal there appears a notice of an edition of the "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland"—a volume which was published three years ago; this notice comes, consequently, a day after the fair. We are told that the book is tastefully "got up," and that Mr. S. C. Hall was a contributor with the Irish Chief Baron and others; but beyond this little else is stated in favour of a work which called forth the admiration of Sir Walter Scott, and was translated into German by the Brothers Grimson; in fact, this new edition is, curiously enough, damned by the Art Journal with a very faint praise, perhaps in deference to the views of the Irish people.

The Davenport Brothers have been creating rather more of a sensation in Liverpool than they bargained for: an uproar ensued, when Dr. Ferguson was put into the "structure," which was finally broken up and distributed amongst the audience. We hope this is the last we shall hear of these impostors, who might have been less roughly handled had they announced themselves as clever conjurors.

In spite of the laudatory notice in the Times, Miss Bateman's performance of Julia is generally considered to have been only "a respectable failure." Mr. Billington and Miss Simmons appear to have carried the bulk of the applause, and after the second representation a medical certificate was suspended at the doors. "The Flowers of the Forest" has been played at half-price, and "Masks and Faces" is again revived—no wonder, then, that the business has been bad. "Stephen Digges," in which Toole and Mrs. Monson appear to such advantage, has, strange to say, been withdrawn. Mr. Phillips is in Glasgow, performing his original character in "The Workmen of Paris."

Bulwer—or should we not rather say Sir E. B. Lytton?—is at present in the ascendant. "Money" was performed at Drury Lane with a strong cast, for the benefit of the General Theatrical Fund; and "Richlieu" has been revived at the St. James, during which it is understood that the "Lady of Lyons" will be produced at the Lyceum at Easter, with the lessee and Mlle. Beatrice as Claude Melnotte and Pauline. Fechter, in his performance of Robert Macaire, has, we think, over-refined upon that of Frederick Lemaitre, whose gay humour we altogether miss, but in its stead we have a very graceful ruffian. The skilful manner in which a girl is robbed of her jewels, during the dance at the close of the first act, is perfect; and Macaire's fall at the end of the piece is painfully real. It is a very carefully conceived performance (we greatly prefer the second act), but it is not calculated to advance the reputation of the St. James. Miss Elsworthy does not appear to advantage in comedy. At Paul Bedford's benefit there was a highly interesting gathering of artists, which must have been extremely gratifying to the "dear boy," who could not disguise that he was greatly overcome by the respect thus paid to him, as well as by the warm reception on the part of the audience.

"Snowdrop" still runs on merrily at that school for amateurs, the New Royalty. We saw it the other evening for the first time, and though not so good a burlesque as "Ixion," it is admirably mounted; indeed, it is marvellous what has been accomplished on so small a stage. Mr. Stephens, of this theatre, is a very useful member of the company, and an admirable representative of old men; but the ladies (though we desire to be gallant) are, as a rule, more at home in burlesque. Miss Maitland is a young lady of great personal attractions, and Rosina Wright is as graceful as ever; in fact, her dancing is one of the chief features of the burlesque. She is our first English danseuse, and looks exceedingly well in two most elegant costumes: the author has, moreover, given her a few lines of dialogue, which she delivers with great effect. Our old friend "Joe Robin," the celebrated amateur clown, is there, though he does not particularly shine in Mr. Hamilton's piece. Mr. Shore, for instance, who was so good a Roderigo and Horatio with Fechter, appears quite out of his element. His is the most thankless part in the piece, and he plays it as though quite aware of the fact. If imitation be flattery of the highest order, then should Donato be gratified by the appearance of a one-legged dancer at the National Standard, who goes by the name of Donato—though we do not think the close similarity of the name (evidently assumed) is in good taste.
The Strand Music Hall (now without the “k”) has a new lessee. We did intend to conclude this month’s communication by giving a copy of a placard which was posted up under the old management, and which we procured before its bankruptcy. It had reference to the introduction of smoking, which was at first prohibited, and it is an amusing squib of its kind; but, as it will keep, and as our space is limited, we will defer sending it until next month, believing that for a month your readers have had more than enough of YOUR BOHEMIAN.

**Leaves for the Little Ones.**

**The Fête of the Rose.**

Translated from the French,

**By Grace Greenwood.**

The institution of the Fête of the Rose is very ancient. It is attributed to St. Médard, Bishop of Noyon, who lived in the fifth century about the time of Clovis. This good bishop, who was at the same time Lord of Salency, a village about half a league from Noyon, conceived the idea of giving every year to the young girl of his estate, who should enjoy the best reputation for amiability and goodness, the sum of twenty-five livres (pounds), and a crown or chaplet of roses.

It is said that he was called upon to give this glorious prize to one of his sisters, whom the people, with one accord, named for the first Rosière, or Rose Queen.

There can still be seen at Salency, above the altar, in the chapel of St. Médard, a picture, in which the holy bishop is represented in his pontifical robes, placing a crown of roses on the head of his sister, who is kneeling before him, simply dressed in white, with her long dark hair flowing over her shoulders.

This beautiful recollection became a powerful motive for goodness and purity of life with the young girls of Salency; and St. Médard, struck with its advantages, made it perpetual. He detached from his domains twelve acres, of which he appropriated the revenues for the payment of the twenty-five livres, and for some fresh accessions to the ceremony of the Rose.

According to the will of the founder, it was not only necessary that the Rose Queen should be of a perfectly pure and lovely character, but that her father, mother, brothers, sisters, and other relatives, should be irreproachable. The slightest taint, the least suspicion, the smallest cloud of disgrace on her family name, was sufficient to exclude the worthiest candidate. With such strict conditions, don’t you wonder that the Salency people were not sometimes obliged to do without a Rose Queen?

The Lord of Salency has always possessed, and still enjoys, the sole right to choose the Rose Queen from among three young girls of the village, who are presented to him a month in advance. When he has made his choice, he is obliged to have the maiden’s name given out in the parish church, so that the young girls, her rivals, and others, may have time to examine his choice; and if they can find anything against her, or her family, dispute her right to the crown. It is not till after this proof that the choice of the Seigneur, or Lord of the Manor, is confirmed.

On the eighth of June, the birthday of St. Médard, at two o’clock in the afternoon, the Rosière, dressed in white, her hair falling on her shoulders, accompanied by her family, and by twelve young girls, also dressed in white, wearing badges of blue ribbon, and escorted by twelve young men, goes up to the Château of Salency, stepping gaily to the music of violins, tambourines, and bagpipes.

The Seigneur comes out to receive La Rosière; she makes a little speech, thanking him for the honour of his preference. Then the Seigneur and his bailiff give her each a hand, and preceded by the music, and followed by a numerous crowd, conduct her to the parish church, where she hears vespers (evening prayers), kneeling on a stool, called a prié-dieu, in the midst of the choir. Vespers over, the priests lead the procession to the chapel of St. Médard. It is there that the Curé blesses the chaplet of roses which lies on the altar. This chaplet is wound with a blue ribbon, and ornamented in front with a silver ring. After the benediction, and a short discourse, the Curé places the crown on the head of the young girl, who kneels before him, and gives into her hand a purse, containing the twenty-five livres.

The crowned Rose Queen is again conducted by the Seigneur to the parish church, where an anthem is sung, while outside there is a grand discharge of musketry by the young men of the village. Afterwards the Seigneur conducts the Rosière to a point in the great road of Salency, where some of his officers have ready a table, garnished with a snowy cloth, six napkins, six plates, two knives, a well-filled salt-cellar, a lot of claret wine, two glasses, two loaves of white bread, some nuts and cheese. These are all for the Queen; and they also present to her, as a form of homage, an arrow, two tennis-balls, and a horn-whistle, with which one of the officers whistles three times before
offering it to her majesty. The officers of the fête are obliged to observe exactly all these ancient forms, under penalty of a fine of sixty sous.

From here the assemblage marches to the grounds of the Château, where, under the shade of the trees, the Concerts are held. The dance with the Queen of the Rose. This open-air ball closes at sunset.

On the afternoon of the day following, the Rosière invites the young girls of the village to a little feast, which is followed by games and other innocent amusements.

So we have the history of the origin, and a description of the ceremonies, of the charming festival of the Rose. There is then a place on earth where a chaplet of roses is regarded as the most honourable prize which can be given to virtue.

This institution has an admirable influence upon morals and manners at Salency. All the inhabitants of the village, about a hundred and fifty householders, are gentle, honest, sober, and industrious. It is said that there actually is no record of a crime committed at Salency by a native of the place, and no instance of gross vice. Yet the peasants in the neighbouring parishes are by no means free from brutal and vicious qualities. It almost seems as though the roses of St. Médard had sweetened the souls and made beautiful the lives of all the natives of Salency.

Dear little maidens who read this history, though you don’t live in virtuous, happy Salency, and talk French every day, and have a real nobleman for a landlord—if you are good, and pure, and truthful, and industrious, and obedient, and loving—never fear that you shall miss your reward—your crowning. A Lord, more gracious and just than any mortal Seigneur, will adjudicate them to you at last; angel lips, more pure than those of an immortal priest, will bless you; angel hands will bestow upon you “treasure laid up in heaven,” and crown you with roses that shall never fade.

THE OLD MAPLE-TREE.

BY COUSIN MAY.

Away out in a lonely region of the West, surrounded by lofty mountains on one side and broad prairies on the other, stood a beautiful forest. Many and many years had passed by since God planted the seeds which had now grown up into such tall and stately trees. All the summer long, bright little birds flitted to and fro in their branches, playing bo-peep with the sunshine as it quivered through the leaves. A tiny brook wound round and round through the valleys, and murmured musically about the roots of the old trees. Delicate flowers nestled in the grass, or nodded along the margin of the stream, filling the air with fragrance, and from their cups innumerable bees laded themselves with sweets for their hives in the hollows of the old oaks.

Though many years had passed away, the forest had never been visited by man. Yet was it not lonely; for besides the birds, many other creatures made it their home. Beautiful spotted fawns, and deer with branching horns, nibbled at the young foliage, or drank from the sparkling brook; and other animals, less beautiful and innocent than these, hid in the dark places of the woods, or made war upon the smaller animals. And then thousands of squirrels chirped among the branches; and when the first frosts ripened the nuts, every tree of the forest seemed alive with the merry little animals, busy in laying up their winter stores.

But there was one tree, a huge maple, which stood all alone, the only one of its species, in the very middle of the forest, which was always lonely. Every fall, when the oaks and hickories were gay with their little visitors, this lonely maple would cast longing looks at them, and wish and wish that some of the little squirrels would come and frisk among its branches.

Once in awhile, some mischievous little fellow, out of pure wantonness, would scamper up its trunk, play awhile as its leaves and then fly down in a twinkling, and up into the nest oak or hickory, where it would sit jabbering and chattering with an acorn or nut in its paws, making faces at the old maple.

Oh! how that poor tree sighed to think that it alone, of all the trees in the grove, was a useless tree; that never a nut or an acorn grew upon its branches, nothing but leaves and little brown, butterfly-shaped seeds, which were noticed neither by the birds nor the squirrels.

Every spring, when the ice began to thaw out of the brooks, it could feel the rich life rushing up through its trunk and limbs, and it knew there was something more in it than leaves and brown seeds; and every spring it watched, expecting some kind of rich nut or delicious fruit to burst forth from its branches. But spring after spring it waited and watched in vain. While all its neighbours were burdened with the blossoms for a rich harvest in the fall, it yielded nothing.

The years flew swiftly by, and each one as it passed added to its size and beauty. It might, in time, have grown contented with its lot in affording protection to a few blue and white violets which nestled at its roots every spring, had it not been for the presentiment, which amounted almost to a certainty, that it was created for some better purpose.

At length a change came over the forest. There came to it one day a number of ox teams, drawing great wagon piled up with bedsteads and boxes, and women and children, and with them five or six men and boys, shouting their “gees” and “haws” to the oxen as they drove them through the woods, and halted beside the brook, just across the hill from the maple.

Before many days trees were cut down, cabin
A Child's Even-Song.

Good-night to thee, thou glorious Sun!
Sink gently down to rest;
Thy race of usefulness thou'lt run
From far-off East to West.

My God and thine gave thee thy light
To shine upon the Earth,
And with thy rays so warm and bright,
To call sweet flow'rs to birth;

To make tall trees and small plants grow
For food for man and beast;
To beam alike on high and low,
The greatest and the least.

But now thou hidest thy bright light,
That man from toil may cease,
And through the dark'nd hours of night
May sweetly sleep in peace.

I also have a work to do,
Though I am but a child;
I must be kind and gentle too,
Be patient, meek, and mild.

Then if Life's Sun should soon decline,
And I should early die,
My little acts of love will shine
Like stars upon the sky.
But if God should my days prolong,
I'll pray, each morn I rise,
That as I grow up tall and strong
I may grow good and wise.

Thus while I watch thy waning light,
I'll raise my thoughts above,
And thank my God for peaceful night,
And rest upon His Love!

O U R  L I B R A R Y  T A B L E.

PRINCE HASSAN’S CARPET. By Hope Luttrell.—(London: T. Cautley Newby, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.)—“Prince Hassan’s Carpet” is the title (a trivial and inconsequent one we may say en passant) of a volume of discursive sketches of travel, which, had it been less discursive and less sketchy, would have been better worth the author’s pains, and more conducive to the reader’s pleasure. The owner of “Prince Hassan’s Carpet,” even at second hand, has no excuse for the want of plan and purpose in his travels; but the erratic wanderings of an English yacht would have accounted naturally enough for the incongruity of, passing from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, from the stormy headlands of Sunburgh to the heights of San Sebastian. We are the more dissatisfied with the author’s sketchy descriptions, because he has the power to do better; and, with an artist’s eye for colour and grouping, is not without observance, and an impressionability to scenic beauty which deserves and should have had development. In proof of the first, let us take the following picture of the morning appearance of the esplanade at Corfu, where guard trooping and military drill appear to have the same charms for idlers and the general public as at home.

Here a knot of Corfiotes (thorough-bred, Maltese, Italian) in the loose, baggy blue trousers, held up by a broad coloured sash, which distinguish the islanders from Greeks of the mainland, shoes turned up at the toes, brown frieze jackets usually hanging over one shoulder, and scarlet fez completing their costume, stand with baskets full of vegetables or golden oranges for sale; while beside them an English shop-keeper, his legs apart and his hands in his pockets, in the full consciousness of his monetary and national superiority, affords a contrast the nature of which he little dreams. There a group of white-kilted Greeks, gorgeous in the gold embroidery of their cloth jackets, and gaiters, sometimes concealed by a shaggy Albanian capote, and looking every one of them like princes, their tall thin figures, and small, well-set heads crowned by the scarlet cap and long black tassel; near them two or three English sailors ashore from H.M.S. —— in the harbour, trim and clean and jolly; and in the centre a grave and reverend concave of Greek priests or popes, twiddling the amber rosaries they never appear without, only using them as playthings and not altering the manner of the Romans. The dress of the priest is a long black robe draped over an underdress of black, girl with a broad sash violet, brown, or green; the head-dress a sort of high black cap, from under which their hair hangs in long wavy locks — often white — on to their shoulders, hair and beard being suffered to grow at will.

Dogs lying in the sunshine; Maltese nurses and English children passing along; here and there an English lady, in full feather and crinoline, taking her morning walk — all this in the foreground of our living picture, with the red line of soldiery in the immediate background, standing out against the dark valley of trees and the foliage on the citadel, the sunlight glancing on their bayonets. Again —

The island itself is fertile and thickly wooded, principally with cypresses and olive trees; the latter grow here to a large size, and spread their curiously perforated branches over fresh grassy glades, where wood nymphs might indeed find pleasant resting-places, and where, when we returned later in the spring (it was February when the writer first visited the island) large violet anemones starred the ground, and golden coronella flowered luxuriantly among the underwood. Tall orange-trees, covered with fruit, fill the gardens and orchards, as we see apple-trees filling them in England; and citrons grow as hardly — both fruits in some instances to an enormous size. Then, in whatever direction you ride along the coast of the island, your eye rests on beautiful stretches of sea and hill opposite, or from some headland or curve in the land (or from the old Venetian harbour of Govino, five miles from the town) you catch the equally beautiful views of Corcyra herself.

In transcribing these passages, the flowery lightness of the style awakens a suspicion that Hope Luttrell is neither artist nor yachtsman, but simply a lady traveller, with a note-book in her hand; and as we read on, this impression deepens. The classic land, with all its Homeric associations, awakens neither manly reflectiveness nor scholarly enthusiasm. The writer skims the surface of things and places, like a swallow on the wing; and the sketches are in outline only. The second part, which takes us to the northern isles, would have been much more interesting if, instead of quoting so largely from written history, the author had trusted to personal impressions. The seal legends are exceedingly interesting and well told. The writer speaks touchingly of the Shetlanders, and of the ill-paid industry of the women, whose exquisite knitting might, with a littletrouble and an organized plan amongst a few influential ladies, be rendered a source of real wealth.

At Arles the pictorial appearance of the amphitheatre, with the remains of its white marble
walls and twin Corinthian columns, arouses the admiration of the author, who, passing on, just glances at Nismes, and the "exquisite little Maison Carrée"; but without offering a description of the antique city, or of the temple dedicated to the sons of Agrippa—Caius and Lucius—about the year 70 A.D. and 74. San Sebastian is reached and dismissed without description of any sort; but the beauty of the Bay of Palermo obliges the writer to be a little less brief, and, consequently, we have some pretty sketches of the city and its surroundings; but even these are pieced out with a tale to make the requisite number of pages, and we rise from the perusal of the volume unsatisfied, having had a taste of good things, which is evident the author might have made better, or, at all events, have served up in proper quantity. To those, however, who read simply to be amused, "Prince Hassan's Carpet" will be found a very agreeable volume, light, elegant, and entertaining.

**The Book of Perfumes.** By Eugène Rimmel. (Chapman and Hall, Piccadilly.)—It has been said by an ancient Greek philosopher, somewhat paradoxically (though the sense of the phrase is obvious enough), that "the sweetest smell is the absence of all smell." Mr. Rimmel's book proves the converse of this dogma, and the olfactory senses of men and animals—for these, too, drink the "aerial wine," of which "the air [to use the language of John Garth Wilkinson] is the cellaring; so the secret chemistry of Nature, for ever expressing and amalgamating odours from roots and leaves and flowers, making the fields a fresh service of fragrant country, and the woods and ocean, that we do not know, or care, in the manipulation of perfumes should feel the wish to spread a knowledge of their history and properties beyond the walls of the laboratory. Not many years since, another London perfumer felt himself impelled by such an impulse, and made his début in the arena of literature with a pleasant volume entitled "The Art of Perfumery"—a volume dealing with the commercial statistics and the modes of preparing perfumes, nicely written, well arranged, and, in its way, valuable. Mr. Rimmel, on the other hand, contents the pretence of enlightening the public as to the art of preparing perfumes, and in his very elegant and pleasant work gives us the history of the art from the most remote times—a history which he appears to have traced in all lands and languages under the sun. In speaking of the two books, comparisons, as Dobson says, would literally be "odorous."

We merely mention the former in reference to the present volume, from the rather remarkable fact that being in our metropolis two practical perfumers, actively engaged in business, who are sufficiently conversant with the literary and social history of the articles des luxe in which they deal, and at the same time possessed of sufficient literary power to turn this knowledge to account in the agreeable and useful way they have done. "The Book of Perfumes" is really a marvel of research, and almost exhaustive of the subject. The writer, upon the proof of his description of the articles described for each of the numerous kinds of perfumes, has not only a wide acquaintance with books, but is learned in languages. We know that there is such a thing as cramming for a given subject, but the range of Mr. Rimmel's reading makes it evident that he has pursued his theme in a larger and broader spirit, and the result is before us in a convenient form—a volume equally adapted for the drawing-room table as for the lady's dressing-room or boudoir. In studying the history of the toilet—which is, in brief, the history of civilization—we find ourselves compelled to look eastward, from whence all the arts have travelled to the northern nations. Perfumes were much used by the old Egyptians, who inoculated the Hebrews with their love of them. Their original use, like that of the Fan, was a religious one—they smoked on the altars of Isis the Benifict, and on those of her husband the refugent Osiris, just as subsequently their scented fumes floated from the sacred censers in the Jewish temple, and in those of the Greeks and Romans, or, as at the present day, incense rises in Catholic places of worship, and, it is said, in some Protestant ones also. From the temples of the gods, perfumes and cosmetics found their way to the houses of the rich; and though the precise compositions used in religious ceremonies were forbidden to the laity, other costly preparations and unguents were recommended, and frankincense, spikenard, and myrrh were amongst the precious things in which the Midianites and the merchants of Tyre traded. At feasts, marriages, and deaths, perfumes played an important part amongst the eastern peoples. The Egyptian custom of embalming consumed an immense quantity of them; the ceremony of incineration amongst the old Greeks and Romans must have been almost equally conducive to their consumption. Wherever luxury advanced, the use of perfumes, unguents, and essences accompanied it; their presence at the toilet and the table was a part of it; and the crowning of the guests with flowers involved also the sprinkling of them during the feast with sweet odours. The Romans carried this custom to excess, and Nero in his Golden palace had silver pipes concealed in the banqueting-rooms, which threw on the guests a sweet rain of odoriferous essences. Some of the Roman unguents were very costly, and sold for as much as four hundred denarii per pound; but not without reason. Some Romans, like the Greek exquisites, adopted a different perfume for every part of the body, and scented not only their baths and clothes, but their beds, the walls of their houses, and even their military flags. These last are incensed to this day in Catholic countries. But the perfumes of the Romans were peculiar, saffron being a favourite with them, and an
Amusements.

essence of it highly esteemed. In the middle ages the Crusaders brought from the east a taste for perfumes, and subsequently Italy became the principal place of their manufacture, and Venice as famous for them as Capua had been in the time of the ancients. Perfumes appear to have prevailed at court from the earliest periods. Sardanapalus, Caligula, Clovis, Charlemagne, Catherine de Medicis, and Queen Elizabeth were all lovers of sweet scents. The former queen took with her to France a Florentine named René, who was very expert in preparing perfumes and cosmetics; this René appears to have been an analytical chemist, with a subtle knowledge of the lethal qualities of certain vegetables and mineral substances, and was clever at distilling them; and his royal mistress is said to have had frequent recourse to his craft, in order to rid herself unsuspected of those who were distasteful to her. In Elizabeth’s time the taste for perfumes became excessive. Scented gloves—which had acquired a bad odour in France from the use which the wily Catherine de Medicis was suspected of making of them in the case of Jeanne d’Albert, mother of Henry IV.—came into fashion.

“In the fifteenth year of the Queen, when the Right Hon. Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bags, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things. In that year the Queen had a pair of perfumed gloves, trimmed only with four tufts or rows of coloured silk. She took such pleasure in the gloves that she was pictured with them upon her hands, and for many years afterwards it was called ‘The Earl of Oxford’s perfumes.’ On another occasion Queen Elizabeth, visiting the University of Cambridge, was presented with a pair of perfumed gloves, and was so delighted with them that she put them on at once. She also usually carried with her a pomander (or pomme d’ambre), which was a ball composed of ambergris, benzoin, and other perfumes; and she was once mightily pleased with a gift of a ‘faire girdle of pomander,’ which was a series of pomanders strung together and worn round the neck. These pomanders were held in the hand to smell occasionally, and were supposed to be preservatives from infection.”

In comparatively recent times doctors wore cassolettes in the heads of their walking-sticks with the same intention. Mr. Rimmel says nothing of the perfumed rings which were constructed to squirt out the essence with which they were filled, as the will of the wearer, and, like the perfumed gloves of Catherine de Medicis, were sometimes used for other purposes than those of vanity or pleasure, and became the unsuspected vehicles of a subtle poison. Our author draws largely on Shakespeare for his illustrations of the use of perfumes and ungents during Elizabeth’s reign, and then goes on to notice the modes of facial adornment in the days of Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, when too much powder appears to have been composed of “china, brick, or the like;” and a new skin was imparted by burning off the old one with oil of vitriol by way of improving the complexion. We quite regret not being able to quote more at length from this very interesting work, to which we have much pleasure in referring our friends, who will find themselves in the hands of an agreeable writer, with a vast deal of illustrative information, and a very pleasing method of imparting it.

C. A. W.

PERIODICALS.

Odd Fellows’ Quarterly. Manchester. —An agreeable number, with articles by the editor, Eliza Cook. “Silverpen” (whose story of “The Lancashire Labour Club” is continued), and Mrs. C. A. White (who contributes “A Glimpse of the Black Country”).

The Life-boat Journal contains much to interest all classes in the support of the noble and much-needed institution whose doings, from quarter to quarter, are recorded in its pages. The utility of its services during the present winter have been largely taxed and bravely proved. It is a national reproach, with the wreck-chart before us, that any of the red-starred shoals and rocks upon our coast remain without a life-boat in their near vicinity.

NEW MUSIC.

Golden Days. Ballad. Words by Matthias Barr; Music by C. H. Morine. (London: Joseph Williams, 11, Holborn Bars, and 123, Cheapside.) —We have so frequently called attention to the words of songs by Mr. Barr, that our readers will be prepared to learn that those of the present ballad are quite deserving of the sweet and somewhat plaintive air to which the composer has united them. “Golden Days,” regretful as such a theme must naturally be when regarded from a standpoint in advance of them, is tender without being melancholy, and effectively set for a mezzo-soprano voice. We perceive that it has been composed for, and is sung by, Miss Dunsmore.

AMUSEMENTS.

Adelphi.—The Flowers of the Forest has been a very successful revival. The parts are all admirably filled in “Stephen Digges,” Mr. Toole, as the hero, evinces a power of pathos wonderful in one hitherto considered only a genius in low comedy. He is “a King Lear” in domestic life, and draws tears from the audience in some of his moments of passionate sorrow.

The Haymarket, in its revival of “David Garrick,” gets crowded audiences by Mr. Sothern’s wonderful playing of the part.—W. R.
We are expecting a visit from the Princess’s Royal father, Victor Emmanuel, who, it is said, is coming for the christening of the two little princes, his grandchildren; Monsieur Darboy, archbishop of Paris, having consented to perform the ceremony, despite the excommunication launched on the King of Italy, and which certainly extends to his impious son-in-law, who is continually disturbing the “dolce far niente” of the Senate by asking for Rome the capital. At the Minister of War’s ball, there was a cotillon led by a young marquis, which was conducted with fifes and drums: each group when passing before Madame Randon, their hostess, saluted her in the military style. It had a very pretty effect, and will, no doubt, become very fashionable, particularly where there are officers. At the ball given by the Président 3000 guests admired the salons in the Hotel de Ville, turned into a perfect fairy palace for the occasion. Nothing could surpass the coup d’œil of the grand staircase, where two “Swiss” in red and gold stood motionless on the first step, gracefully holding their gilded halberds; then, amid a garden of plants and flowers inundated with streams of light, a double row of footmen in red with white breeches, and Paris horse-guards with their great shining boots, their glittering bayonets, and brilliant helmets with their long horse-hair, reflecting everything around them. Dancing commenced at nine o’clock, and was kept up until four. Victoria Sardon was evidently the lion of the evening, on account of his new piece now nightly filling the Gymnase—“Les vieux Garçons” (Old Bachelors), a very amusing and clever comedy, which will have a long run, as well as “Les Jocasses de l’Amour,” by Théodore Barrière and Lambert Thiboust, at the Palais Royal. It ridicules venal love, and laughs at those despairing lovers whom the Parisian dolls attract and deceive. It seems that many a grave-looking spectator recognizes himself “in petto,” in the donkeyish personages on the stage, and their laugh is not exactly that of pleasure: they laugh jaune, as we say here. The fun and mirth it excites is inexpressible, and in point of art it is a much better farce than those of the Palais Royal in general. Mlle. Vitali, niece of Franchini, made a successful début the other night, at the Italian Theatre, as Gilda in “Rigoletto.” Mlle. Patti asked 10,000 francs to sing in a concert at Bordeaux, given by the Philharmonic Society in that town—a demand which many consider exorbitant; but, in my opinion, it is worth double the price to undertake such a journey as that, with such weather as we have this winter, particularly when one is going to marry a Russian “richissime,” which lot is in store for our petted “prima donna,” according to idle report. It is true that report gives everything worth having, now in Paris, to the Russians: it becomes quite “agacant.”

Apropos of the weather, the frost has been extremely aggravating throughout the season.
In December a skating club was formed and the
most seductive dresses ordered. M. Haussmann
the director of public pleasures, had ordered a
large plain to be inundated exclusively for the
members of the club, whose lives were precious
to him. I suppose that the sun smiled not only on
Monsieur le Préfet’s designs, and annihilated
them all. In February fresh plans were formed,
fresh dresses ordered, a skating match by torch-
light was to come off as soon as the ice would
bear it: everything was ready. The sun again
smiled, and M. le Préfet is obliged to acknow-
ledge that, after all, he is not "le bon Dieu."

Decidedly horseflesh is a great dignity. If
I insist upon it, it is because we have had another
grand “diner hippophagique," and that at the
Grand Hotel a hundred and fifty civilized men
devoured three horses of eight, fifteen, and
twenty-four years of age; and never—never was
there anything more delicious. That of twenty-
four years, I should think, was some cabman’s
old hack that had been well beaten to make him
tender. I assure you I begin to tremble; for
when a man will eat his horse, he is not far of
wishing for a slice of his friend, methinks. I
much prefer Edmond About’s harangue on
Ichthyophagy. Fish, he says, is not sufficiently
cultivated in France. We want more food than
the earth gives, we have only to turn our
eyes towards the ocean. About has made a
curious calculation: he pretends that every
Frenchman consumes yearly about 23 kilo-
grammes of meat, and only 1 kilogramme 350
grammes of fish, because fish is dearer in
France than beef. A baker of six years has
devoured 160 thousand kilograms of grass: if
he gives 300 kilograms of meat, 3 kilo-
grammes represent 1,600 kilograms of
vegetable matter, and is only just sufficient to
make one a good basin of soup; from which our
author infers that there would be great economy
in saving the spawn from destruction, and thus
increasing the quantity of fish in the market.

Do you know what the Saint Charlemagne is?
Ask any boy in the colleges and schools in
Paris, and he will tell you that it is a holiday, and
that those who have been first in their class
since the beginning of the year, that is since
October, breakfast that morning with the head
master and all the professors—an honour all are
envious of. This year, the day before the
banquet, orders came from the Tuileries, or
rather I might say an invitation from the Prince
Imperial to all the boys that had been first in the
seventh class, mostly about his age, to a banquet
given by him in honour of the Saint Charlemagne.
The people passing the palace on their arrival
could see from the windows of those carriages
loads of youngsters, fluttering with eager
expectation, that entered the Imperial residence,
where they were received by the Emperor and
Empress and the young Prince; there were
about two hundred. In spite of their Majesties’
junctures to make themselves “at home,”
young France was timid until the champagne
had been round, when the ice was broken, the
tongues were untied, and the young gentlemen
made themselves perfectly “at home” without
further ado; and jolly fun it was, they say.
The Prince proposed several toasts; which, of
course, were responded to with enthusiasm,
particularly the one to the Saint Charlemagne.
I am not sure that the sun smiled not to meet there another year. After the
banquet Robert Houdin gave them a representa-
tion, and the boys returned to their respective
colleges delighted. Since then, every mother
who has a boy pretends to her friends that he
was at the Saint Charlemagne at the Tuileries.

The Minister of Public Instruction paid the
visit he was at the yearly dinner given by all the old pupils of College Rollin—the college where his Excel-
ency was educated, and which is very proud of
him, as well as the numerous other eminent
men present at the banquet, who had also
been brought up at Rollin. The minister, in a
speech, re-called the past difficulties in the
beginning of his career, being the son of a
simple employé at the Gobelins; how, at the
end of his studies, without the advice of a
friend, he should have enlisted in the army
from sheer discouragement, being penniless,
&c. Of course he was greatly applauded. At
the Privy Council, the other day, he and the
Prince Napoleon had the question now on the topis, of gratuitous obliga-
tory instruction. By a decree he has also ordered, as
in ancient Greece, that henceforth music is to be
taught, the same as Greek and Latin, in all the
public schools. He is certainly the most en-
lighhtened and liberal minister that we have had
for a long while; it is six years since he was
and then refuses to authorize public lectures
when the names are suspicious: thus Messieurs
de Brogli, Cochin, and De Lavergne were pro-
bhibited the other day, as well as the recital of
a new drama by Le Gouvé, “Les Deux Reines”
(the two queens); but we are to have the drama
in the Journal des Débats.

M. Saflle Delor, has published a new pam-
phlet, entitled “La Papauté de M. Guizot,”
Grand Dieu! What a many coups de pied
d’âne poor M. Guizot continues to receive, be-
cause he takes the liberty of having an opinion of
his own! You know that there has been,
for some time, great disturbances in the Re-
formed Church of France, on account of the
Unitarian-tinted doctrines of Messrs. Coquerel
and Son. Last year, at the consistorial election,
the son was not re-elected, now is he again this
year, the orthodox party being in a majority.

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur was called a little while
ago to the tribunal at Fontainebleau, by M.
Pourchet, a distinguished person at Lyons,
under the following circumstances: In 1860
the celebrated artiste undertook to painta picture
for M. Pourchet, for the sum of 8,000 or 10,000
francs, the gentleman having chosen the sub-
ject. In vain since then has M. Pourchet
reclaimed his picture. Mlle. Bonheur, an-
noyed at last at his frequent solicitations,
declared that she would not paint it at all. The
Tribunal has, however, decided differently,
considering that all engagements ought to be
fulfilled, even by petted children of Fortune, and have condemned the lady to deliver the picture in six months, under the penalty of paying 20 francs for every day's delay—rather a galling decision for the artiste.

A subscription has been opened for Jules Gerard's aged mother, left by the death of her son totally unprovided for. The Duc d'Aumale has sent a thousand francs, and several English people here have added a handsome mite; so that the poor old lady is in a fair way of having a nice little fortune for the end of her life.

Nadar, like Dumas, hates to be in the background; so, to see his name again in the paper, he conceives the idea of photographing the sewers of Paris; for which reason he, with a company of friends, descended the other day into that very agreeable place, which Victor Hugo, in "Les Miserables," has so graphically described. There on a railroad several carriages, pushed by the robust shoulders of two men, conveyed the party through the several streets under Paris, until they all had had enough of it; although they pretend that under Paris was at that moment as pleasant as in Paris. But, talking Parisian, they remained in the streets about half an hour, to make an anecdote the other day, which revealed to me a fact I little suspected. Strauss, the chef d'orchestre for all the halls of the opera, or Court halls here, wished to have a new set of quadrilles de chasse executed at one of his halls; in these quadrilles were introduced motives on the admirable flourish of trumpets by Rossini, for the company. He had procured four huntsmen, belonging to some of the great houses that still keep their hounds; but he wished to have a partial rehearsal beforehand. The huntsmen gave Strauss a rendezvous at a wine-shop near the great market, it being forbidden to sound the horn at the door of the house, except during the last three days in Carnival ("les jours gras"), and God knows that our ears are stunned with that noise, then it being a very favourite instrument with the Parisians. At half-past ten, one night, Strauss arrived at the wine-shop, said who he was to the landlady, who immediately lighted a sort of wax taper, and opening a door where the musician perceived a ladder, she smilingly told him to descend it, at the bottom of which he would see a stair-case, which he must also descend; then he would see a door, at which he was to knock. Strauss declares that it was not without apprehension that all alone he thus penetrated into the earth three storeys under the ground floor, for the house was descended two storeys; it would have been so easy to shut him up there, and he certainly repented coming, long before he had reached the door. However, he went lower and lower until at length he heard joyous sounds issuing from beneath him, but was not thoroughly reassured until, after knocking at the door, he found himself in a large room, dimly lighted with candles, but where a merry company was waiting for him, for there they might make all the noise they liked, without fearing to be heard above ground.

But enough of Paris under-ground; come to the blessed light of the sun again; though wait a moment, I must relate a laughable scene that happened near me the other day. You have heard what a pest concierges, porters or door-keepers, which is one and the same thing, are here. Well, a professor of chemistry had for some time missed wine, liqueurs, wood and charcoal from his cellar, where all those items are stowed in Paris, and was determined at last to find out the thief. Therefore, taking large pieces of pasteboard, he scraped a hole through them, into which he introduced a composition; and after stopping up the holes, he placed the pieces on the top of the heap. The next morning most awful screams issued from the porter's lodge. The chemist, being on the watch, ran in. There were the porter and his worthy spouse shouting with fright before a splendored display of fireworks, that had dashed their saucepan of "cafe au lait" from off the charcoal furnace, and was cracking and flaming away as if Old Nick himself had undertaken to scare them out of their wits. The police was called in, the lost bottles were found in the tumbling pair's cupboard, and they finished the day, so brilliantly commenced by them, in prison.

M. Proudhon, who died the other day, has left several posthumous works, which with what he has already published is the only patrimony he has left his two young children; thus acting up to the maxim he is accused of holding, that "La propriete c'est le vol." (Property is theft.)

Paul Royer Collard, nephew of the celebrated deputy of the Restoration, is also gone to his last resting-place. He was professor of law in Paris. In 1848 the students one day raised such a hubbub against him, at one of his lessons, that he was obliged to leave his chair and escape from the school, running as fast as he could to get home, the students following close to his heels. He gained a bridge, "le Pont des Arts," which, unluckily for him, at that time claimed a toll. He threw a piece of gold to the toll-keeper; the worthy man insisted on giving him his change; the students had already reached him.

"It is for me and those gentlemen," exclaimed the professor, pointing to the troop behind him, Shouts of "Vive Royer Collard!" immediately rent the air, and the hot-headed youths, delighted at the presence of mind of their professor, carried him back in triumph to his chair.

The composer, Felicien David, is not gone mad, as report would have it. He has been very ill, but is better, and was the other day at a repetition of his new opera, at the Opera Comiche-Opera that we are to have during March, under the name of "Saphir," instead of "Tout est bien qui finit bien" (All's well that ends well) the title he had first given it. I think I have now given you all the tit-bits scraped together for you, so farewell for another month. The bonfs gras are named Capitaine Henriot, Vieuxgarçon, and Roland, from three pieces now in vogue. Yours truly,
A FLY-CATCH.

MATERIALS:—Boro’s-head knitting cotton, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby, one reel each of Nos. 20 and 12 white, and one reel of No. 20 scarlet; two lengths of green or red silk piping wire—one length eleven nails, and the other half the length; two bone meshes, one flat and one round, to measure, by placing a string round each mesh—the one five-eighths of an inch full, the other exactly half an inch; four inexpensive roses or other flowers.

No. 12 cotton. Large mesh.—Net on double thread, or on a foundation, twelve stitches; withdraw the mesh, turn; same mesh, net twelve other stitches.

Small mesh.—Net three rows round, that is, joining in a round in the first row.

Large mesh.—Two stitches in each loop (twenty-four stitches).

Small mesh.—One in every loop.

Three rows more the same (two diamonds).

Large mesh.—Two stitches in one.

Small mesh.—One stitch in every loop (forty-eight stitches).

Same mesh.—No. 20 white cotton, five rows.

* Large mesh.—One row, two stitches in each loop.

Small mesh.—Five rows plain *. Repeat from * to * again, only net seventeen rows plain, instead of five.

Large mesh.—One in every loop.

Small mesh.—One row, netting second stitch first, and first stitch secondly.

Same mesh.—Two rows plain.

(a) Scarlet cotton. Large mesh.—One row plain.

Same cotton. Small mesh.—One row, netting second stitch first, and the first stitch secondly.

White cotton. Same mesh.—One row (b).

Repeat from (a) to (b) again.

Now repeat from (a) to (b) twice more, but making a scarlet instead of the white row.

Small mesh.—Two more rows.

Large mesh.—Scarlet cotton. * net seven loops in one stitch (count seven’ loops on the mesh, there will be eight knots); net a stitch in next loop. Repeat from *. Observe that there should not be more than ten groups of stitches on the mesh before slipping the stitches off, when it will be better to cut off the needle and cotton, and finish so far. The next row thus:—

With small mesh take the whole of the seven loops on the needle, and net into one stitch; net the next two loops, so that it may be easily withdrawn.

When required for use run the longest wire (having first marked it in four divisions with white cotton) into the increased part immediately above the seventeen rows. Sew the two ends of the wire together, but do not sew it on to the netting; bend the wire perfectly round; run in the smallest wire through the crossed stitches at the bottom of the seventeen rows, and sew the ends as before. Now pin the net up by the string to a valance of a curtain, or any other convenient place, where it will hang free of any wall; and at every division which is marked by the white thread in the border, pin it to each division marked in the wire, and afterwards slightly sew it with scarlet cotton; then arrange flowers in centre of each festoon.

LADY’S KNITTED UNDER-PETTICOAT.

MATERIALS:—One pound and a quarter of four-thread scarlet flax, and a quarter of a pound of white ditto.

We cannot too highly recommend these very warm garments for wearing under crinolines, as they cling so nicely to the figure. The petticoat need not be made very long, therefore does not take a great deal of time to knit.

Cast on 141 stitches with scarlet, knit 4 rows; 5th row, * knit 1, * make 1, knit 3, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 3, make 1, knit 1, repeat from *.

6th. Seamed.

Repeat the 5th and 6th rows till 8 are done.

Join the scarlet and knit 4 rows.

Repeat the 5th and 6th rows till 8 more are done, knit 4 rows of scarlet.

29th. Knit 3 with white, slip 2 stitches, repeat. 30th. Seam the white stitches, slip the scarlet.

31st and 32nd. The same as 29th and 30th.

33rd and 34th. Knit plain with scarlet.

35th. Knit 1 with white, *, slip 2, knit 3 with white, repeat.

36th. Seam the white stitches, slip the scarlet.

37th and 38th. The same as 35th and 36th, knit two rows of scarlet.

This completes the border of the petticoat.

For the centre knit and seam alternate rows of scarlet till 15 are done. Knit 1 row of white, seam and knit alternate rows of scarlet till 15 are done, knit 1 row of white, knit a stripe of 13 rows of scarlet, 1 row of white, then a stripe of 11, 9, and 7 rows, with 1 row of white between each, knit 6 stripes with 5 rows of scarlet and 1 row of white between each, knit 1 row of white, 1 row of white, knit 1 row of scarlet, then knit 2 rows on ribs of 2 and 2, cast off. Three breadth will be required. Join them with single crochet, and add an elastic band.
THE GOWRY CONSPIRACY.

[5TH AUGUST, 1600.]

One among the many puzzling historical problems which will never be solved is the Gowry plot, about which volumes have been written with much acrimonious feeling, some even attempting to discredit the whole affair, and make King James the Sixth of Scotland the contriver of the attack, in order to get rid of the Ruthven family, who had long been the movers in every revolutionary struggle. Lord Ruthven was the leader in the assassination of the unfortunate Rizzio, entering in full armour, pale and ghastly from illness, into the Queen’s presence, and overthrowing the table upon her with the greatest brutality: he, too, was accused of being a supporter of Bothwell; and his son had carried James off as prisoner when a child, in the celebrated “Raid of Ruthven.” Yet, in spite of their turbulent conduct, James brought up the children of his mortal foe, and gave them appointments about the Court.

Beatrix Ruthven was a special favourite with the Queen for her saucy liveliness; and scandal was hinted that the conspiracy arose out of her Majesty's too great attachment to Alexander Ruthven. The story is, that the Queen and her maid of honour were walking in the gardens of Falkland Palace, where they saw Alexander lying asleep: the Queen, pulling off a silver ribbon (the present of the King), tied it round his neck. Next came the King, and seeing the ribbon, his suspicions were awakened. He walked off without rousing the sleeper: but Beatrix had been a distant spectator, and, fearing the result, rushed to her brother, pulled off the ribbon, and, running to the Queen’s chamber, hastily placed it in a drawer, telling the Queen that she would soon want it—in fact, the King entered immediately, and asked for his present; which the Queen was able to take out of the drawer and place in his hands—to his great astonishment. Certain it is, that John and Alexander Ruthven were the most polished noblemen in Scotland, and were likely to attract the Queen’s favour by the intelligence they had acquired in foreign travel, united to many personal graces; and to the last, she always called them her husband’s victims, and “hoped that Heaven would not visit her family with its vengeance for the sufferings of the Ruthvens.”

It was on the morning of the 5th of August that the King, who had been staying for some weeks at his palace at Falkland to enjoy buck-bunting, early prepared for the chase. The hounds and huntsmen were on the green; but before his majesty mounted, Alexander Ruthven came hastily up, and secretly told him that he had just apprehended a countryman or a Jesuit with a large pot of gold pieces, and having detained him at his house, he wished the King to come there and examine him. This was quite in accordance with James’s taste; the gold was irresistible, and the controversy with a Catholic still more so. So, after a long chase, lasting from seven till eleven o’clock, and witnessing the death of the noble animal, the King and Ruthven rode quietly away to Gowry-house—an old baronial residence in Perth, which was standing at the beginning of the present century, and, when pulled down, was so full of hidden passages and dungeons, as to satisfy the most ardent lover of the marvellous. Here the Earl of Gowry came to meet him with eighty retainers—a fact which first alarmed James, as he had only fifteen unarmed men in his train. The dinner was long delayed, and the entertainment of the poorest kind, the earl’s behaviour such as to excite suspicion; so that the poor King, who was by no means the bravest of men, drank much, to rouse his courage. After dinner he was led up many staircases and winding passages into a small room, which Alexander carefully locked: in it was an armed man, from whom he took a dagger, and pointed it to the King’s breast, declaring that he should suffer for having condemned his father to death. James remonstrated, and entreated for mercy on the plea of his great kindness to his brother and sister—but in vain: a second attack followed, when Ruthven tried to strangle the King; but James managed to drag him towards the window, and cried out “Murder!” His page fortunately heard him, and, guided by his cries, rushed up-stairs, followed by other attendants. At the same moment the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Mar, missing the King, had come into Perth, and were at the great gates of the castle: the door of the room was forced open, and Alexander Ruthven and the Earl of Gowry were both killed.

The excitement caused by the King’s statement was very great, both in Gowry-house and in Perth; the people turned out to congratulate their monarch on his preservation, and the increase of loyalty was in some measure to be compared with that manifested on the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot in England, a few years after. Yet many, and especially the clergy, refused to credit the story, and one uncompromising minister, when commanded to read the account of it from the pulpit, said he respected his Majesty’s account of the affair, but would not answer for believing it; for which he was deprived of his living and banished the country. But, years after, the Earl of Gowry’s steward confessed himself to have been the man who was in the room, and confirmed the statement of the King. There are some reasons for thinking that the Ruthvens were in league with Queen Elizabeth, and that they hoped to control the Government as they had done before in the raid; but the mystery has never been cleared up, and remains a dark political secret. The
LADIES’ TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

Of dresses for balls and evening parties there are a great variety. One toilet is composed of a first skirt of rose-coloured silk, veiled nearly to the bottom by a single flounce of tulle illusion, over which falls a skirt of rose-coloured Camberly gauze, on which is placed a deep flounce of English lace. The gauze skirt is much longer than the other, and is gathered up on each side and ornamented with branches of jacinthe roses. The corsage, pointed before and behind, is garnished with a species of faucillon of English lace: this is fixed at the points, and is simply filled a little in the middle, like a filet d’Avergne; one or two branches of jacinthe rose are crossed amongst the gatherers. The short sleeves are formed of a double faucillon—one of white tulle; one of rose-coloured gauze, veiled by a fall of lace. The head-dress is composed of jacinthe.

A pretty toilet, for a little girl of six years of age, consists of a frock of lama or cashmere, trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with a row of swan’s-down. The body, which is cut very low in front, has, like the short sleeves, a border of down; and is worn with a Swiss chemisette, with sleeves.

The Greek pattern is much used at the bottom of the skirts, cut in silk of a distinct colour or of a brighter shade than that of the dress. Sometimes these coloured trims are bouillonnettes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Change of Residence.—Private communications for the editor may be addressed, 14, Blomfield Street, Maida Hill, W. All M.S.S. should be forwarded to the care of Mr. Alger, 240, Strand.

Poetry accepted, with thanks.—“Flowers!” “The Water-lily”; “Another’s”; “Clocks and Mirrors”.

Poetry declined.—“The Child!” “The Valentine,” “Evening Star;” “To a lingering oak leaf.”

Prose accepted with thanks.—“The Shadow on the Wall;” “Brussels during the Battle of Waterloo;” “Penny Reading’s;” —we can only accept this paper as a notice; “Under the Pear Tree;” —unfortunately we have two stories with this title, and like them both: one or the other must take another name.

Madam A.—Paris. On the first question we should advise an advertisement in the Athenaeum. Second, offer the translation to Routledge, or any other London Publisher of novels.

Books, Music, &c., for notice or review, must be forwarded by the 10th of the month, to appear in the following number.

To Miss R.—We have no opportunity of using German translations: our pages are purely secular.
old Scottish law was put in force against the bodies of the wretched brothers, and condemned by parliament to be quartered. On the Sunday after their death frightful sights and sounds were seen and heard in Gowry-house: men in armour opened and shut the windows; screams, sob, and cries of distress resounded through the melancholy passages, and fire flashed through the doors, filling all present with horror. The Queen’s favourite, Beatrice Ruthven, was sent from Court penniless, to the great sorrow of her mistress, who afterwards incurred the King’s displeasure by receiving her secretly and making her presents; but since the sister was probably quite ignorant of her brothers’ treason, we must admire the Queen’s kind feeling more than the King’s harshness. She was afterwards married to Sir John Home, of Cowden-knowes. Ever after, James kept the day as one of solemn thanksgiving, when his bishops used to preach upon such texts as “Touch not mine Anointed”—an union very flattering to James’s vanity.

THE TOILET.
(Specialty from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Foulard Dress.—Body cut in the Figaro style before, and having a short coat tail behind. The waistband is a very wide ribbon the colour of the trimmings on the skirt and body. Plain collar, bordered with Valenciennes and embroidered at the corners. Under-sleeves with cuffs to match. The outer garment is a round cloak of faille silk, bordered with a deep piqure.

SECOND FIGURE.—Silk dress, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with four black velvet bias pieces. Body round and plain, with small slashed lappets in the Arragon style. Sleeves tight-fitting, trimmed top and bottom with velvet bias pieces. Wide black velvet waistband fastened by a pearl buckle. Black velvet bonnet in the fanchon form, ornamented with a deep black lace falling behind; inside a tea-rose, a blue bandeau, and a blond ruche: velvet strings. A double muslin collar, with rounded ends, bordered by a lace insertion and a full row of lace. Under-sleeves with cuffs to match.

There is no change in the form of dresses. Bodies for dress toiles are generally cut short and round, and are finished with a wide waistband and buckles. The sleeves are almost tight. Black silk, trimmed with blue, is a favourite toilette de ville.

The bonnets remain very small, and are likely to do so while the present mode of wearing the hair continues in vogue.

Of dresses for balls and evening parties there are a great variety. One toilet is composed of a first skirt of rose-coloured silk, veiled nearly to the bottom by a single flounce of tulle illusion, over which falls a skirt of rose-coloured Chamberty gauze, on which is placed a deep gauze of English lace. The gauze skirt is much longer than the other, and is gathered up on each side and ornamented with branches of jacinthe roses. The corsage, pointed before and behind, is garnished with a species of fanchon of English lace: this is fixed at the points, and is simply pulled a little in the middle, like a fichu d’Auvergnate: one or two branches of jacinthe rose are crossed amongst the gathering. The short sleeves are formed of a double bouillonette—one of white tulle; one of rose-coloured gauze, veiled by a fall of lace. The head-dress is composed of jacinthe.

A pretty toilet, for a little girl of six years of age, consists of a frock of lama or cachemire, trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with a row of swan’s-down. The body, which is cut very low in front, has, like the short sleeves, a border of down; and is worn with a Swiss chemisette, with sleeves.

The Greek pattern is much used at the bottom of the skirts, cut in silk of a distinct colour or of a brighter shade than that of the dress. Sometimes these coloured trimmings are bouillonette.

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London: Printed by Rogerson and Tuxford, 246, Strand.
The Landing Place
I found Miss Phitts busy in making the invalid comfortable for the night.

"We must not say anything, my dear, about this at head-quarters," whispered the little lady, as she prepared a cup for Susan, and arranged her pillows.

"But my dear Miss Castlebrook," she continued, "I must say I am delighted at your kindness, and the feeling you display." She went on: "We seem quite strong after our wine: now I fancy a grape or two, my dear Liscoombe, would not be amiss—cough seems easier, eh?"

Susan, who held my hand in both hers, smiled gratefully as the refreshing fruit was put to her white lips.

"I hope, ma'am," I said to Miss Phitts, "I hope no one will come in—Miss Partridge or Miss Margaret."

"O dear no," she replied; "they are having sweetbreads and lobster-salad for supper in the parlour—at least Miss Partridge is. Miss Margaret durst not indulge, I suppose, for fear of increasing her weight. Well, thank goodness, I am not likely to get fat, at least on Miss Partridge's school dietary; still, I own, sweetbreads are very tempting, and the smell is somewhat provoking. I must say I never before was in any situation where the teachers were kept so exclusively to themselves, and without their little luxuries. Bless me! at Miss Dentall's our little réunion at supper was quite delightful, and something to look forward to at the end of a hard day's work. Still, you know, my dears, it is a distinction to be in a school like this—so aristocratic, so very genteel, one is willing to put up with a few hardships on that account."

While she spoke, Miss Phitts arranged her mattress in a snug, convenient spot between the drawers and dressing-table. As I regarded her operations, I thought it quite as well that she was none of the tallest of women. She was quite good-tempered about the inconveniences she had to put up with. Her originally good-natured spirit, somewhat crabbed and warped by constant contact with forward dispositions, found here room for expansion, and I believe she felt a pleasure in her own privations. Miss Phitts was, in reality, anything but peevish or unkind; only a little, a very little, irritable and sour, by having fought with a hard world a good many years, which, with the additional trial of earning only forty pounds per year, and having to dress on that income like a duke's daughter, might have soured even a more placable temper.

I asked if I might be allowed to sit up all-night with Susan. Miss Phitts looked doubtfully though pleased, at my request, but said, presently, she thought it might be achieved if I went to bed when the other girls retired, and rose quietly afterwards when they were asleep. To this I willingly assented, although Miss Liscoombe tried hard to combat my determination; but I resolved to be with her, if possible, to the last, and I feared the last was at no distant period. We were arguing the matter, when good-natured Betsy brought in a basin of delicious smoking chicken-broth, decorated with tempting sippets of golden-brown toast. This new surprise diverted poor Susan's thoughts, and when I saw her preparing to take the nourishment, though at first she said, "Oh, why waste this?" I slipped out of the room, and went to prepare for my nocturnal watching.

There were so many restless sleepers that night in my dormitory, that I thought I should never escape. I waited and waited, till, as the great hall-clock chimed midnight, the last drowsy conversation between some Helena and Hermia ceased, and all the girls had, beyond a doubt, sunk into slumber. I then crept without shoes, holding my slippers in my hands, towards the little inner chamber, but, hearing a noise, I went back, and cautiously opening the door, looked over the bannisters, narrowly escaping the eyes of Miss Partridge, who was slowly ascending the staircase after her supper of sweetbread and lobster-salad. There was a strong perfume of brandy and water wafted towards me from the sisters' private parlour; and I fancied—but it might be the wavering light of the candle she held—that Miss Partridge's walk
The Commoner's Daughter.

was unusually unsteady for that stately and erect lady, who certainly swayed about from side to side on the stairs, in a style very different from her customary dignified manner of locomotion.

I found Susan greatly refreshed by her supper, intently reading a small bible.

"Won't it hurt you to read, dear Susan?" I said. "Let me do it."

She placed the volume in my hands. I looked at Miss Phitts, who was already oblivious, and in a sweet sleep. I was sure no ordinary sound would arouse her from it, and really appreciated the sacrifice of rest, which to the overworked teacher, must have been a species of martyrdom—I mean watching through the night to attend on poor Miss Liscambe.

Susan pointed out the passage she wished me to read; it was the twenty-third Psalm of David. How well I knew it! My dear mother, a constant Bible-reader, she who had wended passed through tribulation, might hell love it—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me." I found Liscambe, softly, when I had read to the end of that beautiful psalm. She paused for a moment, as if she felt speech difficult. "My dear Isabella, I have so often wished to talk with you about things more serious than are thought of here—of religion; its soothing, precious influences. From what you have told me, I fear you will encounter many trials—nay, poor child," reaching out her thin white hand, "you have already found them. You have a capacity for loving, my dear, which is one of God's most precious gifts. Cherish it: try to love even those who hate you. Pray always for them who despitably use you. You will find your reward in that perfect peace which passeth all understanding. In the world, however much of its enjoyments or its bitterness may be your lot, you will find at the last there is nothing"—laying her hand on the book—"nothing to compare with this. Think of my words before you wait for death, as I do now; this will always comfort and support you. I fear I have not," she said, with a sigh, "spoken to you or the rest, enough on this theme. Once I did so, and Miss Partridge overhearing me, sent for me to her own room, and threatened me with instant dismissal if I did so again. I was weak then," she said, "but I feel strong in the faith now. If I have been but a lukewarm servant, forgive me, O Lord! Thou who hast known my trials! I cling to the promise—to the foot of the cross, and—"

She turned very faint; I moistened her lips with a little wine—those lips, almost the only ones that had ever smiled on me. At length she opened her eyes, the same eyes which had beamed so kindly on me the first day I came to Moutronsyne House. She spoke at last, but in a panting whisper—"I am glad you are here with me."

Her voice was well-nigh gone. By the feeble gleam of the rushlight burning in the room, I could see with terror there was a great change of some kind taking place, and I begged Susan would let me call Miss Phitts.

"No, no!" she cried, struggling for breath, "let her rest. There, I think—I think I can sleep. Dearest, kiss me!"

I bent to her lips: I could scarcely refrain from a shriek, for already they were freezing with the chill of death—I knew it. Nothing else resembles that icy touch. Her eyes, which had rested on me, were fast fixings. "God bless you!" she murmured. "My death is not lonely now."

I perceived, just then, that the door was partly open, admitting a draught; I went softly and shut it, and returned in a second of time—in that second the fair head had fallen back on its pillow; the eyes were still open, but "their sense was shut." The dropped jaw, the sunken cheek told me, an inexperienced child, that even in so brief a time the weary soul had fled to its Creator. I seized the miserable light, and brought it close to the bed-side, gazing in terror at the motionless form, seeking vainly for signs of life. I might have sought till now; life and darkness were the same to those glazed eyes: the worn spirit was at rest in its home, and once more I stood a helpless child, alone in the bleak and bitter world.

Chap. XI.

The last chapter is a short one, but the event there recorded, sank deeply into my girlish spirit. I should have awakened Miss Phitts, who slumbered on, instead of which I sat in an agony of grief for an hour or more; indeed, till daybreak came stealing in, the sight at last impelling me to awake Miss Phitts. She was some time before she comprehended all that I told her. When she at last learned at what hour Susan had expired, instead of tears or regrets, she commenced scolding me very heartily for not calling her before. Betsy, who was at once summoned, burst into unfeigned tears when she beheld the poor remains awaiting the last services humanity could render. As for Miss Phitts, she appeared so overcome by the thought of Miss Partridge's anger, and was so shaken and nervous, that a stranger might, without much violence of imagination, have fancied the good lady was somehow concerned in Susan's death. Betsy saw this, and hastened us both out of the room, saying we only hindered the necessary duties. But even for those, she who lay so rigid, calm, and white on her bed of death, had provided, ever thoughtful to spare anyone the trouble that could be prevented. A white robe and cap were found, with directions pinned on them. And what a loveless, lonely life even those very cares portrayed! As for myself, I sought vainly for some flowers, to lay on the breast of the departed; but I could procure none, save some wax ones of my own making, and which the dead girl herself had taught me to fabricate; yet I thought, as I placed them on her bosom, they
were better suited to the dead than the fresh hues and scents of natural ones.

Miss Partridge was highly scandalized at a death taking place in Mnemosyne House before the vacation set in: indeed both Miss Margaret and her august sister seemed, in their restrained and cold expressions of regret, to cast blame on poor Susan for not having deferred her demise till the pupils were out of the house. "A death," Miss Margaret observed, "gave young people such gloomy ideas."

One knew not whether to smile at the absurdity or be indignant, especially when Miss Pitts (to whom the remark was addressed) said, submissively, "It was a pity."

Poor soul! In happier circumstances she might have disdained the sycophantic reply. How many of us I have since learned are made evil by circumstances which we can perhaps no more resist than we should a tearing wind, striking at root and branch of the tree under whose shelter we have hoped to stay till the storm might pass away! However, as Miss Pitts volunteered to undertake all the arrangements necessary, and, further, hearing that there were funds to cover all expenses, the sisters calmed down into tranquillity, and, with a dignified "Well, I suppose it cannot be helped, therefore we must put up with it," from the elder lady, they retired to the own peculiar sanctum, giving orders that the school studies should be suspended till after the funeral.

Some of the girls heard of poor Susan's death with expressions of horror and pity, but they had troubled themselves so little about her that her absence had scarcely excited more than a passing remark, although she was universally in request in the school-room. I even heard an honourable young lady declare she was sorry Liscombe was dead, for she had meant her to go home with her in the holidays, and teach the younger children.

But the lamentations and wonderment at Miss Liscombe's death were quickly turned into anticipated joy, and the unusual interest I appeared suddenly to have created in this young lady's mind.

I was not allowed to attend my poor friend's funeral, though I asked the favour, and at that period female mourners were usual, even in genteel circles. From the bed-room window I watched, in bitter tears, the mournful procession, attended only by a matter of etiquette by the distant relative with whom poor Susan first took refuge when she became an orphan.

The day after the funeral, school went on as usual, and at breakfast it was announced to the pupils by Miss Partridge herself, that a new English teacher would arrive at Mnemosyne House in the course of the morning, and that she would commence her intercourse with the young ladies, by giving that day's drawing-lesson. Miss Partridge concluded a very verbose and lengthy speech, by bespeaking their attention and respect towards "Miss Jukes."

A name so plebeian, provoked a curl of the lip from many of the aristocratic daughters of Mnemosyne, and Lady Laura remarked in an audible voice to her own clique, that she supposed a new and still more sentimental friendship would shortly rise up, to astonish the school. "Gentlemen's daughters and parencies," she said, with a sneer, "now swear eternal amity; and dying scenes come out with great effect."

This vitriolism (for it really was meant for one) convinced me that my attendance on Susan had transpired; partly, perhaps, through my excessive grief, and partly in a lamentable deficiency of secretive in Miss Pitts' mental compound. I heard these remarks in silence; and in the afternoon Miss Jukes herself, in making her first appearance, effectually set at rest any suspicion that she would succeed poor Miss Liscombe in either my love or respect.

I shall not easily forget this young person's entrance into the school-room, on the drawing-lesson day. Susan had exclusively attended to this accomplishment; for she was so admirable an artist, that I often wondered why she had not rather preferred to earn her bread solely in that capacity, than expose herself to the harassing life of a school. It appeared that the new teacher had undertaken all, and more than poor Susan had ever dreamt of.

A tall, gawky, red-headed, slovenly, though smartly-attired damsel, of three or four-and-twenty, was ushered into our presence by Miss Pitts, whose usual primness and formality in school-times was now so greatly increased, that it must have been uncommon nerves indeed that did not sink under her keen glance. It was afterwards known that the new teacher had been showing off, before she entered the school-room, and as Miss Pitts, notwithstanding her fursiness, was herself a clever teacher, who understood her own department thoroughly, she soon penetrated Miss Juke's surface of impudent pretensions.

As soon as the introduction to her future pupils took place, this young person, who was dressed in an outrageously showy silk, and who had so much mock jewellery and glass-beads hung about her, that she put you in mind of an Indian idol, stepped forward, and offered to shake hands with everyone all round, Bidkins included, who on drawing-days cut all the pencils, and gathered as much instruction in the art during that process as she could. Imagine, if you please, reader, the elegantly contemptuous, high-bred stare with which the children of Mnemosyne House greeted such a demonstration from a stranger! The best-natured tittered; the sensitively refined did not see the action; and Lady Laura, who for one instant lost her self-possession, had her dexter member seized violently and shaken. She recovered herself instantly, and asked Bidkins, her toady,
to pick up her handkerchief, with which she tenderly bathed her polluted hand in eau-de-Cologne. But such delicacy of reproof was entirely thrown away upon Miss Jukes. We subsequently discovered her to be as insensible to anything in the shape of innuendo as if we had hurled doleful shafts of speech against St. Paul’s.

She prepared to give her lesson to the class, the girls squinting insolently by irreverent questions, or in subdued remarks to one another according to their respective dispositions; and Miss Phitts, coldly and solemnly reviewing the scene, sat forming her own severe but just conclusions. It so happened that Miss Jukes selected me for her first essay.

I was carefullycopying a water-colour drawing of Penruddock Parsonage, that had once belonged to my mother. I intended my copy to be a gift for Mr. Benvoile on his approaching birthday, and was just at that instant tinging the foliage that environed the house, with the utmost care.

"That won’t do, child," said Miss Jukes, in a decided tone of voice, as if she wanted no nonsense and would not take any. "What in the world is that cloud of your sky, with your green stuff in that pickle?"

She spoke with a peculiar intonation I had never heard before. A dead silence fell over the buzzing pupils, as for the first time in the hallowed regions of the school-room were heard the accents of vulgarity and feminine slang. The drooping of a pin might certainly have been heard in the room, and Miss Jukes held her breath, eager to mark what next would ensue.

The new teacher snatched the brush out of my hand, and indiscriminately mixing together all the colours on my palette, dabbed at my poor Parsonage trees with an energy perfectly astounding. "There," she said, triumphantly, as I wandered in the ruin of my landscape—"there, that’s what I call light and shade; none of your niminy-piminy drawing for me. Now, my dear," to Lady Laura Tarragon, whose appearance at such a salute resembled that of an insulted giraffe, "let us see what you’re about."

Miss Phitts, who for some time past, had been clearing her throat in the vain attempt to get in an observation, could endure no longer. "I beg to observe, Miss Jukes," she said, "that the young ladies educated at the Misses Partridge’s establishment of Memosyne House, are usually addressed by their proper names, or those titles accorded them by courtesy. It is the invariable rule here, to observe the distinctions of society."

"Oh, indeed," replied Miss Jukes, with perfect sang froid, and an utter indifference to the implied rebuke. "Wall! for my own part I don’t study titles much. I suppose you have heard, now, where I was executed?"

Had we possessed the smallest pretensions to knowledge of nationalities, we must have accurately guessed the country which had fostered the abilities of Miss Jukes, simply by the inflections of her voice, and her pronunciation of the words in italics. But we had no such knowledge, and the most vulgar dialect we had ever heard, was that of Cockaigne; so we only stared, and the new teacher went on.

"I was raised in America, I was, which is the true genuine place for ladies, I expect. She paused for an answer; but as no one ventured to speak, and Miss Phitts was dumb with consternation and disgust, she proceeded:

"My father left me in New York with aunts Peggy, when I was no higher than this chair; and so Aunty sent me to Washington New College, and I was finished at Mississippi House; so I reckon I am first-rate in music, mineralogy, English-grammar, the arts and sciences, botany, and drawing. I am that now; so you know my birth and pedigree, my raising and abilities. And now ma’am, to Miss Phitts, "what may yours be? who was your father, and where might you be raised?"

Only a horrified stare replied to the query; and while the girls stuffed their handkerchiefs to their mouths, Miss Jukes proceeded:

"You don’t often get a chance like me, I reckon, in this old country; but you see I was tired of elevating youth in America; so I wrote to father, and told him I should like to get a spell of teaching in London; and the two old ladies, Miss Partridges, being particular friends of his, the thing was done slick, and here I am."

A self-evident fact, of which Miss Jukes’s loud tone and thorough self-possession could not have allowed us to remain a moment in ignorance.

She went on, unmindful of superfluities, anathematised ridicule, and Miss Phitts’s air of grave displeasure—cutting chalks over our afternoon toilettes; criticising; splashing our drawings with brushes filled with colour, in a way not even a mere pretender to the arts would have dared to do. Few are quicker-sighted to pretensions and quackery than your thorough-bred school-girls; and to the annoyance and aversion were freely displayed on every face. But no one, of course, ventured to express these sentiments openly; such a manifestation was reserved for Lady Laura, who, as Miss Jukes bent over her to retouch her drawing, rose up with an air of ineffable scorn on her face, and addressing herself formally to Miss Phitts, said,

"Madam, I beg you will inform the Misses Partridge that if this person continues to superintend our drawing-lessons, I for one shall discontinue them."

She curtseied ceremoniously to the head-teacher, as she spoke, and prepared to quit the room; but before she could gain the door, our new drawing-mistress flung over her own unsentimental and lank figure between it and Lady Laura.

"Oh! no, indeed, you don’t, though," she said; "I’m not an alligator, I guess, nor a nigger, that I should frighten a female Britisher. Wall! that is spry. Now look here, understand me: I came here to teach, and you shall be taught; I s’int going, I calculate, to draw my own scn- sation, which is an elegant one, for nothing. Some of the girls at Miss Jungle’s, my first situation, tried the same fun; but it wouldn’t do, not at any price, I’ll assure you. My name's
The Commoner's Daughter.

Arabella Carolina Virginia Julia Sarah Jukes. What I say I stand to; so go back, young my Lady Tarragon, to your lesson, and learn that no proud aristocrat can put down a gen-u-ine regular-bred American young lady. 'Ma'am,' screaming to the entranced Miss Pitts, 'won't you aid and enforce my authority; I guess now you must.'

During this exhortation, Lady Laura had sunk elegantly on the nearest chair; her toady, Miss Bidkins, attending on her with the most affectionate assiduity. Miss Pitts, whose cork-screw curls danced up and down with nervous excitement, at length rose slowly from her chair; the girls simultaneously rose also; a scene was evidently impending—to the mere spectators full of interest and fun. Bidkins took advantage of the general abstraction and indifference to tributes, to pocket some of the pencils she had been cutting.

'Ma'am,' Miss Pitts began in her frotiest manner, her voice albeit slightly tremulous, 'I have been head-teacher at Mnemosyne House for some years, but never did anything like this occur. Neither, I am compelled to observe, did I ever hear young ladies of quality, as all the pupils of this establishment are, Miss Jukes, addressed with such a remarkable levity of the English language as I have had the great surprise of hearing your lips give utterance to this day. As Lady Laura Tarragon declines to receive your instructions, I own myself incompetent to decide the point; the head of the establishment must be the judge. Ring,' she said to the footman, 'you are a nervous bell. James, let the Misses Partridge be requested to step here.'

'Quite right, ma'am,' said Miss Jukes; 'let the old ladies decide, by all means; I am agreeable, I assure you. I don't think Miss Partridge will like to offend my pa; and you will all find I mean to go on.'

With this assurance she plumped down into a fauteuil near her, the identical one on which Miss Pitts had hitherto reposed, and where, regardless of etiquette, she remained till the footman, who had been sent for the superiors, preceded those revered authorities into the school-room, the interval having been filled up by ominous threats of hysteria from Lady Laura, only diverted from fulfilment by her own extreme curiosity to see how matters would end, as well as an ardent desire to be revenged on her foe, before the whole school; a consequence which she firmly believed would result immediately on the entrance of the Misses Partridge, who doubtless would assert the rank and dignity of their favourite pupil, against this contumacious vulgarian.

This time Lady Laura had reckoned without her hostesses. Miss Partridge sailed swan-like into the room, and Miss Margaret dutifully brought up the rear.

To the surprise of every one—Miss Pitts evidently included—the ladies, after hearing from the head teacher a recital of what had passed (which, however, I must own, was neither a very graphic nor a very coherent account, and had for its result only the fact that Lady Laura had rebelled against the teacher assigned her) were silent.

'On what grounds, Lady Laura, do you object to Miss Jukes?' At length inquired Miss Partridge, solemnly.

'On the ground, madam,' said Lady Laura, 'of incompetency. I could teach Miss Jukes myself. The youngest drawing-pupil could teach her. She is an impostor.'

At this daring assertion, Miss Partridge turned towards Lady Laura, and, before all present, severely rebuked her for presuming to give any opinion as to Miss Jukes's capabilities. 'My decision is sufficient,' quoth Miss Partridge. 'If I deem this young person competent, who shall presume to refuse her tuition? I am mistress here, I believe'—looking round. 'Of course you are, sister,' said her companion, sometimes irreverently nicknamed 'Echo.'

'Of course I am; therefore, Lady Laura Tarragon, be pleased to retire to your own apartment, where you will remain till sent for.'

Thus disgraced a second time, Lady Laura, casting a look of rage at all around her, with a deep and sarcastic curtesy prepared to obey, turning round as she left the room to say that she should make use of her leisure in writing to her papa, and requesting him to remove her instantly from so ill-conducted a seminary.

Miss Jukes laughed loudly at this patrician young lady left us, manifestly worsened in the combat, and stinging with the wound she had received. Miss Partridge never rebuked the scoffer. We all stared. Who before had ever dared to laugh in the presence of Miss Partridge? Certainly not her over-worked, underpaid, teachers.

Recalled to order, the drawing-lesson was resumed and concluded, Miss Jukes's pupils being innocent of any improvement herfrom, the teacher exerting herself to do nothing more than find fault, a process easily effected.

The Misses Partridge retired to their private avocations, which on the senior lady's side consisted in reading a vast number of sentimental old novels, and on that of Miss Margaret in the manufacture of great heaps of knotted fringe which never came into use.

The whole scene was discussed and rediscussed when we were left by the teachers, and various opinions were given. For my own part, I thought it was easy enough to detect that Miss Jukes was ignorant in talent, impudent in manner, and thoroughly useless and contemptible in her avocation.

**CHAP. XII.**

To the surprise of the entire school, Miss Jukes was suffered to impart such knowledge as she possessed, in her own way; and as that happened to be an uncommonly desultory and altogether a peculiar and extraordinary routine of
teaching, poor Miss Phits had much more work to do than previously.

As for Lady Laura, she became haughtier and more disagreeable than ever, and her malice and sarcasms were mostly levelled at myself. To account for her dislike was impossible; and for my own part I chanced to give myself any further concern about the matter. My temper, naturally affectionate and disposed to love all around me, had become somewhat chilled in the undemonstrative and (it must be owned) selfish atmosphere of Mnemosyne-house; but there were still the memories of my dear lost mother, and of the gentle, patient Susan, to urge me, never, if possible, to cease loving. Yet there are some people who, if all the love in the world were lavished on them, would throw it back on the bestower, and chill it with the ice of their own hearts. So constituted were many of those whom I tried hard to love. At the head of these enemies of the affections, these blights to the warm and passionat impulses of youth, stood my own father. Ah! how soon we can become spoiled by a frowning world! how soon we learn, in our turn, to frown likewise! I have seen much of that world since those days when I would have gladly bestowed treasures of affection on all who would permit me to do so; and now that the fire and glare of existence have passed away, I have more to lament since I have learned that neither wealth, beauty, rank, nor prosperity can ever compensate for the deprivation of the faculty of loving!

I do not allude to that passion or sentiment existing between persons of opposite sexes. I mean that broad, diffuse feeling, which extends from the highest to the lowest, from the rich to the poor—a love which, blended with the tenderest pity towards His suffering and sinful creatures, was displayed so freely by the Lord of Life, when he sojourned for a brief space on earth. When that woman, who was a sinner, anointed his head with precious and costly ointment, causing the Thrust to murmur at what they deemed waste. He said—"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."

Absence had, however, partly obliterated the memory of my own parent's want of affection for me, when one day I was summoned to attend on Miss Partridge in her private sitting-room. It was during the dancing-lesson that I was called away, and I felt something important must have occurred. I entered the room timidly, and beheld—my father! He kept his seat, and took, coldly enough, the hand which alone I dared to tender, my first impulse to throw my arms round his neck and kiss him being uncontrollably checked by some expression in Mr. Castlebrook's face. He viewed me for a time in stern silence, but deigned at last to say I was grown, and greatly improved in appearance. He was reminded by Miss Partridge, in one of her most stilted periods, that every young person committed to the care of Mnemosyne House improved as a matter of course. A long tirade, which she commenced with—"The method

pursued at this long-established and highly-appreciated seminary for the daughters of noblemen and gentlemen," was abruptly terminated, to her deep disgust and offence, by Mr. Castlebrook turning to me, and saying that he was going to Scotland for the shooting season, and should not see me again till after his return. With this scanty communication he turned to the indignant superior, who was soothing her ruffled and outraged feelings by making out a receipt for notes and gold, which lay on the table, and which, it seemed, my father had laid down in payment of my school-bill; he then paid her an elaborate compliment on the high reputation of her school.

As I stood, awkward and embarrassed, by his side, it struck me as very odd that Mr. Castlebrook, whose housekeeper usually paid his bills, should come himself to do so in person. "Perhaps," whispered my child's heart, "my father really loves me, after all! Miss Phits says gentlemen never display their feelings like women. He may love me, but may not like to show it before people."

Fond delusion! Miss Partridge, who usually made the signing of her name a state matter, suddenly discovered that she had left her gold spectacles in the breakfast-room, on which, before I had time to offer my service, Miss Margaret, who was present, volunteered to accompany them and for that purpose quitted the room. In less than five minutes after that, the door re-opened, and, instead of portly Miss Margaret, the silph-like form of Lady Laura Tarragon appeared, who, with downcast eyes and timid steps, advanced, bearing the spectacles. She made a deep, formal curtsey to Mr. Castlebrook, who, on his part, rose hurriedly, appearing much pleased, and, taking both her hands, he pressed them gallantly to his lips. I will not avouch that, while I stared, Miss Partridge did not blush; but Lady Laura, in answer to the goodness's look of starchy propriety, hastened to explain that Mr. Castlebrook was an old friend of her friends, Miss and Mrs. De Quincy, of Grosvenor-square, and that she had become acquainted with my father during her frequent visits there.

Although not naturally suspicious, I own I began to surmise the fact that to this acquaintance, formed apparently many months back, I was indebted for being sent to school at all, and further, for the extreme enmity which my fair and aristocratic schoolfellow had displayed towards me, almost from the first time we met—an enmity so strange towards a girl so inoffensive and quiet as myself. To one who had read so freely in my father's library romances and love-tales, the idea of a warmer attachment than mere friendship between my father and this young lady was a not unlikely suggestion. At any time the mere mention of a successor to my pale, gentle, and suffering mother would have caused me to shudder; but to see one in that vain, shallow, capricious, haughty, unamiable girl was a trial indeed.

These thoughts fairly raged within me, as I
noted glimpses of deep interest in each other pass between the subjects of my reverie. Lady Laura lingered in the room under the pretext of mending a pen for Miss Partridge, and when further conversation became impossible between the pair, and the spinster’s frowning looks and marked silence denoted she was of opinion the interview had lasted quite long enough, Mr. Castlebrooke again took my hand coldly, and bade me farewell. He uttered some paternal advice in the shape of desiring me to be good and obedient to my teachers and superiors, a glance at Lady Laura accompanying the last word. Whether from consideration or ostentation I will not pretend to say; he, however, accompanied his admonition with the gift of a ten-pound note, with which, he said, I must renovate my wardrobe, for he had observed I was growing out of my clothes. Then he made a ceremonious bow to Miss Partridge, which she returned with a stately courtesy, such as would do the eyes of this generation good to have seen, and advancing to Lady Laura, Mr. Castlebrooke raised her hand with a tender politeness once more to his lips—those lips which had never offered to press those of his own child.

In spite of my indignation, and the style of masculine dress then the mode, but at which my young readers would laugh now—the tight nether garments, close-fitting at the ankle, the swallow-tailed body-coat, with gilt buttons and short-waisted vest—I thought my father a very fine and noble-looking gentleman indeed; nor did I much wonder that a young lady had fallen in love with him. Certainly Mr. De Trevor Castlebrooke did not look his age, and seemed stiffer in person and paler of visage than when I had mentally compared him with the hero of my favourite romance as he sat in the library at home.

Lady Laura gracefully quitted the room—we took lessons in that difficult art at Mnemosyne—thereby she notably saved Miss Partridge the trouble of requesting her to do so. As she gave Mr. Castlebrooke a final glance, she coloured deeply—certainly not in anger: I, who knew nothing of the emotions or passions, could see that; but when she had gone—full of contending emotions and a feeling of gratitude for my father’s unlooked-for generosity—I sprang towards him, and, clasping him round the neck, to the great detriment of his highly-starched and many-folded necchcol so elaborately tied, I gave him a fervent kiss. How full it was of love and tenderness and hope! I shall never, to my dying day, forget the look of deep disgust—nay, almost terror—with which he received this filial salute. “That will do, child,” he said: “Miss Partridge, be so good as to check Isabella’s terribly demonstrative disposition. Really” [adjusting his injured necchcol] “one is never safe. There, good-bye t’ye, good-bye, good-bye,” “good-bye, dear papa,” I said, mournfully, as, slowly and sadly I went out of the room, curtseying as prescribed by etiquette. In my heart I thought of my master, Benvòlre; his benevolent smile and warm pressure of the hand on meeting, his paternal benediction when we parted: “Had he been my father, he would not have looked at me so,” I said, in sorrow. That glance of hate I had received from a parent scared my poor affectionate heart for long, long years, and came like a phantom between me and my father, whenever I would faint have loved and pitied him. As I ascended the staircase in my progress to the school-room, these thoughts filled my heart, and forced the tears from my eyes. I was obliged to rest my head against the banisters, and wept as if my heart would break. Never, indeed, since I could remember anything, had an interview with my father produced aught but unhappiness. Miss Phits was coming down at that moment, and seeing me in distress, kindly desired me to retire to my own room and compose myself. I asked permission to go to hers, which she gave, and there, by the side of the bed on which Susan Liscombe had breathed her last sigh, did I weep for hours, till, exhausted by my grief, I was discovered by Betsy, as the bell rang for evening prayers, fast asleep on the very pillow where Susan had last rested her dying head.

CHAP. XIII.

After what I had seen in Miss Partridge’s parlour, I was not very greatly surprised, when, as Lady Laura Tarragon was one morning sorting her work-bag, a note fell from it, whose superscription I immediately recognized to be in my father’s hand-writing. I might not, it is true, have been so sure of this fact, so small had been my correspondence with him, but for the circumstance that the day succeeding his visit to Mnemosyne House, he had sent me a note, in which he requested I would present from him to Lady Laura a splendid bouquet which accompanied the billet.

This bouquet had been received with such an air of triumph, and the young lady had thereby taken such a step in advance of the whole school, that henceforward no one deemed of competing with her, and indeed I became convinced that the correspondence had by no means ceased at that point. Lady Laura began to affect an air of tender melancholy, which she appeared to think vastly becoming. Miss Bidkins, as of course in duty bound, was the prime confidante, and the Mercury of her patroness; in short, the whisperings, sighs, and corner consultations became presently obvious to the whole school, who speedily became interested in this love affair. Miss Jukes, in her vulgar, boisterous, and off-hand Transatlantic fashion, did not fail to observe the matter, and pointed it out to every one’s notice, in a very offensive plain-spoken manner. A deadly war there was indeed, between the American “young lady” and the “British aristocrat,” as her opponent termed Lady Laura. It had raged ever since the memorable drawing lesson; and I think, in spite of the superior
rank, malice, and fashionable ill-breeding of the latter, "Jukes," as she came to be termed among us, decidedly had the best of the fray, which so repeatedly took place between these enemies. Jukes was never daunted; she had no sensibility to be shocked, and possessed, besides, such a thorough development of self-esteem, that nothing earthly could abash her. Yet, with an ignorance and pretension truly odious, this young American possessed some really good qualities, which if they had received more genial cultivation might have borne good fruits. She was shrewd and observant; robust in health and person, she had a certain sense of temper which always led her to take the part of the oppressed. There is as much fagging and tyranny going on in a girls' school, though in a different way, as in any boys' large public seminary, and Jukes was for ever busy in meddling with every one's quarrels. In proportion to her hatred to Lady Laura, did she extend her favour to me—chiefly, I believe, because she perceived how vindictively I was persecuted; indeed very soon Lady Laura had a two-fold pleasure in tormenting me—she vexed Jukes as well as myself.

One thing, however, was apparent to all; Miss Jukes had unbounded influence over Miss Partridge, and the timid Miss Margaret stood in as much awe of the junior teacher as she did of her own sister. The servility of human nature was never more evident than in the alteration which took place in every one's behaviour—except, indeed, Lady Laura's—when this fact became observed and understood. Henceforward Jukes might teach what she liked, and how she liked, and no one so much as smiled. The grossest mistakes in history or chronology, which every school-girl knew to be errors, were passed over, with lowered eyes, but silence. Jukes could remit punishments and tasks at pleasure. Jukes could gain holidays, and free the little boys from birthday treats, and a more liberal dietary than had been hitherto prevalent at Mnemosyne House. Nay, the private door being once inadvertently left ajar, Jukes had been seen, positively seen by one of the young ladies whose veracity was unimpeachable, sipping port wine and cracking dberts with the sisters, who always enjoyed a private dessert, after the public dinner. And Betsy, though it took a long time to credit her assertion, stated that Miss Jukes supped every night with the superiors.

After these things, she became a personage, one neither to be sneered at, nor laughed down. Vulgar she might be, and decidedly was; but power she unshakenly possessed, and we knuckled down to it, as submissively and willingly as boys to their marbles. What were the gentle virtues of Susan Liscorne, to one who knew how to rule her rulers?

We knew not then the mystery of this power, and marvelled at it as a curious and unfailing theme of interest; for we entirely refused credit to one daring spirit, who being wholly without veneration, suggested that Jukes must be the unacknowledged offspring of either Margaret or the redoubtable Miss Partridge herself, who had possibly come back from America, to which land she had been very likely kidnapped in infancy, and thus possessed of terror and shame over those two elderly ladies.

Poor old souls! How they were traduced by such a supposition! And how the slander proves that even so many years ago, before wickedness was supposed to have attained its present height, or the tree of knowledge to be so universally assailed by youth, young innocent girls could yet suggest such things of their elders and superiors, proving their own precocity in the knowledge of existing evils.

Miss Jukes's source of power was a vastly different one; yet, though we felt to laugh down such a surmise, it had some effect on our imaginations nevertheless, causing us to regard the sisters with less respect, and considerable suspicion.

It was not long before Lady Laura concocted a scheme which she trusted would effectually disgrace me.

Benvolere had been laid up with severe indisposition for some weeks, and a deputy professor undertook the hard task of Miss Partridge's pupils. One day I received from the hands of Miss Bidkins a note: she informed me mysteriously that it had been placed in her hands when out shopping for some of the young ladies, which she was occasionally allowed to do.

Although I ought to have suspected any communication conveyed by such a source, I opened the note without thinking of the following—My Dear Young Friend—I am in great distress and trouble, and must see you immediately. As I dare not venture to do so at any other time or place, may I ask you to come to the staircase window, which opens on the stable yard, after every one has retired to rest? To-morrow night you will find a ladder against the window, which you can open, and so you can safely descend into the yard. Three minutes' conversation will suffice. I know I shall obtain your kind sympathy. Forgive, I pray, this method of addressing you. 'Tis the only one, for this note might be opened. Do not come till the clock has struck twelve. Adieu, my dear pupil.

Your sincere friend,

Miss Isabella Castlebrooke.

I was little better still than a child, especially in my habit of not suspecting evil. I entirely believed and credited the authenticity of this letter. My simplicity never perceived the absurd manner in which this secret meeting was arranged, nor its direct contradiction to the correct manner and habits of Mr. Benvolere. I thought only that he must be in distress; and my late momentary dilemma about poor Susan suggested that it must be distress of a pecuniary nature. Perhaps I thought, he had been imprisoned for debt, and had made his escape from jail, and so might wish to communicate his embarrassments through the staircase window, access to which he probably intended.
to gain by bribing the stable boys, our neighbours. What romantic ideas, in short, will not enter the brain of a school-girl of thirteen? After school-hours, I went to my own room, and examined my stock of cash. Out of my father's gift, I had caused Betsy to regain my precious bracelets, and yet had in hand some pounds. New dresses I certainly much needed, and they would be expected from me; but perish such thoughts when my dear master needed help! I thought I must have enough, but still had an uncomfortable though vague idea that all I had, might not perhaps suffice to pay the debts of a grown-up man.

That night and the next I retired with a beating heart, yet holding myself fully prepared for the adventure. Other hearts beside mine were beating with excitement on the night arranged for this rendezvous.

I must here mention that among the victims to the manifold attractions of Mr. Mortimer Gissade, the dancing-master, first and foremost on the list, stood Miss Maria St. Tredwine, a Cornish girl of good family, and reputed large fortune. This affaire de cœur was perfectly well known to all the elder girls; Bidkins being, as usual, the go-between. As a younger pupil, I was, however, in total ignorance of the matter; and when two were intrusted with the secret that an elopement was projected, and intended to come off on the same night my letter appointed for a meeting. Bidkins, who, like most confidantes, told her secrets to every body, having betrayed her trust to Lady Laura's ears, the latter was inspired with a plot against me. I knew afterwards that she concocted the letter reporting the elopement from Benvolere, subsequently copied by Miss Bidkins, and delivered to me by that female emissary; I was to be the victim, on whose shoulders the odium of connivance at this heinous stealing scheme was to be thrown.

When all was quiet that night, with slipped foot and quiet heart, I essayed the place of rendezvous. Even though I had been a pupil of Mnemosyne for nearly a year, I had not the slightest idea that I was doing anything very wrong. I believed that Benvolere wanted money, and in my own self-communings I had determined to ask him the question at once, and, by throwing to him out of the window all the cash I possessed, accomplish the adventure without any further risk.

Half-way down the staircase, I paused with terror to think that perhaps the window might be fastened up; I had little cause to fear, the sash was invitingly open. This circumstance of itself might have aroused more acute minds; but I was secure in the environs of good faith, and went on. As I looked out, I saw the glimmer of a lantern beneath, and judged (rightly enough) that I was waited for. When I state that Miss St. Tredwine—who had just previously descended the ladder which was standing against the window—was in the plot against me, this circumstance will excite not surprise. I whispered my master's name.

"Come down," replied a voice, which husky, or disguised by cold or fear, I could not recognize.

"How shall I come?" was my innocent query.

"There is a ladder, step down; there is no danger, dear child!"

"Dear child!" It was then my beloved master. For the first time I felt, as I planted my foot on the ladder, that I was outraging decorum; it was, however, too late to pause then; so I persevered, and slowly and cautiously gained the bottom.

When I was safely down I looked round, and discovered there was no one to be seen. I called Mr. Benvolere by name, but no voice now responded. I had even the courage to walk down the yard towards the stables; but after waiting and calling for a quarter-of-an-hour I was obliged to own myself deceived, and that no one was there. Shivering with combined cold and fear, I prepared to re-ascent with the treacherous ladder, and, as I gained its summit, beheld the reflection of lights on the other side of the window. My first impression was that the house had taken fire; my next, and truer conviction, as I faced the open window, became that the Misses Partridge, Miss Philla, Miss Jukes, Millie, Acajou, Betty, the serious footman, and several of the pupils, including Lady Laura Tarragon and her confidante Bidkins, were all anxiously waiting my approach. A universal scream greeted my appearance.

I cannot attempt to give any description of the tableau we presented at this moment. For myself, my first impulse was to escape down the deceitful ladder; but remembering that in such case I should only be the more securely caged, since I knew of no outlet into the street, nor anywhere to go if I ran away, I permitted Betsy to assist me in at the window, and stood trembling beneath the terrible eye of Miss Partridge, who was enrobed in the awful dignity of a dressing-gown, and had further on her head a night-cap furbelowed and frilled to such extent, that had the maddest bull in Smithfield designed to attack the superior, the mere sight of such an appalling cheveux de frise would have effectually deterred him. Every one proceeded to attack me at once; but Miss Partridge interposing, desired to be heard. She commenced her category.

"Where have you been, Miss Castlebrook?"

No answer.

She repeated her query in a voice of thunder. Nothing except the simple truth presenting itself to my imagination, I answered,—"Down the ladder, ma'am."

"Do you hear?" said Miss Partridge, who was in her grimmest humour. "Do you hear, Margaret? the girl mocks me! Child!" turning to me in awful scorn; "you may be a gentleman's daughter, but if you were heiress to a duke you should not disgrace Mnemosyne House with impunity. You have brought scandal on us; you have been sided and
To Travellers by Sea.

The God of the Universe ruleth the Sea—
Our Ship it is sound—and no dread have we;
But if mischief should happen, keep your courage like men:
Remember your safeguard is Discipline then!
Be orderly, calm; do not scuffle or shirk;
Let the helpless be helped, and the wisest one speak.
'Tis a fact, could you know it, that Danger slips by
The brave—to rush after the cowards that fly!

C.C.
THE WATER-LILY.
Translated from the German of Heine,
BY E. RAYMOND.

The Water-lily bloometh
From the azure depths below;
The sparkling leaves are quivering;
The cup is white as snow.

Above, the moon from heaven
Her silver light doth pour;
She sheddeth all her brightness
In the bosom of the flower.

And on those crystal waters
A white swan sailoth near;
She gazeth on the Lily,
And singeth, low and clear.

He singeth sweetly, softly;
He will not warble long:
O Lily, snow-white Lily,
Say canst thou hear that song?

CLOCKS AND MIRRORS.
BY MRS. ADDY.

Look round the gay saloons of France,
And profit well by the inspection!
There, shining Mirrors to your glance
Return a multiplied reflection:
List to your Clock, whose tuneful chime
Repeats the hours through night and morning,
And gives you of the flight of Time
An accurate, unfauling warning.

Instruction is not only found
In formal books and measured speeches,
The simplest sight or slightest sound
Oft an important moral teaches:
Would you a useful lesson learn—
Pass as the brilliant room you enter;
In every gaud shall you discern
An eloquent and faithful Mentor.

Within each Clock an echo lies,
Speaking with steady iteration
Of time mis-spent in vanities
Which always ended in vexation.
Truly it tells of trifled powers,
Neglected talents and endowments,
And rings the knell of wasted hours,
The aggregate of wasted moments.

Those Mirrors—With what rigid truth
They picture Time’s insidious traces,
Stealing the roseate bloom of youth,
And mapping lines on faded faces!
What treasures has Time left behind,
Amid the wreck of outward beauty?
Are you more good, more wise, more kind,
More steadfast in the path of duty?

Nay, do not listen in disdain,
Nor frown on each unconscious tutor,
But from past follies strive to gain
Knowledge to guide you for the future.

So, seek to pass your coming days,
So, regulate each heedless action,
That on these objects you may gaze
With calm and tranquil satisfaction.

The peace of mind you never found
In languid sloth or vain enjoyment
Shall greet you in the daily round
Of cheerful and discreet employment.
Oft shall the young, when they behold
In you an earnest, kind adviser,
Acknowledge that in growing old
You have not failed in growing wiser.

Then, though the rapid flight of Time
May still be forced on your attention,
The gilded glass, the tinkling chime
Shall lose their power of reprehenston.
Enough—The moralist can find
Matter for thought, both sweet and bitter,
Where they of weak and common mind
View but a scene of show and glitter.

A N O T H E R S.
BY ADA TREYANION.

In the depths of the ancient window
Looking unto the sea;
I see them sitting together
Where he once sat with me.

The flowers which bloomed in the garden
Were radiant in the dawn;
The broad branches of the chestnut
Shadowed the walks and lawn.

And my brain was teeming with fancies
Nursed by romances old;
Each bright as the star of morning
Ere gathered to its fold.

The eastern heaven glowed deeper,
And the lark, ’mid the blue,
Poured forth such a song of rapture
As thrilled me through and through.

I had not a care or a sorrow;
My youth was in its prime,
And I sat beside my idol,
In the year’s budding-time.

How was it the bright picture darkened?
What blight was o’er us cast
When he shrank from my caresses,
And stood awhile aghast?

My happiness was but a phantom,
And yet I felt no fear:
I trusted through good and evil;
But now I’m standing here,

Heart-broken, and tortured to madness
By mem’ries dark and drear;
And they are sitting together
Where he once sat with me!
SPANISH LITERATURE.

The literature of Spain has not been so much read nor so highly cultivated as it merits, nor has the national character met its due need of praise. The Spaniards of the age of Ferdinand and Isabella were the noblest nation in Europe. They drove out the Moors, opened the new world, patronized the arts and sciences, and produced the most correct and elegant edition of the Holy Scriptures, under the auspices of Cardinal Ximenes, the greatest statesman of his day. Then came discoveries, and the sceptre of Castile embraced the fairest lands which the sun shone upon; and the dominions that owned the sway of the great Charles constituted the most magnificient heritage ever transmitted to any single individual up to that time.

The temper of the Spanish people is peculiar, but many valuable traits mark the old Castilian. He is high-tempered, even haughty, but his pride often prevents him from doing a mean action, and makes even his poverty honourable. He boasts of his high descent, and though too lazy to work, will be careful to do nothing to tarnish his family escutcheon. He is implacable in his resentment, but has been known to be gracious to his enemies. The Spaniard is also a lover of art, and is most keenly alive to the beauties of nature. He loves his fair Spain, and when abroad, speaks with the most enthusiastic eloquence of her orange-groves, which produce at the same time fruit and flowers; descants on the glories of the Escorial, and the splendour of the cathedrals of Seville and Malaga. Such ingredients constitute the elements of literature; and hence, in all ages, Spain has not lacked literary talent.

Spain was, from an early period, very closely connected with the Roman empire. Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, Theodosius, and Adrian were of Iberian descent; Seneca, Lucan, and Florus were born at Cordova; Martial, Prudentius, and Quintilian were also natives of Spain. But the country was divided, nor was it finally united till the diadem rested upon the brow of the great descendant of Isabella. In 711 Roderick hazarded the fate of his Gothic and Christian empire on a single battle, and was overcome. The Moors were victorious, and for centuries either oppressed the Christians or were oppressed by them. This warfare produced the salutary effect of fusing the somewhat heterogeneous population of Christian Spain into one mass; the Roman, Goth, and Spaniard forgot their ancient animosities, subdued their petty jealousies, and, united by a common sense of danger and a common religion, forgave and forgot the past, though traces of the ancient blood can still be observed in the natives of the different parts of Spain, and they cling tenaciously to their old customs. They were free till—as a Spanish priest, who now wears an American mitre, indignantly remarked—Charles the Fifth brought in his Flemings.

For the first four centuries, Spain shone resplendently over the rest of Europe, and her doctors of theology bore off the palms of victory in that sacred department of literature. Nor did she want able theologians till the eighth century. Julian, Archbishop of Toledo, Isidore, Bishop of Seville, and St. Eulogius, were very celebrated, and even now are quoted by deeply-read canonists.

The tenth century was very productive of learned men. The Moslems of Spain were an exceedingly cultivated and elegant nation, excelled in poetry and architecture, and, alone of all their creed, were patrons of learning. The Universities of Granada, Seville, Cordova, and Toledo were sought by students from all parts of Christendom. Chemistry was there studied, political economy was not forgotten, and all the aids that literature could then afford were duly invoked. The names of several of these Spano-Arab authors, and the titles of some of their works, have been transmitted to us. In the tenth century, Othman wrote the history of the poets of Spain; Moslema produced a treatise on numbers; Aboul Valid, a library of the Arabian poets, memoirs of illustrious Spaniards, and a dictionary. Other historical and miscellaneous writings appeared from time to time, and paved the way for more elaborate works.

Two obstacles militated against the development of the Spanish intellect: first, the want of a proper central government; and second, the diversity of languages. Three tongues were in use among the ancient Spaniards: first, the Provençal, spoken in Catalonia, and another Romance dialect in Castile; and two more in Portugal (which then formed a part of Spain) and Galicia. A brighter era was dawnning on Spain, and she was speedily destined to take her place in the republic of letters.

The oldest document extant in the Spanish language is a confirmation, by Alphonso the Seventh, of the charter of Aviles, a city in Asturias, dated 1155. "The Cid," a well-known Spanish poem, follows next, and though its date is uncertain, it cannot be later than the year 1300. This poem, consisting of three thousand lines, relates the principal events in the life of Rodrigo Diaz, a baron of some note, who was born about 1040, and died in 1099, at Valencia, which he had conquered from the Moors. He was of ancient lineage and indomitable bravery, and is known in all knightly chronicles as El Cid Campeador, or the lord-champion, and was one of those generous souls for whom nature has done much, but fortune little. He led the armies of Sancho the Second, and five Moorish kings acknowledged him in one day as their seid or lord. His gallant foes did him more
Spanish Literature.

justice than the Christian princes for whom he fought, and by whom he was frequently banished. Several circumstances invest this poet with peculiar interest—the date of its appearance, the events in the life of its hero, and the fidelity with which they are sketched. Still, parts of it are fabulous, and the author has evidently availed himself of the poet’s licence. The dialect betokens a language yet in its infancy. Ticknor, in his “History of Spanish Literature,” has given some lines on the famine of Valencia, which we annex below:

“Mal se aquexín los de Valencia, que no ques far, De ninguna parte que sea, no les biena pan, Nia da consejo padre a fijo, ni fijo a padre, Nia amigo a amigo nos pueden consolar, Mala cuenta es Señores, aver mengua de pan Piojos e mojigas berlo morir de hambre.”

“Valencian men doubt what to do, and bitterly complain That whereas’er they look for bread, they look for it in vain, No father help can give his child, no son can help his sire, Nor friend to friend assistance lend or cheerfulness inspire. A grievous story, sirs, it is, when falls the needed bread And women fair and children young in hunger join the dead.”

As a graphic picture of manners, and a repository of the customs of the age, “The Cid” is invaluable, and the generous character of the hero inspires pity, love, and esteem.

Two other anonymous poems have been placed immediately after “The Cid,” but they are not of much value except from their antiquity. “The Life of St. Mary of Egypt,” a coarse legend of the olden time, and “The Story of Apollonius,” by an anonymous writer.

Gonzalo Baceo, a secular priest, who flourished from 1220 to 1246, produced about thirteen thousand lines, all on religious subjects. Thirty-six hundred are on the Miracles of the Virgin Mary. These are mostly divided into couplets. It is more polished than “The Cid,” but lacks its spirit. Twenty lines, the song of the Jews who watched the sepulchre after the crucifixion, are the earliest dated specimens of Spanish lyrical poetry. Though these do not rank as gems of the poetic art, still a vein of simple-hearted piety runs through several of the short stanzas of the miracles of the Virgin in twenty-five tales. The good man was evidently sincere, and wished that all who read his poetry should worship at the shrine of his heavenly patroness.

The next name that shines in the midst of the darkness of the thirteenth century is Alphonso, justly surnamed the Wise, an epithet bestowed by history and confirmed by truth. This prince was the son of Ferdinand the Third, and ascended the throne in 1252. He was skilled in geometry and some of the occult sciences. His poetry entitles him to a place in the Spanish Parnassus. Considerable advance was made in prose composition during the reign of this monarch, who died in 1284, leaving behind him several works in prose, two of which, “The Astronomical Tables,” and “Works on Legislation,” have not yet lost their value. Four hundred and one cantigos, in lines of from six to twelve syllables, and with an exactness of rhyme, in the Provençal style and measure, devoted to the praise of the Madonna, are ascribed to Alphonso. A few only have been printed, and though originally composed in another dialect, they have been printed in the Galician.

The Galician is the oldest dialect in the southwestern part of Spain, and was the second that was reduced to writing. In the struggles which at different times agitated the peninsula, this province was repeatedly separated from Castile; but at this lapse of time, it is impossible to explain why these stanzas were written in that dialect, when Alphonso was so well versed in the purer and more majestic Castilian. The partidos of this monarch, or the results of his observations on men, things, and manners, are remarkable, in spite of occasional rudeness of expression and blunders in style, for their appropriate language. It was for the king to make the vulgar tongue the language of the courts of the law. These, perhaps, are the oldest prose specimens of the Spanish language, and even now may be favourably compared with more modern authors.

Poems of merit appeared from time to time, showing the gradual improvement of the language. The names of Ruiz de Hita and Fernan Gonzales are honourably inscribed on the roll of fame. There are certain crudities in the works of these authors, but a gradual improvement can be visibly noted. The purer style began to prevail, and more attention was paid to the arts of composition. All are generally written in stanzas of four lines each, and are valuable as specimens of antiquity.

The national library at Madrid contains many scarce and curious volumes, and among the manuscripts is a rare and singular poem on the history of Joseph, in the Arabic character and metre. Though written in Spanish, the story is also told after the version of the Koran, and the Hebrew narrative is in some instances disregarded. The date only of this singular manuscript is preserved. It was penned in the latter half of the fourteenth century. Some of the words are Provençal, and the style is tender and pathetic. One poem belonging to that early period remains to be described, which, for worldly wisdom and shrewd sense, is superior to any of its predecessors. The subjects chosen by the former writers were either chivalrous or religious—the deeds of some mirror of knighthood, or the charms of the Virgin Mother; but Pedro Lopez de Ayala, who held important posts under four sovereigns, and died in 1407, at the age of seventy-five, painted, in his court-rhymes, human nature as he saw it, with all its faults and foibles. Intrigues then, as now, prevailed in courts. The old statesman
Some are drawn from Moorish history, and others are burlesque and satirical.

Alphonso the Wise may be the father of Spanish history, and he has left us a partial record of his beneficial and glorious administration; but he was greatly in advance of his age, and his two immediate successors took no pains to transmit their deeds to future times. Alphonso the Eleventh was more solicitous, and we have a complete record from 1252 to 1312; and the example was followed regularly, some high officer of the court or learned ecclesiastic being appointed to that duty. Ayala, whom we have before mentioned as the author of court-rhymes, also acts as historian.

The romantic episode of Blanche of Bourbon relieves the monastery's dry details. This unfortunate and beautiful princess was the wife of Peter the Cruel, who, for the sake of María de Padilla, forsook her two days after marriage, and, after a long imprisonment, sacrificed her to his wanton's mad jealousy. The chivalrous writer does not spare his master; he paints the agony to which the hapless queen was subjected, and draws a series of graphic and lifelike tableaux from her wedding to the closing scene of her joyless existence. Spanish history is complete, and the memoirs of some of Spain's greatest heroes, warriors, and patriots have been drawn with lifelike exactness by faithful and loving pencils.

A host of friars and cavaliers sought homes in the new world, some to better their condition, others in search of adventures. Some kept journals; and collectively, these have been of the greatest value to the historian, and the air of freshness which invests them will be acceptable to most readers. They recorded what they saw. The book was not written to sell, but as a memento and recollection of a most eventful period. One poem connected with the conquest is the grandest epic in the language. The Araucana of Ercilla is replete with beauties. From it Voltaire borrowed the formation of "Zaire."

The Spanish drama is the richest in the world. Like all children of the South, the Spaniards are passionately fond of the drama; and after the Mysteries had been withdrawn, some attention was called to tragedy and comedy by Cervantes. Lope de Vega may be styled the creator of the Spanish drama. His wondrous brain teemed with plots; he dreamed of tragedies by night and wrote them by day, or rather dictated them more rapidly than an amanuensis could take them down. Twenty-two hundred plays issued from his pen. Three hundred only of these were printed. The great author was designated the phoenix of Spain and the prodigy of nature. "It has been computed that he gave more than twenty-one million three hundred thousand lines to the world."

Lope de Vega is but little read out of Spain. The moral in all his tragedies is bad. Unjustifiable resistance and sanguine revenge are inculcated, and instead of correcting, he pondered..."
to the evil tastes of his countrymen. His sacramental acts, which were represented in churches, were mostly dialogues on theology and scholastic disputations. The dramas on the lives of the saints are odd medleys of buffoons, saints, scholars, peasants, kings, the infant Messiah, the devil and the Deity. Such was the strange combination which attracted great audiences, and laid the foundations of the fame and fortune of the writer.

Calderon was also a great dramatic writer, and is much praised by the German critics. At times he is gross, and he is extremely bigoted in his religious views.

Spain has also produced a number of religious ascetic writers, and many of these have been translated into English and other European languages.

But the crowning glory of Spain was "Don Quixote," the production of Cervantes. This great novel has been rendered into all the modern languages, and is universally admired. The Don is an individual not exclusively of his own day or time, but of all days and times. Benevolence, bravery, humanity, are characteristics of this half-crazed knight, whom the reader loves in spite of his better judgment. The Don never forgets that he is a Spaniard and a gentleman. True, his brain has been turned by the perusal of romances, and he has fallen so much in love with the deeds of all the heroes, that he longs to emulate them, but the genuine spirit of chivalry has seized the Manchegan. His adventures are singular, but the machinery of the book is commonplace, and he deals with common personages. The curate, bookeeper, and barber may even now perhaps be found in any Spanish village. The Spaniards are particularly fond of these novels of "la vida picarese," and the bellet did not look far for his material. Every street furnished him with characters. The Spaniards are the most contented people in the world. Give a man a cloak, an onion, a little garlic, and a glass of the common wine of the country, and he is satisfied; he asks no more. And Cervantes showed a perfect knowledge of his countrymen when he drew the inimitable Don. Sancho is an equally happy creation. No matter what may happen, he is never disturbed as long as he has wherewithal to satisfy his appetite. He looks on his master as wandering in his mind, but he himself is an excellent, gormandizing, greedy, faithful, affectionate follower. The mock government of Sancho is full of exquisite strokes of humour, and the satiric genius of Hogarth has admirably delineated the luckless wight surrounded by the dainties he greedily covets, and yet forbidden to touch a morsel. All the episodes in this wondrous novel are touching, and add to the interest of the whole. Drake, the author of the spirited Address to the American Flag, when reading "Don Quixote" in early youth, rolled on the floor in fits of laughter and merriment. Cervantes was fond of literature from early youth, and produced some plays and romances. He had also an inclination to write for the stage, but want of means compelled him to forego his wishes. He was attached, during his residence in Rome, to the household of Cardinal Aqua Viva; but tiring of servitude, enlisted under Colonna, and lost a hand at the battle of Lepanto. He embarked for Spain, and on the passage was taken by a Barbary corsair, and suffered a captivity of five years. On his return to his native land, he produced the pastoral of "Galatea," and some comedies, which are now lost. Lope de Vega, then in the full tide of his popularity, was ungenerous enough to deprave the brother craftsman, and the great writer threw aside the mask and jests of comedy. A petty employment saved Spain's greatest boast from starvation; but even that was withdrawn. A series of difficulties beset the latter part of his life, and the melancholy Philip the Third, who only smiled when he read "Don Quixote," did nothing to relieve the author, who languished for some time in prison. Cervantes was born in 1547, and died in 1616.

Two volumes of tales from his pen are extant. The colloquy between the two dogs in the Hospital of the Resurrection has been greatly praised, and for philosophical observation and truth is worthy of its author. The remaining stories have all the wit, humour, and invention so conspicuous in the creator of the knight of La Mancha.

Leslie, the painter, wrought an exquisite picture for the Duke of Devonshire, now at Chatsworth, representing the 'Duchess' listening to some of Sancho's odd tales; and his sister wrote two pieces of poetry on the subject.

The compiler of this rapid sketch has two volumes of the Novels of Cervantes from the Dutch press, with five copper-plates. The jealousy of the Spanish government did not permit them to be printed in any part of the kingdom.

A WITHERED MORNING GLORY.*

My cousin Clara was to be married. It was the strangest thing—the queerest! I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks and fell on Aunt Godfrey's letter. Clara—little Clara—was always the demurest, the quaintest little body—in society, I mean. I always thought her a child in those matters, though, as my aunt said, she was full seventeen, and I—I was three years older. Though I looked upon her as a child, we were always together—Clara and I; yet in a way she was my equal and more. She had read many books for her few years, and

* A name of the Convulvulus.
was very wise in her own sly way; besides, she drew and painted well—yes, marvellously. I remember well her slim little figure, in the dark frocks she always wore, seated before her easel—I acting as model. Sometimes it was my hands, sometimes my feet; they were shaped, she said, as exquisitely as a Grecian statue's; and they were as white, saving the pink tinting. Then it was I looked at by her side and watch the widening of her great brown eyes, the sudden fall of her lashes, and mark the faint red that came and went in her dark cheeks as she talked of the wonderful Rome; the Eternal City with its Jupiter Serapis; its long-locked Jove ruling the heavens; of its Vatican Apollo curling his god-like lips in scornful triumph; its Cýtés bursting a perfect thing from the very heart of a sunflower; its Diana with high-knotted locks, her steady eye looking into the far, far distance. It was wonderful to hear the child; her tongue was loosened; she seemed to rise above herself and me, and soar in an atmosphere I knew not of. Yet in her mother's presence, among strangers—yes, anywhere but with me, she became the shy quiet child they thought her. And was it strange then that I laughed? I should as soon have thought of my sister Pet or the baby!

She seldom went out of an evening to a gay little dance, a play, or an opera—she was too shy. I did not fit in, well, when I came home, how I used to sit on her little white bed, and tell her about the fine ladies and gallant gentlemen, the velvets, satins, and jewels, and—yes, of the pretty speeches, too, that the gay youths whispered into my silly ears. Then little Clara would look at me wonderingly, and stroke my back with her slender hand, and say it shone like burnished gold and was as soft as a bit of silken floss. And the dear little thing was to be married! I told you, I would sooner have cried than laughed, but it was not my nature.

My aunt had bidden me to the marriage. I must come immediately, she wrote, and bring my finest frocks and laces; for she, poor woman, always estimated the setting above the jewel, and think not the worse of me if I say, particularly this jewel.

Somehow I am always gay when travelling. It may be the continuous whirl of the iron wheels as the polished band flies over the clanging rail—two shining parallel lines stretching through woods and park-like places—on, on, with the panting engine puffing out its hot breath and hurrying to the goal. I say perhaps it is this that affects me pleasantly. You may wonder, but somehow I like to feel myself a part of the great panting bustling thing, and fancy myself helping it on. The long June morning had passed, before I saw a little black speck in the distance that gradually grew into the familiar angles of the old station-house. Yes, it was clear noon when I stepped out on the platform and looked about me, for my shadow was as chubbly as the little dwarfs in fairy-tales, and before night it would be so gaunt and long that even yonder fence wouldn't measure it. Ah! there was Tom and the carriage, and everything looking precisely as it did last midsummer, when I left it; the self-same smirk on his face, one would be bound he had grinned there, hat in hand, ever since.

Clara came with open arms to meet me. I sprang up the steps, and the dear girl held my hands tight, and looked into my face with her shining brown eyes, but said not a word.

"Now, Clara," said I, when we were alone in her room, "tell me about it."

She looked at me wonderingly, and I verily believe the thought of her marriage had gone from the little bride's head.

"Oh!" she said at last in a disappointed tone, as if such matters must not intrude on our pleasures, "you must ask mamma."

"Ah!" thought I, "it is just as I supposed," but I was not so easily baffled. I pried her with questions until she confessed.

It was mamma's arrangement; as for herself, she scarcely knew Mr. Milne. She had danced with him once or twice at parties while at M——, and since he had been here. Why he seemed old and grave, but not disagreeable, she thought.

I asked her why she married him, and if she disliked it.

She looked at me thoughtfully a minute, as if trying to remember.

"Papa's financial affairs were troubling him; she feared he was getting seriously involved, and Mr. Milne was to help him. It was not with her so much a matter of choice as of duty. Mamma had put it before her in that light, and she—she had consented. She thought perhaps she shouldn't mind, but if she acted in opposition to her parents' will, how could she ever bear their reproaches, should it occasion her father's ruin?" and her timid brown eyes looked fearfully into mine.

I laughed.

Her look slowly changed from grave to gay; she laughed too, and began about Rome and painters and sculptors, the galleries she should visit and the lessons she should take, for Italy was to be in the wedding-tour.

"That," said Clara, "is mamma," as we heard a carriage drive up to the door and some one enter.

We went down; Clara and I. My aunt eyed me a minute scrutinizingly, then swept blandly forward and pressed her lips—her thin, pinched lips—to mine. When the swarm of congratulations and greetings had buzzed a minute and taken wing, a lady, fat, radiant, and rubicund, crowded her rustling skirts through the door way and turned to be presented to me. She was a jolly soul. I knew; I saw it in the twinkle of her eye, the shrug of her broad shoulders, and the rainbow ribbons that floated from her cap. But she pursed her lips into a solemn pucker, and cast down her eyes demurely when she was named as the rector's wi—
We three soon fell to discussing the wedding paraphernalia, the breakfast, the tour, the ceremony. Meanwhile Clara slipped away.

"In the church, most decidedly," said my aunt in reply to my question. The rectoress nodded approvingly, "Yes," my aunt continued, "the ceremony is so much more impressive, there is something of solemnity in the very atmosphere of a church."

"A dim religious light," I put in laughingly.

My aunt stared at me, and went on:

"Yes, in the very atmosphere, as in the low tones of the organ and in the priestly vestments of the clergyman, I say there is something charmingly impressive to me in these outward signs. And marriage, I think, is one of those sacraments which the church should sanctify; is it not so?"

The rectoress, thus appealed to, assented: "Entirely; I think with you entirely."

But her thoughts were on me, rather than on marriage rites, for her twinkling eye passed in rapid succession from one feature to another, and I saw that she noted the fit of my frock, and then the toes of my boots that peeped from under my flounces. And she was not a little pleased when my aunt, with an apology, left the room, and she had time to begin her catechism. When I told my age, where I was born, reared, and at what institution I was educated, she paused to take breath.

"And you will be your cousin's bridesmaid?" she asked, glancing from the childish figure crossing the lawn to my maturer growth.

I nodded and laughed: she caught my glance and laughed too, and her broad shoulders shook as though I had awakened the restrained merriment of months, and it now burst forth in all its fury. By the time the rectoress had dried her eye and composed her features, we understood each other as well as if we had been acquainted for years. Then Venus descended in person and asked her about Mr. Milne, and began some preliminaries, when she crossed the room, and, with a "Permit me," picked up the comb that had fallen from my hair, and examined the pearl-settings which composed its crest, talking, in the meantime, of the "Godfrey's and their little Clara."

I was standing before the mirror, twisting up my hair, when the door suddenly opened, and a figure—the figure of a man—stepped in. I had never seen Julian Milne, but by intuition or some other sense I knew it was he. He stopped short with his hand on the door, and stared like one dazed. There are some things that the lapidary's eye perceives that you do not know, even now, even now, I can see my face as I saw it then in the mirror—eyes like nothing so much as two purple morning-glories waiting the sunrise, a complexion like a waxen flower, and hair, hair as yellow as ripe corn in October, fell like a veil to the very hem of my travelling basque.

I thought it was fair, I confess, and winsome; yet I laughed to myself as I saw how it stupefied the stony professor.

I wonder if I am vain? I scarcely think it, though I know I'm pretty—yes, pretty like a picture; but I'm not clever, and I know it.

Whether Julian Milne would have stood staring until now, I cannot tell, but the rector motioned him in, and pronounced the formula of introduction. I laughed, and there was an answering twinkle in the rectoress's eye as I went forward and gave my hand to my projected cousin. He held it and looked at it, as if he doubted whether I had not meant him to carry it away in his pocket! I laughed—yes, I laughed in his face, and, pulling my hand away, I left the room. In the hall I met Clara, looking the least bit flurried and excited. She wound her arm about my waist, and we walked on.

"Do you know," she began, "Mr. Milne—Julian—has arrived? He came very unexpectedly not fifteen minutes ago. I was out on the lawn. I was never more surprised in my life when he sprang out of the carriage and—"

She stopped short and coloured a little.

"And what?" said I.

"And went into the house to speak to mamma, to be sure."

"Oh!"

"He will stay now, I presume, until—"

"When?"

"Until—why will you interrupt me—he will stay as long as you do. I fancy," and she laughed a little. "Come in now; I want to show him the model of those numberless drawings he admired."

"Indeed," said I, "he is in advance of you there, for he came to look at it himself," and then I told her how unceremoniously he pushed open the door, and showed him the room occupied, and how he was abashed to find the room occupied, and how a gawkish clown he stood gaping. She raised her eyebrows and smiled at my ludicrous description.

"Mr. Milne must have been thunderstruck, surely," she said. "I'll be bound he thought he was alone in the house!"

I went in, wondering what had come over Clara; she seemed somehow changed—wherein I couldn't quite make out: but I went to sleep with this conviction, that Julian Milne had a hand in it.

I don't fall asleep readily; I won't let myself; it seems like wasting those delicious bits of fairy-land vouchsafed to us poor mortals. No; I shut my eyes and forget it's dark, and fall to thinking of the queerest things and fancying the quaintest marvels, and, if I must confess it, I read "Arabian Nights" yet! So it happens, not until the "wee sma" hours, do my waking visions dissolve into the mists of sleep.

Is there anything in dreams? I ask you will think me superstitious, but I always felt there was something faintly, subtly prophetic in those dim night-fantasies that hang like broken cobwebs on one's waking senses. They are surely beyond our ken; yet I believe—no, I feel—that there is a faint, flimsy phantom of a something that if I could but grasp! Ah! it has eluded me again; the perception is gone.

It was late, very late, the next morning when
A Withered Morning Glory.

I awoke. I went out for a turn in the garden, that the fresh air might blow away the spell of Morpheus that always numbed my faculties. Through the slow, dragging morning hours I moved slowly up and down the long walks, tasting the sweet air and twining, nosegay out of morning-glories, and I remember the dew was yet on their leaves, and they looked so hopefully to the sun, that I tore them in shreds and dyed my fingers in their purple gore, that I might not see them wither. There is something so sad in decay—death and decay! The garden-seat was a quiet, sunny nook, encircled by a many-armed oak, and just out of the walk. The lazy buzzing bees tempted me to repose: I sat down, and let the sunshine filter through my half-closed lids, and listened to the tread on a neighbouring gravel-walk, a regular monotonous tread, from the end of the piazza to the arbour and back again and again, as if the walker were treading his fated beat. Then I heard a quick step and the rustle of a dress, and Clara joined him, and they two walked up and down, and the sound of their voices penetrated even to me—hers as quiet and child-clear as when we pulled buttercups together away back in the dark ages; she the same white-pinafored innocent as then, and I. But they came suddenly in view. I remained with closed eyes, motionless.

"See, is it not so?" exclaimed Clara.

Mr. Milne paused, and I felt his glance to the ends of my fingers. "The sleeping model of a Cynthia," he whispered low.

"Or a water-lily, the green skirt swaying like a lazy-bloom, with the yellow hair falling like pollen from waxen petals."

"Say rather a withered morning-glory," I laughed; and springing suddenly up, I tossed a shower of the withered things at Mr. Milne's feet. He started, and flushed red to his very temples, and in essaying to grind out the morning compliments, he ground the frail blossoms to powder with the heel of his boot.

"Oh! why did you?" began Clara.

"See, we are not guiltless, you and I," and I held out my purple fingers and pointed to the clay-trodden flowers. The attitude was pretty. He looked at me a minute.

"I was tempted and did eat," he said, and a queer smile hovered around the corners of his mouth. "You put them in harm's way, remember," and he took the remaining morning-glory that hung from my girdle. "I will keep this to remind me of our partnership in guilt."

The movement was unexpected; it surprised me in one so evidently shy, and I saw Clara looked unmistakable astonishment.

"An untoward beginning," said I, as we turned to the house. "Can it be the fated result of our acquaintance?"

"The saints forbid!" said I, solemnly.

We passed the morning in Clara's studio; she copying a Diana, I dawdling over some netting, Mr. Milne lounging about and sharpening crayons. For a long time he watched her touching up the shadows on Diana's crescent and rolling bread-crumbs into little balls; then he got up and opened the shutter to let in the morning sun.

Clara turned round, vexed at the sudden change of her shadows.

"But see, Mr. Milne!" she exclaimed, "look at Adelaide's hair in the sun! It is like—what?

—a halo round a saint's or Madonna's head."

"Where, O where,?"

quoted he,

"Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?

Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun."

His voice was low and peculiarly sweet. I looked up and saw Julian Milne for the first time. He was leaning negligently against the window-seat, with his arms folded. He was short rather, with broad shoulders and a figure not ungraceful, I thought, when at ease. His forehead, wide, white, and deeply lined, was marked off by black, scowling brows; I say scowling, for there were lines, unmistakable lines about the eyes and brow—you've seen them; but his eyes were grey and deeply set, as if for concealment, with lids that were lath to open. He was one of those men, both weak and strong, that women such as I wonder at, study, but never quite understand. He was one—but I pause here; your sneer reminds me that I cannot analyze character. I will confine myself to facts. As I looked, that flash of intensity faded. He dropped his eyes and moved nervously and awkwardly. A sudden thought struck me. I threw down my tangled netting, and seizing a copy of Keats from the shelf, I put the open book into his hand.

"Here, read me 'Eve of Saint Agnes,' and then, 'Hymn to Apollo.'"

Somehow the sound of his voice lingered pleasantly in my ears; it hinted at depths of feeling and passion as yet unsounded; so I seized the first probe I could lay hands on. When he began:

"Saint Agnes' Eve, Ah! bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold,

I lounged in the window-seat, and made as if I were watching the clouds, until he read to where Porphyro awakes Madeline from her slumbers; then I crossed over to my old place, where I might amuse myself unobserved with his varying expressions. This I made out: I had hit on a choice bit of his pet romance, and he was the least bit shy of bringing his Madeline and Porphyro to perform their love-littles before unfailing eyes. But he read well, very well; for Clara, before he got through, dropped her crayon, and leaned on her elbow to listen.

"Thank you," said I; "you read well."

He slightly elevated his eyebrows.

"Yes," I went on, "one cannot read a thing unless one likes it. What! you will not own it? Ah! I read truer than that, for out of your
eyes looked a very Porphyro. Now, if you
would but sing 'La belle dame sans mercy!' and
I looked laughingly into his eyes.
He bit his lips and turned away vexed.
"But you have forgotten," I persevered. "I
asked for the 'Hymn to Apollo.'"
He tossed the volume into a corner and began
talking to Clara, without giving me so much as a
glance; but I didn’t care—I thought his rude-
ness rather entertaining than otherwise. The
conclusion of the matter was, he proposed
taking us, that afternoon, to visit a half-ruined
church, at the same time the boast and the bane of
the parish; for it was the last remains of
catholicism and a happy specimen of antqua-
rianism.
We three lunched lazily together on ripe red
strawberries, for it was deep into those June
days that seem to breathe luxuriously on lips and
berries.
"There is something in this dead ripeness," said
Mr. Milne, pushing back an empty saucer,
"that, while it tempts, it surfeits.
Clara laughed pointedly.
"Indeed," said I, "I cannot agree with you
there. Deliver me from the mawkishness of
green-sided berries, unripe grapes, and half-
grown apples. Though pleasingly tart to the
taste, they are bad for the digestion."
"Is the blossom 'mawkish' that promises
fruit, the bud—"
"Ah! I see; you mean half-blown roses," and
I leaned back in my chair and closed my
eyes in feigned slumber.
"As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again,"
quoted he.
Clara looked up quickly.
"Where are you two people wandering?
Taste and digestion, buds and roses; I fail to
get the drift of it."
"Mr. Milne and I were floating on a sea of
metaphysics and met an adverse wind."
"An adverse wind! Where is it to be had?"
exclaimed the rectoress, shutting the door behind
her and sinking panting into a chair. "An adverse
or any other wind, my dear; I'm not
disposed to be critical."
I produced my fan, and began swaying it to
and fro in the slow, mesmeric sweeps that act
like opium on drowsy lids. In five minutes
more, the regular heaving of her capacious
breast showed that Morpheus had done his
work.
Clara’s dark eyes shot anything but amicable
sparks from her side of the table, and the corners
of her mouth curled with a feeling akin to
d disgust; but as for me, I rather liked her. She
had such a spirit of easy-going jollity, and
looked as happy as a child and comfortable as a
kitten curled up in the corner of the sofa, with
her two pink pin-cushion hands crossed on her
brocaded lap, and glistening here and there with
green and red hair-locks, for she was the scion
of an ancient house. Way back among the
Georges she could count a knight, and further
back a bishop; while on the maternal side
she named an earl’s daughter. Yes, the great-great
grandchild of an earl’s daughter slept, and we
three looked silently on.
"How did you do it?" asked Clara at last,
half curiously, half severely.
"It?" said I.
"Yes, put her to sleep—mesmerize her."
"Oh! easily," said I; "it is merely animal
magnetism. I have a current of electricity
passing through me; it oozes out at the ends of
my fingers. See!" and I placed my hands in
hers and looked into her eyes.
The great brown pupils grew wider and wider,
then wavered a little, and her lids fell.
"O Adelaide!" she exclaimed, "don’t, you
hurt my hand; it prickles like a thousand needles!
and she snatched it away and retreated with
half-frightened air.
I laughed.
Mr. Milne looked at me queerly, disapprov-
ingly I thought, yet as if he wouldn’t mind
knowing more of my black art.
"Will you try?" I said, holding out my hand.
His face grew cold and chilled my very
finger-tips; but whether I had conveyed the
magnetic influence, I could not tell.
Suddenly the rectoress, rubbing her eyes,
started up, staring at us.
"Why, children, what is it? What has
happened?"
Mr. Milne dropped my hand as if he had been
stung.
"Let us set out for our ride immediately," he
said; "we shall want the whole afternoon."
Now I’m not going to tell you the colour of
my streaming hat-feathers, nor talk about the
swEEP of my trailing skirts—no, not a bit of it;
though the one was grey and the other was
green, if you have any curiosity. Our road lay
through the woods, over a bridge; then, by a
bridle path winding with the course of the river,
it led us zig-zagging round the base of a moun-
tain. I knew the road well, for I had scoured
the woods a score of times on the same black
beast before; so I lashed his ebony sides till
the glossy hair was parted into innumerable
snaky lines, and set off at a furious gallop.
When Bruno and I had in turn excited,
exhausted, and surfeited ourselves, we paused
for a breathing-spell. His black coat was white
with foam, and he ground the bit that he held
between his teeth. Bruno was called an unsafe
animal, more of a dog than a horse; he could
be led, but not driven. I, who knew his moods
well, when I saw him lay back his ears and take
the bit in his teeth, submitted my will to his—
became for the time a centaur.
Clara came up heated and panting, "Why
will you ride so?" she said when she could get
breath. "I have but tried to keep you in sight,
and see how exhausted I am, and the poor grey
too. Truly I thought you would have been
killed."
But I only laughed at her fears, and
reining...
Bruno into the shadow of a tree, I took off my hat to get cool.

Clara sat staring up the river to catch a good view for a sketch; then, falling into an abstracted mood, the tam-spirited girl fell to browning and plodded on up the road.

"You have strong nerves and a firm hand," said Mr. Milne, with a glance of blended wonder, admiration, and contempt.

"I have neither," I said.

Mr. Milne stared, and dismissing the subject, went on:

"And what a delightfully cool nook you have stumbled upon—an arbour of nature's own handiwork! Do you see those boughs intertwining—that hollow tree with its arms extended as if to cradle a favourite sprite? One might almost fancy it a dryad's tiring-room."

"Yes," said I, "where she weaves chaplet to deck her brows," and I twisted some leaves I had been braiding into a coronet round my head.

Mr. Milne coloured as if he had been guilty of a compliment; but I saw in his eyes that it was not unbecoming, and so swung my hat from the horn of the saddle.

Fauns, satyrs, wood-nymphs, and the rest of that fabulous race are to me envious beings, endowed with eternal youth and beauty, capable of all the pleasures of mortals, yet paying none of the penalties of pain—can imagination paint a more blissful state?" and I suddenly looked from the ground into Mr. Milne's face.

He shivered a little and dropped his eyes.

"Your logic seems to me—" he began slowly.

"Yours is a spirited animal," interrupted I, "and gentle as he is keen. Do you know I am a physiognomist? I read it in his faithful dog-like eye and the curve of his proud nostril," and I patted his hairy cheeks and twisted my fingers in his glossy mane.

Mr. Milne flushed as if I had been twisting the crisp locks that grew on his own temples.

"But think you," I asked, "has he the soul of my war-horse?" and suddenly I gave him a smart cut with my riding whip that sent him tearing down the road.

When we reached the mountain, Clara was laying out her drawing-materials, and the drowsy grey in turn nibbling the sweet stunted grass and lashing at a swarm of buzzing flies.

After the sketch was completed, dried, and packed away in a portfolio, we went on a stroll among the winding mountain-paths; so it was clear sunset when the old church, grey as the mountain-peak that looked down upon it, started up in the distance.

There was a brazen cross on its half-ruined tower, and I thought it glimmered like the star in the east, when the wise men came from afar to worship. A sort of sacred awe, a religious mystery, seemed to hang over its moss-grown roof and crumbling walls; for it was one of the ancient landmarks of civilization. There was something sad in its decay, for now at its altar only knelt a little band, in whom bosoms the spark of loyalty still burned, who scorned to desert a weak cause.

The creaking steps we mounted, the cracked and shrunk panels of the rough wooden door, showed that the work of dissolution was still going on. We made our way up the rickety, winding stairs into the gallery, and looked about us. The roof was high and vaulted, and the dark pipes of an organ were lost in the maze of its arches. The stained windows were faintly lit in the fading sunset, and far back a single lamp sent out a pure ray of light from the distant altar. Daily and nightly was it replenished, for the faint flame of the altar-lamp never went out.

We stood there, and not a word was spoken; not so much as the squeaking of a mouse from the wintry sacred broke the stillness. I began to feel awe-struck, and shivered, half afraid, in the dark gallery.

"Come," said Clara—"come while we have light; Adelaide must see the altar-piece."

The picture was of the immaculate conception. The Virgin stood blue-robed, with clasped hands and bowed head, with that sweet, holy countenance the old religious masters always gave to the Madonna. She stood on a faintly outlined globe, one foot resting on the head of a coiling serpent, back of which appeared the luminous horns of a crescent. The background was formed of indistinct masses of clouds, dark at the horizon, but growing fainter and fainter, bringing the figure of the Virgin in high light. There was no halo with which painters usually encircle the heads of saints; but a soft golden haze, as if the sun's rays shone through veiling clouds on this, the honoured mother of Deity.

There we stood, spellbound, until every ray of the falling light had vanished, leaving the church blacker than midnight; no, we couldn't so much as see each other's faces. A sudden gust of wind swept through the open window, flickering the steady blaze of the lamp into uncertain tongues of flame.

"Do," said I, "leave this doleful place. I can almost fancy the ghosts of my ancestors peering at me from yonder gallery." As I spoke, the whole church was illuminated by a sudden flash of lightning.

Thus warned, we were not long in turning our horses' heads homeward. The distant thunder pealed nearer and harsher war-notes, and the clouds settled blacker than battle-smoke round the mountain's peak. Then the rain began to come, thick and fast; the drops jingled like needles on our thin habits. It was growing dark, very dark, and the nearest shelter, Clara said, was a cottage not far from the roadside, but near a mile distant, and we already shivered in our drenched garments. Mr. Milne declared we could never ride a mile in that driving rain, and proposed turning back to seek shelter in the church until the storm slackened. It was the most sensible course, I knew, and I looked back at the gloomy doorway and on to the white grave-stones gleaming through the darkness, standing like so many phantom battalions drawn
in battle array. A night there! I shrank back with a shudder. I should die of terror; and still, I tell you, I do not believe in ghosts. I reined Bruno forward, and liberally plying the whip, dashed on far in advance of Clara and Mr. Milne. They, making a virtue of necessity, submitted, for not until the object of my dread was lost in the distance did I slacken my pace. My drenched hat-feathers hung limp over my eyes, and my numbed fingers could scarcely hold the bridle rein, for I had dropped my gloves by the way.

"I see no light," said Mr. Milne at last; "but the cottage should be visible from here," and he paused and anxiously surveyed the black distance.

Clara's eye followed his, but no friendly lamp shone from the cottage-window, for I saw her bite her lips, vexed. We were lost, I knew; I read it in her eyes, though she said nothing. Then she scrutinized the road and surroundings; a flash of lightning showed some familiar object, for she pushed forward with sudden energy.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Milne," she said; for the path was narrow; "I am best acquainted with the route."

And so we rode on, as solemn as in funeral procession. I could just see the dark outline of Mr. Milne's back, and there I fixed my eyes, determined to see nothing else; for the lightning shimmered incessantly across the sky, and the blue glare seemed almost to scorch my eyelashes.

The storm seemed increasing, though the rain slackened a little; the wind blew a perfect gale. Such a current of air I never before even imagined; the trees bent over our heads creaking fearfully, and at every clap of thunder I sprung nervously from my saddle.

"Where was the cottage—should we never reach it?" I began asking myself, and inwardly sighing for so much as a corner in the church-aisle.

Clara stopped short, and her voice trembled a little; but, as if determined to rid herself of an unwelcome truth, she said:

"We have lost the route, I fear; we should have reached the cottage long ere this, for the bridge is not a mile beyond. I shouldn't have thought myself wise enough to guide you," she added in a tone of mixed vexation and regret.

Mr. Milne rode forward a few paces.

"What have we here? Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "it is the river itself, but no bridge; so our path is cut off. It cannot have been swept away?"

"No, no; I see how it is—we took the left instead of the right path from where the wood begins. The other leads to the bridge."

"And this?"

"To a ford in dry seasons."

"And as shallow to-night as—"

"Stay," interrupted I; "far back I see a light glimmering through the trees—surely it is the cottage."

"Thank heaven! Let us go back instantly," said Mr. Milne, hurrying us on. "I should be loath indeed to guide you two across the ford to-night."

"I hope Adelaide's eyes have not deceived her," Clara said doubtfully.

"And that they have not," replied Mr. Milne, "for there is the light, and every step brings it nearer. Ah! is it not a grand sight?" he said, looking up into the sky; but to me—envying Clara's fearlessness, while I shrank back shivering at some louder peal of thunder—to me he said, "Courage, comrade, courage!" and patted the hand that held the bridle-rein.

"Le diable est mort?" quoted I between my chattering teeth.

A sudden whirlwind came zig-zagging round the mountain-peak, cracking, tearing, crashing, and in its track lay fallen oaks, with the roots peering up into the blinding rain. The lightning came in quick, intermittent flashes; and the whole earth glowed as if a thin, subtle essence of burning sulphur oozed from every pore, and I was faint to put my hands to my eyes to shut out the fearfully suggestive sight. It was then that I bethought me of my Bible lessons, and began saying softly to myself:

"The sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood before that great and notable day of the Lord come."

A fearful clap of thunder shook the air, and we paused half-stunned, for it had struck just before us, and the shattered fragments of a burning tree fell in our pathway. The other horses shied away, but Bruno sprang madly on, trampling the glowing embers under his hoofs; clashing, tearing his way through the growth of underbrush and stunted trees, on through the woods into the black night. And Clara and Julian were—where?

When Bruno stopped breathless, I knew no more whither to guide him than a babe unborn; for I could see not an inch before me as I grooped about, except as a sudden flash lighted up the trees bent and broken by the wind, while just beyond I could dimly discern a hedge that bounded some unknown waste of fields. I called loudly and long, but the wind brought the sound back husky and quavering, and I stopped my ears to shut out the sound of my own voice, for it woke weird echoes. I clung shivering to the horse's sides, thinking of my past misdeeds, and my tears fell with the rain that wetted his glossy sides. I had given up all for lost: yes, I must die, with perhaps not so much as a robin-redbreast to shroud my blackened corpse with leaves or chant my death-notes, in all my youth and beauty; to die with the church just in sight, and the golden-haired Madonna looking on! Ah! it was pitiful—pitiful! Then I thought of my mother and the baby, and letting the reins slip through my numbed fingers, I slid to the ground, and burying my face in my hands, I sobbed aloud.

How the time passed I cannot tell; but it seemed an endless cycle of ages that I and Bruno had wandered alone in the wilderness. The past, Clara and Julian, our visit to the church, seemed like some half-remembered dream. I
had not slept, yet I had worked myself into a
half-unconscious, unreal state; for with my
tears the bitterness of my fate had departed.
I had said, like a little child, "Our Father," and
lay still, with my face turned up to the sky,
waiting. Had I been buried six feet under the
turf, I think I could have been scarcely more un-
moved when I heard the sound of hoofs on the 
west gates; then came the scolding words, and
sniffed about me. I put out my hand and 
felt a hairy cheek; it was only Bruno, who, with
dog-like instinct, had trotted back to fondle me
to exertion. The dear old fellow! my heart
gave a great bound, and in that one throb came
back all the deadened hopes and fears. I put
my two arms about his neck with a sudden
burst of affection, and then I laughed. This,
then, was my gallant cavalier—my knight-
errant come to rescue a distressed damsel; it
was too ludicrous. I laughed till the tears ran
down cheeks.
When I got up and looked about me, I saw
that the violence of the storm had abated, and
though yet not quite, the wind had gone down
and the lightning died out.
So numb and chill I could scarcely move, I
managed to regain my saddle, and giving Bruno
the rein, I started. He made for the hedge, 
leaped it, and began rapidly to cross the field.
Soon we struck what seemed to be a path, but
whether it led north, south, east, or west I had
not the slightest idea. I began to be more tired
and cold and discouraged than you can imagine
or I can tell, when we suddenly came to a halt
against a high fence, and I could see the trees
standing thick just beyond. Then a gate opened,
and I heard a "Thank heaven!" from behind its
creaking hinges, and Julian was at my side.
I had no idea how worn out I was until relief
came. I stretched out my hands to him and
gave way to my tears.
"My darling! my love!" he said under his
breath, and bending over me, he held my hands
tight, so that I nearly screamed with pain. See! 
there is the mark now—a tiny white scar where
my ring cut.
It was but for an instant. He started back
and began fumbling with a cord at Bruno’s
bridle, and I saw that he had tied the horses’
heads together, that he might guide them both
in the dark. Then he wrapped shawls about
me, taking care not to touch so much as the
tips of my fingers, and neither of us spoke a
word. We passed the gate and down a path
that led through the woods.
"Where are we going?" I asked at last, "and
what has become of Clara?"
Just then Bruno stumbled and nearly threw
me from the saddle.
"Poor little child!" he said, throwing an
arm about me. "We are going to the cottage,
where Clara is, just here. There, you see the
light; but you do not know;" he added lower,
"what I have suffered to-night——"
"Do I not?" I began.
"Since we parted," he finished.

A sudden turn brought us to the cottage
doors.
"I am willing to compare experiences," I
said, with as much spirit as I could summon,
and he lifted me to the ground. The door
opened, and I was in Clara’s arms. It was the
cottage we had sought and missed.
Another week came and went, and through
its long sultry hours we sat—often at Clara—
amid clouds of muslin and mist of lace. Not that
we helped much, but Clara must be there for
the fitting, and I—mine were but idle fingers,
yet they liked my word as to the sweep of a
skirt or the fold of a bit of drapery. And all
the time a faint pink throbbed in Clara’s pale
cheeks, and her brown eyes grew soft under
falling lids. I felt that she was growing to
love him.
One day, as we sat thus in my aunt’s dress-
ing-room, Clara slowly threading her hair with
her slim fingers, her ring caught. I seized
the restless hand, and began counting the glitter
of its diamonds. "Ah!" said I, "it but
reminds me"—and I tossed her hand away
"it but reminds me, my little Clara will
soon be gone, and poor I will be so lonely!"
The rectress gave a queer little laugh, and
my aunt looked at me sharply, so I felt all the
blood rush to my cheeks; but I scarce knew
what they meant—the two. When it grew
dusk, we stopped—tied ribbons and laces, and
went out to get a breath of the cool
air that a June twilight brings. It had been
a sultry day, and Clara went in to nurse the
headache it had left her, while Julian and I
wandered about the grounds to see the moon
rise. We talked, too, sentiment born of
moonlight and solitude. We had paced our seventh
round and had both grown strangely silent.
when Julian halted at a garden-seat, and
motioned me to a part of it; but I felt restless,
I told him, and not like sitting, I would go on.
"Stay," he said, and put out a hand to
detain me; "I have scarce seen you since——
and there he stopped.
I am not musical, for I never touch a piano,
and cannot endure the twang of a guitar; but
my voice is sweet and clear, so Mezzino, my
teacher, says, fit only for high soprano notes
without depth. Suddenly, I remembered
Keats’s Fairy Song that Mezzino had set
to music. I had sung it a score of times.
There was something weird and airy about it,
the music dropping at the close into a soft
sigh of farewell: it always seemed to me like the
voice of the wind. As Julian spoke I turned
back, and leaning against a tree opposite, I sang
to him—he had never heard me before. The
words ran:

"Shed no tear! Oh! shed no tear.
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! Oh! weep no more.
Young buds sleep in the root’s white core,
Dry your eyes! Oh! dry your eyes.
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my heart of melodies—"

Shed no tear.
"Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red—
Look up! look up! I flutter now
On this fresh pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this alvery hill
Ever curses the good man's ill.
Shed no tear! Oh! shed no tear.
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu! I fly; adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, adieu!"

As the last note died slowly away, I turned to go.
Julian started up, and seized both my hands.
"Stay!" he said; "you must, you shall hear me."
And then he told me—but what he told me was folly;

What did I say? ah! I knew it, and but too well.
I said nothing.
He took advantage of my silence.
"Ah! I see what you would say; but do not, do not think it.
Must I, growing more confident, he said, "must we sacrifice ourselves, our happiness, for a false notion of honour, of duty? Must I bind myself for ever to a child who cares nothing for me, while my love is wholly another's; is it not wronging her as well?"

I snatched away my hands.
"Adelaide, Adelaide!" he said, "you love me. I know you do."

Where was that tongue, that glib tongue, that never before had failed me?
"Julian, for heaven's sake! Julian, don't, I entreat you," I stammered at last, and retracted a step to gain courage; then pride, that most faithful of vassals, came to my aid.
"Julian Milne!" I exclaimed, "you ought to know me better. I want no little girl's lover," and I looked him scornfully in the eye.

"O Adelaide!" he sighed, and dropped his quivering face to his folded arms. I stood a moment irresolute.

"Julian," I said softly, "wherein I have done wrong forgive me, and without giving him time for a word, I left him. I hurried down the walk and out of sight, drawing deep breaths of excitement, and wringing my hands with vexation at my utter folly. What had become of my lifelong ease and gaiety? Laugh! a very infant would have done better. I had unwittingly dipped too deep into the cup where I only meant to dabble in the foam.

"Ah! my dear!" said a voice close beside me, "what, alone? Whither has the gallant Julian wandered?"

I turned to look at her; under the grey folds of the shawl that shaded her face, I could see the bead-like eyes of the rectoress blinking with a sort of quizzical merriment.

"The knight in question," I said, with an attempt at gaiety, "is on the grounds yet, I fancy. I saw him not long since, moonstruck and quoting poetry; a mere symptom, I take it—the disease culminates, but," I added, "the climax approaches."

"We were at the side-door now. I pulled the fringe of my shawl through her fingers, and escaped up the steps.

"Ah! not so fast, not so fast," she cried, and, seizing my arm, she whispered a sentence in my ear and was gone.
The woman had heard all.

This comforting reflection I took to my pillow; but, mind you, I slept on it; nothing ever yet sufficed to break my rest; it is only nervous people who worry and dream over their own and other people's follies.

I woke gay as a lark, and during that and all those following days, nothing could exceed my merriment. I talked like a very chatterbox, and the whole house echoed my laughter; even Clara roused from her dreams, and joined her gleeful giggle.

At first, Julian flushed red and pale if I spoke or looked at him. I would not allow him to avoid me, and finally made him see—at least, believe he saw—how utterly he had before mistaken me. He was annoyed, of course, at his own folly, and not a little indignant at me; but I bore his glances of searching reproach with the most innocent good-nature, and never quailed even before the rectoress's eye; for, somehow, I felt that she could not betray me, despite her gossiping tongue. What Julian knew or suspected of the woman I could not tell, yet I saw he dared not meet her glance. Gradually his manner changed to Clara; he became devoted, yes, even tender, and I remember well how her cheeks used to flush and her eyes brighten at a low spoken word he chanced to toss her.

The day approached. Though I pinched Clara's cheeks, and quoted—

"The bride has paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she—"

I was ill at ease, I confess it. I had not meant, idiot that I was—I had not thought he could give me up so easily, though that, of all things, was what I most wished him to do. For the first time in my life, I felt—what shall I call it?—lonely. I had been beaten at my pet game, the dice scattered, the board broken. I felt older—experienced; and this dull ache—would it last for ever? I could not tell.

Clara was charming, so I thought, as I stood back to survey the effect of her toilet.

"Just one more pin in this refractory orange-spray. There! that is better."

"Aunt Godfrey, is she not lovely?"

Her mother's proud smile was enough. I could well have spared the triumph that savoured it. I left her to spend her few remaining moments of nervousness alone with her mother, and I wished, too, to put a few finishing touches to my own attire. My dress was, of course, like the bride's, a cloud of muslin and lace; but that did not hinder my design. I drew all my wealth of hair, rippling and golden, back from my temples, and twisted it into a Diana's knot—you know what that is—graceful on a well-shaped head; then I twined a coronet of pearls, crescent-shaped, across my
forehead, and linked them round my throat and wrists. I noted the effect. Ah! I had caught it—the very same:

"And they were simply girdled up and braided, Leaving, in naked comeliness, unsunged,
Her pearl-round ear, white neck, and orb'd brow."

I but needed the scarf,

"— blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes."

I snatched a blue velvet mantle and swept down-stairs. I laid my hand on the door: Julian was in the library; would he know, would he see it? A hand turned the knob, and I confronted him.

He started back.

"Cynthia!" he exclaimed; "the very goddess, as Endymion saw her—"

"In that nook, the very pride of June."

I looked into his eyes without a word.

"How is this? what does it mean?" and his face flushed all over with a look I had seen there twice before.

"Adelaide!" he cried, and then he seized the hands of his statuesque goddess. I laughed, and softly sang:

"Adieu, adieu! I fly; adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, adieu!"

And suddenly I darted through the open window and was gone. Already I repeated me in sackcloth and ashes!

The carriages were swiftly filled and drove away. I came back from the church in a maze. Was it really so? Poor thing! has it gone daft? I said of myself, and a Cynthia glanced mockingly over her shoulder from a side-glass. I tore off the hateful pearls, and clutched my yellow locks with two relentless hands.

"There, there, heathen, idiot—" I raged.

Some one tapped softly on the door, then pushed it open, and a little dummys hand caught mine and stayed the havoc.

"There, never fret, never fret, girl! There are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught."

Yes, it was done; the words were said; they two were made one, and I— I am the witherered morning-glory.

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RAI N - WO R D S.
BY EMIL BRUCKER.

I am listening to the dripping of the dropping summer rain—

It taps so lightly
And winks so brightly
At my streaming window-pane,
I could almost think old words of love were coming back again:

But that mound says that lives, however enwove,
Must part at last in death's aching strain;
And these drops are but words from a soul above,
Soothing my weary heart and brain.

I feel their life: their headlong glee
Will make for itself a sympathy,
They ride on the winds so furiously
On the mony old house-top irreverently pattering,
To the gray, sober house-top right merrily chattering.

They laugh out a sweet-toned laughter
To each time-stained, mousy rafter,
And fall from the overhanging eaves
Upon the flowers and grass and leaves,
And trickle from each bending spray,
And gurgle in bubbling streams away;

And see! each swollen rainlet floats gaily along
Floods of foam-bells that toss merrily,
Like love-words sung forth on a deep tide of song,
Which aways 'neath each fancy easily.

Yet why! for the utterance of deepest affection
Must stammer and die,
And their places no zeal of a fond recollection
Can ever supply,

But this froth troops by
Unendingly;

And though each flimsy flake
Doth in sparkling break,
It floats on, unexhausted, ever;
As our giddy souls, in life's sick sleep,
Staggering on the tide they weep,
Mere bells of foam,
Rush down the many-winding river
To their ocean-home;

As the universe sweeps
Adown the flood of time, but always keeps
Its oneness, sentient round God's throne to roam—
Changing ever,
Altered never,
Tho' suns burn out and death-throes make its constellation quiver.

But will it not give me thoughts without pain,
This pleasant dripping of the dropping summer rain?

Through night-folded watches it quietly fell,
Like sand from the glass of Time,
Numbering the hours for slumbering flowers
That drooped their heads 'neath the drowsy showers,

And weaving around them a witching dream-spell
By the sleepy music of its low-voiced chime;
While winds did chant and mutter in vaguely whispered swell
The talismanic sooth-words of the rain's weird rhyme.

O heart world-hardened, cursed!
Why listen to this tender innocence?

Why tear away with such wild burst
The cloaks that hide thee—in sin and sense?

Didst thou too sleep upon a mother's breast?
Wast with a mother's love caressed?
'Midst tears and sighs
And hope-fretted lullabies,
Wast wafted, smiling, into dreamland's rest?
The world will mock at thee. Be thou
Hard, cold again, like yonder mountain's brow
That scorns the water dashing round it and below;
Or like you ocean, taunting in its might
Your timid woe, pale with its own affright.

Yet hark! ye waves that break upon the shore,
Each toppling crest and crisped curl,
And on its gray rocks hurl!
Your strength in showers of beaded spray,
Ye must stay now, nor longer pour
Your bliss and shout of ecorn upon my sorrow's core;
For the heavens to you are calling
By the rain that's falling, falling
In a countless dimpled play:
"O vainly seething surge of water!
Yield, yield your Beauty to me,
Give up your lovely daughter."
A flush of joy sweeps through me,
As from the yeasty waves up-springing
Rises the love-born maiden,
The beauteous sea-born maiden,
Around her foam-white form dark tresses cling-
ing,
Coral, pearl, and amber-laden,
And at her feet ten thousand sea-sprites singing,
And rough-faced Tritons howlably flinging
Rude joy from twisted shells with echoes ring-
ing.
O waves! that break upon the shore
In sullen dash,
Your wild complaints I hear no more,
Only the splash
Of summer rain
Whispering over and over again:
"Yield, yield your Beauty to me."
The Spirit is Love! It is always so,
That a prayer unfolds from a stormy sea,
That a love floats up from the foam of pain.
Gone is the past with its burden of sorrow,
Dawns freshly again a hope of the morrow;
For the sun is awaking.
The sun-clouds are breaking
In laughing ripples of rain,
And when I look now on the wind-broken mist,
No longer gray folds wrap a gusty sea,
But vapours are flinging bright amethyst
In sparkling showers, yet silently;
And my soul, like a boat
Of white moonstone,
Doth happily float,
Though alone;
While 'neath its keel is an undertone
Of joy unmingled with a single moan.
O stained roof! muttering mysteries,
And flowers, drooping sleepy eyes,
And waves instinct with ditties,
By you I vow to ne'er again
Feel a throb of earth-born pain.
While listening to the dripping of the dropping summer rain.

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THE BRIDAL EVE.

BY LOUISA CROW.

Not yet, my Gracie! The stars have scarcely pierced
Night's misty veil. Nay, love, no farewells yet;
A soft faint tinge of crimson lingers still
Where, wrapped in cloudy folds, the red sun sets.

Linger awhile; these hours will come no more,
Where greetings and adieux so closely twine;
To-morrow—aye, to-morrow—this dear hand
In my clasp fluttering will at last be mine.

Mine after years which, as this haven reached
We stoop to search, lie darkly overborne
With all that weight of small, but ceaseless cares
Which near the heart, and leave the brain toil-

Years, in unchanging, oft despairing strife
With tricky fortune, slowly, sadly past;
Nor stranded us unscathed. Nay, shouldn't thou sigh,
Beloved, when the meed is ours at last?

And through all shadows gleamed there not a light
That o'er the dullest hour some radiance threw—
That earnest fadeless ray of love that fills
Those eyes of thine, so tender and so true!

Thou canst not know how oft my sinking heart,
On that one stronghold resting, bore me free—
Tho' the world loomed its darkest on my view—
To some hope-hailing, happy dream of thee.

Of winding, grayly lanes, o'erarched and still,
Where lurked the primrose pale and dewy wet,
And that wee emblem of thy gentle self,
Our fragrant favourite, the violet;

Of stile hills, whose wither'd heath concealed
The grey and golden moss we climbed to seek,
Treading the tiny moorland-paths with glee,
Wild as the winds whose rude breath flushed thy cheek.

Thy lips have lost those merry smiles, my Gracie;
The mirror that lit thine eyes, hath grief obscured;
That calm and thoughtful brow the impress wears
Of chafing sorrows patiently endured.

Nor could I save thee these. Not all the depth
Of love I bear thee bars the touch of care;
But, sweet! 'twill lightly press when each for each
We bravely meet it, and the burden share.

We are no longer young. Again dost sigh?
What if youth's fancies, crude and highly wrought,
Paint not the coming future irisa-hued—
Perchance its depths with richer hues are fraught!

And we, mine own, who heedless, self-unwrapped,
Might, had the world been kind, there found con-
tent,
Shall from such chastening win a higher hope
Than love untried, untaxed, bath ever lent.

No tears, my Gracie! though they be not sad;
Or let me kiss them off again; and see
My last gift on this eve of eves, these flowers
Our omens of a brighter dawn shall be.

Lay them upon thy pillow; let them rest
About thy maiden slumbers their sweet spell,
Filling thy dreams with gathering trust and joy—
And now, until the morn, farewell, farewell!
BRAZIL AND BRAZILIAN SOCIETY.

Translated from the Revue des Deux Mondes,

BY ASHER HALL.

THE CIDADE.

The cidade, or the town, does not exhibit to us, in so clear a light as the fazenda and the rancho, Brazilian society in the past—in that struggle between civilization and barbarism, of which the interior of the empire is the principal theatre. In the town contrasts multiply; European activity, almost everywhere visible, is seen sometimes overcome by and sometimes overcoming local influences. The people among whom we are about to conduct the reader are not entirely unknown to him. In the cidade of Brazil new wants have given rise to manners not very different from those of the Old World. Political passions also prevail here, and sometimes manifest themselves in pronunciamientos. To the rustic distractions of the plantation succeed business, patriotic festivities, processions of irmãedades or brotherhoods; and to the unhealthy miasma of the clearing, the terrible visitations of yellow fever. It is especially in the three large metropolitan cities of the coast, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Rio Janeiro, which forms as it were the three great ocean marts, that may be studied the secrets of that Portuguese civilization forcibly planted in a new country, and which goes on modifying itself more and more before the irresistible current of progress.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

In order to form an idea of the contrast that exists in the equatorial regions between the interior of towns and the picturesque aspect they present to the traveller at a distance, one must visit Pernambuco. On landing near the city, I was charmed by the splendid landscape. Sarcely had the watch called out that land was visible, when we saw in the horizon a dark, undefined line. Gradually the coast became distinct; to the dark masses succeeded bluish tints, and soon charming villas, ensconced in clusters of palm-trees along the verdant terraces bordering on the sea, revealed to us the approaches to a large city. Negroes of athletic form, wearing nothing but pantaloons, came out to get the passengers in small boats filled with bananas and pine-apples for those that remain on board. The sea is often rough in these regions, and one who wishes to go ashore is not at all reassured at witnessing the careless way in which the boatmen toss the passengers into their light craft, and face the waves, which at every moment threaten to throw them upon the rocks that line the entrance to the harbour. At first the passenger is lowered in a chair by the aid of ropes and pulleys, to the level of the boats; there he remains for several moments suspended over the water, till a wave tosses a boat to his side. A stout negro instantly seizes him in his brawny arms, deposits him in the boat, and rows swiftly away to the granite wall, against which the waves are breaking. He sports with the billows with wonderful skill, suddenly glides into an opening, formed as it were by a miracle in the gigantic causeway that protects the city, and you enter the bay. After resigning yourself to the chair, the negroes, the skiff, the sea, and the rocks, at the end of half an-hour you arrive safe and sound at the inevitable custom-house.

Scarcely are you landed when you hasten into the city with all the feverish eagerness of a man who wishes to lose nothing of the spectacle he has so long been dreaming of. And now begin the disenchantments. The background of eternal verdure, that you admired before reaching the city, suddenly disappears, to give place to a scorching sun. Streets filled with negroes and ammoniacal effluvia greet the eye and the smell. You then remember that you are treading upon soil where free labour is proscribed as dishonourable. Have the inhabitants gained or lost by the change? That long file of slaves that elbow you, each carrying a bundle upon his head, is the most eloquent reply that can be made. It takes twenty of these wretches to do the work that a single European labourer would perform with his horse and cart. But of what use are such simple means of transport, when one has negroes at his disposal?

FEATHERED SCAVENGERS.

The negro is not the only object that excites your wonder. If you walk along the port, you will soon encounter another character, without any analogy in manners and colour to the African slave, and which will no less strike your attention; this is the urubu. The people revere this bird as the visible instrument of St. Anthony, the patron saint responsible for the public health; and many people place the lieutenant above the chief. In this land of God, as the Brazilians call it, man—I mean the white man—has only to fold his arms; everything comes to him from heaven.

What need, then, is there of scavengers and grave-diggers? The urubu supplies their place and necessitates no expense, and that is so much gained. But what is the urubu? It is a winged biped of the vulture family (Coragypsurubu) larger than a crow, shabbily feathered, black-stinking, and verminous. Its municipal functions render it as sacred to the Brazilians as the ibis
or ichneumon formerly was to the dwellers on the banks of the Nile. What takes place at Pernambuco or Rio Janeiro perfectly explains what took place at Thebes and Memphis. Every animal that destroyed grasshoppers and crocodiles’ eggs, the two scourges of Egypt, was cherished, caressed, and carefully maintained. In traversing a street in Brazil, the negro or creole finds himself suffocating with pestilential emanations. Soon a black, winged squadron is seen circling around the putrifying carcass of a mule. These are the agents of public health, performing their work. They are so conscientious in doing their duty, that they do not seem to notice the approach of man, and quietly allow themselves to be observed in close proximity. You see them alight one after another upon the carcass, seizing it with their claws and beaks, tearing off various fragments, which they carry to a little distance and devour at leisure, while others take their place. This continual going and coming is kept up until the bones are utterly cleansed. There are no disputes, no disputes at all pass off in order, as becomes a disciplined band. The feast being ended, the sun and a few flaps of the wings suffice to dissipate the atmosphere of vermin and putrefaction that envelopes them, and they go to take a siesta, or seek another repast elsewhere, if the first was insufficient.

Notwithstanding the privileges that it enjoys, this bird-jackal does not always suffice for the exigencies of the service. If we may believe the newspapers, the inhabitants of the cities are daily obliged to grumble at the inspector of police, for what he cannot help, not yet having at his disposal any electric apparatus that will enable him to transmit his orders to his winged agents. Not that the latter are reluctant at the work—far from that, their gluttony is insatiable.* But they are too few in number. Many a time does it happen, at a turn in the road, that one finds the body of a mule lying in the midst of an infected atmosphere. I should incline to think that this bird has secret enemies that destroy its eggers. But perhaps its gluttony causes it to neglect procreation.

THE WOMEN OF BRAZIL.

It is not, however, the negro and the urubu that constitute, in my opinion, the most peculiar feature of the Brazilian cidade; it is rather the complete absence of women, or at least of white women. The latter never leave their houses, where they are confined with pitiless jealousy. The physiognomy which this custom impresses on the town is especially striking to a traveller habituated to Castilian manners, and who comes from the Andes or the Banda Oriental. In Brazil, owing to long peace and to the stream of colonists that the winds of each year waft to its shores, men are far more numerous than women, and the seclusion of the senhoras renders the contrast still more striking. In Spanish America, where women mingle freely in society, emigration is not so frequent, and the continual wars that have desolated these unhappy republics for half a century, have caused a sensible predominance of the female sex.

CLANDESTINE INTERCOURSE.

Under the influence of an independent life, the Hispano-American senhoras are more amiable, lively, and attractive than the creole ladies of Portuguese origin. The latter live as prisoners, we have said; yet, however vigilant the jealousy of the inhabitants, their vigilance is daily outwitted by feminine cunning. Though the doors of the Brazilian yinqueums have been constantly closed to me, I convinced myself by attentive observation, through a few indiscretions of my companions, that such slavery is not always acceptable, and that the fair captives contrive to have intelligence with the outside world. One of their principal means consists in the symbolical language of flowers. A young man wishes to interrogate a senhora whom he has seen upon a balcony. He passes beneath her windows, at a time when he thinks her alone, with a certain flower, carried in a certain manner. An imperceptible sign tells him whether his homage is agreeable, or if he came too late. If the response bids him hope, he continues his manoeuvres, and the dialogue is kept up thereafter with new flowers. I was several times shown the key to this native mode of telegraphing, but never having had occasion to employ it, I have forgotten every letter of its graceful alphabet.

This simple method has a powerful auxiliary in the processions. The procession, in Hispano-Portuguese America, is the indispensable complement of every festival. To this free men only are admitted. Regimented and gowned into a large number of brotherhoods, or irmenidas, the mass devoutly follow, with tapers in their hands, the Madonna or saint borne in triumph through the streets. If the patron of the day is a warlike character, he is put on horseback, with vizard lowered and lance in hand. I was at Rio Janeiro on the occasion of the procession of Saint George, the patron of the city. The saint, firmly pinned to the saddle, was mounted upon a superb courser from the stables of the Emperor. His costume, flashing with gold and precious stones, strongly reminded one of the warrior-kings of the middle ages. A

* A curious fact seems to prove that the urubu employs a certain amount of intelligence in his voracity. Alcide d’Orbigny, who was present at a distribution of meat at an Indian mission, saw one of these birds, which, disdaining to wait till bones were thrown to it, try to snatch them from an Indian’s hand. He was told that this monopéd (it had but one foot) never failed to make its appearance on such occasions, which took place every two weeks. A short time after, being at another mission, twenty miles away, he was witness of another distribution of meat, and behold there was the same bird-eripple, come to claim its share. It visited this mission with the same regularity as the first.
pikeman on foot led his steed. Twenty squires, likewise on foot, formed his escort, each leading a richly caparisoned horse. A choir of native musicians, accompanied by all kinds of primitive instruments, at intervals greeted the festivities with their notes, in which the shrill whistling of the fife contended with more vigour than harmony against the crashing tones of the brass instruments. Both sides of the street were lined with brotherhoods; the whites came first, then the mulattoes, then the pariahs, the bondsmen, and the negroes. The slow and grave movement of the procession gives to the senhoras, who are stationed on the balconies, all the time necessary for the exchange of a glance or a symbolic dialogue with those whom they quickly recognize beneath the robes of the brotherhoods.*

THE BRAZILIAN AT HOME.

Beyond these public ceremonies, the inhabitants of towns seldom come together, and in regard to a stranger this distant humour takes the character of actual distrust. It is difficult for an European to gain admittance to the interior of a Brazilian house. Yet, when one has lived for some time among the creoles, it is not impossible to form an idea of the occupations of the senhor. The time not taken up by business, irrendades, visits, and politics, is segregated to the siesta or to gaming. The wealthy people have haciendas, or villas, outside the city, upon the sea-shore, which form a terrace, like those seen on the way from Pernambuco to Olinda, where the air is purer than in the interior of the city. The furniture is generally as simple as the dwelling, and one is frequently struck with the modest external appearance of some residences that shelter senhoras who are worth their millions. Nothing is more easily explained, however, when creole manners and the origin of Brazilian society are considered. The early Portuguese colonists came to this El Dorado for the purpose of acquiring a rapid fortune. To return home as soon as possible, and enjoy their wealth in peace, was their only ambition. Of what use, then, the building of sumptuous dwellings in which they did not intend to remain? A small number only were destined to realize this dream. Through various causes, the greater part of them never returned to Europe, and their descendants, having only the Indian’s hut and the rancho of the mission as points of comparison, regarded their old Portuguese habitations as the ne plus ultra of architecture. There is a consciousness, however, that these buildings, massive and close on all sides, are not in harmony with the nature that surrounds them. The circulation of air is insufficient within their bare, thick walls. Instead of these middle-age fortresses, one would prefer to see erected those light, spacious pavilions so consistent with the needs of a tropical country; but Iberian tradition, creole indifference, and Brazilian jealousy are satisfied, and that is enough.

THE BRAZILIAN AT BUSINESS.

Since we are interdicted from penetrating the interior of private residences, let us visit the stores: we shall there find types that would be sought for elsewhere in vain. This pale and heartless young man, who approaches you in the store, after laying aside his cigar (cigarrão) and placing his pen behind his ear, came originally from the Azores, his only property consisting of the shirt, vest, and pantaloons that scarcely sufficed to conceal his nakedness. His family, unable to support him, had confided him to a vessel bound to Rio Janeiro. The proprietor of the store sought him out at the port, and, having paid the price of his passage, took him as an apprentice. You now behold him as the confidential agent of the senhor. A model of sobriety and of Portuguese perseverance, he has resisted all the distractions and pleasures of his age, and it might be said that his life has been an uninterrupted succession of labour and privation; but he is rewarded by his prospects in the future. He knows that if yellow fever (fêbre amarela) or consumption does not bar his way, he will one day be a fazendeiro, and perhaps a commendador.

GENTLEMEN Beggars.

While you are conversing at the counter, you see a horseman stop before the door. After alighting, he places his bridle in the hands of a negro who attends him, advances to the door, and calls a clerk by a pêabó! or clapping his hands. You take him for a customer in quest of goods. The proprietor, who recognizes him, takes a few vintens from his pocket, and hands them to an empregado, who, knowing what it means, at once takes them to the cavalier. This customer is only a beggar, or at least would be termed one with us; but every nation has its own ideas of mendicancy. Could one recognize a vagabond in a man dressed in an irreproachable manner, and having a negro and a horse at his disposal? Besides, alms are not dishonourable in a country where the soil is so prolific and where hospitality becomes so easy;**

* A Dishonest Saint.

In the evening, as I was relating to a Brazilian my impressions of the day, I asked him why they took an image instead of a man to represent the saint. "O, senhor!" replied my interlocutor, drawing a long breath, "it is very plain that you are a stranger. You don’t know, I suppose, what once happened at Lisbon? That city al-o had Saint George as its patron. Each year, formerly, one of the most sprightly young men of the city was selected to represent him; the King furnished the finest horse in his stables, and all the most precious ornaments of gold and jewellery. But one day Satan intermeddled, and the choice fell upon a reckless scamp, who, in the middle of the procession, galloped for the Tague, where he had a boat in waiting, and escaped with the horse and costly garb, and they were never able to find him. You see, senhor, when the world is so dishonest, it is necessary to be upon one’s guard."

** Gentlemen Beggars.
therefore begging is considered, by those who practise it, a regular profession. Each beggar has his patrons, and knows just how far to go without becoming importunate. His visits are generally made weekly; but with gentlemen or rich planters he ventures two visits a week, but never more. Upon meeting him after his round, you see a hearty gentleman, who knows how to procure himself the comforts of life. If he is moderate in his expenses, he expends his income in slaves, which he puts out at a profit, and at length, having become well off, patronizes in turn those who aided him to live. But of these the number is few. This profession is especially followed by self-styled students, who only need a few milreis to enter into orders. The most singular anecdotes are told in regard to these, one of whom, the Senhor Maranhense, has elevated the profession to a veritable science.

SCIENTIFIC TOURS.

If you are an artist, or desire to make a scientific excursion, you must, in the first place, organize a caravan. You request your city friends to tell you where you can obtain a good muleteer. They take you into a suburb of the city in which the urubus seem to have chosen as a domicile, and where the catlingo or negro odour takes powerful possession of the olfactories. Soon you see a negro approaching with important airs, wearing a poncho, or short cloak. This man, if you are to believe him, is acquainted with the whole of Brazil. His figure makes a good impression, his straightforwardness inspires you with confidence, and you are upon the point of making a bargain with him, when a rival comes up and informs you that the pretended guide is only a tropeiro of bad reputation, who generally deserts his senhor in the middle of his journey with the finest mule of the outfit. When at length you have obtained your cicerone, and appointed the day on which he is to get the animals ready for the road, he gravely tells you he is a guide and not a tocador (driver), that it is not the business of a free man to take care of mules, and that your excellence must furnish him with an assistant. Again you set upon a hunt, and if you are not careful the chances are that you will hit upon a fugitive slave, who will be taken from you by the police just as you are about to depart.

You at length set out; but if you have not taken the precaution to buy the trunks of the country, namely, canastras, or wooden chests covered with ox hides, your journey again becomes impossible. The first time I travelled in the serras of Brazil, I saw the guide suddenly alight from his animal's back, and tighten the girths, under the pretext of adjusting the load, which became constantly displaced by jolting and the stumbling of the beasts over the rough road. As these attentions to the load grew frequent, I began to fear for the bodies of the mules, and ventured to mention my apprehensions.

"Never fear, senhor," replied the tropeiro;

"the tighter a mule's girths, the surer his step."

At the first halt I thought I saw something like the thread of a screw marked upon the leather of my trunks; the next day the covering gave way, and had it not been for the assistance of a fazendeiro, who placed his canastras at my disposal, I should have been obliged to return, leaving my baggage on the road.

SECESSION PROCLIVITY.

As in all cities distant from their political centre, the inhabitants of Pernambuco have been for a long time bent upon a fixed idea—separation from the central government. This city is in fact almost as far, practically, from Rio Janeiro as from Lisbon. Before the establishment of regular steam communication, several months sometimes passed by without any news from the capital. The central government scarcely made itself felt except in levying duties, and the Pernambucanos indulged in bitter reflections on this subject. On the other hand, their adventurous character impelled them to bold enterprises. Whether it was that the Dutch, who long made war in that region, had left some germs of their independent nature, or that relations with the continent had revived the old Portuguese blood, it is certainly true that in this city that one finds the most liberal aspirations. Hence, within about half a century, the inhabitants of Pernambuco have at various times attempted to shake off the yoke of the metropolis and realize their double dream of a republic and independence. Though several of these insurrections were put down, few do not think the desire to be emancipated, of which they were the evidence, can ever be gratified. The province of Rio Grande do Sul, situated at the other extremity of the empire, and which, for analogous reasons, attempted to constitute itself a separate State, likewise failed, and yet the Brazilians had to deal with men knowing the worth of liberty, inured to fatigue and reputed the best horsemen of South America. Let us add that these secession tendencies are every day diminishing. The constitutional government of the Emperor no longer gives rise to political recriminations. The steemers that constantly plough the Atlantic render the hand of power more impressive, and constantly destroy the old isolation by facilitating communications, and thus make known to Pernambuco that she is at once too weak and too strongly impregnated with the Portuguese spirit to form a separate State like Montevideo.

CHAP. IX.

BAHIA—BEAUTIES OF THE COAST.

We have seen in Pernambuco a city in which the influence of capital is counteracted by many opposite influences. If we desire to become acquainted with a city that more exactly repre-
sents Portuguese civilization in Brazil, we must go to Bahia. Of all the cities of the coast, there is none more charming. True, the lower part, which borders upon the shore, is tainted, like the rest, with fever and the negroes; but there is nothing more charming than the esplanade that overlooks the roadstead, and to which the breeze constantly brings the pure, fresh air of the ocean. Those hills that I before saluted at Pernambuco as an apparition of the promised land, I again found at Bahia, and later at Rio Janeiro, always flooded with light and perfume. It is like one garland of flowers stretching along the coast for more than a thousand leagues, bending occasionally before the impetuous course of a wave, and instantly rising again more brilliant than ever, as if to fascinate the eye of the navigator. Nothing can be more majestic than this amphitheatre of mountains covered with eternal verdure, and overlooking the Atlantic coast. At the first light of morning the forest awakes, shakes its moist crown of foliage, and displays its undulating lines upon the horizon, where they resemble so many clouds floating upon a fluid lake of gold. Marvelous harmonies prevail between the sky, the earth, and the sea. The sea sends back to the hills its bluish hue, and the waters reproduce in their quiet mirror the verdure of thick forests, while the immense vault of azure softens with its delicate tints the savage brightness of the vegetable colours and the reflections of the ocean. When the sun has risen and illumines the scene, there break upon the view by turne clusters of dark and bright foliage of tall trees with greyish trunks, that remind the traveller of the pines of the misty mountains of the north. The sounds of the forest cease, and everything seems lulled into inactivity; the sap alone circulates with redoubled activity, and resolves itself into a disordered shower of lianas, flowers, and verdure. In the evening, when twilight has wrapped its shadows over water, mountain, and forest, gentle breezes spring up loaded with pleasant odours. Soon a fairy scene begins. Thousands of luminous coleoptera suddenly make their appearance amid the foliage of the trees, which they illuminate with their phosphorescent light. To see these moving sparks that flash upon the vision, cross each other, disappear, and then break forth again in a thousand capricious curves, one might imagine a mad racing of stars that had come down to play upon the water, to celebrate the voluptuous temperature of the night, thus joining the smiling beauties of nature to the dazzling splendour of the heavens.

NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

I found myself at Bahia on the 2nd of July, in the midst of a national anniversary. It was upon the same day, in the year 1828, that the last remains of the Portuguese army, under the command of Madeira, at last determined to abandon the soil of Brazil. The festival commenced on the evening of the preceding day. Troops of youths and negroes paraded the streets with flags, torches, and music at their head. The songs, or rather patriotic shouts, the noise of fire-crackers, fifes, and drums, the rockets that hissed through the air, continued their tumult far into the night. The next day at dawn, the people began to decorate the houses and erect triumphal arches at the most prominent points. These preparations being made, all the free men put on their national guard uniform, and long, armed columns were the remainder of the day filing through the streets and promenades, gay with flags and wreaths. Pieces of cannon covered with flowers and handeroles were drawn by hand, by youths not yet old enough to carry a musket. A broad band passed like a scarf across the chest, and bearing in large letters the words 'coseros nacionaes' (national clerks), distinguished the young creoles employed in commercial houses, and representing the aristocracy of the city. The negroes, who formed a vast majority of the national guard, wore the Portuguese costume, and measured their steps with the dignity of free men, who knew the worth of their independence. From time to time a column would halt to allow the pieces of artillery drawn by the youths to climb the sharp hills of the lofty city. Both sides of the street were lined with negroes with turbans on their heads, who exchanged signs with the soldiers they recognized beneath their uniform. In the evening the tumult of the previous evening is renewed with more frenzy than ever. Bands of negroes parade the streets, preceded by torches, shouting, dashing, and gesticulating. Occasionally a rocket set off from a window falls upon the crowd, whose joy is redoubled. The women especially, when hit by the sparks, fly around with loud cries and all manner of contortions to protect their large turbans and flowing robes. From time to time the artillery, fire-crackers, and rockets of the roadstead would reply to the cannon, fire-crackers, and rockets of the city, and the spectacle then became wonderful. It seemed as if the ocean shot forth sparks that illuminated the city, while the latter launched up lightnings to illuminate the heavens. The festivities would no doubt have continued till the next day, if a sudden storm had not driven the rejoicing crowds in-doors. I have seen many national holidays in the old world, but I never saw enjoyment so overwhelming, nor gaiety so frank.

The negroes are very numerous at Bahia, and they have frequently, during political troubles, caused serious anxieties to the Portuguese. The rivalry of tribes, the distinctions of which are

* The following fact, that I witnessed at the above festival, will give an idea of the sentiments that animate the negroes towards the Portuguese: A belated officer, having fallen from his horse among a group of free blacks, the latter threw themselves back with laughter at the misfortune of the senhor cavalier, and took good care to render him no assistance. The poor fellow picked himself up the best way he could.
Brazil and Brazilian Society.

Population and Manners at Bahia.

A traveller who was unacquainted with the in-door habits of the creoles would think, in passing through Bahia, that he was in a negro town. One here meets with specimens of all the African tribes that the conquistadores brought to the shores of Brazil. The athletic Minas seems to be predominant, and to preserve all his primitive freshness and vigour. Slavery has introduced some customs which are striking to a stranger. Sometimes you see two negroes passing along the street with a heavy, measured tread, clanking upon the flags a large chain riveted to their legs. This sad appendage indicates two fugitives who cannot be trusted, and who are secured together to render any future escape impossible. Further on you perceive a slave with his face concealed by an iron mask firmly locked, very like those formerly worn by the paladins of the middle ages. Your guide informs you that the poor wretch is a dirty eater, and that he is thus prevented from indulging his outlandish tastes. But it is especially the gigantic Minas negroes that excite attention. Sometimes one might imagine them antique goddesses cut in black marble. It is not rare to meet with these women six feet in height, gravely carrying a banana or an orange upon her head. The abhorrence of work is so deeply rooted in their indolent and sensual nature, that they would deem themselves dishonoured if they carried the smallest object in their hands.

Visiting.

Towards evening is generally the time when the young people go out to visit each other or to meet at a rendezvous; but their dignity as whites and their creole nonchalance keep them from walking in the streets. They ride small horses of surprising agility, which they urge to full speed, whatever the declivity they are ascending or descending. Men and senhoras of mature years go out only in the palanquin. The latter, indeed, seldom leave the house except on days of festivity to attend mass. This enervating life gradually wastes them away, and it is rare that they can sustain comparison with the voluptuous forms of the women of colour, who have drawn from their African blood a wealth of incomparable vigour.

Patron Saints—Their Responsibilities.

Bahia is the Portuguese city par excellence, but lacking in the activity and uniting energy of its founders. The monks predominate here more than in any other part of Brazil, and with them reign all the superstitions of former times. Each individual has his chosen saint, whom he considers responsible for everything good or evil that happens in his house. The most powerful of all these patrons is Saint Anthony; at least it is he who is most frequently met with in the oratories. They pledge him tapers, money, and flowers to adorn his niche, if he vouchsafe any desired success or avert evil fortune; but if he turns a deaf ear, fare-well tapers, flowers, and caresses. Being responsible, he must of course resign himself to the punishment. For example, if a negro runs away, the master forthwith hastens to the newspaper office, and publishes a description of the fugitive, offering a reward for him of from fifty to a hundred milreis, according to his value. He then makes all haste back to his room, pulls his patron from the niche, takes a chirite, or whip, proportioned to his size, and applies it to his back, accompanying the chastisement with the following monologue: "Ah filho da . . . (Ah! you son of . . .)! that's the way you take care of my saint! that's the way you pay me for the care I've taken of you, and the tapers I've bought for you! I'll teach you a little good manners!" After this correction he puts him into the most obscure nook in the house, among the dirt and rubbish that abound in most Portuguese dwellings, and declares that he shall remain in that kennel till the lost slave is recovered. If the fugitive is not soon returned, the master loses patience, breaks his idol with a kick, and forthwith chooses another patron, more active and powerful; but if the slave reappears, he replaces the saint in his niche, asking pardon for having been so hasty, and buys any number of tapers to make him forget the past, and in order to continue to merit his protection.

A Negro Saint.

The negroes generally choose a patron saint of their own colour, Saint Benedict, of whom they give wonderful relations. This Benedict, in his lifetime, was head-cook in a monastery. Naturally led, like all his contrymen, to a contemplative life, he fervently attended all the services of the monks, and sometimes allowed himself to be so carried away in his mental devotions that he forgot his saucepans. The angels, however, touched by his piety, performed his duties for him, so that the community did not suffer from his ecstatic moments. The first time I saw this patron saint of the negroes, I mistook it for an image of the devil, so horrible was the grimace that the artist had imparted to it, doubtless through his excessive regard for truthfulness. When a man is too poor to construct an oratory in his cabin, he mentally adopts the patron saint of his neighbour, and consecrates tapers to him in times of difficulty in order to obtain his intercession.

A Hog Story.

In a fazenda in the environs of Bahia I saw a poor mulatto bring to the sacrarium of his master ten milreis (about 5 dollars), which com-
prised all his earnings, to reward the saint for having enabled him to find his horse, which he had lost the evening before. I asked him to tell me the particulars of his loss.

"Senhor," he immediately replied, "Saint Anthony is very powerful, and very kind to the poor folks. You see, when I went to attend my horse last night, they were gone. It could only have been through some evil doings, for they never leave their pen. I vowed I would give my protector all the money I had, if he would help me find them, and, full of confidence, went at hazard the first way it struck me, all the time calling the animals. Seeing my search was in vain, I thought this was not the right direction, and turned back to try another. But my patron he was not deceived; while I was tiring myself in a vain search, he sent the horse back into the pen; and as soon as they saw me the poor creatures crowded up to meet me. You see, senhor, that when one has so good a saint he ought to keep his vows, instead of doing as some do whom I know, who are in the habit of forgetting their engagements as soon as the difficulty is over."

Such is the credulity that prevails among the negroes of Bahia. This simplicity, which is not always unattended by a wild violence of disposition, is a heritage of the early times of the conquistadores.

THE MINING DISTRICTS.

The ancient Brazilian characteristics, so vividly impressed upon Bahia, become more and more marked as you recede from the coast. Before leaving this old civilization of Brazil to observe at Rio Janeiro the first manifestations of a new life, perhaps it would be preferable to contemplate the Brazilian ciuade in a state still less advanced than at Pernambuco and Bahia, under the aspect prevalent in the interior of the country, and especially in the provinces formerly explored by the mineiros. It is here, at Ouro Preto, Goiay, Cuyaba, &c., that the traces of the past are deepest and most striking. There is no longer an exchange; there are no theatres, no museums. Huts of mud suffice the inhabitants, and the ruins of convents take the place of schools. A population become half-savage through the crossing of races and the isolation in which it lives, exists within these creviced walls without employment or any idea of the advantages of life. The most desolate parts of Abruzia or Calabria can alone give any idea of these regions, which were formerly so flourishing. The crooks no longer come in contact with each other here, except in ignorance and idleness. The churches, even built by the piety of their ancient founders, are to-day for the most part as dilapidated as the dwellings of the simplest of the inhabitants. One might sometimes imagine himself in one of those large villages of the Cordilleras periodically visited by earthquakes. Those towns in which the passage of caravans keep up some activity, like São João del Rey, are frequently those that most sadden the European. It is true that the rudeness of the inhabitants is explained by their origin. The first colonists of these provinces were peasants from the mountains of Portugal. Enriched by traffic, they knew not how to profit by their change of fortune, and remained in ignorance, with the addition of pride. The mulaters, who compose nearly all their patrons, are poorly qualified to inspire them with ideas of civilization and progress. When occasionally these Portuguese of the old stamp attempt, in the celebration of some festivity, to imitate a drama, one cannot repress a smile at the spectacle, in which the serious and the grotesque are so strangely blended. It is not rare to see a Greek tragedy represented by painted mulattoes, dressed in cast-off French or Portuguese garments, and with any number of sabres and poignards.

IGNORANCE AND LAZINESS IN THE INTERIOR.

The few men of intelligence and energy to be met here and there, among these lost populations, seem to have little hope of drawing them from their ignorance. They express themselves on this subject with singular frankness, to judge by the language used by a mineiro a few years since, in conversing with a French traveller. "My countrymen," said he, "always wear their shirts out at the elbows, because they cannot stand without propping themselves up. On Monday they rest from the fatigue of listening to mass a quarter of an hour on Sunday; on Tuesday they set the negroes to work in their place; on Wednesday and Thursday they are obliged to go on a hunt to obtain a little meat; they must fish on Friday and Saturday, because those are fast-days; and on Sunday they repose after the labours of the week. If a tree falls across the road, they make a path around it through the woods, and come into the road again on the other side. It would have taken much less time to cut the tree; but it would have been necessary to use the axe, and in making the path the large trees are left. They content themselves with cutting the bushes, and this requires only the faça, or large knife, which the negroes always wear in their belt. If a man has flour to get, he mounts his mule, takes a small sack, and makes half-a-dozen journeys. He could have brought it all upon the mule's back in a single trip, but in that case he would have been obliged to walk."

The people of some of the Brazilian provinces differ greatly, it is perceived, from those who have adopted the motto: "Time is money." It is difficult for a European, accustomed to human activity, to witness such inertness without experiencing an unpleasant sense of oppression. There are many things essential to civilized life which are here entirely unknown.

A PARADOXICAL JOURNEY.

Being once on my way to a fazenda a few leagues from Rio Janeiro, on the road to Minas, the most travelled high-way of Brazil, and fearing the coming on of a storm, I several times
inquired of my guide as to the road over which we were to continue our journey.

"Right along on the hill, senhor," he invariably replied, pointing to the ridge before us.

Desirous of more precise information, I addressed myself to the people we met on the way.

"How many leagues from here is it to Senhor X——'s fazenda?" I inquired of a mulatto on his way to the fields.

"Dos legoas, senhor." (Two leagues, sir).

At the expiration of half-an-hour, I repeated the same question to a tropeiro.

"Tres legoas, senhor." (Three leagues, sir).

This reply was so unexpected that I repeated the question to the keeper of a vendu, which we reached a few minutes later, thinking I should now certainly be set right.

"Tres legoas e meia, senhor," (Three leagues and a-half, sir) answered the inn-keeper.

Perceiving that I was going farther away from my destination instead of approaching it, I feared my guide was mistaken, and begged my interlocutor to tell me which was the right road. Receiving a formal assurance that I was going in the proper direction, I continued my journey, vainly trying to explain to myself the meaning of these contradictions. I saw only one way to solve the difficulty, and that was to inquire perseveringly of everybody I met. The new answers to my inquiries were still more singular than the first.

"Cuatro legoas, senhor," (four leagues, sir), said a peasant.

"Não sei, senhor." (I don't know, sir) was the reply I received from nearly all the blacks.

"Dos cuartos e meia," (two quarters and a-half) answered a tropeiro.

"You mean a league?" said I.

"Si, senhor." (Yes, sir).

"Why, then, do you say two quarters and a-half?"

"He costume." (It is the custom).

Seeing a mulatto woman standing in the door of her cabin, I was curious to get her opinion also.

"Tres legoas, senhor." "Oh! it isn't three leagues," objected her husband, coming out of the cabin.

"São pequenas, mas são tres, (the three leagues are short ones, if you like, but there are three nevertheless) answered the woman, in a tone of confidence that admitted of no reply.

This answer at last gave me a key to the enigma, namely, the total ignorance in the country of the real value of the league, every one estimating it according to his own ideas.

THE BRAZILIAN NOBILITY.

A thing worthy of remark is, that among a people where, by the terms of the constitution, titles of nobility are not hereditary, there is not a beggar who is not of noble descent. Frequently a single affix is not enough, and two or three titles are joined together, thus rendering the appellation more sounding. I have sometimes seen the greatest names of Portugal borne by tropeiros following their mules through the picada or rough roads of the forest. The explanation, however, is very simple. Every freeman assumes, at pleasure, the name of either his master, his godfather, or any other protector. The Portuguese is generally born a gentleman. There is not, in fact, a family whose ancestors have not borne arms against Islamism, in the long struggles for independence; and it is well known that the kings of Portugal, desirous of exalting the valor of their troops, conferred nobility, on the battle-field, upon all the soldiers of an army that had obtained a victory over the infidels, or carried a Mussulman town by assault.

THE PEACE OF THE EMPIRE.

Another subject of astonishment is that this country, surrounded on every side by people agitated with perpetual convulsions, nevertheless enjoys profound peace. The causes of this tranquility appear sufficiently complex. The Portuguese character, deeper and more positive than the Castilian, is less liable to passing excitement. The immense stretches of wilderness that cross the southern continent, moreover, prevent the agitations of the Spanish republics from affecting Brazil.

Political feelings nevertheless manifest themselves there, and are especially observable at Rio Janeiro.

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EARTH AND THE HOUR.

BY MARY BROTHERTON.

When the God and Creator of all
Spake, Thou liftedst thy face;
And darkly rose up at His call
From the great arms of Space.

Now thy bards thou hast seen turn'd to briers,
And thy love laid on biers;
And thy sons tread the dust of their sires,
And they wash it with tears.

In the scrolls of the ancient past,
Left by prophet and saint,
It is writ thou shalt smile to the last,
Nor in dying grow faint.

Nor the tides of thy water shall fail;
Nor the leaves on thy land;
Nor shalt thou, all conscious, wax pale
That thine hour is at hand.

On a sudden the Trump shall be blown—
The great Secret laid bare—
And thy privatest chambers be shown:
God's jewels are there!

He shall count them and find them complete,
When that trump rends the skies;
When thy sleepers shall start to their feet;
When thy dead shall arise!
THE NEW SERGEANT-MAJOR.

(A Tale in Three Parts.)

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

PART III.

"You do not ask the news from Bombay," said Sergeant Hincstone, to the Sergeant-major, the day after his arrival at Belgaum, whether he had contrived to be sent as paymaster to a company; "you seem careless of your friends there."

"On the contrary, I shall be delighted to hear your whole budget of gossip," was the answer: "indeed I should have demanded it before, but that I hear pretty frequently from that quarter."

"Oh, I suppose so," remarked Hincstone, carelessly, and then continued: "We had some new fellows in, since you left the Fusiliers."

"Ah! what sort of lot are they?" asked Morton.

"Oh, very passable," replied his comrade. "We did the civil to them on their first coming among us, and they were talking of getting up a ball to return the compliment, when I left."

"I hope they will not be in a hurry about it," said Morton, "as I think of asking a month's leave shortly; and as I mean to spend that time among them, I should like to have the chance of dancing at it."

"You are lucky in everything, love and war," said Hincstone, with an odd smile; "so I suppose you will have your wish in that way too: the bountiful blind woman seems always to grope your way."

The Sergeant-major laughed as he replied, "Blind as she is, I hope she will guide me to the ball, this time, at any rate; as I am sure it will be a gay one. By the way, talking of gaiety, how is your friend Harvey? In any new scrape lately?"

"Why, no, he could not well be," replied Hincstone, slowly, "considering that he had only just returned from Kandahar, as I came here. Mrs. Burchill had some fun going on there I believe; but of course as the lady of your love has given you all the details, you know more about the things than I do."

"Who! how! what lady?" demanded Morton, hurriedly, and with a sudden flush.

"Oh! how modest we are!" replied Hincstone, with a sly glance at his companion. "I wonder who we are furnishing the pretty little bungalow for, that the men talk of! Might one ask when does Madam Sahib come home?"

Morton had grown deadly pale while the other spoke, and then, looking straight into his face, said in a calm cold tone, "Speak plainly, Hincstone: I want to know who the person is, to understand it clearly, whom you say could give me the details of Mrs. Burchill's party."

"Why, Minnie Corbet, to be sure," was the reply, uttered with well-affected impatience at what he pretended to think the assumed stupidity of his comrade. "Are you silly enough to believe that your engagement to her is a secret? Why, every man in the corps knows of it. What nonsense of you to affect not to understand whom I mean!"

The Sergeant-major remained silent; indeed he seemed to have received so sudden and unexpected a blow, as to be deprived of the very capability of utterance; but in a minute or two, shaking off the sort of stupor which had fallen on him, he turned towards his companion, and demanded, "Do you know of your own knowledge that Minnie Corbet was in Kandahar with Mrs. Burchill?"

"Well, I would not swear to it," he answered: "I was only told that such was the fact, by Harvey, who was there himself; and I did not see her about during the time she was said to be on the visit in question." And he added, with great apparent frankness, "I trust I have done no mischief. I should not have mentioned the matter at all, but that I thought, indeed took it for granted, that you correspond." I am sure you did not mean harm," replied Morton, fully believing what he said: "or have you done it. Harvey's words are not always to be depended on; perhaps he did not speak truly, when he said she was there."

"As likely as not, faith!" was the reply. "However even if she were, I cannot see the harm. Surely there is nothing to be said of Mrs. Burchill!"

"Nothing certainly," said Morton, "but that she is the young giddy wife of an old husband who gives her more of her own way than is good for her; and that, as she is never without a lot of fellows dangling about her, I did not choose Minnie to be intimate with, or visit her, particularly while I am away."

"I am sure, at least, that I am very sorry I should be unfortunate enough to have said anything about the affair," said Hincstone, as having fulfilled his intention of exciting the jealousy of his intended victim, he pretended to see a man in the distance to whom he wished to speak; and so, with a good-bye, he left him to
the miserable doubts he had so maliciously
excited in his mind.
Poor Morton! thrown early upon his own
resources, obliged to rough it as he best could,
had no time for those sweet wordless day-
dreams, in which almost all men indulge, in the
first freshness of their youth, the first bright
glow of their fancy; when, for a fair face seems
to them to be the fairest above all faces, dawning
upon their charmed vision the morning star of
love—when but to touch the hand, or win one
glance from the sweet eyes of that worshipped
one, seems too much bliss for earth. And although
it very seldom happens that frequently
unconscious idol descends from the pedestal on
which she has been placed by the imagination
of the boy, to become the loving, sympathising
wife of the world-disenchanted man, yet do they
ever look back, even when they have long been
the fond and faithful husbands of perhaps far
better women, to the first years of their grown-
up lives, confessing, half-smiling, half-sighing, that

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

But the Sergeant-major knew nothing of these
things. Poring over regimental accounts, learning
his duty in the ranks, and struggling to rise
above the mire, a very few months, kept him
first met Minnie Corbet; and then his cheated
youth reenacted itself upon his later manhood,
and every thinking of his heart, every hope of his
existence, every ambition of his career, was
given over to the keeping of the fair, weak girl,
who could not even faintly estimate the value of
the treasure so bestowed; who could not,
even for a few, very few months, keep the
promise which she had made him—a slight
return for so much worship—and who, having
broken it, had not sufficient moral courage to
confess her fault to the man in whose honest
love and generous nature she would have found
the fullest and freest pardon.
Yes; it was not her visit to Kandahal,
strongly as he disapproved of it, which grieved
him; it was her cool deliberated concealment of
it; and it was with a sad feeling of wounded
trust that he took it out and read again the letter
he had received from her only the day before.
In all her letters to him since their parting he
had perceived a certain restraint of style, which
he had always attributed to her natural shyness;
but he now read this, even more than usually
short and unsatisfactory one, with different eyes;
and what he had before set down to girlish
bashfulness he now ascribed to caution,
studying every word, lest she should commit
herself by writing too freely. In this, however,
he was wrong, as excessive timidity and yield-
ingness, not bashfulness, formed the ground-
work of her character. But as he shortly after
crossed the threshold of the home he had pre-
pared for her with such loving care, a sad
presentiment crossed his mind for a moment,
that she would never inhabit it. How cool and

pretty the two rooms which formed it looked!—
the sitting-room, with its neat walnut furniture;
the bed-room, with its snow-white drapery and
nicely-arranged toilet; everything fresh and new,
waiting for its little mistress. He had even
engaged the wife of one of the soldiers to wait
upon her when she came; while already the
native servant was gliding noiselessly about
with his turbaned head and unslippered feet,
who was, as a matter of course, also to form
one of their household. What if she should
never come there after all! His heart ached at
the thought. His pretty winning Minnie—
his late romance—oh! it was too bitter. The
suspense he was in was utterly unbearable; and
he determined to ask for leave without further
delay, and go see things for himself. It would
be the most unspeakable joy, if she could give,
or he could find any excuse for her late conduct;
but if that was not possible, if he found her
entirely false, the stern honour of his own high
nature would compel him to give her up—on
that he was determined; but, oh! how he clung
to the hope that he should not have to do so—
that she would prove to be all he had hoped and
believed her to be! Yet, restless and miserable,
had chafed against every obstacle in the way of
his departure; and the fifth day after having
heard Himestone's unpleasant news saw him
setting out on his long and wearying journey.
Fortune, as his false comrade had said she
would, favoured him as far as the ball was con-
cerned; for he arrived at Bombay on the day,
the evening of which had been fixed on for
that festivity. His first impulse, on his ar-
ival, was to go at once to Minnie Corbet her-
self, state to her all that he had heard, and
learn from her own lips the truth or falsehood
of the reports concerning her; but going first
to the quarters of an old bachelor comrade with
whom she had served through the Punjub war
in 1846, to make himself presentable, from what
he heard from him he gave up that idea. It
was too true Minnie had been at Kandahal, and
had there met a young man, a clerk in a public
office in Bombay, with whom she had become
very intimate, and who was to be her escort
that night to the ball—an invitation to which she had
procured for him through Harvey, who had, now
that he saw she was completely turned away
from Morton, ceased to pay her much attention.
Ratchll, her new lover, was described as being a
very nice young fellow, evidently completely
fascinated by the manifold charms of Minnie.
In stating these facts the man did not profess
much sympathy with the bitter disappointment
and sorrow of his friend, who, with his head
leaning on his hand, listened to all he had to say
in total silence. He concluded his story by
saying, "I never could understand how you fixed
your heart so much on her—a trifling petted
girl with a pretty face."

"It was my fate," said the Sergeant-major.
"It was my fate."
"Or your folly," replied the man, bluntly.
"Yes, you are right," said Morton; "it was
my folly—my folly not to know how impossible
The New Sergeant-Major.

it was that she, so young and lovely, should love one so stern and so much older than her as I am."

"And how do you mean to act now?" asked the other sergeant.

"I do not know yet, I am so overwhelmed by this unexpected misery," replied the Sergeant-major; "give me time to think."

And his friend, compassionating his distress, went out and left him to himself until evening; when on his return he found him, though haggard and depressed, looking still refreshed after a bath, and fully equipped for the ball, to which, as all the non-commissioned officers of his corps were invited, he had a perfect right to go.

"I have determined," said the Sergeant-major, to his friend, on his entering the room—"I have determined on presenting myself before her this evening, without giving her any notice of my arrival, and according to her mode of receiving me I will decide on what I shall do. But ended in some way it must be; I cannot endure the torture of suspense any longer."

That night the sergeants' mess-room was brilliantly lit with wax; the floor was covered by a tightly-drawn, snow-white, cotton-cloth, ready for the dancers; while garlands of green-leaves, divided by the colours of the different regiments then stationed in Bombay, decorated the walls. The band of the Fusiliers had been, by the permission of the colonel, some time playing, he himself and the brigadier-general being present, together with nearly the whole of the young officers, always eager for amusement.*

The room was full, and the scene a very gay one, and yet Morton was still watching anxiously in the verandah, near the entrance, for the arrival of his fickle idol; and as the time passed on without her coming, his heart thrilled with a wild hope that she would not come at all—that all he had heard was false; that she had been faithful even to her promise, that she would not attend such an assembly as that within until she could again do so under his protection; and he was just about to go over to her father's quarters, and clasp once again his own guiltless Minnie to his breast, when a covered palkee, beside which, his hand resting on it, walked a slightly-made middle-sized young man in the dress of a civilian, was set down before where he stood; and the next moment, lifted out in the arms of his successful rival, Minnie was placed almost beside him on the balcony, although, as he took care to stand in

the deep shadow, she did not perceive him. She was laughing gaily, and, in a pretty flatter of girlish vanity, began shaking out her skirts, looking more than usually lovely in her fresh white muslin dress, and the long trailing flowers of some Indian plant twined through her hair. When apparently perfectly well pleased with herself, she took the arm of her new lover with affectionate familiarity, and vanished into the flood of light and joy within, leaving Morton alone with his strong agony in the darkness. For a few minutes he leant his face against one of the pillars of the balcony, completely overcome; and then muttering brokenly to himself, "I could not trust myself to go in there tonight: I could not; I should do something desperate: I must wait until to-morrow;" he strode away to the shore, where throwing himself, regardless of his uniform, upon one of the rocks, he allowed the spray to dash over him and cool his burning forehead. Then springing to his feet he paced the sands, at one time resolving to seek her at once, and again shrinking away from what he felt to be his certain fate; yet, by a strange fascination, he could not tear himself from the neighbourhood of the mess-room, but lingered on, until as the breaking up of the ball, at about four in the morning, he recognized Minnie, wrapped in the same shawl she had worn on the night of his parting with her, walking languidly home, still clinging fondly to the arm of his successful rival. As he gazed after the unconscious pair, every honest and honourable feeling in his nature recoiled from her and her desecrated faith; and in the midst of his suffering he felt that, although he would give almost his hopes of heaven to make her all he had once believed her to be, yet that, now knowing her as he did, if the simple stretching forth of his hand could bring her back to him, he would not take her. No; she had snatched him when he could restore—the joy of a life which, except during the brief dream that she loved him, now so rudely dispelled, had never been overburdened with happiness.

"He may have her," he muttered between his set teeth, "I am weary of this world. She shall marry him over my grave."

And at length, after a long reverie, the morning parade now over, he walked slowly towards his friend's bungalow, meeting on his way, as he fully expected to do, Minnie's father, Sergeant Corbet, on his return from duty. The man seemed much confused on meeting him, although he tried to carry it off with an affectation of good-humoured surprise at seeing him.

"Why, Sergeant-major!" he cried; "I could scarcely credit Watts, this morning, when he said you had arrived among us last evening, and was staying with him. You are looking capital."

"Then my looks are lies," replied Morton, savagely, and not noticing Corbet's proffered hand, "My looks are like everything else, I believe, in this accursed place."
Most men would have been insulted by the man's manner and words; but the sergeant did not seem to be so; on the contrary, there was a world of pity in his face, as he replied quietly—

"It takes two to make a quarrel, Morton; so if you want one you must seek the necessary assistance elsewhere, as I certainly shall not give it you. It would be base of me to affect surprise at your mode of addressing me. I know your reason well; and I freely confess I am to blame in this business. I should at once have made known to you this change in Minnie's affections."

Morton winced at the name, but demanded hurriedly, "Have I not just cause of complaint against you? Was not the deception on your part a most unmanly one. Of her conduct I will say nothing."

"I repeat that I confess it," said Corbet; "but Minnie seemed to fear you so much, and her mother assured me you would feel it a great deal less if you were not told until after the marriage—that, between their persuasions, and I suppose a somewhat cowardly desire on my own part to shirk a disagreeable duty, I let the time pass until now, when I can no longer avoid the explanation."

"Then the marriage-day is fixed?" asked Morton, with a sort of unnatural calmness.

"Yes," replied Corbet, much confused; "I believe they call it Tuesday. But, badly treated as you have been, may I venture to ask a favour of you? It is, that you will not try to see Minnie in the meantime. An interview could do you no good; and you can have no idea of the terror she has of meeting you. May I tell her you will not seek to do so?"

"I have not the slightest desire to see her again," said the Sergeant-major, with the same coldness. "Neither shall I enact the part of 'Alonzo the Brave' at her bridal party, as on that occasion I intend to take effectual measures to be absent from Bombay."

"Ha! I am glad to hear you say so," said Corbet, heartily. "I knew you would bear this little disappointment like a man of sense. I am sure you will soon forget this chit of a girl, and find one better adapted to you—more worthy of you, in fact, than she is."

"More worthy of you!" repeated the Sergeant-major, bitterly: "yes, that is the stock-phrase; however, it is not very pleasant to be pointed out as the old fellow who had been jilted at the eleventh hour by the 'chit of a girl,' to whom he had been silly enough to give credit for having a heart and a conscience. But I will not delay you longer, Sergeant Corbet: this will be the last conversation held between us on the matter. Good morning."

And feeling that any offered friendship on his part would be worse than useless, the Sergeant merely returned the formal civility, and they parted; Morton, however, pausing, after he had walked a short distance, to call out to his late companion, "Remember, you need have no uneasiness about the wedding: I shall not be in Bombay on that day!"

During the short time that intervened between the conversation just detailed and Minnie's bridal, Morton remained at the bungalow of his friend, employing himself busily over the regimental papers entrusted to his charge, and which he seemed to be setting in perfect order. To the extreme pleasure of his comrade, he had only mentioned the name of his faithless betrothed once, and then merely to remark, in connection with her, that he should leave very early on the morning of the following Tuesday, as he had promised. Watts, then, did not feel surprised, when that time came, to be roused from a rather heavy sleep, to find at about three o'clock Morton already dressed, standing beside his cot to say "Good-bye," and tell him the packet of papers on the table were for Mr. Dudley, as he would see by the direction. "It would do," he added, "to give them him any time before noon." And so, with a cordial clasp of the hand, he took his leave.

Sinking back again into a dose, Watts did not wake until he had barely time to dress hurriedly for parade, and, in his anxiety to escape a lecture for being late from the Adjutant, completely forgot the message he had received for him. The wedding, then—a very early and a very quiet one—was over, the happy pair on their way to Kandallah for the honeymoon, much gossip concerning it got through, and his own breakfast despatched, before his eye happening to rest on the packet, he took it up, and putting on his forage-cap, strolled leisurely towards Mr. Dudley's quarters. That gentleman being at home, he left the papers with his servant, and had, walking at an equally slow pace on his return, nearly reached his own place, when he heard the voice of the Adjutant behind, calling on him to stop, and on turning saw him, accompanied by three of the most active men in the corps, hastening towards a road leading away from the barracks, towards a small grove of cocoa nut-trees a mile-and-a-half away.

"You had better come with us, Watts," he said, as the man waited until he came up. "I fear something has occurred to your old friend. There was a note in that packet you brought me, asking me to look for him in the cocoa-grove when I had read it. I trust he has not done anything rash!"

But alas! a few minutes showed them that the hope was a vain one, as, after a short search, they found him in a sitting posture, propped between two trees, his head having fallen on his chest. For a moment they fancied him asleep, but the next they had discovered the terrible truth, as the discharged revolver beside him told that, unable or unwilling to bear the bitterness of his disappointment, the Sergeant-major had shot himself!

What need have we to say more? There can be no occasion for us to speak of how deeply his comrades mourned his unhappy end, how keenly they scorned and condemned her whom they blamed as its cause; although, when a short time after the fate of the man who had so loved her—"Never more sighed truer breath!"—
was broken to her, even her husband was surprised at the slight impression it made on her, as it hardly cost her a solitary tear! On this occasion, indeed, the wicked prospered, as Himestone—even more guilty in reality than the weak girl herself—succeeded him as Sergeant-major, and has long since obtained the commission of an Ensign.

As to George Harvey, he lies buried in the little graveyard of an obscure village in Ireland, where he died about three years ago at the depot of his regiment, of the effects of wounds in his head, received at the siege of Jhansi during the late Indian mutiny. And now the story of Minnie Corbet's falsehood to the New Sergeant major is told.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

My dear C——,

Paris has taken possession of her senses after the folly of Carnival; and Lent is quietly gliding away in sermons, concerts, family reunions and political discussions. The Senate have again been regaled with a long speech "bouffon" from Monsieur de Boissy, who was supremely wounded in his feelings on reading in the "Compte rendu" that a Senator had called it "ennuyeux," and still more so in being assured by that senator that it was the truth. "Ennuyeux!" he who does all he can to amuse them! The word has struck him to the heart, and it is almost with tears in his eyes that he tells his honourable colleagues, ever since, when he interrupts them, that he is not going to "ennuyer" them.

In the discussion of the address to the Emperor, the convention of the 15th of September and its answer the Encycloptik are the burning points. The two parties are armed for battle. What will be the sequel time alone can tell. Let us hope that a decision, one way or other, will at length issue. The ex-minister of public worship, Monsieur Rouland, has made a very clever speech in defence of Government, and Monsieur Bonjean another, in which he exposed all the pretensions of Rome from century to century, with great skill and erudition. M. Rouber would have done just as well had he let Garibaldi alone; it grates on one's nerves to hear such men as those that surround Napoleon III. talk of the sublime hero of Caprera, "whose shoe-strings they are not worthy to unloose."

According to General Gêmeau, the unity of Italy is a diabolical plot of England to destroy French influence; and the proof is that Monsieur Lesepee, the piercer of the Isthmus of Suez, would never be received with as much enthusiasm in Great Britain as Garibaldi was. I should think not!

The Corps Legislatif have had to annul another election, on account of the illegal proceedings of the Government deputy; women voting for their husbands, masters for servants; both as of wine and two-franc pieces—at least the votes are not sold dear—distributed, &c.

The death of the President, Monsieur de Morny, has been a great event in the month, it was so unexpected, and the friends of the Emperor are unanimous in their regret; indeed, to hear them, the Duke de Morny was the "ne plus ultra" of all that is elegant, accomplished, amiable, and generous. The Opposition is not quite so sanguine in their appreciation of the departed statesman, some go so far as to call him a "jobber," from his love of gain and even petty speculation, and they cannot pardon him the 2nd of December, which was all his work. Let that be as it may, it is a great loss to the Empire, and the Emperor feels it very severely; he is said to have wept bitterly in his last interview with his brother; for all know that Monsieur de Morny was the son of Queen Hortense and M. de Flahaut, and they so much resembled each other that I have frequently taken the Duke for the Emperor. The night before his death, there was a grand dinner party at the Tuileries; but the Emperor and Empress, having learned during the day how near death was, left the Duchess d'Essling to preside at the dinner, and hastened to the bed-side of the dying man, where they remained some time; the Emperor holding his hand, and her Majesty kneeling in prayer beside him; during which time the company at the Tuileries, having left the palace, arrived in dismay at the Presidency, and filled the drawing-rooms; the ladies, in full-dress, wandering in-and-out in the greatest consternation. The young Duchess is inconsolable; it is said that she cut off her magnificent hair, in sign of grief, and put it in the dead hands of her departed husband, so that he might take something of hers with him to the grave—rather theatrical, perhaps! As soon as the Prince Imperial heard of the Duke's death, he wrote a very pretty little note to the eldest of the four little children left fatherless, but not penniless; for Monsieur de Morny has left an immense fortune, gained since the re-establishment of the Empire. The funeral was very splendid and at public expense. Such an array of gilded carriages I never before saw; but such pomp is little calculated to excite feelings of sadness, and the numerous spectators that lined the road all along the Boulevards to Père la Chaise seemed to forget that there was a dead man beneath that black pall! I heard one man
observe that "it was a more splendid sight than that of the 'Bœufs gras' even!" It was noticed that the members of the Opposition in the Corps Législatif refrained from accompanying their President to his last home; some considered it very bad taste of them; but, of course, that is according to opinion. No one would care to show respect to a man they did not esteem.

The Prince Napoleon had promised to preside at the distribution of prizes, awarded the Sunday after Monsieur de Morny's death, to the young workmen who follow the lessons given by the Philotechnique Association—an association of professors of the University for the Gratuitous Instruction of Workmen; and more than five thousand spectators had assembled at the Circus de l'Impératrice to listen to the eloquent voice of his Imperial Highness, who intended to plead the cause of gratuitous obligatory instruction—a cause which he and Monsieur Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction, had supported in the Privy Council; but the Emperor begged the Prince not to appear in public while Monsieur de Morny lay dead at the Presidenty, more particularly so as they were known enemies; and so the Prince did not go and, as you may suppose, the public were greatly disappointed. *Propos* of this much-discussed question of obliging parents to send their children to school, the minister in his "rapport" says that it is not a new thing in France; Jeanne d'Albert decreed it in Navarre; Louis XIV. and Louis XV. also rendered edicts on that subject. In 1793 the Convention solemnly decreed that every child should be forced to go to school in every part of the republic. Most of the states of Europe have decreed the same thing; and in Switzerland, such is the result of this diffusion of instruction, that at the end of July last there was not a single person in the prison of the Canton de Vaud, nor yet of Zurich, and only two in that of Neuchâtel.

"To marry a widow means, in good French," says La Bruyère, "to make one's fortune;" so Dumas junior thought, when he intended marrying the fair widow Narischkine, with Imperial connexions and 100,000 francs a year. La Bruyère adds: "It does not always operate what it means." Alexandre Dumas remembered that, before he took the perilous leap, and has abstained. It seems that the beautiful widow, the accomplished relative of the Emperor of Russia, whose elegant saloons received the flower of Parisian society, was nothing but "une aventurière." The Narischkine family knows nothing of her, and the hundred thousand francs a year is all a hoax; and M. Dumas is under the necessity of looking out for another 100,000 francs before writing his last comedy: not even the widow's red locks, let them be ever so fashionable, can compensate the lack of gold.

At the dinner given by Madame Drouyn de Lhuys, during the Carnival, thirty cooks were employed for a fortnight in the preparations of the numerous dishes, which turned out detestable. Her masked ball, in revenge, was the most splendid of the season. The glittering of the diamonds was perfectly dazzling, particularly those worn by the Russian lady, Princess Youssoupoff. In the diadem that surrounded her hair shone the famous gem called the Polar star. Two immense diamonds as ear-drops sparkled and resparkled at every movement of her head, and caused an envious pang in many a poor little heart. It was noticed that two chairs were reserved at the commencement of the evening, and at length were filled by two mysterious dominos (black and rose), whose movements of course excited great curiosity. Another mask, who had recognized the domino noir, followed him all the evening, trying all ways to get a word from him—but in vain. "Why, beau domino," said he, "how is it that you, who make such fine speeches without your mask, have not a word to say under it?" Annoyed in the extreme by this intruder, the Emperor raised his mask; and the other, to prove that he did not fear him, also raised his—which some think a great trait of courage. At another masked ball a German lady, who had been left to "faire tapisserie (otherwise, play the wall-flower) all the evening, was suddenly accosted by a domino, who, perceiving that she spoke but little French, addressed her in German. The lady, delighted to find a fellow-countryman to chat with, opened her heart to him—heart which was anything but tender towards the French. The domino was quite of her opinion on the superiorities of Germany and the Germans, and encouraged her "épanchement" in every way. "But," said he, at length, "have you been to court? The Emperor and Empress are perhaps not so bad as their subjects!" "To court!" exclaimed the lady—"it is the most corrupt place in France! it is the worst of all! And as for the Emperor—oh, the horror!" And then she gave vent to her feelings in terms anything but flattering for his Majesty. The domino thought her rather severe upon the Emperor, but acquiesced with her in all. A little while after he left her, several persons immediately surrounded her to congratulate her on the honour she had just received in conversing so long with his Majesty. "His Majesty!" exclaimed the lady, alarmed—"who? what?" "Why," answered they, "the domino was no other than the Emperor Napoleon III.!!" The poor thing almost fainted with fright.

A mistake at the Tuileries raised many false hopes in the bosoms of several officers and "gens en place." A little while ago a dinner and a soirée were to be given; thirty guests were to be invited to dine at the imperial table, and several hundreds at the soirée. Those who issued the invitations sent the letters for the dinner to the hundreds, and for the soirée to the thirty. The blunder was discovered in time to stop a great part of the letters, but a hundred received their invitations, and arrived at the Palace for dinner, with eager hopes; for the honour of dining with their Majesties, to those
who never had done so, must pretend further advancement. The captain saw himself colonel, the colonel general, &c., &c. It was very laughable.

While I am in the fêtes, listen to the adventure of a lady, the happy possessor of a quantity of magnificent pearls, with which she had arrayed herself for her ball, "de Carnival." One, of surpassing beauty, once belonging to Runjeet Singh, brought from India by General Allard, decorated the summit of her head-dress. When, at night, the lady retired to rest, the costly gens was gone! The place showed that it had been torn from her head. In vain every place was searched: the pearl was lost—no one could imagine how. Two months passed, when, the other day, a servant crossing the garden behind the house saw something shine in the gravel. It was the lost pearl! The lady remembered having taken a walk there during the evening, on account of the great heat of the ball-room, and also of having caught her hair in the branches of a tree.

Mlle. Valentine Haussmann, the daughter of the Préfet de la Seine, was married the other day to the Vicomte Perrey. The marriage was celebrated at the Oratoire (the Protestant cathedral of Paris), the Haussmann family being Protestants. It was, of course, a very grand affair. The united ages of bride and bridegroom make forty-two years! The ball in the evening, in spite of Lent, was very magnificent; and the youthful pair, who were not married, danced with each other. It does one good to see now and then two young people linked together, in a country where an old man and a young wife is the general rule.

Prince Napoleon is charged by the Emperor to represent him at the inauguration of the monument that the town of Ajaccio is on the eve of raising to the memory of the Bonaparte family, a monument composed of the statues of Napoleon I. and his four brothers (Joseph, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome).

The "Life of César" still makes a great noise. The first edition was soon run through. Madame George Sand has published in "L'Univers Illustré," a study on it, and the papers are full of "Jules César à toutes les sauces." A pamphlet by Rogard ("Les propos de Labienus") has been seized, and the author is "en fuite." It was a very witty and highly-peppered irony—as much against the modern César as the ancient one, and which was not exactly to the taste of Monsieur le Préfet de Police. Two thousand copies were sold before the seizure, and stray ones still circle about in secret, at the price of twenty-five francs a ten-sous volume! But, so fond are we of forbidden fruit, that I myself read it with double gusto from its having been prohibited! "La rive Gauche," the student's paper, has received an "avertissement" on the same subject. If you give these young heads an inch they take an ell, thinks Monsieur Boudet, Minister de l'Intérieur; so the young gentlemen have received a tap. The official critics are on the point of comment on this new work. Monsieur Nisard, Academician, is to give us an appreciation of it in the "Moniteur du Matin;" and Théophile Gautier, who aspires to enter the Académie, in the evening paper. It is said, also, that the imperial author intends to ask admission into that august body the Académie Française, with his "Jules César" in his hand, and that the visits of ceremony will not be required of him.

The "Mémoires of Mlle. Théresa," the prima donna of the Alcazar, have reached the fifteenth edition. What can induce the public to read such rubbish is extraordinary. They say that De Lamartine himself was seen to purchase a volume. Curiosity is a powerful agent, and will make French people go far. A lady of rank conceived the desire of visiting Mlle. Théresa's apartment (what could she expect to see there?); she accordingly went when she knew that the comic singer was engaged at her "Café Chantant," and, putting five louis d'ors into the servant's hand, soon satisfied her desire. Mlle. Théresa's maid, however, told her mistress a day or two after, so the lady, who had found out the name of her clandestine visitor, went to her hotel when she knew that the lady had gone to the "Bois," and visited every corner of it; after which, putting her purse into the hands of the servant, "There," she said, "tell your mistress that I was more generous to you than she was to my maid: there are twenty-five louis d'ors for you; she only gave mine five!"

The new opera, "Le Saphir," by Félicien David, has been well received. There are many airs in it that will soon be in vogue. The plot is not exactly Shakespeare's, but almost: why the change no one can tell. At a concert the other night at the Cirque Napoleon, the overture of "Tannhäuser," by Wagner, was immensely encored. It excited quite an outbreak of enthusiasm, and the director was obliged to promise a repetition of it another day. Until now, Wagner's music has been greatly disdained by us. "Les deux Dames," by Paul Meurice, at the Ambigu-comique, is also a hit. The celebrated Diane de Poitiers is the heroine.

The much-talked of Mathieu de la Drôme is dead, his death having been reported several times before it really occurred.

The spring amusement of races has already begun, in spite of the continued cold. They were very numerously attended last Sunday at La Marche—ladies of the " demi-monde" and "gaudins" en masse.—With mille omissions, yours truly,

S. A.

P.S.—The famous tree in the Tuileries gardens, called "Le 20 Mars," planted at the birth of the King of Rome, and which is always covered with leaves on the 20th of March whenever the Bonaparte family is flourishing, has not the sign of a leaf this year. The Parisians whisper the fact with a shake of the head. What evil does this portend?
The Dream of "Your Bohemian," 1865

1865.

Your Critic Dramatic once more in his attic,
Bkald, quite worn out as he dreams there—he
dreams there;
Devilled kidneys and plays, "Your Bohemian" says,
Occasion the nightmare, it seems, there—it seems
there;
For no sooner in bed do we lay down our head
Than all sorts of queer fancies there tumble in—
there tumble in,
With all the new pieces our work never ceases,
Though there is not much use in our grumbling—
our grumbling.

Still, to have a good growl with language that's
foul,
We consider is rather consoling—consoling,
And we think it no crime just to put it in rhyme
Whilst in bed we are tossing and rolling—and
rolling.
First, a regular martyr to Signor Donato,
Who, though scorning all aid that is wooden—is
wooden,
Caused us a vast amount of pain by a dance on our
counterpano
With one leg; but that one was a good "an"—a good
"an."

That wonderful hopper in language improper
We upbraided, and felt, though 's his dancing—his
dancing
Made the Pantomime pay in an opportune way,
Our own pleasure it was not enhancing—enhancing.
He'd scarcely concluded his dance when intruded
All his rivals, like "birds of a feather"—a feather;
They flaked round us, O dear! till we sent for
some beer,
And as did melt and hops both together—together.

They allowed us no peace, though we asked them to
cease,
Till at length arrived Signor Dona To—Donato,
Who remarked his real name was quite unknown to
fame,
So to part with the same was discreet—discreet.
There came, among others, the "Diddleport"
Brothers,
And who forced us at once to receive them—receive
them;
They declared they were bound very tight round and
round;
But we did not feel bound to believe them—believe
them.

They would take no denial, but demanded a trial,
Standing solely upon their own merits—own merits,
And so "tight" was the noose, though their conduct
was loose,
That we thought it was caused by the spirits—the
spirits.
Sotemn said "Let me tie a knot!—yours I defy;
Mine ' no fellow' can stand; with your knavery—
knavery;
Alas, up, you'll agree, as you try to get free
It will be, don't you see, So(a)thern slavery—
slavery."

The "tom-fool" knot was tied, and one Brother
soon cried
Out, "It hurts!" adding "Leave me alone, sir—
alone, sir!"
But Dundreary said "No, I will speedily show
You that no noose is good but my own, sir—my
own, sir."
It was speedily done, when began all the fun;
As for Ferguson, they did deride him—deride him;
The "structure" was broken, and by the same token
The room soon appeared really untied—untied.

Though not much of a judge, we exclaimed "It's
all 'fudge!'
There was not the least reason to doubt it—to
doubt it,
Since, though spirits they call from the deep, we
may all
Learn there's nothing but humbug about it—about
it.
We'll study ahoardship, or else from his Lordship,
A nautical knot that will floor you—will floor you;
So no more in the dark with our hair have a lark,
In case it may prove the worse for you—worse for
you.

The Magnesium Wire then appeared—very bright;
"Pepper's Ghost" next we fancied must hide his—
must hide his
Diminishing head, since he had in his stead
Such a rival in "Echoes of Ages—Echoes,
A chef d'œuvre it is said, in the way of a shade
Into which it threw others; moreover—moreover
The Magnesium Wire soon caused us to retire,
For our eyes seemed to want a shade over—shade
over.

Sheridan's "School for Scandal" gave the people a
handle
To talk such nonsense over their viands—their
viands!
That was why some folks said that, "Richelieu"
being dead,
Phelps had married "The Lady of Lyons"—of
Lyons.
It was not for "Money," which seemed rather
funny,
Until Bulwer remarked to Sam Emery—Sam Emery
That such twaddle should end, as "Our Mutual
Friend,"
The Plaice, only quoted from memory—memory.

Now "Mazepa" appeared, and her mare having
reared
Because the performance so shocked her—so shocked
her,
Ada Monk was thrown; as she'd fractured a bone
We called in M. Gounod's "Mock Doctor"—Mock
Doctor.
I was old, although tied on, that she could not ride
on;
But queer things will take place in a dream, sir—
dream, sir:
And, what struck us as then most remarkable, when
We awoke, strange to us did not seem, sir—not
seem, sir.

To St. James's, at last, we repaired at half-past
Seven, where we observed, in "the Fire"—the fire,
Some agreeable "Moves," a piece we can trace in
French, although Leicester Buckley—Hampshire—
Hampshire;
The Dream of "Your Bohemian," 1865.

We saw "Masks and Faces" (you'll get it at Lacey's); Mrs. Stirling therein is a charmer—a charmer, and the Manager plays with art rare now-a-days: In short, it is a very good drama—good drama.

Next we thought the "Love Chase" to the "Hunchback" gave place, and it seemed to us rather peculiar—peculiar. That Mademoiselle "Lois" should be taken so queer after only two nights of her Julia—her Julia. But the audience preferred Helen; yes, 'pon our word, and it made Bateman père an irate man—irate man; when a friend of his said "Helen's call'd for in stead, and their preference—Simms to a bateman—a bateman?"

"Dion" said to George Vining, "Ben Webster is whining; but without my help you'd have been undone—been undone: A large fortune, they say, is not every day to be picked up in 'The Streets of London—of London.' And I don't think, you rogue, that my 'Arrah-na-pogue' will have turned out exactly a failure—a failure. With two such successes 'is like the Princess' before Charles Kean went off to Australia—Australia."

We went out for a walk, but did see scarce a stall, so could not expect any greenery—greenery, though the weather was mild; but the place was so wild. It quite equalled Beverley's scenery—scenery, over hills and through bogs we seemed "Going to the Dogs."

As we marched through the swamp, past some rushes—some rushes; when, observed William Farren, "Though the place now is barren, 'Grin' Busher' ought to bring out the 'Grin' Busher'—’Grin Busher.

Hercules came to see his old flame Omphale, and said he had something to tell her—told her: Which was that he'd discovered "the Power of Love."

From one hearing of Balfe's "Satanella"—Satanella, David Fisher next played such a sweet serenade. We imagined the words had been spoken—been spoken. Then he made such a din! and returned our violin with our "Heart-strings and Fiddle-strings" broken—strings broken.

Miss Blanche Aylmer appeared, and if honest we feared. On her acting we might throw a damper—a damper. When what then should arrive, at a quarter past five, "Woodcock's little game" in a hamper—a hamper. For that one night at least we sat down to a feast, and forgot and forgave stage-characters—characters. We determined to sup and at once cut it up, though without making game of the actors—the actors.

We thought we'd had enough of sensational stuff, of being shot over rocks and down chasms—down chasms. When what should we behold a large poster unfold, but the words "Watch this frame in three spasms"—three spasms. We said "It'll accord with the Haymarket boards," to which Buckstone replied "Tis no crime, sir—no crime, sir; I find now I must play only pieces that pay; and so study the taste of the time, sir—the time, sir."

We observed the "Soho" drop was raised upon "Snowdrop;" no longer "Soho," but "New Royalty"—Royalty. Byron said "Marie means to restore the old Queen's. "So ho' for that actress's loyalty—loyalty!" We then called for a bill of the play, and were still in good humour proceeding to quiz it—to quiz it, when Tom Taylor said "Pray, as it is 'Settling Day.' Pay—little Olympian a visit—a visit."

"Milky White," much too candid, the fair "Hidden Hand" did demand of the "Woman in Mauve," sir—in mauve, sir; but such "Billing and Cooing" without previous wooing did not look like "A Lesson in Love," sir—in love, sir. Then brave Commodore Nutt, direct from Lilliput, at his court held a levee diurnal—diurnal; and we had a good roar at the smart Commodore, whose surname is suggestive of kernel—of kernel.

Master "Hop O' my Thumb" exclaimed, "General, come and see Mellon exhibit his baton—his baton! Will you join a peller and see 'Cinderella'? They will let me in free with Charles Stratton—Charles Stratton."

But the other said "No, I'll see "Simpson and Co.""

As my taste for the Drama full-grown is—full-grown is, and, although perhaps it draws, I don't care "Twenty Straits" for such farces as "Cousin Adonis"—Adonis. Shall we see "Ruy Blas," or that evergreen farce "Box and Cox," or the "Fish out of Water"—of Water; Or "Cupid and Psyche," does nothing now strike ye? Of the Drama pray be a supporter—supporter. Or shall we both appear in a dialogue queer—They would no doubt be anxious to get us—to get us. Only we must not go to a place that is low, but act where they are licensed to let us—to let us."

"There's a steamer, by Jove!" we exclaimed, as one hare within sight; but on board was a rumpus—a rumpus; for as she came nearer nobody could steer her, being in want of "The Mariner's Compass"—a compass.
They would not take us in at the strange “Roadside Inn,”
As we knocked about “Two in the Morning”—the
morning;
But we did not much care, because Robert Macaire
Queer society there was adorning—adorning.
Shakespeare popped in his head, and said, “Now I
am dead
If you still wish to prove you have any re—any re—
—Gard for name or for fame, of me do not make game,
And forget that absurd Tercentenary—tenary;
I don’t want a statue, so mind what you’re at, you
Wise gentlemen forming committees—committees;
And no monument raise, but just stick to my plays,
Instead of disfiguring your cities—your cities.”

We heard nine o’clock strike, which we did not
much like,
So we jumped out of bed in a pique, sir—a pique,
sir,
Then determined to go out of “Town for a blow,
And for months not to write a critique, sir—critique,
sir.
We, of course, know quite well that your journal
won’t sell,
And, until we return, it is done for—is done for;*
And we think it high time that we finished our
rhyme,
As we wonder what it was begun for—begun for.

“Your Bohemian” and his allotted space being
alive exhausted by the foregoing, he has neither
energy nor room for his usual monthly “Mems;”
however, he would refer to an article in Blackwood
on “Modern Demonology,” which,
whilst it shows up the Davenport Brothers, is
unjust to Mr. Home, who, it is believed to have
made “the spirits contribute to his coffers;” but
this article is otherwise written in questionable
taste. Further, “Your Bohemian” would protes
t against a recent performance of the “Critic,”
by fashionable amateurs, with the part of Sir
Frederick Pignatari omitted! And also “Y. B.,”
regretted that he heard, in William Brough’s
“Hercules and Omphale,” the joke of

“I am the chorus—sir, you’re indecorous,”
which is Planché’s, vide “The Golden Fleece.”

Here is a copy of the curious document to
which reference was made in last month’s
“Mems,” as having been posted up at the doors
of the “Strand Music Hall” during the former
management. Many of the words were printed
in very large letters, to take in the casual ob
server, who, attracted thereby, stopped to perus
it more carefully:

CAUTION.

Whereas certain ill-disposed and mischievous persons
have taken on themselves to promulgate and make very
common divers reports concerning the abolition and pro
hibition of the consumption of cigars by fire commonly
called “Smoking” in and on the premises known and not
improperly described as “The Strand Music Hall;” now
this is to give notice that the Strand Music Hall Company
will prosecute inquiries after the aforesaid persons with
a view to bring them under the ban of the Law, for and
because the mis-apprehension consequent on the above
mentioned mischievous reports has already cost the Company an
amount estimated at

£500 DAMAGES!

And be it known by these presents that the above-named
promulgations and assertions are FALSE, MISCHIEVOUS,
and MALICIOUS, and calculated not only to injure the
Company, but to deprive men of and to curtail their lawful
EXCITABLE enjoyments and privileges, and to seriously
affect the

REVENUE OF THE COUNTRY:

And so be it henceforth made particularly patent and
understood that no restrictions of any kind will be put on,
or will any opposition be offered at any hour to the con
sumption of the said weed, commonly called “Tobacco”
by the Visitors to or Patrons and Frequenters of the
aforesaid Strand Music Hall, which hall is admirably
ventilated by impulsion of air by a Patent process worked
by steam-power to set it EXPRESSLY for gymnastic pur
poses. This same system has been successfully applied to
Messrs. Rothschild’s Bank, in the City of London, by
the Patentee, Mr W. Shipon, of Patney, and keeps things
remarkably cool.

NEVERTHELESS, AND FINALLY BE IT OBSERVED: in the
“Balcony Stalls” of the said Hall, which are set apart for
the Nobility and those who ill affect and do not like the
fragrant weed (and which stalls are situate directly under
the “Royal Box”), gentlemen are invited to abstain from
indulging in Tobacco, or at the utmost to ordain only the
choicest Brands, drawing upon them as MILD as possible.

GIVEN UNDER SIGNAL AUTHORITY, to avert further
popular excitement and to guard against a REVOLUTION.

“In the Strand!!! In the Strand.”
Witness my hand, FIRMUS DARE PACEM, K.N.O.F.E.B.B.,
Minister of the Interior of “the Hall.”—VIVAT REGINA!
Strand, November, 1864.

MUSSELS AND PEARLS.—The British shell-fish
which bears the pearls is a species of large mussel.
The largest are about two inches in length, and an
inch and a half in breadth. Sprue, the old writer,
says, “that just as you can tell a cow’s age by the
marks on her horn so the more nicks or wrinkles in
a shell the older and better the pearl is, and smooth
shells are barren.” In reality, however, there does
not seem to be any certain external indication of
the wealth within, and this is the embarrassing
feature of the trade. Pearl-gathering is a greater
lottery even than gold-digging. One man may
spend day after day opening bushels of shells with
out lighting upon the object of his search, while
another may be enriched by finding several of the
gems in the course of an hour or two.—Once a Week.
LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE EAGLE’S NEST.

BY DELLA DANE.

“Halloa! Christie, do you see that eagle?”
Christie crawled out from under an overhanging bank, where he had been lying flat on the rocks for nearly half an hour, watching the fish glide in and out of their hiding-places in the banks of the little brook, and clambering over a great natural breast-work of rocks that lay between him and Dugald, said, “No; where is he?”

“There! there he is! don’t you see him, away up over the mountain, and still going higher and higher? Look quick! he’ll soon be out of sight.”

“Oh! now I see him,” shouted Christie; “he’s going straight to that cloud!” and down he threw himself on his back in the grass; and he and Dugald, who was standing on a part of the old ivy-grown wall, with his hat in his hand, his hair pushed back from his forehead, and his face turned up to the sky, watched the eagle until he buried himself in the cloud and could be seen no longer. Then Dugald jumped down, and stretched himself beside Christie on the grass, where they lay and talked till the sun went down, and before they went into the house decided, if they could get their mother’s consent, to go the next day, and try to find the old eagle’s nest.

Dugald and Christie were little boys, and they thought, like a great many other little boys, that they could do greater things than they really could. Their mother told them what a difficult undertaking it would be, much too difficult for little boys like them; but she finally gave them permission to go, after they had promised not to go too far. The next morning they were up bright and early, and ready to be off almost by the time the sun had risen.

At the back of the house, and over beyond the orchard, was a wide valley, through which flowed a deep, rocky brook, the same which, after many turnings and windings, ran beneath the old ivy wall, where Christie loved to watch the fish; beyond the brook was a range of high, steep crags; and among these crags they expected to find the nest.

The first difficulty they met with was in crossing the stream. There had been a little rustic bridge over it; but a heavy storm of wind and rain a few nights before had swept it off, and they had to walk up and down the brook a long way before they found a crossing-place. At length they came to an old tree, which had fallen quite across the stream.

“Now, Christie,” said Dugald, “if we can walk this log we are over!”

“Walk that! I should think we could walk that,” said Christie.

Dugald started first, and succeeded in crossing safely, but with a good deal of difficulty. He then bailed back, “You’d better take off your boots, Christie, before you start; the log is very small at this end, and a little slippery too.”

“Boots! pooh, who’s afraid! I could walk that with my eyes shut,” said Christie, and off he started with a brisk step; but when he had about reached the middle, where there was a slight downward inclination in the log, his foot slipped, and down he went, plump into the middle of the brook.

“Oh! oh! oh!” said he, as he felt the cold water splashing around him; but he made good use of his arms, and soon reached the bank. Dugald was at first too much frightened to laugh; but when Christie crawled dripping out of the water, looking very much ashamed, he could resist no longer, and burst into a merry fit of laughter.

Ha-ha-ha!” sounded mockingly back far away among the cliffs; and looking up, the boys saw Frank and Harry White, with their guns and dog, starting out for a day’s hunt.

“Good!” shouted Dugald and Christie at once, as they started up the hill to join them. Christie thought he would have felt much more comforatable if he had taken his brother’s advice, and been a little more cautious in crossing the brook; but he jogged along without saying anything, taking care to keep as much as possible in the sunshine.

After scrambling up awhile with a good deal of difficulty, and some danger from the falling rocks, they at length reached the top of the cliff in safety.

“Halloa! little fellows,” said Harry, “what kind of an expedition have you on hand now?”

They told him they were going to try to find an eagle’s nest.

“An eagle’s nest! pshaw!” said he; “you’ll not find an eagle’s nest this side of the mountains, at least ten miles off. You’d much better give up your project, and go with us down to the pond and hunt for wild ducks.”

“No, no; we’ll never consent to that,” said Christie; “who’d ever think of giving up a fine nest of young eagles for a parcel of ducks?”

“Well, then, why can’t you go down to the pond with us and hunt for your nest? You would be just as apt to find it among the rocks there as among these cliffs.”

Frank and Harry were several years older than Dugald and Christie, and they could generally persuade them to do anything they pleased, and they found it very easy to persuade them to go with them now.
The pond was a beautiful sheet of water nearly a mile across, and might have been dignified with the name of "lake" with just as much propriety as "pond." Grand old hills encircled it on every side; huge, moss-covered rocks looked down, and saw themselves reflected in the still water; and century-old trees threw their shadows far out into its bosom. Any eagle might have been excusable if it had chosen to make its nest in the cliffs that surrounded it; it would scarcely have found a more beautiful place, even among the towering peaks of the old mountains themselves. A walk of about half an hour brought the boys to it; Christie and Dugald kept on the cliffs above, while Frank and Harry and old Cato went down to the water in search of game. Ducks were swimming upon the pond in great numbers when they first went down, and they succeeded in shooting several apiece before the others became alarmed and flew away. When they had shot all they could, they sent old Cato in for them, and after he came dripping to the shore half-a-dozen times, they were ready to return home.

"Stay, Harry," said Frank, "let's have some fun with those little chaps before we go home. There's an old duck's nest up yonder under the cliff, and we can easily make them believe it is an eagle's nest, and give them the pleasure of coming down here to watch it."

"Agreed," said Harry, "but we had better go first and be sure that the eggs are there yet; maybe they are hatched, and we couldn't fool them with the young ducks."

They went up to the cliff a little way, and then followed a kind of path among the rocks until they came to the spot where Frank had seen the nest. The old duck flew up with a whirr, and went straight to the opposite side of the pond, and to the great grief of the boys they found she had laid ten or a dozen eggs in her nest. They then clambered up the bluff, and shouted and hailed, but to no effect. Christie and Dugald. They soon answered the call, and they all met on the top of the bluff.

"Well, little fellows," said Frank, "have you found your nest yet?"

"No," said Christie, "but we saw the old eagle again."

"Where was she? Which way did she go?" asked Frank.

"We didn't see which way she came from," said Dugald. "The first we saw of her, she was hovering over the other end of the pond; then she flew down, and in an instant up again with a fish in her talons, and lit on a limb of a dead tree close to the water. We started to go that way, but had to go round a pile of rocks, and by the time we were round she was gone, and we didn't see which way she went."

"I'll tell you what," said Frank, "we saw some kind of a large bird fly up from among the rocks down here, and she flew right to the other side of the pond; and who knows but what it was the very same eagle that you saw?"

"Oh, I'll bet it was! I'll bet it was!" cried Christie.

"Well," said Harry, "let's go down that way, and if we can find any kind of a nest among the rocks, you may be sure of your eagles."

Christie and Dugald started off at full speed, scarcely waiting to be told the way. Frank and Harry purposely lingered behind, and pretended to be searching very diligently among all the rocks and piles of brushwood for the nest. At length Christie gave the startled exclamation, "I've found it! I've found it! Oh, boys, I've found it!"

"Where is it? Where is it?" cried Dugald, as he started off towards the place. In his haste, he stumbled against a stone, and down he stumbled, over and over down the bluff, and was only saved from rolling into the pond by grasping some shrubs that grew near it.

Frank and Harry threw themselves behind a clump of bushes, and almost went into convulsions with laughter; but they soon quieted their mirth, and reached the nest just as Dugald clambered up to it.

"Oh, phshaw!" said Dugald, "I thought eagle's nests were larger than that!"

"You never saw one before, did you?" said Harry. "I never did, either; but then I guess they are not such great things, after all. The young eagles must grow pretty fast though, at first, or as small eggs as these wouldn't hold them."

"Now," said Frank, "what are you going to do with them? We will have to take turns coming down here to watch the nest, or the eggs may hatch, and the eagles fly off before we know it."

"Oh! I'll tell you what," said Dugald, clapping his hands; "my old hen went to setting the other day, and we can take them home and let her hatch them."

"That's capital!" said Harry; "but you'll give Frank and me one apiece, won't you?"

"Oh, yes! and if they all hatch, two apiece. Let's see; there are two, four, six, eight, ten. Yes, if they all hatch, you can have two apiece, and then there will be six left."

The eggs were carefully deposited in Dugald's and Christie's hats, and they all set out for home, highly pleased with their day's excursion. When they came to the brook, the larger boys took the eggs; Christie had the precaution to take off his boots, and they all crossed over in safety. Then the boys separated, and Dugald and Christie hurried home, to tell their mother of their success and show her their prize. She could not suppress a smile when she saw what they had, but gave them permission to put them under the hen, and before they went to bed they had the eggs snugly stowed away entirely to their satisfaction. They visited the hen every day, and could scarcely think or talk of anything else.

Frank knew that the old duck had been setting several weeks, and was nearly ready to hatch when they broke up her nest. In three
or four days he and Harry went over to pay a
visit to the boys and the hen.

"Well, Christie," said Frank, "how do your
eagles come on?"

"Don't know," said Christie, "we have not
been to the poultry-yard since yesterday
morning. We were just now starting down."

"Well, go ahead; we will go with you."
They started off; Christie, as usual, running
first. When he came in sight of the nest he
stopped a moment, looked back, then looked
again, and then whispered, "Hush boys! come
softly; she's hatched." He went on; and when
the other boys came up, he was stooping down,
looking at the young owls in perfect bewilder-
ment.

Dugald, too, looked at them in amazement.
"Why," said he, "I didn't know before that
eagles were web-footed! They look just like
young ducks! I do believe they are ducks!"

Frank and Harry could restrain their mirth
no longer, but burst into a violent fit of
laughter.

"Now, boys," said Christie, "you've been
fooling us all this time: that was nothing but a
duck's nest."

"Oh no," said Frank, "who'd ever think of
giving up a fine nest of young eagles for a
parcel of ducks! Ha-ha!"

The rest of the family soon came out, and
they all had a good laugh together at the little
boy's expense. They took it very good-
naturedly, and the other boys acknowledged the
deception they had practised upon them.

Christie and Dugald raised a fine brood of
ducks, but it was a long time before they heard
the last of their "web-footed eagles."

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PENNY READINGS.

BY WARNER STERNE.

The working-man has lately been brought
somewhat obtrusively before the public. Well-
meaning gentlemen, with money and nothing to
do, are worked up to a pitch of activity, and,
looking around them for a favourable means of
employing both time and gold, pitch upon the
unfortunate working-man, and drag him forward,
to be improved, educated, and instructed, whether
he will or no. That this state of things is better
than the ignorance which existed among the
working-classes some half-century ago is granted.
That reading, writing, and arithmetic, when in-
troduced into the homes of farm labourers, do
not necessarily produce riot and rebellion, we
have seen; though it is not very long ago that
gentlemen in both Houses of Parliament drew
fancy pictures of the want, misery, and dis-
content, that were to be the fruits of the spread
of education. The ideal working-man is clean
and civil, never exceeds his pint of beer at dinner,
subscribes to the nearest Mechanic's Institute,
and puts his surplus money, supposing him
lucky enough to have any, in the Post-office
Savings' Bank: he is regular in all his habits,
and expresses himself as perfectly contented
with his lot. That there are many who come
up to this standard, which after all is not a high
one, it is but reasonable to suppose; but still, is
it not possible that our ideal workman would
have been equally sober and steady without the
cumbrous patronage forced upon him?

The first grand step made to benefit the work-
ing-man was the establishment of Mechanic's
Institutes throughout the country. They pro-

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... read speciously. The working-man was to
subscribe a small sum yearly, for which he was
to have the benefit of a library and reading-
room and a periodical lecture, from which he
was to gather instruction. The books were to
be selected so as to combine amusement with
higher objects, and great things were expected.
When, with a flourish of trumpets, the doors
of these Institutions were thrown wide open for
an anticipated rush of working-men, the doors
remained open and the trumpets continued to
bray, but the working-men hung back. Some-
how, the great advantages that were offered to
them were more evident to the promoters of the
affair than to their less enlightened intellects; or
perhaps it was that longwinded lectures on
chemistry, pneumaties, and geology, were rather
harder morsels than they cared to have to digest
after a day's work. For the reading of books
they had little time, and public-houses supplied
them with newspapers, and at the same time
permitted them to smoke and enjoy their pint
of beer. The fact there is no denying, that, for
the class for which they were originally intended,
the Mechanics' Institutes were a complete failure.
Look at them now in what part of the country
you will, and you will find them either shut-up
broken-windowed buildings, or else that the
comparatively nauseous pill of instruction has
been so coated with sugar, in the shapes of
novels as regards the books, and in the form of
drawing-room entertainments and conjurors
with respect to the lectures, that the original
purpose is all but lost sight of.

That it is a real advantage to the lower
classes to be made acquainted with something beyond the information to be derived from cheap newspapers, few will be found bold enough to deny; but Mechanics' Institutes having failed so completely, in what form is instruction to be conveyed to them?

For a long time the question remained unanswered, but a novel style of entertainment was started, which was a reply.

Commencing in a town in the North of England, "Penny Readings" spread themselves all over the country, and met everywhere with great success.

Without aiming very high, they yet manage to combine both amusement and instruction, and are really frequented by the class for which they are intended; for, while the low charge for admission brings it within the power of all to attend, the entertainment is such as to please, at the same time that it makes the hearers acquainted with a better style of writing than that found in the pages of "Reynold's Miscellany" and "The Family Herald," and a superior style of singing (for music is generally interspersed with the readings) to that heard at harmonic meetings and music-halls.

It may be urged that the number of those who can read well in public is decidedly limited; and that the droning forth of a long dull poem by an obscure author is neither amusing nor instructive; but this is a matter easily regulated by the managers of the "Penny Readings," who take care not to introduce more than one novelty to the audience on the same evening, but trust principally to tried men to make up the programme. The working man is not disposed to be ultra-critical, and if the pieces selected for his amusement be not above his comprehension, he will listen attentively to them, and if he leaves the building without having added largely to his stock of knowledge, he will, at all events, have passed his time more profitably than if lounging in a public-house.

To expect a man who labours hard for ten or twelve hours a day to devote the remainder of his time to mental culture is unreasonable. There are, occasionally, master-minds enclosed in humble skulls surmounted by paper caps; but the hope of turning the whole race of mechanics into Palisseys and Stephensons by lectures, grandiloquent talk, and patronage, is absurd: let us be satisfied if we can introduce to the "hard-handed sons of toil" some of the genius of our best writers, whose works they would probably never have the opportunity to study for themselves, and that hope that the seed thus sown may encourage them in a taste for a better class of literary food than that which satisfied them before. Subjoined is the programme of one of these entertainments, to which the price of admission is the penny:

Reading ... "The White Squall" Thackeray.
Song ... From "Victorina" Mellon.
Reading ... "The Baron's Dream" Macaulay.
Reading ... "The Battle of Issy" Conquer.
Song ... "The Tale" Dickens.
Reading ... "The Sleeping Beauty" Anon.
Reading ... "Oliver Twist" Dickens.
Song ... "Nil Desperandum" Anon.

This programme was given to an audience of about 800, and every piece was received with great applause. Look at the list of authors' names, and you will see several of our best writers represented, and though those stern teachers who would ram the Greek alphabet down everybody's throat may shake their heads with sorrow at the absence of "solid matter," they may safely be defied to prove that listening to such an entertainment could be productive of anything but good. It cannot be expected of a working man that from a state of semi-savage ignorance he shall at the word of a well-meaning but somewhat mistaken philanthropist exclaim, "Teach me cube-root, enlighten me on comic sections forthwith."

For a measure to be successful it is necessary for it to make a gradual if not slow advance, and what better stepping-stone than "Penny Readings"?

From attendance at them, our W. M. first learns, perhaps, the advantage of books, and so the first seeds are sown of what may eventually bring forth abundance of fruit.

It is not my wish to cry up these entertainments at the expense of other endeavours daily made to improve a class which is, unfortunately, but too desirous of remaining unimproved, a class which if left to themselves would willingly toil, and sleep, and drink, and die totally ignorant of the laws which regulate the universe, and entirely careless of the existence of philosophers and poets. The class of literature which is now widely circulated amongst the lower orders is of a debased unhealthy sort. Stories of intrigue, love, and revenge fill sevenths of the cheap periodicals of the day, and convey to the half-educated minds of their readers loose morals in looser grammar. Would that the desire for stimulating literature were confined to this class alone, and that the proportion of the sale of a three-volume guinea-and-a-half novel by a popular writer and fashionable publisher was not on an increasing ratio with the number of commandments broken by the hero and the heartless or sanguinary nature of the crimes committed by the heroine! For readers of this more expensive-expanded-police-report style but little can be said; but for those in a more humble station, who have been brought up with no knowledge of a superior style of writing to that of the author of "Adelgitha the Orphan, or the Dark Mystery of the Old Manor House," the Penny Readings offer the advantage of instruction. Possibly there are many who would think "Esmond" or "David Copperfield" lacked the fire of "Adelgitha the Orphan," and that Tennyson
and Longfellow were poor when compared with the writer who in the corner of a country newspaper contributes some affecting "Lines to a Primrose;" but still there must be many minds amongst the working classes sufficiently intelligent to appreciate the beauties of our good authors, when they have been once introduced to their notice; and though I would not say that a course of novel reading would benefit our oft-mentioned friend the working man, I do say that it would be better for him to peruse the works of Dickens and Thackeray, than those of the nameless scribblers who supply sensation tales warranted to contain a murder and a few minor crimes in each number, to the penny illustrated periodicals which block up the shop windows of small stationers, and are hawked about in every direction. This granted, what more likely means can be used to effect this change in his literary diet than introducing him to the better class of authors from whose works the programmes of the Penny Readings are selected?

Of course, in these entertainments very much depends upon the manager. In quiet country villages, where eighty or a hundred people assemble to hear the readings of gentlemen with whom the majority of them are personally acquainted, the matter is simple enough; but when an audience, of from a thousand to fifteen hundred is gathered together in the neighbourhood of a large town, the management is no such easy task.

Many things have to be borne in mind—the selection of the pieces, the capability of the readers for making themselves heard, the length of time of each reading, the proper distribution of the serious and comic element, and a score of minor considerations have all to be remembered by the manager when he makes up the programme, which is to please a large and but too often a turbulent audience.

Speaking from experience, I may offer a few suggestions to the managers of Penny Readings. It is desirable, in the first place, if possible, to alternate readings and music.

The programme should contain a certain amount of comic matter, but it should not preponderate, as it tends to make the juvenile portion of the audience intolerant of graver pieces.

No reading should be allowed to last longer than ten minutes, for it is impossible to make two regulations, one for good readers and another for bad, and as a general rule it may be laid down that the worst readers wish to give the longest pieces. By limiting the time to ten minutes a great variety is given, and, though the audience may at times be sorry to part with a good reader so soon, they bear the better with one whose selection or delivery is bad; for, of course, until after great experience it is impossible for a manager to be sure of all his men.

There is generally but little difficulty in finding readers, for the number of people who delight in hearing their own voice is large, and to them the advantage of addressing a crowded assembly is great; for it gives them confidence, and teaches them how to suit their voices to a large hall.

To those who have really the interest of our working-man at heart I would throw out a hint that the industrial classes should be asked to assist as performers at these entertainments; for, though occasionally a few misplaced h's and mal-pronunciations may be the result, I have myself heard an admirable recitation from Crabbe by a policeman, a pathetic reading from Tennyson by a journeyman carpenter, and a good solo on the cornet by a blacksmith. The object in persuading this class of persons to perform is obvious. It appeals more directly to Tom and Harry to be told that their fellow workman Jack will take part in the performance, than if the name of the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew and Mr. Levy were to appear in the programme.

To urge the formation of Penny Readings is almost unnecessary, for already there is scarcely a town which does not give some entertainment of this kind, but there are (as there ever must be to good movements) scoffers who ridicule the pretensions of those who come forward for the amusement, and, let it be hoped, the instruction, of the working-classes. Let them attend a well-conducted Penny Reading, let them consider the price charged for admission, let them note the interest on the faces of the class for which these entertainments were instituted, let them remark the applause which rewards every performer, and then let them go home and lay their hands on the place where they sundered their hearts to be, and say, if they can, that no good is to be derived from the "Penny Readings."

A Woman Branded.—In the biography of Victor Hugo, appears the following:—At Paris, in 1818 or 1819, on a summer's day, towards twelve o'clock at noon, I was passing by the Palais de Justice. A crowd was assembled there round a post. I drew near. To this post was tied a young female, with a collar round her neck and a writing over her head. A chafing-dish, full of burning coals, was on the ground in front of her; an iron instrument, with a wooden handle, was placed in the live embers, and was being heated there. The crowd looked perfectly satisfied. This woman was guilty of what the law calls domestic theft. As the clock struck noon, behind that woman, and without being seen by her, a man stepped up to the post. I had noticed that the jacket worn by this woman had an opening behind, kept together by strings; the man quickly untied these, drew aside the jacket, exposed the woman's back as far as the waist, seized the iron which was in the chafing-dish, and applied it, leaning heavily on the bare shoulder. Both the iron and the wrist of the executioner disappeared in a thick white smoke. This is now more than forty years ago, but there still rings in my ears the horrible shriek of this wretched creature. To me, she had been a thief, but was now a martyr. I was then sixteen years of age, and I left the place determined to combat to the last days of my life these cruel deeds of the law.
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Debrett's Peerage Illustrated.
Debrett's Baronetage and Knighthood Illustrated. (London: Bosworth, Regent-street; Westerton, Knightsbridge; Dean and Son, Ludgate Hill.)—Debrett takes precedence of all competitors, by virtue of priority. This Red Book is the oldest peerage extant, and this last edition, in consequence of various alterations and additions, and the mode of their arrangement, the very best that has been issued. In a book of reference it is a special advantage if all the information on a given subject be brought together: hence the placing of the various titles borne by a nobleman under the one by which he is commonly designated, and their alphabetical arrangement, is an improvement; so also is the adding of the distinct titles in virtue of which many noblemen sit and vote in the House of Lords, and which are totally different from those by which they are popularly known. Thus: the Duke of Buccleugh takes his seat as Earl of Doncaster; and the Marquis of Clanricarde as Baron Somerhill: “the latter titles being given in the same line, and with equal prominence with the former, the identity of the noble personages referred to are at once recognizable.” The above introductory remark is an expression of the courtesy of the eldest sons of Peers in the general alphabetical arrangement in the body of the work. Thus: “the eldest son of the Marquis of Westminster is, by courtesy, Earl Grosvenor, and Earl Grosvenor’s eldest son is Viscount Belgrave.” The names of the two latter are not only mentioned in their order, under the heads of Westminster, but are likewise inserted in the “Alphabetical List,” and lastly (and this we think a very marked improvement, and one that adds importantly to the general interest of the work), “the descriptive blazoning of the arms, and the copious additions made to heraldic information generally.”

A list and particulars of the archbishops and bishops, English, Scotch, Irish, and colonial, is also given with the heraldic blazoning of the several sees, as well as those of the lords justices of appeal, of the master of the rolls, vice-chancellors, judges of the higher courts, &c., &c. Here also we perceive, at a glance, not only the country-seat and town-residence of each nobleman, but the particular club to which he belongs, and the specification by name of the church livings of which he happens to be the patron: in brief, “Debrett’s Peerage for 1865” is a work the interest of which extends as far as the influence of the titled classes of Great Britain, which is giving it a wide range. Nor is the matter of its contents restricted to the bare catalogue of great names; and the births, deaths, and marriages of those to whom they appertain. Here and there we glean a little posy of pleasant thought, in association with an historic name or antique usage, and under teaching of the herald, transform the insignia of royalty into an eastern allegory in gems. Thus at the crowning, the ring signifying faithfulness, the bracelet good works, a sword for vengeance, purple robes to attract reverence, and a diadem to blazon glory. “Some of these forms,” says the editor, “would seem to be of Judaical origin.” Certainly the anointing with oil is as ancient as the priest-kings of Egypt, and travelled with other eastern forms and customs to the western nations. The ceremony of coronation is more elaborate and splendid in this country than in any other: nevertheless it does not affect the legality of kingship, since according to law the king or queen never dies—it is merely a solemn recognition, and confirmation of the royal descent, and consequent right of accession, and is not necessary for the security of the title to the crown. On the other hand, it is a vulgar error to suppose that the heir-apparent is born Prince of Wales. There is no succession of Prince of Wales: the heir-apparent is created Prince of Wales, the title being in the gift of the sovereign, and an eccentric one might, at his pleasure, declare that there should be no Prince of Wales, thus: “the placarded announcement of ‘Birth of a Prince of Wales,’ which gladdened the hearts of Englishmen on the 9th of November, 1811, was founded on a popular fallacy.” James I., who united the crowns of England and Scotland, created his son Prince Henry, “Prince of Great Britain and Ireland”; but was there to be a higher title still exists in the person of the Prince of Wales, the older honour has occasioned its disuse. It is somewhat hard upon the wives of archbishops and bishops—the first of whom take precedence of all other peers, with the exception of the Lord High Chancellor, who comes between the archbishops of Canterbury and York, the former taking precedence of all but the royal family—that they should derive no title, or dignity from their husbands, but are simply Mrs. —, an oversight, that savours of times when churchmen practised celibacy, and were not supposed to have feminine partners desirous of sharing their honours. Peers of the realm still conserve their privilege of freedom from arrest for debt; and in case of a riot have no occasion to join the posse comitatis. But should a poll-tax be levied it is well to know that the peers bear the greater share of the burden, they being taxed every one according to his degree. In canvassing the news of the day, it is necessary now and again to remember the law called scandalum magnatum, “to secure the honour of and to prevent the spreading of any scandal upon peers, or any
great officers of the realm," by which any man convicted of making a scandalous report though true against a peer is condemned to an arbitrary fine, and to remain in custody till the same be paid. After having referred to the privilege of freedom from arrest for debt, we are not at all surprised to learn that, upon any great trial in a court of justice, a peer may come into the court and sit there covered—a carrying out of his prerogative, or peerogattie as Mrs. Malaprop might phrase it, that cannot put any further affront upon the ancient lady with handaged eyes who presides there. Peers have also the power to qualify a certain number of chaplains: "archbishops, eight; a duke, six; a marquis, five; an earl, five; a viscount, four; a bishop, six; a baron, three. A knight of the garter, may qualify three; a duchess, marchioness, countess, or baroness, being a widow, two." Knights bannerets, and baronet's, titles so often confounded by superficial writers, have distinct origins, different positions in order of precedence; and the first is more ancient than the other. Bannerets were so called from the privilege of using a square banner, similar to that borne by barons, and granted them for distinguished services: it was essentially a military distinction, as when Edward the Black Prince was engaged in the wars of Spain and Portugal, he delivered a banner to John Chandos (not previously knighted) with these words: "Sir John, in the name of God, who bless this day's service of yours, that it may speed well, and turn to your glory, beare yourself manfully, and give proof what a knight you are." Having thus received the banner, Sir John rejoined his company with a cheerful heart, saying, "My fellow-soldiers, there is my banner and yours; in case you defend it courageously as your own." According to Camden, the banneret was formed by cutting off the tip or point of the pennon, which converted it into a square banner; others say, but the banneret was conferred by the king under the royal standard; this dignity was disused in England from the time of Charles II., to the reign of George III., who revived it in the person of Sir William Erskine in 1764. It was created as early as 1360. The title of baronet was originally created by James I. of England for the purpose of promoting the "plantation" of the province of Ulster with loyal settlers; the baronetcy of Ireland followed that of England, and was founded for the same purpose. That of Scotland was founded with a view to the colonization of Nova Scotia in North America. The only knighthood that is hereditary is that instituted by Jame I. 1611, and is the first rank among the gentry. Each of James's baronets was obliged to pay into the exchequer on his creation "as much as would maintain thirty soldiers three years at eightpence a day, in the province of Ulster in Ireland." It was also necessary that he should be a gentleman born, and have a clear estate of £1000 per annum. "Low as knights now rank upon the list of precedence," observes the editor of Debrett, "this rank is not only the most ancient, but, looking back into history, the most illustrious." All that is chivalrous and noble in the poetry and romance of the middle ages, from the knights of the Round Table, to Sir Philip Sydney, of much later times, is associated with the order. "It was," says Debrett, "an institution of the days of chivalry." The latter word has itself an affinity with horsemanship; and our knights-bachelors are all equites aurati (golden-sprouted horsemen). Having satisfied oneself as to who is who, in these pages, not the least amusing study is the "descriptive blazonry of arms." We love the mystic fields, gold, blue, black, white, or vert, crimson, or azure, that appertain to the domains of heraldry; and reverence for their antiquity's sake the unknown animals that disport themselves no where out of them, but there make as prominent a and more apocryphal figure than the Waterhouse Hawkins's Collection in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. Has any geologist come across the relics of the green wyvern? Do any portions of his head and wings moulder in our museums? In which of the periods did the basilisk and cockatrice flourish; and the griffin foregather with its kind? In what deep sea fisheth they their men and maidens, their sea-horses, unicorns, lions, and dogs? There be no Cornish caws now of the same breed as that which supports sinister the shield of the Powlets; and the ounce—had it ever an existence out of weights and measures, save in the creation of Garth, Clarenceaux, and Norroy: Where dwelt the hybrid musimons, the salamanders, and the dragon? and where caught they their satyrs, wild men, cat-a-mountains, and angels? Is their Pegasus one with him who ranged Helicon and Piers, and cropped the asphodels by Hippocrene's brink? And Fame and Phaenix, Alcieron, and Opinicus (a bird that sang the wings and head of an eagle, the body of a lion, and the tail of a camel, may well be supposed to have had no very attenuated opinion of himself)—where were they found? While I write, the editor answers me from the land of Chimsra, which, as all our readers will remember, was a burning mountain in Asia Minor, celebrated for its marvellous zoological productions. The use of these, and various other forms and figures as heraldic distinctions, has been irreverently traced back to the individual water-colour painting of the ancient Britons; but "the earliest Roll of arms of which we have any notice is in the reign of Henry III.; and the reign of Edward I. presents us with the earliest heraldic document extant." In our next number we may probably return to these volumes; and in the meantime assure our readers, that for general correctness, and essential information, "Debrett's Peerage and Baronetage" is the most valuable work of its kind.

* Afforded by a contemporary.
Galpin, Ludgate Hill.—The publication of the Histoire de Jules Cesar calls to mind the names of several sovereigns who have distinguished themselves as writers, or have momentarily turned away from political life to plant a flower in the field of literature. Perhaps the most illustrious of royal authors is Napoleon's hero, Julius Cesar. So splendid an orator that he excelled the polite and lofty-thoughted Callius, the great philosophic Brutus, the delicate Calidius, the bold Cario, the cold and cautious Calous, and challenged comparison with Cicero; so thorough a literary scholar as to surprise the majority of his famous contemporaries, Cesar would have built up a reputation had he never been Emperor of Rome.SYLLA, the celebrated Roman general, was a man of great accomplishments, and his military talents excited the jealousy of Marius, but Cesar regarded him as a comparatively ignorant person. Farro enjoyed wide renown as a bonis doctus, but Cesar was equally eruditus. He was familiar with the Greek language, and studied the Greek historians; nor was the Greek philosophy to him a sealed and unknown thing. To quote De Quincey, "all the knowledge current in Rome, Athens, or Rhodes, at the period of Cesar's youth, the entire cycle of a nobleman's education in a republic where all noblemen were from their birth dedicated to public services—these had his thoughts, not only in himself and his own separate objects, had Cesar mastered." His attainments were so various as to eclipse all those of his contemporaries, except Cicero. He was the most complete, and, as the Germans say, the most "many-sided" man of his time—unequalled as a general, sagacious as a politician, eminently powerful as an orator, exemplary in style as an historian, "all accomplished" (says De Quincey) as a statesman, and an ardent admirer and patron of the fine arts. His Commentaries remain a model of clearness and simplicity, praised for their linguistic purity by Cicero, Tacitus, and Suetonius. In effect Niebuhr advises that whoever wishes to acquire a good Latin style should give his days and nights to the Commentaries. Every sentence is apt and lucid, expressing with absolute precision the thing required to be said. The words and facts are marshalled with skill and care, with the method and orderly procedure of a man of business. As the warrior in his battles, so the historian in his writings—the forces are not wasted by being scattered here and there, but are concentrated on one point. Hence, there is no superfluous verbiage—no difference in the narration. Directness and point are principal merits in the Roman's style. In this respect Schlegel claims for him superiority over Herodotus, whom he calls "diffuse and garrulous." The Greek has not the brevity of the Latinist; but Herodotus is in the highest degree simple, clear, and naturally pathetic. If he has not Cesar's conciseness, he possesses qualities in which the commentator on the Gallic war is lacking—picturesque description, graphic paintings of scene and persons, musical flow, and epic majesty, stateliness, and dignity. The power and force of character of the Roman, and the pride of Roman citizenship, are prominent in Cesar, as in the chief Latin writers. He is ever the same—Cesar the commanding, the invincible. After Cesar may be named Marcus Aurelius, the stoical philosopher, whose Meditations have been translated into English, French, German, and Italian several times. Aurelius held the principal tenets of the school of Zeno, and his Thoughts clearly exhibit the spirit of that philosophy. He caused his favourite doctrines to prevalent; but Stoicism, with its sternness and rigidity, did not materially advance. Like Seneca, he believed in the morality of suicide. He doubted as to the destiny of the human soul—whether it would contrive to exist, or be scattered among the atoms of the universe, or be totally extinguished. On the other hand, unlike the followers of Zeno, he declared that the love of mankind is one of our first and highest duties. Nobly he assented to his broad humanitarianism. He said that as a man, his country and city were the world. He was a true philosopher, preferring Diogenes, Heraclitus, and Socrates, to Alexander, Cesar, and Pompey. Charlemagne, the greatest man of the "middle ages," the King of France, and founder of the German Empire, stamped his era with the results of great thought. He did not spend his powers in the production of any literary work; but his services to literature were many and splendid. He was the most accomplished man of his times. His knowledge of Greek and Latin was so thorough that he could converse fluently in those languages, and it is said that he could even speak Arabic. Like Cesar, too, he was an eloquent speaker, and won the people by his power in oratory. Cesar and Cicero cultivated and personally taught in their public speeches their grandly strong Latin tongue. Charlemagne extended the study of polished Greek, and made the acquisition of it part of the public education in Germany. He caused to be collected and registered the German Bardic songs, extracts from which are embodied, according to Schlegel, in the Nibelungen-lied. From his time downward Germany has a prominent place in the history of philosophy. German thought and culture bear an influence equal to that of the national English mind, and before that of France and Italy. Then there began to spring up in the west, under his wise and beneficent reign, men who were intellectually leaders of mankind. Then there arose the metaphysical philosophy for which Germany has become famous. Then the European mind, which had been stationary for five centuries, began to advance—the stream which had so long appeared stagnant began to flow, not in rapid torrents, but in gentle currents. Then the darkness which enveloped the minds of the people began gradually to disperse: civilization and literature dawned. France and Italy were in the deepest depths of barbarism; schools were abolished, or, if not destroyed,
rendered useless by being closed; learning was
confined to a few, and those few inaccurate
scholars; ignorance was dense, dominant, and
universal; in England alone was there a gleam
of light seen amid the surrounding darkness;
in Italy libraries were demolished, seminaries
were shut up, and, says Hallam, “illiteracy was
the companion of the Lombard dominion;” in
France liberal studies were no longer pursued.
To Charlemagne belongs pre-eminently the
noble praise of raising these people, of dispelling
the general ignorance, of inspiring into life the
love of knowledge, and the desire of attaining
it. In the Western Empire he laid the foun-
dation of learning. He restored the neglected
or forgotten letters. He re-established the
schools for the spread of sound education;
and from these has sprung our modern univer-
seities. And thus, though he did not much use
his pen (his only efforts being an argument
against the doctrines of Felix d’Urgel, and a
treatise on the image-worship question), his lofty
thoughts took practical shape and form: though
he did not indite an important book, he performed
illustrious literary deeds; though he did not
contract any secondary work, he blessed mankind
with the benefits and means of their culti-
vation in which he himself so brilliantly shone.
Frederick the Great had a passionate attach-
ment to literature, and wrote numerous works, the
principal of which are histories of his own life
and times. His writings, consisting of history,
poems, philosophy, and letters, made up twenty-
one volumes. Otho the Fourth is reported to
have written poetry. Maximilian the First
wrote poems, the genealogies of several illustrious
men, and memoirs of his own life, in which are
fully and interestingly detailed his wars with
France, his endeavours to become Pope, and
his service under Henry the Eighth in union
with England against France. The Fifth wrote a
treatise on art, and an account of his reign. From French history
we learn that Chilperich, who flourished in the
sixth century, rendered in verse the dogma of
the Trinity; that Prince Charles of Orleans, taken
prisoner by the English at the battle of Agincourt,
composed light and graceful poems in his
captivity; that Marguerite de Valois left
behind her a volume of poems and memoirs
that Francis the First was a poet, and that
Henry the Second wrote some pretty verses to
Diana of Poitiers. Charles the Ninth composed
rhymes dedicated to the celebrated Rosara, and
a poem on hunting. Henry the Fourth excelled in
his pastoral literature, and translated the whole
of Cesar. Louis the Fourteenth has left
memories of his own time, together with a
portion of a translation of Cesar’s Commentaries;
and Louis the Eighteenth composed anonymously several comedies and fables.
Alphonse the Tenth of Spain was famous for
his learning and sciences. He wrote on the
motions of the stars, and the well-known
“Alphonse’s Tables” were drawn up under his
direction. He published a number of mis-
cellaneous, and there is also from his pen a His-
tory of Spain. Alphonso the Eleventh also
wrote a chronicle in verse, after the manner
of the old bardic records; and Prince Juan Manuel
produced the notable “Count of Lucanor,” and
some poems; John the Second was likewise a
writer; and Philip the Fourth contributed
several dramatic pieces to the theatre. John
the First of Portugal produced several poems;
Alphonso the Fifth wrote an elaborate work on
the ancient Portuguese Art of Fighting;
Durate was the author of a Treatise on History,
the manuscript of which is now in the library
of Paris; and from the pen of Emanuel the
Great there is a MS. History of India. To
Don Sebastian is attributed a work on the Arms
and Fortifications of the Ancient Portuguese.
Lewis, King of Bavaria, composed a few
pleasing lyrics. Amelia, Princess of Saxony,
 wrote for the German stage several plays, which
are noteworthy among German dramas for
simplicity and the inculcation of sound morality.
Henry the Third of Holland is said to have
been a poet of considerable merit. Gustavus
Adolphus was a poet, a splendid orator, and a
writer of memoirs. Under his influence Swedish
literature revived extensively. He formed a
royal academy at Ebbio, established a
university at Dort, and personally enriched
those of Upsal. Catharine the Second of
Russia was an intense admirer of literature and
the arts, and corresponded with the most
eminent and talented men in Europe. She gave
every facility for the diffusion of poetry in
her dominions, and took means whereby the
education of all classes of her subjects was
attended to. She wrote a drama for the Russian
stage, which had become renowned through the
magnificent abilities and creations of Soumarrakoff
and Walkoff. She gave to the world “Memoirs;
or, the History of Russia,” and “Instructions
for the Russian Captain.” She also translated a
chapter of Marmontel’s “Bellaire.” Lorenzo
de Medici of Italy was an ardent encourager
of learning. He sent out scholars to the East for
the collection of Greek manuscripts with which
he invaluably enriched the famous Laurentian
library, and which, says Hallam, “he permitted
to be freely copied for the use of other parts of
Europe.” He assisted numerous Latin writers,
was devotedly fond and studious of the Platonic
philosophy, and was a poet of no mean order,
many of his productions being exceedingly
beautiful. In the catalogue of English royal
authors the name of Alfred the Great stands
first. He was one of the wisest and most
prudent rulers that ever governed these realms.
In his early youth he was deprived of the means
by which he would have been enabled to instruct
himself in the sciences and scholarly refinements
then cultivated. But under the tuition and
guidance of Asser, he was led into those exhaus-
tless storehouses of learning, which are the
Greek and Latin languages. He was the
most erudite man of the ninth century
—the most cultivated scholar of his day. Un-
pretending and modest in his learning, unosten-
tatiously, but splendidly and munificently em-

playing his talents for the elevation of his subjects, his intellectual abilities were not equalled by any one of those contemporary ecclesiastics who are supposed to be the human depositories of all extant knowledge. Illustrious, as gracefully adorning a rude age, he would have been eminent in another and a happier era. In his renown in his country's infancy, he would have conferred honour upon it in its manhood. He did not monopolise the treasures acquired from the language of Homer and Virgil, but, like Lorenzo di Medici with the Greek manuscripts, placed them before the public for their use and delight. In other words, he translated, or caused to be translated, those works which had afforded him the greatest pleasure, or which he considered would prove most serviceable to the nation. He himself clothed in Saxoan dress the "Liber Pastoralis Curie" of Pope Gregory, and Boethius's "Consolationes of Philosophy." This latter can scarcely be called a translation. It partakes more of the character of an original work, for many of the ideas are largely expanded, while others are entirely departed from, in order to make room for the translator's own thoughts and illustrations. Scattered over the work are numerous allusions to his age and his personal history. So also with his Saxon version of Cicero's "De Amicitia," and Geography, in which he inserts a sketch of the German nations with his own pen. His greatest literary achievement was the rendering into Saxon of Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," a truly splendid monument of a modern historian, of his zeal and industry." He is likewise said to have translated "Epistles from the Greek," and to have given the Psalms of David in Anglo-Saxon. Like a true patriot he endeavoured to propagate his mother-tongue. It was to Saxon books that he directed the attention of his children to be devoted, and Saxon poetry was his favourite reading. He invited to his court learned men from all parts. He endowed schools throughout the isles of Britain, and, on the completion of the University of Oxford, he founded the University College. This statement is disputable; but, if he did not establish that seat of learning, he immensely increased its reputation, and it is certain that he founded University College. Thus this purest of monarchs, by intercourse with the wise and by their exalting influence, by fixing seminaries, by providing the means of education and enlarging those which already existed, and by enriching his native literature, laid the foundation of learning in his dominions. Justly is he called, not from external and accidental advantages, but transcendent merit, Alfred the Great, as he may justly be styled. Alfred the Good. James the First of Scotland, in his Confession of Faith, in England, wrote a poem entitled "The King's Quhair," descriptive of his attachment to a young lady whom he saw walking in the grounds adjoining his prison-house, and whom, on his liberation, he married. Leland and Bishop Tanner claim Henry the First as an author. Richard the First composed, in the sweet Provençal tongue, a sonnet, which Walpole prints in his catalogue, extracted from the original in the Lawrentian library. This king also wrote a detailed account of the Crusades in a letter to the Abbot of Clairvaux. Bishop Tanner and Fabian assert the existence, in M.S., of a Latin poem by Edward the Second. Queen Elizabeth received, under the signature of the erudite Roger Ascham, a profound knowledge of the learned languages. Abundant evidence of this exists in a comment on Plato, in translations into English of Boethius, Sallust, Xenophon, Horace, Plutarch, and Sophocles; in translations into Latin of two orations of Isocrates, and a tragedy of Euripides; in a translation from the French of the Meditation of the Queen of Navarre; in a translation of the prayers of Queen Catherine into Latin, Italian, and French; in a volume of prayers written by herself in French, Italian, and Spanish; and lastly, in a Greek oration delivered extemporaneously at Oxford. There are still extant a number of letters and prayers written or dictated by Elizabeth, and some small poems. These may be found in the English edition of Hertsenus, in Antony Bacon's papers, in the Harleian MSS., in Cambridge libraries, in Fuller's "English Worthies," in Strype's "Memorials," and other sources. Mary, Queen of Scots, composed some plaintive verses on her flight to France; and Mary, daughter of Henry the Eighth, wrote some letters, and devout pieces, or prayers and meditations, and partly translated Erasmus on St. John. Erasmus praises her Latin epistles—"scriptis bene Latinas epistol\(\text{a}^{\text{e}}\)"—but Walpole pronounces her French ones "miserable." Strype has preserved three of her prayers, which are respectively called (1) "Against the assaults of vice?" (2) "A meditation touching adversity;" and (3) "A prayer to be read at the time of death." Queen Catherine Parr wrote "The Lamentation of a Sinner," and several psalms in imitation of David's. King Edward the Sixth presented, in French, arguments against the Pope's supremacy; and suppressed, it is said, orations in Greek and Latin, and, on the authority of Holland, a most elegant comedy. Henry the Eighth entered into the controversial arena, and defended the sacraments against Luther. What cared he for sacraments, or church, or faith in peril, or for anything but the gratification of his passions? To the pen of Charles the First is ascribed "Eikon Basilike," and a translation of some Latin work; and James the Second has left some memoirs of his own life and times. James the First affected to be a man of profound learning, and pretended to have a deep knowledge of theology. He was shrewd, acute, and reflexive; but his writings and speeches are full of vanity, false eloquence, exaggerated expressions, and intolerable pedantry. The principal characteristic is full-blown vanity. He openly courted the society of buffoons and flatterers, and sold himself to the inordinate appetites of his favourites; yet he had the audacity to address to the Church a Latin commentary on the Apocalypse. His life was made up of levities, follies, indecorums, and incongruities.
Amusements of the Month.

His chief works are the "Basilicon Doron," a collection of precepts and maxims in religion, in morals, and in the arts of government, in which he speaks of offences punishable by death, argues against Presbyterianism, and advises the restoration of the bishops, and their re-admission to Parliament as an effective remedy for this "Scotch pest." Next, the "Demonology," and then the ridiculous "Counterblaste to Tobacco," in both of which absurd works quotations, poems, scripture, wit, and superstitions, vanity, and preaching of "prerogative" are chaotically mixed up, the whole being exceedingly comical, ludicrous, and grotesque. James was sometimes compared by his sycophants to Solomon. We cannot associate the two, James being as great in weakness and nonsense as Solomon in wisdom. To these names may be added those of Napoleon the First and Third. The former commented on Cæsar, and at St. Helena dictated his memoirs, which were afterwards published, with many interpretations, as the "Memoirs of Las Casas," and then again as "Memoirs edited by Count Montholon." The latter has published several works on pauperism, on the sugar question, on artillery, and, best known of all, the "Napoleonic Ideas." The boldness of the last-named book, the startling audacity of the "ideas" caused it to be universally read. But all his former productions will be eclipsed by the "Histoire de Jules Cæsar." Its literary merit is such that it would have created for any man a splendid reputation; and its political opinions, its speculations, its allegorical character—a defence of Napoleon and the Empire under the cover of Cæsar—will provoke wide discussion. S. F. W.

NEW MUSIC.

Olivia Valse. By Frederick Mockler (London: Hopwood and Crew, 24, New Bond-street.)—A light and graceful composition, showy without being difficult, and sufficiently brilliant to appear less simple than it really is. The time is well marked and the melody pleasing.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

At the Princess's has been produced a play, from Mr. Boucicault's facile pen, called "Arrah na Pogue." It is an Irish melodrama, but sensational only in the best sense of that curious word. The plot is as follows—but on second thoughts we will not spoil our readers' pleasure. Suffice it to say that Mr. Boucicault plays an Irish peasant in his best style, and shows the humour, motherwit, devotion, and craft combined, which distinguish the Irish peasants when heroes of drama. In a court-martial scene, in particular, where, after evading question after question in the most "shifty" way, he calmly pleads "Not guilty," and thereon backs out of the dock, as if that settled the matter, he brings down the house in mingled applause and laughter. As Arrah Mrs. Boucicault plays a charming Irish girl, in her own tender yet energetic style. Mr. Brougham, as the O'Grady, has a part admirably adapted to his versatile comic powers. The vehemence with which, when at cross-purposes with the sex in general, he exclaims "O Adam, why didn't ye die with every rib in your body?" is intensely amusing. Toney, a spy, is admirably played by Mr. Dominick Murray, to whom we have before referred as a most talented and accomplished actor, and a great addition to the Princess's company. We can cordially recommend all to witness this drama, which is put on the stage splendidly, and has some of the loveliest scenery (illustrations of Wicklow), painted by Mr. Lloyds and Mr. Telbin, ever seen in any theatre.

DRURY LANE

Affords its audiences variety of the most legitimate kind. "As You Like It," alternates with "Othello," in which Mr. Phelps, as the Moor, plays with the stately power and concentrated passion that worthily vivifies Shakespeare's grand creation.
STARS PATTERN CROCHET TIDY.

MATERIALS:—No. 12 Bour’s Head Crochet Cotton, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby.

A crochet pattern for a tidy, which is extremely pretty; and, being worked in separate pieces, adds very much to the convenience, as the size never becomes an impediment to its progress.

In forming a star, commence by making a chain of eighteen loops; join it into a ring. Work it round with single crochet with about forty stitches; work all round forty-eight stitches in double crochet in each loop of the last row, making two loops in one in five or six places to give room for the additional size of the circle. This forms the solid centre. In this work one long, three chain, one into every other stitch all round; work nine chain, loop in twelve times all round. In each of these twelve loops work four long, three chain, and four long. The next row is eleven chain looped in to the three chain of the last row all round the same. On these twelve loops work five chain, one long, three chain, one long, three chain, one long, five chain, loop into the same place as the last row; continue all round the same. The last row is single crochet all round to give the edge a substantial and firm appearance. When a sufficient number of stars are formed, they are united together at two points of each, which will make them join at eight points, leaving four to be joined together by two crochet chains crossing each other. When the square is completed the outer edge is finished with a fringe tied in at intervals sufficiently near to give it a rich appearance.

MOSAIC KNITTING FOR A PIANO OR SOFA MAT.

MATERIALS:—The larger the pins and the coarser the fleece, the handsomer the mat will look. When finished, a band of cloth, the colour of the darkest wool, must be sewed round. Two distinct colours in wool are necessary, and these should match the hangings of the rooms.

First, as a trial with, say green wool; cast on 12 stitches, and pearl a row; these will make four patterns: each pattern consists of 3 stitches.

1st row.—Green wool; wool forward; K 2 (over together) * wool forward, K 3 plain, pull the first of those three plain over the two last; repeat from * to the end; there will be one stitch left; bring the wool forward and knit (there are 13 loops now on the pin).

2nd.—With Magenta wool fasten on and purl a row.

3rd.—Bring wool forward; K 2; and without bringing the wool forward, K 3 plain, and pull the 3rd stitch (reckoning backwards) over the two last; * wool forward; K 3 plain; pull the first over the two last; repeat from * till the end of the row (12 loops now on the pin).

4th.—Green wool; purl a row (12 loops on the pin). This also can be calculated by measurement for the article required.

KNITTING PATTERN FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES.

It is pretty for babies’ berceauette blankets or cot covers, lined with silk, or knitted in very coarse wool for travelling rugs. Different kinds of wool must, of course, be selected, according to the purpose for which the knitting is intended. We will give our readers the directions for knitting the stitch, and they can then make use of it for either of the articles just mentioned. We would advise them to select, for a baby’s blanket, white fleecy wool; for a cot cover, double Berlin; and for a travelling rug, 8-thread fleecy. The following directions will be found correct for knitting the stitch:

Cast on any number of stitches that will divide by 4, and allow besides 1 for each end. 1st row: Slip 1, * make 1, slip 1, knit 3, draw the slipped stitch over the 3 knitted ones, repeat from *, knit 1. 2nd. Knit 1, purl all out the last stitch, which knit plain. 3rd. Same as first. 4th. Same as 2nd. It will be seen that the pattern is very easy to knit, and is very quickly executed.
THE TOILET.
(Specialty from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of grey pou-de-soie, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with a deep band of ruby velvet, above which is placed sprays of fancy trimming of the same colour. Body with a waistcoat point in front, trimmed with ruby velvet; the sleeves, semi-tight, are finished with an epaulet of the same, and bands of velvet at the bottom. *Nainsook* under-sleeves terminated by a cambric frill, plaited and edged with narrow *Valenciennes*, standing collar to match. In the hair ruby velvet.

SECOND FIGURE.—*Visiting Toilet.*—Black moire antique dress, trimmed at the bottom by a fringe of black chenille and silk. Body round at the waist, where it is bordered by a similar fringe simulating a basque. Straight sleeves, ornamented at the top and bottom, beginning at the side by a narrower fringe of the same kind. Plush velvet jacket. Black bonnet in the *fauchon* style, made of velvet, and ornamented behind with two feathers, one black the other blue, crossing on a puff of figured black tulle, and accompanied by loops of blue and black velvet. Inside a velvet tress.

Although *le Mercredi des Cendres* has extinguished the Carnival, balls continue to take place all the same, and the most fashionable saloons open their doors wider than ever to admit our *jolies femmes* and their toilets *sapporeuses*.

In the meanwhile let us talk of the current toilets. The first robe is of silk "terre de sienne," ornamented on each breadth, at the bottom of the robe, with a cut figure of a double W placed point to point, formed of two shades of blue silk disposed contrary ways, so that the point of the double W of the deepest shade should face the point of the lightest; a little *entre deux* of jet beads borders these ornaments, which are repeated on the *corsage*. This is cut with a waistcoat point before, and has a point behind and on each hip. The sleeves are nearly tight at top and bottom, but larger at the elbow, where a double W, similar to those on the skirt, is placed. The envelope worn with this dress should be made of light cloth of a deep blue shade, and of the Japanese form, with short sleeves very wide at bottom. Above this little sleeve, which is lined with taffey, is attached a sleeve covered with a net of black chenille, or every knot of which is placed a little pearl of cut jet; a fringe of chenille and jet pearls borders the short sleeve. The black cord tracings on this vestment are very rich and *bizarre* in design.

The bonnet intended to be worn with this dress is of the *fauchon* style, formed of white tulle Bouillonné and garnished in the middle by a drapery of straw-coloured crepe, forming a double fan, one of which falls on the front, and the other on the fulling of tulle which forms the *cache-peigné*. Behind each side of the fan float loops of straw-coloured ribbon No. 4, and black velvet No. 3, and blown black pearls are scattered on the tulle Bouillonné at the sides of the *fauchon*-formed front. A line of ponceau velvet and black pearls separates the two fans, and marks the edge of the *cache-peigné*. A fringe of black pearls and of American corn grains falls on the front, and borders the other fan. In the interior a *banteau* of ponceau velvet embroidered with black pearls, and at the sides a *nigéle* of tulle.

Having exhausted every other form of ornament, we are going to the alphabet for new figures, and are wearing great A's and W's upon our dresses. By-and-bye we shall come to the rest of the letters.

In expectation of the coming season, many elegant fabrics already crowd our magazines, and afford the greatest variety of choice in home dresses or toilets for the theatre, petite soirée, or thé. One fresh-looking robe of *foulard* of the most brilliant tints was destined for the latter purpose. Certainly the most vivid colours have a cheering effect in *nigéle* toilet.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry accepted, with thanks.—"The River Lea;" "Periwinkles;" "I shall be satisfied;" "A Danish Legend;" "Dreaming" (Should it not be Waking Dreams?); "A Last Word" (Very morbid in sentiment, and with an echo of Kirke White). Poem accepted.—"Baden" and "Como;" "Justifiable or Unjustifiable?" "Was Lord Chesterfield a Gentleman?" "An Adventure." "Observations on Fog and Rain in Mountainous Districts in America;" "Monks;" "The Mystery;" "Declined, with thanks.—"The Volunteers," which is not adapted to our columns. "Our Baby;" "Retrostructions;" "A Valentine" (Much too late to be acceptable); "The Ice-bound Brook;" "For Ever." Prose.—"The Two Friends;" "Sketches in the Campagna;" "Dark Memories;" "Life in the Bush;" "Too Late." Books, Music. &c., for notice or review, must be forwarded by the 10th of the month, to appear in the following number.

London: Printed by Boggeron and Tuxford, 256, Strand.
THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

By the Author of "A Few out of Thousands."

CHAP. XIV.

When morning came, I realized neither of my teacher's wishes. I had taken a severe cold, had high fever, and was so delirious that I took Betsy for my father, who I fancied had come to upbraid me. When the report of my illness was conveyed to Miss Partridge, the sisters came in person to ascertain the state of my health, and, I grieve to say, heard such indecorous epithets applied to themselves, by my poor fevered and unconscious tongue, that they speedily retired, deeply shocked at what they termed my deceit and ingratitude; for besides stigmatizing the lady superior as the "old hen-partridge," an epithet I had heard extensively used by the elder girls, I actually termed her sister "fat Margaret," by which sobriquet she was indeed mostly designated out of school, even by Miss Jukes herself. By this last horrid misdemeanor I irrevocably lost all chance of her feeble interposition in my behalf.

Ten days after my attack of cold and fever, I woke one morning with recovered consciousness, and found myself lying in bed, in Miss Phitts's well-known little chamber. I was not indeed in my own bed, but I was made up on a bed-chair, and which seemed much more comfortable than the narrow slip of mattress which formed my ordinary couch.

Miss Phitts coming in, finding me so much better, rang for Betsy, who clapped her hands for joy to see me; she said, looking like myself again; and while Miss Phitts bathed my hands and face in eau de Cologne, the good girl ran down into the kitchen for some tea and thin toast. When I had taken this, I pressed their hands, and though I felt too weak and languid to say much, I asked after my school-fellows.

Miss Phitts shook her head. "We are all in a sad way here, my dear," she replied; "and I shall be glad when you are strong enough to be sent home; however, I shall not tell you all that has occurred, till you are better."

At this, I begged so hard to be told, that the kind little lady at length agreed that after I had taken a basin of beef-tea, I should hear all.

She only hoped I would prepare to hear her news with fortitude.

"Now I must go," she said; "and Betsy will attend to you."

And Betsy, always ready to be kind, tenderly washed my wasted hands and face, combed my hair, and arrayed me in clean fresh linen. The doctor, she said, had ordered my hair to be shaved the very first thing; but she and Miss Phitts had fought against his decree, and had saved my beautiful curls.

"Miss Phitts," she chattered on, "had been so very kind all through. She had sat up with me three nights."

And knowing how much the kind lady valued her scanty rest, I fully appreciated the sacrifice.

After so much conversation, I was too weak to ask any more questions, and laying my head on the pillow, I dozed off dreamily. I did not awake till Miss Phitts with her own hands brought me the promised beef-tea, and when I had finished that refreshment, I felt strong enough to beg I might hear all that had happened since my illness.

Slowly, and with great caution, Miss Phitts cleared her throat and began.

The fugitive lovers had got clear off, and now were married, and there was little doubt but that in a year or two Mr. Mortimer Gissade, when his bride came of age, would be master of a handsome fortune.

Miss Phitts paused here. I begged her to go on. Passing her handkerchief over her face, and then looking stealthily at mine, she proceeded.

Another elopement had followed the first. I was entirely unprepared to hear who the persons were who had thus outraged propriety, and I may add morality.

My father had carried off Lady Laura Tar-ragon; taken her away in a post-chaise-and-four to Gretna. They were married; she was my step-mother.

Mother! I raised myself on my bed of sickness; the shock had given me false strength. "Never, never, would I call her mother. Oh! where was my own, own dear one; they had
done this because they both—yes, both hated me."

It was long before I was calm enough to hear the rest of Miss Phitts’s recital. Indeed, she was so much alarmed at the effect of what she had said, that I had some difficulty in persuading her to resume her narrative. I had still strange news to hear.

Ruined had come on Mnemosyne; strange uncouth beings were installed guardians of its treasures, its plate, its furniture, its ancient heirlooms; in plain terms there was an execution on the household goods. The Misses Partridge were bankrupts in fortune, and, by the double elopement from their school, in reputation also.

With many protestations, that she ought not to talk of such matters to a mere child like myself, but that I had thought and intelligence beyond my years, Miss Phitts proceeded to elucidate this strange mystery.

Miss Jukes’s father, ostensibly a wine merchant, carried on a far more lucrative business as a money-lender. This gentleman’s antecedents are not of much consequence to this history, but he had in his veins a mixture of American and English blood, and few of the good characteristics of either nation. His acquaintance with the sisters was of old date, for he had formerly served their noble patent with wine. Large schools are not always remunerative, especially when the proprietors are restricted from receiving plebeian pupils; for it is a sad but undeniable fact, that bakers, butchers, publicans, and cheesemongers are frequently more punctual in their payments than peers, baronets, or even gentlemen commoners.

When first the Misses Partridge felt a difficulty respecting money matters, from their half-yearly accounts coming in slowly, and sometimes not coming in at all, they got Mr. Jukes to discount bills for them; then when the bills had to be renewed, and when these processes were often in course of time repeated, they were compelled to take, for these bills, very little cash and a good deal of bad wine, which Mr. Jukes, in common with other masculine understandings, thought quite good enough for women’s drinking, however unsaleable in his own cellars.

At last they had become—what the money-lender had foreseen for a very long time—completely in his power; but as Mr. Jukes had always protested his devoted and sincere friendship for these ladies, they did not anticipate that he would break their home up. But he did—partly, perhaps, from a knowledge on his part that they owed heavy bills to their tradespeople, and that a crisis was sure to come at last. Mr. Jukes had insisted on the Misses Partridge receiving the services of his vulgar and illiterate daughter as teacher, when for a whim of her own, not the worst part of that young person’s strangely varied character, she had insisted on working out her own independence. Miss Jukes knew the skeleton of Mnemosyne perfectly, and made it pretty well serve her turn. But her influence with her father failed to avert the storm for long. A day of reckoning came: there was no more to be gained by being civil to the sisters; so Mr. Jukes threw off his friendly mask, and avowed himself their foe—that is to say, he constituted himself their principal creditor, and Mnemosyne fell. Already the school was dissolved, the girls sent home, and only the dangerous illness which had overtaken me made me, at that moment, an inmate of their house.

Mr. Castlebrook and his bride—oh, how I shuddered at that word—were in Scotland, passing their honeymoon. My father, it seemed, had written to Miss Partridge, excusing his conduct, and avowing that as Lady Laura’s father, the Earl of Oldtree, and himself were greatly opposed in political views, he had eloped with the young lady, to save a rejection of his hand.

Here Miss Phitts paused; she had told all, and certainly a vast deal more, than I had ever expected or anticipated. The head teacher was herself exceedingly sorrowful. She was thinking, poor soul, of her own troubles; where she should take refuge at a time of life when all changes were irksome. She had been, she said, grossly deceived in every one lately. I felt her reproach involved myself, and catching her hand in my own wasted one—

"Indeed, indeed! dear Miss Phitts," said I, "I knew nothing of it." I meant Miss Tredwine’s elopement.

"How came you in the stable-yard, then, my dear?" she said.

I coloured, and did not answer for a minute; then a question rose to my lips, naturally resulting from the mention of that fatal night.

"How," I said, "is Mr. Benvolere?"

"Well enough, now, I believe my dear," Miss Phitts returned, "and he has frequently inquired most anxiously about you, I believe," she said.

"Betsey’s mother, who is a laundress and does the signor’s washing, mentioned your illnesses to him. He, of course, now has left off coming here, for there is no longer any teaching for him," she said, adding presently with a sigh, "nor for any of us here again."

No longer a teacher at Mnemosyne! I had forgotten that; then I might freely tell all. I was at least pleased I could clear myself in the eyes of Miss Phitts, for whom I felt a great regard—a regard began by Susan’s death-bed, and cemented on that which had so nearly proved my own.

"Dear Miss Phitts," I said, "then now I can tell you all. It was on account of a letter I received from Mr. Benvolere that I went to the staircase-window on the night when Miss St. Tredwine ran away. Pray tell me, did she—did Lady Laura go through the window too?"

Miss Phitts smiled. "No, child; she had liberty allowed her; she and Bidkins walked out together: Bidkins has since been sent home to take care of her brothers and sisters; for Lady Laura had served her own turn she discarded Bidkins, whom she had previously bribed by a promise of taking her into the Castlebrook ménage; so in revenge Bidkins came
back to school, and related the whole proceedings when it was too late to prevent consequences. But what is this you tell me," she went on, "about Mr. Benvolere? He write to you, child! I cannot believe it."

"Neither, Miss Pitts," I said, "do I now; but I did then, and I thought perhaps he was poor and wanted money. I wonder what I was doing with the letter? I put it—oh, I remember: it is in my curl-paper bag, ma'am; will you give it me, please?"

Miss Pitts brought me the bag, and I found the letter, which I placed in her hands. Her corkscrew curls danced about with excitement as she read it. She gave it me back in silence.

"Do you know the hand, ma'am?" I said. "Is that of Mr. Benvolere?"

"I am sure it is not," my teacher answered, "for I have often received notes from him on business, and he writes a most peculiar hand, too remarkable not to be easily recognized; but for the evident disguise, I should at once say it had been written by Bidkins."

I told Miss Pitts the whole of my proceedings then, and she said she was very glad I could clear myself, and that she believed my suspicions were very likely to be right. The chief actor in this transaction was now beyond reach, and it was terrible to reflect on what I might be hereafter doomed to suffer from her hatred.

"As for explaining your innocence to the school," said Miss Pitts, sighing, "that is all over now. The Establishment of Mnemosyne House is for ever extinct, so make yourself easy if possible; I wish I could, but really situations are not so rare, that I fear—but my dear Isabella, you are too weak to bear all this talking; I trust you may not have already done mischief. There now, like a good girl go to sleep, and tomorrow we will talk again."

She shook hands kindly with me as she spoke—her demonstrations of affection never extended beyond that sign—and left me to the repose, which I really needed to refresh and restore my emotion that had fatigued me, and I was not sorry to see Betsy enter with some toast and a little wine and water, to make me, as she expressed it, comfortable for the night. After which good office, she left me to my rest.

But on the following morning my teacher's communications recurred to me vividly. I felt great anxiety to know how I was to be disposed of. As Mr. Castlebrook knew nothing of the Miss Partridge's predicament, I could not suppose he had made any arrangement for my reception at home, or at another school. I shrank equally from either alternative, and dismally contemplated my forlorn and unloved lot. Sacred things were generally too much neglected at Mnemosyne House, and I had lost my good pious mother too young, to be sufficiently firm in that reliance on One who never fails which had she lived she would have inculcated. Indeed it was solely from that dear mother's early training, that I had any religious feelings or impulses planted within me at all. At school, religion was a mere matter of etiquette, and a desire, not to be right with heaven, but unexceptionable in our neighbours' eyes. I often think, now, the kind of religion which is at present the current coin of the professedly godly world, differs very little from the formula which went for faith and worship in Miss Partridge's polite seminary. In our large pew at a fashionable chapel, which we attended twice every Sunday, the sole anxiety of the girls, was who should dress best, and how to escape listening to the sermon. Morning and evening prayers were regarded by most as a solemn farce, by all as an irksome duty, at which the merriest must have long grief-stricken faces, and must endure as a penance. Susan Liscombe was, in short, the only person who had ever spoken to me of that which surely should form a vital part of every girl's education. I remembered her words now, in time of trouble; and rising from my bed, though with difficulty, I knelt down, and thanking my Father in Heaven for my preservation, I prayed that He would be with me in danger and trial. After that simple but earnest prayer, I felt more hopeful, more submissive and grateful for good accorded.

Miss Pitts came in after breakfast, radiant with joy. The silver lining to her cloud, had developed itself. She had just received a letter from a pupil (Miss Allison), a girl who had been but a short time at school, and whose parents now offered Miss Pitts a permanent engagement as governess to their only daughter.

"And they offer fifty pounds a-year, my love," said Miss Pitts; "and they see little company; so my dresses will all last, I hope, for years. So kind of Miss Allison! But you may recollect, my dear Isabella, I always liked her, and thought her a vastly good-natured girl, and not at all fine. Well, now, this is really a lucky ending, after all! I might have dragged on, year after year, at Mnemosyne House, and have been none the richer: now, perhaps, I may save for a rainy day. Miss Allison is very young—not older, I believe, than yourself; and besides, if I live, I shall be able, I hope, to put something by; and, if I die," she added, "why, there will be something to bury me with, which I cannot say would be the case just at present; for you must know, my dear, that all my life long I have had hard pulls on my purse: not that I ever regretted them, though it really became very difficult at last to keep my father and mother, and dress as I have been obliged to dress here, on forty pounds a-year. To be sure, I used to make fancy nicknacks, and sell them, and so tried to get on. But I never had a penny, as you may suppose, in my own pocket. However, thank God I have always got through one way or other, and trust I always shall."

I asked her if she could at all guess what was likely to become of me; but she said she had not the faintest idea. I was nearly recovered, and waiting a letter from my father, when Betsy brought me one day a message from Mr. Benvolere, who, having called on the Misses Partridge, now awaited me in that room where once
he gave his lessons—the show-room, in fact, of the establishment. Alas! now, the Turkey carpet was rolled up; the chairs were ticketed and the nick-nacks and old china sorted into lots, preparatory to the great sale, which was shortly to disperse all those revered household gods of the temple among indifferent purchasers.

As Mr. Benvelore had lost a good deal of money by the Miss Partridges, those ladies did not interdict an interview with me. I rushed to him as I entered the room, and, clasping both his hands, nearly fell down, overcome by recent illness and present emotion at beholding the last friend, who I was persuaded reciprocated the strong attachment I felt for him. In a moment I was raised, and my hand pressed to his lips.

"Dear child"—his usual epithet to me—"this has been a sad account I have heard of you, but you will soon get quite strong again." He looked at him; his face was paler than usual, and an air of anxiety mingled with its usual benevolent expression. I found he also had been suffering severely from illness.

"However, thank God I am much better now," he said, cheerfully. "Now, my dear pupil, tell me, what are your future plans and prospects? Am I never to see you any more?"

I received at once, by his manner, that he had heard all about Lady Laura's marriage with my father, and the tears rose in my eyes as I told him I had not yet heard from my father, who, I believed, was out of town.

"But," said Benvelore, "Mr. Castlebrook cannot, if I mistake not, remain long absent. He seems to have taken up his quarters at Carlton House, where he is the Prince's present favourite companion; and it is said, child, that your father, though neither wealthy nor ennobled, is always in demand in the royal circle. Doubtless Lady Laura Castlebrook will speedily arrive in town to be presented."

I was indeed surprised to hear that my stern and ungracious father consortcd with such high company. I had few ideas of the society kept by Mr. Castlebrook. I knew, from a child, certainly, that he was not domestically inclined; but my mother was ever silent about her husband's habits, even to the child she loved. I said, with a simplicity that caused Mr. Benvelore to smile, "that, as I knew Lady Laura was very ambitious, most probably that was the reason she had married my father, who was so much older than herself."

He inquired, "What reason?"

"That papa may introduce her to the great people at court, sir," I said. "She was always wishing to visit royalty; and she told the girls once that her own father, Lord Oldtree, never went to court."

"Her eldest brother does, though," said my master. "Viscount Tarragon is almost as extravagant and reckless as the Prince himself; but I fear we are talking treason," he continued, with a smile; "I suppose, if you return home, you will have a governess and masters; perhaps I may thus be remembered by you; though I greatly doubt if Lady Laura Castlebrook would consent that I should enter any mansion, where she was the mistress."

I assured him I never, never could forget him.

"Farewell, then, dear child—dear Isabella," he said. "Forgive me if, in so calling you, I forget the difference of our social stations; and if the poor old music-master ventures sometimes to think of you as he would of a child of his own, pardon his presumption, and in return think of him a little, if not as a father, as of one who would dare everything to serve the daughter of his affections. Would I might talk to you of other days, when every thought of this poor worn heart dwelt on a name as dear to you as it was, and still is, to me. Farewell!"

I burst into passionate weeping as he spoke thus. I believed I knew to whom and what he thus referred; yet what claim had I to his confidence? Miss Phitts came in just then, and thus compelled to change the subject, I showed the anonymous note to Benvelore in her presence, and desired to know if he were the writer. Benevolent as my master was, he could sometimes look solemnly, sternly, angry, and this was one of the few occasions on which I saw him thoroughly out of temper.

"Base!" he muttered. Then turning to Miss Phitts, "Madam," he said, "I trust you and this dear girl will both exonerate me from all suspicion of practising on her delicacy. It is a plot worthy of the vile slanderer who contrived it!"

Saying so, he tore the note to shreds, and trampled on it with an expression of bitter scorn.

Miss Phitts protested she had held him guiltless of the matter; but she added, "Miss Castlebrook's sudden illness had stopped all inquiries on the subject, and as the Misses Partridge were absorbed in their own private distresses, it would be best not to revive the matter."

Benvelore and I then finally parted, promising each other to meet again if possible. As I reached the door of the apartment which once was a holiday to enter, I turned round for a last gaze towards my master. The tears were in his fine blue eyes; I flew back—to his arms—into his heart. One word alone escaped me, one which, in all my life, my lips had never be fore uttered in impulsive affection—"Father!" I cried; and so we parted.

That very evening a communication, franked by a member of parliament, arrived for Miss Partridge, and was forwarded to me by Miss Phitts.

It was an answer to one sent by the superiors—now, alas! superiors no more, who secluded themselves entirely, and would see no one but Miss Phitts and persons who came on business. From something Betsy said I had misgivings that the elder sister resorted for consolation in her troubles to something considerably stronger than water or good advice, which predestination in the days of her authority, I have before hinted at.
There was not a line addressed to me. The letter from my father enclosed a cheque for my account, and a request that I and my property should be conveyed as soon as possible to Miss Norman's school at Fulham, where arrangements had been made to receive me. There was not one single expression of regret at my illness, of remembrance to me, or even of exhortation to keep dry tears of gall over that bitter cup. Miss Partridge, who greatly desired my absence, sent a message by Miss Phitts to know when I should like to depart. As I had little wish to remain in my present comfortless abode, I signified that I should like to go next morning, if the ladies pleased. They did please, and were, I believe, glad to get rid of me. I breakfasted next morning at eight o'clock with Miss Phitts, for the last time; and at ten a hackney-coach was fetched by Betsy to convey me to Fulham, once more to be thrown among strangers. The Misses Partridge sent me their compliments and best wishes, which was all the notice vouchsafed to one whom they considered solely an article of traffic. I wept at parting with Miss Phitts, in a way I little thought of doing when first I met the little lady. She promised to write to me from her new home, where, she said, she longed to be safely settled. There was no longer the pious footman to assist, that functionary having departed for a better service. And I, without the tears of gall over that bitter cup—reign—for I had been obliged to buy wine and other restoratives out of my own purse—I kissed Miss Phitts, shook hands warmly with Betsy, stepped into my mouldy-smelling chariot, and was conveyed to Fulham at that remarkable pace in which it pleased hackney-coach drivers to proceed in the days when George the Third was King.

### Chap. XV.

We stopped at a red brick, neat-looking house, enclosed in a paled shrubbery, and having paid the driver not more than three times the amount of his legal fare, at which he grumbled a good deal, I was escorted by a neat servant-maid across the gravel-path to the house, at the door of which there waited to receive me a lady who, if not altogether young, did not certainly deserve to be called old. Her tall, stately figure, attired in grey satin, with a neat lace cap, had still the flexibility of youth; and her sweet, grave face, as she bent down and welcomed her new inmate with a kindly salutation on the cheek, inspired me with hope and confidence. She called one or two young girls, who were crossing a spacious hall.

"This is a new schoolfellow, Amelia Windsor and Mary Dearlove," she said—"Isabella Castlebrook. You know which is her room; show her to it, and make her at home among you."

These young persons thereupon took each a hand, and led me up the wide staircase, into a small, but pretty and convenient room. How my poor sinking heart was lifted up by this kindness I need hardly say. The girls called me by my Christian name at once, admired my long, fair curls, and told me how clear my skin was for a Londoner; then helping me to unpack and change my dress, Mary Dearlove—who told me she was to share my room, or rather I hers—proposed to take me into school. I found a vast difference here to the bustle and noise predominant among the aristocratic pupils of Mnemosyne. Miss Norman only received ten boarders, and of these, myself, Amelia, and Mary were the youngest. Mary was my own age, and Amelia was fourteen; both had the innocence and simplicity of ten. I knew that I felt quite old in the ways of the world—I, who was regarded as a simpleton at Mnemosyne House. When I listened to the childish talk of these young maidens, I felt ashamed of my premature knowledge and experience—and my feelings were right. Knowledge of the world, as it is called, though forced on me by circumstances, is, to a young girl, taking the bloom off the peach—shaking the dew from the early rose-bud—the painted plumage from the butterfly—things never to be restored. I found myself now weighing facts and appearances, when I should have better taken them on trust. The simplicity of youth is a dangerous thing to tamper with; nothing can ston for its loss. Indeed the elder girls, one of whom was nearly nineteen, had all an unpretentiously simple, which, accustomed as I was to the pretence and affectation of the pupils at Mnemosyne House, appeared to me strange and almost unreal. I very soon, however, grew ashamed of suspecting, and in a few days, I found at Miss Norman's school more of a home, than it had been my lot to know since my poor mother's death. Here were no surreptitious novels, no forbidden meats introduced; no Bidkins haunted the young companions, like a snake in Eden, poisoning the flowers of youth with the venom of deceit. There were no plots to guard against, no tale-bearers to fear. Two pleasant and amiable teachers assisted Miss Norman in our education, which was conducted on a more solid and sensible plan than the whipped syllabub system in vogue at Mnemosyne. Accomplishments, it is true, were less in request at Hampden House; but then we were taught how to keep housekeeping books, and each pupil took it in turn to receive instruction from the excellent plain cook, how to make pastry, preserves, and confectionary. True, again, there were no titled ladies at Miss Norman's to be degraded by such proceedings.

As I was already such a proficient in music that I was regarded by my school-fellows as quite a wonder, and being besides pretty well advanced in drawing and French, I eagerly turned my attention to those subjects which had been slighted at Miss Partridge's; for example, geography, history, and that old-fashioned branch of female education, plain needle-work, without which surely it is never quite complete.

When sewing-lessons were given, one of us
took it in turns to read aloud some interesting book. Although Miss Norman's school was conducted on those principles which in the present day would decidedly be termed evangelical, yet we were by no means debarred from such works of fiction as then presented the leisure, and charmed the fancy of polite readers. Miss Edgeworth's early works, Madame D'Aulnoy's fairy tales, Scott's poems—sent us to our dry historical books with new ardour. We never came to any harm through reading works of imagination pure in themselves, nor read our Bibles less because we might enjoy other books unrestrained in leisure hours.

I have had many times cause to bless the Providence that conducted me to Miss Norman's school at the critical age when the child is fast merging into womanhood. I was hovering between good and evil. The lessons of a dying mother might have grown dimmer as years passed on; now they were daily brought to mind by the pure lives and innocent thoughts of those among whom I lived. Yet there was no preaching or lecturing at Hampden House. Religion was not dragged in by the neck and heels, at irrelevant times and seasons; but its gentle peaceable influence seemed to pervade the entire house. She had felt ashamed of not being good in an atmosphere so free from evil. Miss Norman herself, commanding our entire affection, respect, and esteem, constantly our companion both in study and recreation, was regarded as girls regard a beloved elder sister, or a thoroughly estimable friend. To offend her was in itself a dishonourable so sore that none other was needed; and to regain her smile of trust and love, any offender would have braved fire and water.

Ah! there are few such schools now. How strangely, to our imperfect apprehensions, events seem ordained! Here was the very place in which poor Susan Liscombe might have lived in peace and love, and died in peace. Why did she rather drag out a short and weary existence in so heartless an atmosphere as that of Mnemosyne? Why, indeed? We shall know that one day, when the glass through which we see so darkly now, becomes clear as crystal to the awed and conscience-stricken beholder.

How my father came to send me to Hampden House seemed a mystery, till Miss Norman herself elucidated it one day, by telling me that Mr. Castlebrook, passing by accident in his carriage, had called in and made immediate arrangements on finding she had a vacancy. My father then was in town; for, strange to say, I had never observed the post-mark, and believed him still away from London, and that he had been many weeks at Fulham, I had communicated to Miss Norman my unhappiness in consequence of my father's estrangement, and his ill-judged marriage. Her advice and counsel soothed and instructed me. "You will never, my dear Isabella," she observed, "gain a happiness position by re-creating your father's marriage, or setting yourself in opposition to your stepmother. Try the effects of love and obedience; they are powerful peacemakers, believe me; few are so lost to goodness as to resist their influence." Dear friend and guide! how differently I might have been exorhated at that period of my life!

That life glided over so peacefully, that when the first half-year came to an end of my sojourn at Hampden House, I was pleased rather than sorry that my father, in a brief and cold letter, requested I would, if possible, remain at Miss Norman's, as Lady Laura's health was delicate, and she did not wish for the society of strangers. Strangers! I was one, indeed, in my father's house; but still the fact so deliberately announced by himself that I was an alien in my natural home, smote on my young heart, and made me sorrowful at an age when all should have been joy and gladness.

* * * * *

It is not my intention to dwell further on the period I passed at Hampden House. I was grateful, when my sixteenth birthday arrived, that I had been permitted to remain so long. During the whole period I had never been home. Sometimes I spent the vacation with a school-fellow; sometimes at Fulham with Miss Norman, and herself, whose health seldom permitted her to go far from home; at other periods I accompanied this valued friend to the sea-side, if she went for change of air. At stated periods I heard from my father, who addressed me more like a dependant than a daughter. I always answered these formal epistles as cordially and affectionately as a warm heart dictated. I sent (though it was a hard struggle) kind wishes and inquiries to my father's wife, which were never noticed or reciprocated. As for her health, it was not too delicate to prevent the Morning Post from recording my stepmother's fashionable doings. It appeared from that modish journal that she had achieved a gressful project of fronting in such society as formed the Court of "the finest gentleman of Europe." Mr. and Lady Laura Castlebrook's names were constantly occurring in the list of the Prince's dinner-parties, and it was often a source of wonder to me how my father's income supported the expenses incurred by Royal society.

Such matters, however, were not within my province. I was absolutely dependent on Mr. Castlebrook for portion or maintenance, and spite of the calmness with which my newly-acquired views of life caused me to regard my want of position in the world, I still was grieved that I had not a small independence to resort to. I was wondering no longer how he was getting on, when an unexpected and mournful event hastened a period which else might not possibly have arrived for many more years. How we influence each other's destinies in life and death! Miss Norman—the kind, the good, the useful woman to her generation—died.

Her illness was short, and was not expected to prove fatal till within a few days of her death, which occurred in her thirty-ninth year.
Her end was peace, and she was mourned deeply and sincerely by her sorrowing friends and pupils. Her school was broken up. No second Miss Normand could readily be found, to fill our hearts and affections.

Thus circumstanced I was compelled to write to my father and apprise him of my situation. I received an answer from Mr. Castlebrook himself, informing me that he would send the carriage to Fulham, and that I must return home. He added that he expected I should bring with me no fine-lady airs or school-girl nonsense, but endeavour to make myself useful and obliging.

He fixed two days from the date of his letter for my return to Arlington-street, where my father still resided.

Those two days were passed in anxious preparation to make as good an appearance at home as I could. What girl is without vanity? Spite of my recent grief and persuasion that all earthly things are nought, as I stood before the mirror and arranged my long bright tresses, I flattered myself that Lady Laura would be surprised at the change three years had made in the insignificant child she so disliked. Silly I must have been, not to have foreseen that such a circumstance would increase her dislike if she still remained the unamiable person I had ever known her. Still I made myself as captivating as my mourning attire would permit, and stepped into Mr. Castlebrook’s carriage (not the old one which had conveyed me to Menmosyne House, but a new and handsome equipage) with something like gladness and hope in the future, and bade adieu to my late companions, some of whom still lingered for their friends to fetch them, and, with all my regret, felt elated at being, however tardily, acknowledged for a daughter of my house. The old slow regime had been altered: I was driven at a smart pace to Piccadilly, my heart beating quicker as I stopped at my destination.

CHAP. XVI.

The door was opened by an attendant in powder and a handsome livery, and a buxom personage, the very reverse of Mrs. M’Logie, was in waiting to give me the only welcome which it appeared I was likely to receive. The housekeeper (for it appeared that Mrs. M’Logie had been dismissed and pensioned off on her master’s second marriage) was civil enough, and took me herself to a bed-room on the third floor, which she informed me was to be mine. It was about three in the afternoon when I arrived home, and in answer to my inquiries the housekeeper said that Mr. Castlebrook had been out some time, and that her ladyship was gone for her usual drive. I sighed. After Hampden House and its kind inmates, this place seemed grievously unlike a home; but I had by this time acquired something of the difficult art of self-control, and therefore requesting that a servant might bring me some warm water, I dismissed my stately attendant, who seemed as little inclined to talk as myself, and prepared to unpack and arrange my dresses, and such property as I had accumulated at school. I placed my books on shelves, and although my room was not exactly such as Miss Castlebrook might reasonably have looked for, yet still I anticipated many peaceful hours passed within it, when perhaps I might not be wished for among the members of my own family.

Although I was not more than sixteen, I was tall and womanly-looking; my mind, too, from early circumstances, was greatly in advance of my years. I wondered if it was my father’s intention to bring me out into the world—into society; and then, remembering what I had heard even among the recluses of Fulham, about that high society in which it appeared Mr. Castlebrook and Lady Laura now habitually moved, I felt shame, doubt, and apprehension, and wondered if, to be a Prince’s favourite and a promoter of Royal pleasures, was strictly compatible with the character of a well-principled and honest gentleman. It was with a chill that I owned to myself I feared hardly so; but to blame or think ill of a parent was so terrible that I could only try to hope the best.

Still I had made the nicest toilette in my power, and was sitting by the handful of fire kindled in the grate, unsettled and unemployed, when a knock thundered at the hall door, which lasted some seconds, the sound reverberating through the entire house. Knocks at that day made a science peculiar to the “Jeannes’s” of fashionable life, and were much studied in their different degrees. When the knocking subsided, there came sounds of a strange unusual kind to one who had been accustomed to the quiet regularity of Hampden House, where there never was any noise, confusion, or bustle—sounds combined of loud talking, dogs barking, amacaw screaming, and a great bustle to and fro, up and down stairs. I looked over the kind of my lofty domicile, and saw a barouche before the door. It was Lady Laura returned from her drive.

Many footsteps after that, flew rather than ran up-stairs to the drawing-room, and then the barouche drove off, the noises calmed down, and presently I heard a voice singing, to a harp accompaniment, one of the popular ballads so much in vogue in the beginning of the present century—Vauxhall ditties, which invoked no higher criticism than that if the air was unmeaning, the words were still more so. The voice I knew well: years had not altered its thin, high, and wiry tones, which always suggested the idea that a much older person than the singer owned it.

Then succeeded one of those exquisite Irish melodies which charmed that generation alike at Court or in cottage. It was sung by a sweet, though by no means powerful male voice; but as I stole out on the landing to listen, its clear tender tones entranced me, and rooted me to the spot, till I was surprised in listening by one of the
maid-servants, who said the housekeeper, Mrs. Martin, had sent her to see if she could assist me in dressing for dinner. I asked the girl if she could tell me who the gentleman was who sang so charmingly.

"Oh! Miss," she said, "that's Mr. Moore, the little funny-ugly Irish gentleman. He dines here to-day—he often dines here: he's a very plain little gentleman; but he do sing lovely, that's for certain."

Was it possible!—and should I meet such society in my father's house—the author of poems which had entranced the heart and fancy of every school-girl of his day? And I had heard him sing one of his own soul-stirring songs, one of those ballads which were the very perfection of mournful sentiment—

"I saw thy form in youthful prime."

The very thought of meeting Thomas Moore terrified me against that other meeting I so dreaded—the one with my father and my stepmother. I strove to preach conventionality to myself, and began slowly to dress; which important business consisted in merely putting on a black crape frock, for I wore mourning for Miss Norman, with a few jet ornaments which had been my mother's, braid, bonnet, and veil. But the state of my blonde skin and fair hair, although it was made in that mode at which you, young lady with your crinoline and bodice, laugh now outrageously, as you view a plate of the fashions in your grandmother's pocket-book for 1813—scanty in the skirt, and short enough to allow a neat chaussure to be seen, with a waist quite under the arm; hair long and flowing, or often short and cropped close; or else dressed in those high-placed careless curls, which the artists of the time loved to portray in their female portraits.

I was busily rehearsing the mode in which I should enter the drawing-room, when my ideals were put to flight by Mrs. Martin herself knocking at my door, and informing me that Mr. Castlebrook desired to see me in the library. The housekeeper looked hot and flurried, and was, I fancied, a little cross at having to ascend so many stairs just when dinner was ready to be announced. Without noticing her curtness of speech, I begged her to tell me who occupied the apartments which in my poor mother's life-time had been set apart for her use and mine.

"Oh yes, Miss Castlebrook," she cried, when I had explained their locality, "they are now my lady's own bed-room, boudoir, and dressing room. I will show you them when my lady is out; but now I cannot stay; and excuse me, Miss. I'll just go and not keep Mr. Castlebrook waiting. He is very impatient." She preceded me down-stairs as she spoke, and even herself opened the library door for me.

How well I remembered my last interview there! Years had softened the memory of unkindness, in my heart, and I sprang forward to be welcomed by a father. Still cold as ice, Mr. Castlebrook rose, and overlooking the flailing kiss

I was prepared to offer, he formally shook hands with me, and in a ceremonious manner stated that he was glad to see me so much grown and altogether so much improved in appearance.

"I have sent for you, however, Isabella, before you enter the drawing-room, for you know that, although you can mix freely in the company you may happen to see at home, you can on no account be brought out into general society at present. Lady Laura will by no means undertake the chaperonage of one not more than five years her junior; besides, you are not old enough to go out; and moreover, we are a great deal at Carlton House, where it would not be etiquette to introduce you, not having been presented, which at present is a very unlikely event to occur. I am sorry to understand from my wife that at Miss Partridge's you did not treat her with the respect due to her rank. I trust you will, however, meet her now without any reference to past days, and that you will be of use in the house, saving Lady Laura all unnecessary fatigue; for her health is delicate, and she is universally sought in society. I regret to see you in mourning—for your governess I suppose. Well, black no doubt suits your complexion. When you want things to wear, I suppose you must come to me; but remember I am not a rich man, and the expenses of your education have been large. Miss Norman told me, in some of her proxy epistles, composed in the true governess style, that you are highly accomplished; I trust it may prove so. By the side of Lady Laura, I fear you will have little chance of shining: take my advice and don't attempt it. Keep in the background, as the girls of France do. They never let anyone hear the sound of their voices even till they are married; and then, by heaven, they make up for their previous silence!" muttered Mr. Castlebrook, in an audible stage aside.

This was certainly the longest speech ever addressed to me, and I fancied nearly the kindest; nevertheless, I had to subdue certain rising tendencies to choke, which effort almost brought tears into my eyes. Fortunately I conquered these indications of weakness, and assured my father that I did not wish to enter society at all, and that it was my earnest desire to live in peace with Lady Laura Castlebrook. He seemed better pleased with me when I said that, and offered to conduct me into the drawing-room, where company was assembled for that terrible half-hour before dinner which forms so great a trial to the timid and awkward.

I was glad enough to cling to the protection which ungraciously and unlavishly was offered me, and we ascended the staircase—I for the first time supported by a father's arm.

The room we entered was one blaze of light. I was too much confused to see anything plainly, except that several persons, chiefly gentlemen, were conversing together, and that I was first presented to some unknown lady who bent stilly towards me, and touched my hand
with a very chilly one of her own; and then to the company as "Miss Castlebrook, my daughter, just returned home from school."

I have written an "unknown lady," for that voluptuous form, those fully-developed features could not surely belong to the Lady Laura who three years ago had eloped with my father, and whose personal characteristics then, were slimness of person and excessive delicacy of features. But it was Lady Laura herself, not changed one whit in heart or mind; although, I should not easily have recognized my haughty school-fellow in the magnificent woman, to whose beauty the word "gorgeous" might have been applied without any impropriety of speech.

I hid myself, after this introduction, in the first corner I could espy. I had thought very well of my black crape, previously to entering that room; but now, contrasted with Lady Laura’s brilliant toilette, it seemed horribly plain and uplift to wear in such a presence, besides I had the singularity of wearing mourning when no other member of my family did so.

There were one or two ladies only, who seemed engaged in flirting vigorously; and while I watched that, to me, novel amusement of fashionable circle, I observed that a gentleman had seated himself close to me, and that he was engaged in examining my face.

"Which do you think," he said at last—and I started—"which do you think you shall like best—school, or fashionable life?"

I turned towards him. He was a very small person; but had, despite of features, plain certainly, almost to ugliness, a bright keen eye, and an intelligence in his face that quite diminished the effect ugliness usually has on the beholder. Intellect mastered every lineament, homely though the mould in which the face originally was cast.

My spirits revived. I was not naturally dull or slow, though I felt timidity for want of knowing much of the usages of society. I ventured to answer—

"I like at present reading Mr. Moore’s poems better than either."

I knew, by portraits I had seen, at once whom I was addressing; and the housemaid’s remarks had given me a further key to this knowledge. He laughed heartily, and seemed much amused at so miss-ish a compliment.

"Well done," he said, "for a beginner. I see flattery has not been neglected in your education."

Just then dinner was announced, and the company began to pair off. My new acquaintance offered to take his arm, and I took it gratefully; for I perceived at once that Lady Laura was resolved not to bestow any attention on me. I ventured no more compliments; but my companion not only riveted my attention, but attracted every one within hearing. He was sparkling and witty indeed, and caused the wit of others to flow spontaneously. Every one grew brilliant beneath the influence of such a star; and though I could only listen, I was quite sorry when Lady Laura gave the signal for the ladies to retire.

Mr. Moore shook hands with me kindly, as I left the room, wondering what I had best do, follow my step-mother, or go to my own room. I should have certainly preferred the latter course; but there were ladies to be amused. Lady Laura, who detested the society of her own sex, did not choose to be at that trouble. This appeared to her one of the legitimate duties I was to take off her hands. As we ascended the stairs, she addressed me for the first time.

"Miss Castlebrook, you will be good enough to favour us with your company in the drawing-room."

The request sounded so much more like a command than an entreaty, that I felt tempted to refuse; I remembered, however, that conciliation, not resistance, was my plan, and meekly followed the ladies.

Lady Laura yawned frequently. Her guests were neither Blues nor Court Belles; they were fashionable women, and nothing more; and I must say, there was considerable difficulty in keeping up any conversation with these ladies. "Yes, Miss Castlebrook both sings and plays," said Lady Laura, in reply to some observation of the honourable Mrs. Catherby. Of course that lady was instantly bound in common politeness to be inspired with a fervent desire to hear Miss Castlebrook do both.

I had a great dislike to play or sing to people whom I was perfectly sure had no inborn taste for music; however, I quietly went to the instrument and sang a simple ballad.

My audience thanked me and yawned.

I next sang an elaborate cavatina of Rossini’s, whose music was then in all its first freshness. As they understood neither the language nor appreciated the melody, these ladies went into raptures.

They were intreating that I would favour them again, when the door opened, and Mr. Thomas Moore entered. There was just enough of Anacreon Moore visible to have slightly increased his natural vivacity, and to render him embarrassingly complimentary to a novice like myself.

"Indeed, sir," I said, as he pressed me to sing, "I would far rather hear, and so I am sure would every one, one of those beautiful Irish songs to which I listened this morning."

He was just in the act of receiving a cup of coffee from Lady Laura’s hand, as I spoke. He put it down directly, and coming to the piano, he sat down and sung—

"Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

Although he regarded me so pointedly as to make me embarrassed while he sang, I have never yet heard that song so rendered since. No one, indeed, that I have since known, however celebrated, ever rivalled Moore in the wonderfully unaffected, yet deep expression and pathos with which he sang his simple ballads—ballads, which in these days of Verdi and noisy
instrumentation are disdained, in my opinion, simply because no one knows how to sing them. How, after hearing that, and other songs which followed from the same lips, Lady Laura could sit down to her harp, and give us a clapt-rap Vauxhall ditty, I do not know; but she did, and the complaisant poet vehemently applauded her shrill notes, and was clamorous for her ladyship again to oblige us; but the carriage of Mrs. Catherby was announced, and that lady and her daughter departed for a ball, a rout, or some other haunt of fashion.

Mr. Moore took out his watch.

"Does your ladyship go to Carlton House, this evening?" he asked.

"Of course," was the languid answer. "There is a petit souper to which the Prince made a point that we should go."

"I must then make my adieux. I have four other places to drop in at to night. Miss Castlebrook, I trust to be more particularly favoured some other happy evening. I see by your very eye you are a musician of no common order."

The poet shook hands and bowed himself out of the room. Did such heartless evenings, I wonder, endear more to him his cottage, his children, his simple loving Bessie? I believe they did; and that the draughts Thomas Moore sipped of town dissipation only made him better able to appreciate home love, and home happiness. I was left alone then with Lady Laura. She had grace to appear somewhat embarrassed.

"I must go and dress," she said, suddenly.

"Miss Castlebrook, will you touch the bell for Mrs. Martin. Do you wish for anything?"

"Nothing, Lady Laura," I replied, advancing towards her, "unless, as my father’s wife, you will vouchsafe me a little kindness."

She did not answer, and I took her hand.

"Ah!" I said, "I am still a school-girl, and you have grown into a woman, lovelier than I could have believed. If you could only try to like me!"

She said then, withdrawing her hand, that she hated scenes, and begged there might be none; that her nerves were highly delicate, and that her physician said they must not be tried; that she made it a rule to avoid emotion of any kind, and—she wished me good-night.

She left the room then; and taking a light, with a chilled heart I went to my own chamber, and, when the bustle of departure ended, tried to get some slumber, broken about five in the morning by Lady Laura’s return from the Royal supper.

A DANISH LEGEND.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"O Fisher, is my sight deceived? or can such marvels be? Methinks, within thy spreading net a woman’s form I see! She casts her suppliant eyes on me—her face is wondrous fair, And loosely flow the tresses of her shining, golden hair.

"She lifts her snowy arms on high—O Fisher, can it be? Can those white arms be bleeding from the wounds bestowed by thee? Repeat thee of thy cruel act, lay down thy gleaming knife, And give thy helpless prisoner her freedom and her life!"

"Lady, no woman ever met with harm or woe from me; I hold a Mermaid in my net, the terror of the sea. Oft has she raised her snowy arms above the briny waves, And drawn down hapless mariners to ocean’s hidden caves.

"Those mischief-working arms, that now I glory to deface, Shall never clasp a man again within their false embrace. Lady, you weep! she is not worth the pity you bestow: Soon shall I end her sufferings, and strike the final blow."

"Nay, Fisher! stay thy angry wrath; I pray thee let her live; Perchance ’tis just to punish, but ’tis noble to forgive; Quick penitence may follow on her peril and her pain; She will not lure the seaman by unholy arts again."

The Fisher trimmed his little boat, and rowed it out to sea, Unloosed the meshes of his net, and set his captive free.

Right glad was he to reach the shore: the waves were rising high, Loud blew the blast, and heavy clouds were looming in the sky.

The gracious lady who had wept to see the Mermaid’s thrall, How far more bitterly she weeps within her splendid hall! The husband whom she loves so well, where now, alas! is he? Contending with the dangers of the wild and foaming sea.

His bark, a toy for summer hours, how may it hope to brave The fury of the raving blast, and fiercely-surgeing wave? She kneels in prayer; her sinking heart by terror was oppressed, When, lo! she heard her husband’s voice: he clasped her to his breast.

"Sweet wife," he cried, "the tale I tell your wonder will demand: My bark was rent and shattered, and I strove to swim to land. My strength, ere long, deserted me; my limbs had feeble grown, When suddenly two snowy arms were softly round me thrown!"
Periwinkles.

They tenderly and carefully my fainting frame sustained, 
And gently urged me onward till the shore was safely gained: 
I marvel that their own power did give me aid; 
Those loving arms were dropping blood from gashes newly made!

"Thy rescuer," the lady cried, "is not to me unknown: 
List, while I tell thee a tale as wondrous as thine own." 
The happy husband listened, and rejoiced to owe his life 
To the heaven-directed action of his good and gentle wife.

From this wild and mystic legend a moral we may learn; 
Let it be treasured in your hearts, ye censors harsh and stern; 
Oh! let your rigid justice be with mercy duly blent, 
Give time to the transgressor to reform and to repent.

Thus, oft may humble penitents, when won to better ways, 
Sigh sorely o'er the evil that they wrought in former days, 
And gratefully acknowledge that the privilege is vast 
Of offering the Present, in atonement for the Past!

The deep booms smite the trembling air, 
Each throb proclaims the omen near, 
And faintly echoed from the front, 
I hear my gallant comrades cheer.

Wild joy of heroes marching on 
Through blood, their glorious land to free! 
I give to freedom here my life— 
But all my thoughts to thee!

And yet, beloved, I must not think 
What undreamed bliss may soon be mine; 
It would unman me in the work 
Of guarding well our country's shrine.

Here on this sword I write my truth; 
These words shall yet thy solace be, 
They'll tell how in this last fierce hour 
I gave my thoughts to thee.

Along the coast the holy morn 
Renews life's many cares and joys. 
This hour I hope some wish for me 
Thy pure and tender prayer employs, 
Another beauteous dawn of light 
These eyes, alas! may never see; 
But even dying, faint, and maimed, 
I still would think of thee.

And then in coming years that roll, 
When scenes of peace and brightness throng, 
And round each happy hour is twined 
The wreaths of friendship love, and song, 
Go to his grave whose heart was thine, 
And by that spot a mourner be— 
One tear for him thy loved and lost, 
Whose last thought clung to thee!

TRUE TO THE LAST.

Note.—"When St. Henri de Marley went into the battle at Solferino, he hastily pencilled, on the plating of his scabbard, the address of his lady-love, and the words: "In the face of death my thoughts are thine." He was killed; but his friend forwarded the sad memento of his constancy, as directed."—Bashleigh's Italian Notes.

The bugles blow the battle-call, 
And through the camp each stalwart band To-day its serried column forms, 
To fight for God and native land! 
Brave men are marching by my side, 
Our banners floating glad and free, 
But yet amid this brilliant scene I give my thoughts to thee!

The drums with wild and thunderous roll— 
The sights and sounds—all things that tend To kindle valour in the soul; 
These all are here—but in the maze 
Of squadrons moved with furious glee, 
Still true to every vow we made, 
I give my thoughts to thee.

PERIWINKLES.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The little river rustles through the reeds, 
Kissing the water-lilies, large and fair; 
While I lay level with the fragrant meads, 
Musing amid the soft and healing air.

Near was the homestead, breathing breath, which strove 
To curl through ancient swards in a row; 
The blue and tranquil heaven bent above, 
Traversed by fleecy clouds, as white as snow.

There was a second heaven in the lane, 
Whose hedgerow hid a garden, green and wild; 
For all along its narrow path a rain 
Of azure star-like Periwinkles smiled.

I blessed the morn, I blessed the tender blooms, 
I blessed the happy chance which bound me there; 
But chief, one moving 'mid the lights and glooms, 
Like young Aurora, with her sun-bright hair.

And still those azure blossoms softly rise 
Betwixt me and the night's star-flowery plain; 
Bringing in sight such lovely wistful eyes, 
And then I from my bosom draw again 
The quaint remembrance of a vanished hour, 
A slender ring, which Love has fashioned fair, 
Two golden bands holding a wide blue flower, 
Which hides a tiny plait of shining hair.
WAS LORD CHESTERFIELD A GENTLEMAN?

After mature deliberation, the answer is, No.
Little gains he who seeks to combat old prejus- 
dices or to eradicate received theories, no matter how erroneous. Some people so cling to olden beliefs, that it is like sundering their heart-strings to tear away a darling superstition. It is a notorious fact that reformers were ever an ill-treated body. Tell people the plain truth about the Roman general Belisarius—that he was not cruelly bereft of his precious eyesight and turned out on the highway to beg bitter bread, and they laugh you to scorn. Try to persuade them that Blue Beard was not the real tradition made him, but an unfortunate gentleman, a victim of the perfidy of woman-kind; and that the famous cat of Whittington was a humbug of the first water, and they eye you with an air of commiseration, as if mentally taking your measure for a strait-jacket. Woe betide the painter who should dare to repre- sent Othello as other than a coloured gentle-
man, although we have not a mite of evidence to prove that he was much less fair and bea-
teous than ourselves. Such profane heretic might run the risk of being belaboured with his own mah- stick. The truth of the matter is, that people love to be hoaxed. I myself know a person who has always cherished a holy horror of the mirthsome game of blind-man's buff, insisting that it had its origin in the awful scene in the palace of Caiphas. The same worthy persists in condemning the fashionable habit of kissing as fulsome hypocrisy, because Judas Iscariot made a kiss the signal of his fearful treachery. Without going so far as this friend, I assure you that participators in the latter Whimsy, although a labial salute is a decent token of re-
gard between relatives or highly-prized friends who rarely meet, it is, in every-day matter-of-
fashion intercourse, a habit silly, unseemly, and tiresome in the highest degree. The heathen custom of rubbing noses is by far a more sens-
sible operation. But the question with which we now have to do is—Was Chesterfield a gen-
tleman?
I am aware that it is venturing on delicate 
ground to dispute his sovereignty, for to esteem him as the ne plus ultra of elegance, courtesy, and refinement was long an established article of faith. From chivalry to chablon, to n可是 you have indulged in any daring sly vulgarity, such as conveying our fingers dripping with forbidden syrup to our expectant mouth, insinuating our pilfering fiching-nagging into the sugar-bowl, thrusting our noses into our tumblers when we drank, moving our lower jaws after the style of an Irish beggar-woman when we ate, tattooing on tables, slamming doors, and tilting chairs, and various other atrocities so dear to the hearts of the unsophisticated, have our souls been vexed within us at the sound of his reproofs, until we voted him a rusty old pedant.
No: the glamour is removed from our eyes; we see that Chesterfield was not a vagabond and pro-
fiteer and the finest and highest sense of the term. He was really a diplomatic trickster, whose code of honor was expediency—his chosen weapon, sophistry. Nowhere in the annals of literature is there to be found such a tissue of frivolity, per-
fibleness and systematic corruption as in the celebrated Letters to his son, Philip Stanhope, the one object on whom he bestowed the last grains of affection that lurked amid the cleft of his heart. Nor can any more striking commen-
tary on the rationale of his teachings be needed than their effect on that son's character; for the dissimulation which he was taught to use to-
wards others, he practised against his father; and not only failed to become the accomplished courtier anticipated, but also disappointed his most ambitious and fondest hopes, by secretly contracting a very undesirable marriage, to the ruin of his worldly prospects. Not only on his own, but on many succeeding generations, during which his authority was respected, the Earl of Chesterfield was of vast influence: much of his teaching was the most subtle poison to young minds. Eternity only can disclose the amount of evil wrought by such a specious and cruel demoralizer of his race. It seems as if Aaron Burr might have taken him for his model, although Chesterfield was far from attaining his altitude of influence. The stinging pen of Macaulay has done little to improve the character of his courtly contemporary: "He first established the paramount importance of the superficial, introduced a system of elegant hypocrisy, and became one of the earliest apes-
tes of that worldly creed which is founded on falsehood and dissimulation." In the preface to his famous Letters to his son, which was written probably by the unwelcome daughter-in-law, Eugenia Stanhope, there is a passage which, if it be not designed for exquisite irony, exhibits the most amusing simplicity: "His lordship ap-
ppears to have thought it the first and most indis-
pensable object, to lay, in the earliest period of life, a firm foundation in good principles and sound religion." This, of a man who, in the course of about six hundred letters to a boy beloved, never once mentions the Holy Scrip-
tures as a guide, or advises him to read them, or to offer up a single prayer to his Maker, seems to us the perfection of satire.

Against the divine art he manifested a petty dislike. Not being himself gifted with a faculty for music, the most exquisite could awaken no 
sympathetic throb in his dry, fossil soul; so, in sheer envy of the lovely and ennobling temper
it cultivated in its partisans, he pretended to treat it with a contempt which one can easily detect to be counterfeit. He even denied it its assured rank as a liberal art. However, young Philip must have betrayed some predilection for sweet harmony, for we find the gentle County making the following concession to his son's ignoble taste: "If you love music, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous, contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify more than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." And again: "No piping nor fiddling, I beseech you."

Many of the most illustrious men of all ages, the ornaments of the ages in which they figured, have been passionate lovers of music. The warrior has rushed into the fray with a song on his lips like the heart of flame Gustavius Adolphus. The poet has won his most brilliant inspirations through Milton's music, and listened to his organ; statesmen have sought to relieve the weariness of their duties through the instrumentality of its witching numbers; and monarchs have laid aside their crowns to bow reverentially before the irresistible majesty of the Spirit of Song. From the great minstrel-king of old dwelling the golden-haired nursing murmuring his cradle-lyre, music has been honored as a dispenser of its benignant influences, and has been among the celebrated solons of his school. Walpole, who was intellectually Chesterfield's master, strongly recommended the study of music as a preservative from vice and mental disquietude, and also as a fountain of unfailing delight. The admirable Sir Philip Sidney thus wrote to his brother Robert: "You, sweet brother, take a delight to keep and increase your music; you will not believe what a want I find of it in my melancholy times." Even Oliver Cromwell was so alive to the importance of music, that amid all his multifarious duties he took care that the music professor of Oxford College gave his regular music lectures. And yet, in face of all precedent, Chesterfield, a mere aspirant for a fleeting popularity, dared to employ his sacrilegious goose-quill in dispassage of a science which has been the glory of the world from the moment when "the morning stars sang together," and waked responsive echoes in the bosoms of our first parents, until the present time, which shall flourish in fresh vigour under the consummation of things terrestrial, and which shall endure throughout the ages of eternity. Those familiar with classic story may recall the case of the expiring malefactor, who was filled with envy because his fellow-criminal was crucified on a handsomer cross than his own. Of this exaggerated description was Chesterfield's envy of musical genius.

It is a fact not generally familiar with music-lovers, that the composer of some of our most excellent church-music, and also of many of the most charming glees and motets, was Garret Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, father of the great Duke of Wellington. The present Earl of Westmoreland, distinguished as a diplomatist and statesman, also holds a high rank as a musical author and liberal encourager of the art; and the late Prince Albert, the Admirable Crichton of royalty, whose memory is one of those that "smell sweet and blossom in the dust," possessed musical genius of fine order. But poor Chesterfield! Why evas they have to refute his calumny? His best diamons have, long since, turned out to be but paste.

It is a little curious that, while himself seeking to be esteemed as a successful man of letters, he should deny authorcraft to his son. But his warning him against learned company was only another phase of duplicity. He allows him sometimes to frequent such; but "do not," says he, "let it engross you; for, if you do, you will only be considered as one of the literati by profession, which is not the way either to rise or shine in the world." Cannot we detect a strain of disappointment in this? Nor do the virtuosi fare better. He charges Philip that there shall be "no days lost in reading ancient and imperceptible Intaglios and Cameos." While he contemptuously denominated all lovers of natural science as "the numerous and frivolous tribe of insect-mongers, shell-mongers, and pursuers and driers of butterflies, and so on—to the total discomfiture of Cuvier, Audubon, Humboldt, and Buffon," could there have been in his mind—"he was blind to the fact that he was himself the most petty of all trifle-mongers, placing more importance on the set of a lace-ruffle, the fashion of a shoe-buckle, or the fall of a curl, than on the most momentous question of time or eternity. He preferred a glittering coronet to a laurel crown—a ribbon decoration to the sweetest nosegay of violets that the stilling climate of a Court to the most magnificent of landscapes. The germ of his intellect seemed to be planted in his heels; the power of his soul was apparently bent on the achievement of the glorious and intellectual art of dancing; for, no matter what other subject he touched upon, he was sure to modulate back to this. And dancing, dancing, dancing forms the inevitable refrain of the paternal anthem. As if men are to whirl through life's probation in a series of frisks and pirouettes!

But while he debarred the hapless boy the enjoyment of nearly every refining and rational and intellectual recreation, repressing his youthful enthusiasm, and shutting him out from all sunny philosophy, to what did he direct his energies and attention? To the cultivation of principles of honour? to a pure patriotism? to a noble frankness? to religion? To no one of these. To the subtlest intrigue, to profound hypocrisy and deceit, and to such grovelling meaness as would put to the blush a hired spy, he chained his imaginative powers. Much of the knowledge systematically instilled into that plastic mind is too iniquitous for open criticism—it is the refinement of grossness. He dwells
on vice lovingly, ringing changes on every mode, especially the voluptuous Lydian. But here are a few of his instructions on business affairs:

"I should desire nothing better, in any negotiation, than to have to do with one of these men of warm, quick passions, which I would take care to set in motion. By artful provocations, I would extort rash and unguarded expressions; and, by hinting at all the several things that I could suspect, in all, discover the true one, by the alteration it may make in the countenance of the person." . . . "In business, you always play with sharper's, to whom, at least, you should give no fair advantages." All dissemblance he justifies on the plea that without it no business can be successfully prosecuted. In another letter he says: "There are many avenues to every man; and when you cannot get at him through the great, try the serpentinus ones, and you will arrive at last." The most pitiful of small rogues might shrink from such counsel abashed. But here is a nice little passage which might do credit to the arch-fiend himself. On the subject of the ruling passion, these are his directions: "Search every one of your acquaintances into the recesses of his heart, and observe the different workings of the same passion in different people. And when you have found out the prevailing passion of any man, remember never to trust him where that passion is concerned. Work upon him by it, if you please; but be upon your guard yourself and the true in whatever profession he may make you." The spirit of Jesuitry in the next passage is enlightening; for, mark you, while reading the countenance of another, you must take heed to mask your own. He says: "The height of abilities is, to have volo sciolto and pensieri stretto—that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior, with a prudent and reserved interior; to say your own meaning and yet, by a seeming natural openness, to put people off theirs."

Oft-repeated as are his injunctions relative to dancing-masters, fopgeries, company-keeping, and studies, not once, throughout the course of the huge correspondence, do we find an exhortation concerning the soul's dear immortal interests. There are no references to Scripture, no allusion to the adorable Redeemer. The supervision of the Creator and the existence of the eternal world are subjects politely ignored. But I mistake in saying not once; he does deign, on one occasion, to acknowledge a certain decency in religion, and thus regards the matter with his cool, polite eye: "I depend upon this truth, that every man is the worse looked upon, and the less trusted, for being thought to have no religion, in spite of all the pompous and specious epithets he may assume of esprit fort, free-thinker, or moral philosopher; and a wise atheist (if such a thing there is) would, for his own interest and character in the world, pretend to some religion." This is the sum total of his divinity teaching, except to press upon his pupil a hypocritical observance of any religious rites practised by the people among whom he might chance to be placed. Little mattered it to the unscrupulous courtier whether they were Mohammedans, Parsees, or Hindoos. As to meanness, is not the following vile sentiment its very quintessence? "Frequent those good houses where you have already a footing, and wriggle yourself, somehow or other, into every other." The knightly Chesterfield!

It was a favourite boast of his, that never, for a long course of years, had he either written or uttered a sentence without premeditation; and yet, Horace Walpole, with equal triumph, repeats, in one of his letters, some of his lordship's grammatical blunders and inelegancies. He cautioned his son against the use of slang, and yet employs some phrases himself which appear very much like it.

One of the most refreshing traits of his letters is the estimate he places on woman. Nothing could give a more graphic idea of the sort of female society he most frequented, than the following hints concerning the fair sex, with whom, nevertheless, the self-enamoured old exquisitesteemed himself to be a prodigious favourite. By way of a joke, we will have one of these passages: "Women, then, are only children of a large growth; and they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit; but for solid, reasoning good sense, I never knew in my life one that had it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together. . . . A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humours and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly child. He neither consults them about nor trusts them with serious matters, though he often makes them believe that he does both, which is the thing in the world that they are proud of; for they love mightily to be dabbling in business (which, by the way, they always spoil); and being justly distrustful that men in general took upon them, and yet, by a seeming confidence in their moral virtues, they almost adore that man who talks more seriously to them, and who seems to consult and trust them. I say, who seems; for weak men really do, but wise ones only seem to do it. No flattery is either too high or too low for them. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept of the lowest. But these are secrets which you must keep inviolably, if you would not, like Orpheus, be torn in pieces by the whole sex. . . . The innocent but pleasing flattery of their persons, however gross, is greedily swallowed and kindly digested; but a seeming regard for their understandings, a seeming care of and deference for their advice, together with a seeming confidence in their moral virtues, turns their heads entirely in your favour. Nothing shocks them so much as the least appearance of that contempt which they suspect men of entertaining of their capacities."

Now, we have about as much faith in the sincerity of this contempt as we have in the genuine humanity of Sterne, who lavished his impassioned eloquence on a donkey, while he broke the heart of an amiable wife. It is, moreover, a piece of consummate hypocrisy, for it was the
pride of his life to obtain the notice of a virtuous, sensible woman, and to be honoured with her company. Does any man now entertain these opinions sincerely? Perhaps. So much the worse for him. They are the result of Tagam from inability to recommend himself to women; no successful man ever abused the sex. No greater affront can be offered to a sensible woman than a dose of indiscriminating flattery; it is only the tribute of very weak minds, or of inexperienced lads, who vainly hope by such means to render their society endurable.

"Witty, prodigal, and thin," the prince of petit-maitre graces was destitute of any valuable moral qualities; while of personal beauty he was a very scanty possessor. Superficial, frivolous, artificial, sceptical, and cold-blooded, he insinuated himself through the crowd, obtaining, for the time being, an ascendency over those of his fellows who were either too suspicious to apprehend evil, too dependent on his offices to resent his caprice, or were inferior to him in mental calibre and Jesuitry. Wrapped up in intense egotism, he pursued his tortuous path, secretly scorning sympathy with joys or sorrows. A cunning adept in the art of plausible flatteries he assuredly was; but one word of love is very respectful from him, infinitely more than his most insinuated compliments. One of his sentences expresses volumes as to his grim, sardonic nature. It is to charge Philip that he must not be guilty of the sad vulgarity of laughter: "I am sure that, since I had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever read a laugh, if you ever remark, pleasant reader, that a knave or plotter never gives a good, hearty, honest, genial laugh? It is a fact. He was a connoisseur of purity, a scoffer at real religion; and, although his talent for intrigue gained him an official appointment where such capacity was of value, and a certain position wherein he could breathe the cowed atmosphere of royal courts, yet he was never, by his sovereign, considered as a man of sterling merit, or one in whom implicit reliance could be placed. He was a loveless, heartless husband, almost repudiating the ill-starred lady whom, for a number of years, he had pursued for her supposititious fortune, and an unbeneficed father to his only child. But after all his solicitude for this darling son, he was a miserable parent; for Philip, his hoped-for prop, died before him, leaving him to creep solitarily to an unlanded grave, haunted by gloomy retrospections, destitute of all capability to enjoy the present, and with no bright hope in the future. When near the close of his career, we find him, in the following writing to an acquaintance: "I often wish for the end of the wretched remnant of my life:" it sounds like a wall of misery.

If we regard Chesterfield as the exemplar of a false school of politeness, whom shall we rely upon as a true model? The Apostle Paul, I think, is very respectable and worthy of the matter; he was a perfect gentleman. His exhortation, "Let each esteem others better than himself," contains the very soul, kernel, marrow, essence of polished breeding. His apology to Agrippa is a masterpiece of courtly elegance. Scripture is the right text-book of etiquette; it abounds in instances of beautiful courtesy, cordiality, and gentle graces. Aside from its divine teachings, the sermon on the Mount incubulates more genuine politeness than all the books and treatises on the subject ever written. It is as difficult to trace the dividing line between courtesy and discourtesy as it is to define the shades of twilight as they gradually deep into night. While the thousand bienvenues of social intercourse are nearly as impalpable as the tints of the rainbow, or the floating perfume of flowers, they are, at the same time, fully as perceptible. An insult may be breathed out in the most silvery of tones, and an ardent vow of love growled in a voice that would shame a bear. Real politeness does not require in its possession any dazzling qualities; it springs from kindness of heart, and delicate consideration for the feelings of others, whether gentle or simple. A native-born gentleman would not wilfully wound the self-respect of a beggar. There is a pretty anecdote told of the Rev. John Wesley. He was informed that, in a certain school attached to one of his congregations, there was some trouble with the children, because that the aristocracy, who sported shoes and stockings, mocked at those of their poorer companions, who were restricted to nature's covering only. The next day the whole assembly ofurchins were electrified at beholding Mr. Wesley enter the school-room in his bare feet, and walk composedly to the teacher's desk. Not a word was spoken on the subject; but the bare feet were jubilant, and eyed their foes with so much triumph that they were fain to hide their abashed pedals.

Excess of ceremony is the excrescence of ill-breeding. The most graceful and gracious hostess is she who the soonest sets her guests at ease. The politeness of some people is oppressive; they weary you with their bowing, scraping, and genuflexions; and their pertinacity in extorting attentions is equally irksome. While in their presence, it is utterly impossible to either sit, stand, or speak with naturalness, and you quit it exhausted, and flee to a genial friend who permits you to riot in luxurious abandonment of all stiff conventionalities. Away with strait-laced gentility! The punctilio of one of these prim gentry is so nice that, were he drowning, he would almost object to be rescued from death before he had been formally introduced to his deliverer. A man may display a visage dressed in stereotype smiles, may sport a mantle formed of scraps from the robes of all the nine Muses, and may have every muscle trained to supply curves, and yet be only a coarse vulgarian; for the same worthy may stalk through society, trampling down every little flower of sentiment and delicacy, bestowing a kick here and a cuff there, and sneering at the beneficent amenities of life which impart the sweetness to its oft-whiles
bitter cup. Of such beings Sidney Smith says: "A hard person thinks he has done enough if he has satisfied all of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good-humour and volubility, and with a total inattention to their individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the marks of his hoofs upon your heart. Analyze the conversation of a well-bred man who is clear of the besetting sin of hardness; it is a perpetual homage of polite good-nature." Such a hard person will boast, with a robustious roar, of his own fine health to a poor trembling valetudinarian; toss his own hyacinthe locks in the eyes of his bald-pated neighbour; flourish his fat rent-roll under the very nose of his sorely struggling friend with but a small family; and, if of the gender feminine, make allusions to her diamonds and other fineries in presence of her impoverished betters. One adorned with gentle instincts will, on the contrary, aver or withdraw his eyes from a deformity or infirmity. To notice it with pity might be offensive; with ridicule, would certainly be unfriendly. He will, however, if it be necessary, gladly offer his aid to the same unfortunate. I hope it is doing no injustice to the stately earl, to doubt if he would have helped a poor old woman through a dangerous thoroughfare, or have stopped to pick up the crutch of a cripple; and yet such acts are more often than not the gentleness displayed than handing a belle her fan, or gliding through the intricacies of a minuet.

How uncomfortable is a prim old formalist, who, enounced in severe rectangularity on his chair of censure, eyes your every pose, weighs your words, and criticises even the set of your knuckles! While you, acutely suffering victim! paw your hat or pamper your reflection, well-nigh twist yourself into a corkscrew. Wondrous is the fascination of gentle breeding! The true gentleman, on the other hand, has an intuitive sense of the best manner of treating diverse natures and dispositions. The timid and bashful he greets with familiar cordiality; and the too forward and arrogant with a dignity and lofty reserve that keeps them in their proper places. Base adulation to superiors, and base rudeness to inferiors, are alike banished from his code of social laws. In his presence are seen no bristling manes, are heard no muttered growls of irritation. The secret is, he knows how to rub human nature down the way of the grain. No cold look of his ever froze the dews of a sensitive spirit; no haughty repulse ever stung modest merit to the quick. The gallant knight, Sir Roger de Coverley, has become a synonym of generous courtesy; and by a study of his character in the Spectator, we shall find all benevolence of heart was the soil, whence sprang all the delightful fruits and flowers that embellished his actions.

Chesterfield's politeness was the perfection of aesthetic artificiality; it could not be said to be the spontaneous growth of charity and honour. It was selfish, designing, and dissembling. Testing it by sincerity, a country urchin making his manners to a wayside traveller, or a peasant zealously pulling the long wad of company scrape of the leg to his squire, manifested more true courtesy than the bedizened courtier doing obeisance before the throne. Beyond a question, Chesterfield would rather have detected his beloved boy in cheating the king out of a thousand crowns at cards, than have beheld him appear in presence of the monarch with sufficed combric or unkempt periwig. With him, apparently, inserting your knife between your fellow-mortals' ribs, would be a trifle compared with putting the same instrument into your own mouth at table; and entering a room awkwardly, a more flagrant offence than a grave infringement of the moral law.

But amid all his evil maxims, it must not be denied that the sagacious Earl mixes up a few wholesome ones on the duty of pleasing, even though they savour of mere worldly wisdom. He enforces, as a fine art, an outward attention to our neighbours' comfort, and a civil conformity to the habits of the company we frequent. He banishes wrangling; so, if we choose to nourish heartburnings, they must smoulder away without ruth to our associates. Against one thing he especially cautions Philip, and that is, a distrait and inattentive manner. To a speaker, the limbless air, lack lustre eye, and closed lids are true gentleness, rather than handing a belle her fan, or gliding through the intricacies of a minuet.

There is a capital story told of a certain clergyman who punished his audience well for this sin. One hot summer day, he found, on concluding a long discourse, that half of his congregation were just awaking from sleep; so he quietly said: "My friends, this sermon cost me a good deal of labour; yet don't seem to have paid much attention to it; I think I will go over it again." And go over it he did, from exordium to application. But what a dangerous precedent! A polite person will give his whole attention to the one addressing him, feeling that, even though he be of the proey, drooping order, there is no lawful mode of release, save by an escape from the room.

There is a little crime against the magnanimity of politeness, to which some people are peculiarly addicted. Shakespeare terms it, "damning with faint praise." It is an ugly and grievous sin, and none the less so because it may be, and indeed usually is, accompanied by honeyed smiles and an enchanting air. It is like a sharp dagger wreathed with flowers; and well aware are most of its wielders of its prowess. The infringers of this branch of the law of kindness—they are generally aspiring parvenues—deal largely in qualifying phrases, such as "It," and "but," and "oh," and "ah," and cultivates a commiserating inflection of voice, and bestows their congratulations with an air of approval that is madly exasperating to those whom they imagine they patronize. Musicians and artists generally are the pet victims of this rudeness; and often do the insulted tribe join in a chorus
of indignation at these mosquitoes of society, and bitterly bewail the narrow limits of the death-penalty. The most perfectly well-bred men have ever been distinguished for a quiet serenity of demeanour, for an exquisite tact in smoothness and frankness, and their very talent for reviving a strain to tranquil peace jarring elements. When a person of antagonistic nature has ruffled the feathers of his soul into wild confusion, and rasper upon the nerves until they quiver with irritation, the influence of a real gentleman is like a reviving breeze from the south, or a symphony from an orchestra of song-birds. His presence is a burst of sunshine, and in the warmth of his beams, frowns vanish, and asperities dissolve into smiles. True courtesy never deals out the stabs that are so often aimed at our weak points, and which cause us fairly to writh with agony. In a thousand petty ways the feelings may be outraged; it is wonderful to see how pitiful a grievance may suffice to render us miserable for a whole day. Some people seem to be endowed with natures like Spanish flies—wherever they touch they leave a blister. I once knew a woman who kept the soul of an unoffending housemaid on a continual rack, by a disdainful way she had of drawing her dress carefully around her whenever the poor girl passed, as if dreading contamination. This shocking creature, who, for her characteristics mental and personal, was dubbed the Ogress, had so many ways tending to exasperate, that time would fail to recount them. There is a Mephistophelian genius, being able to untwine a string after string of the soul’s harp, until, in lieu of dulce harmonies, it yields but a jargon of discords.

There is a beautiful spirit of courtesy in the injunction of the Apostle Paul to “Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep;” it makes a cordial sympathy in joy and sorrow the spur of all politeness. The French custom of uncovering the head during the passing of a funeral along the street, is decorous and affecting; for death is a monarch to whom all alike must do homage. To hold an umbrella over a duck in the rain, has been defined as the height of superfluous politeness; the antithesis would be the wanton ill-treatment of the same bird, or any other helpless fellow-creature. A person capable of gratuitous cruelty to an inferior animal is not only destitute of Christian feeling, but is a murderer at heart, and only restrained by fear from exercising his wicked propensities on his equals. Nemesis, sharp old lady! has her falcon eye always on such varied. An illustration of the certainty of her retribution, I will relate: One winter day, when the pavements were covered with ice, a relative of mine saw a man rush out of a house in a furious passion, and, having no other object on which to vent his rage, he made a kick at an innocent dog that chanced to be in the way. But, as it chanced to be on record, the impact was too great and the ice too slippery, and he fell to the ground with a crash that amply avenged the poor howling quadruped.

Dr. Johnson wrote an elaborate essay on politeness, in which he discourses with unction and ponderous logic on the bounden duty of every one to season his speech with suavity and deference. But, alas! for the difference between practice and precept! The old boy himself had a trick of shooting out at his antagonist in argument, after the fashion of an offended porcupine, making nothing of roaring, “You lie, sir!” or (when worsted), “You don’t understand the question, sir!”

The homely stanza so long in favour with our good fore-mothers, is a summary of all the saintly and sweet charities. You will not object, honest reader, to hear again:

“Be you to others kind and true,
As you’d have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate’er you would not take again.”

It may be objected that these are mere truisms. Well, and so they are; that very fact clothes them with a sublime novelty. For, grievous to have to confess, the creed of the present time vividly illustrates the whimsical sophism of Charles Lamb, that truth is precious and not to be wasted on everybody. Lord Bacon beautifully observes: “If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.” After all, the true harmonizer of the manifold dissonances of life is a spirit of love and peace. In the presence of one whom he entirely reverences, the veriest boor can scarcely behave with impropriety. Cases are by no means rare where savage natures have been wed into meek timidity before a simple maiden. In his charming fable of Una and the Lion, Spenser exclaims:

“Oh! how can Beauty master the most strong?”

The most flinty-souled mortals may be beguiled by the winning ministries of love; and many a tough heart has been coaxed from its owner by a bright glance or bewildering grace. Sometimes, when brought into contact with vulgar souls, it is a difficult task to retain one’s equanimity. Often have I laughed at the mournful requital of his politeness which was the fate of an acquaintance, who justly plummed himself on being an exquisite of the finest water. He stooped on a celebrated promenade to pick up a beautiful handkerchief, intending to restore it to its owner, an elegantly attired damsel who swam along a few paces in front of him; when, just as he grasped it within his delicate digits, the fair one rushed back, and bringing her foot down upon it with a stamp, exclaimed in shrill tones: “Let that alone—it’s mine!”

Everyone is familiar with the gallant extravagance of Sir Walter Raleigh, who spread his superb mantle in the mire of the street to afford a dry passage for the splendour-loving Elizabeth; but it was only the trick of a rising courtier—
Saint Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar was a far nobler act. Who can read without a thrill of admiration the story about King David, in the Book of Chronicles, where, with holy self-denial, he poured out to the Lord the cup of precious water procured for him at the life-peril of his brave soldiers, saying: "My God forbid it me, that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy?" It was the impulse of a God-made gentleman. Self-abnegation is the most exalted rank of courtesy. That is a beautiful incident in the death-scene of the flower of chivalry, Sidney, who, when nearly fainting with the anguish of his mortal wound, relinquished from his fevered lips the unquenched draught of water, and presented it to a poor soldier who eyed it wistfully, with the remark: "Take it, friend; thy necessity is yet greater than mine." Such actions glorify our common humanity; they exalt men to saintly heroes. Madame Roland afforded an instance of generous magnanimity, in waiving the indulgence granted to her sex of being guillotined before the male victims, in favour of a trembling old man, her fellow-sufferer, whom the sight of her flowing blood would have totally unnerved.

But, without alluding to illustrious instances of courtesy, life has always abounded with lesser exemplifications of politeness. George the Fourth, with all his sins, was rightly esteemed to be one of the most polished gentleman in England, and indeed deserved the title of "Gentleman George." He once administered a delicate rebuke to some of his haughty suite, after this wise: "While his Majesty was yet Prince of Wales, he honoured a tea-table by his presence, where there happened to be some young ladies not deeply versed in the code of etiquette. These innocent creatures, in the simplicity of their hearts, never dreamed there was any dire enormity in pouring their tea into their saucer to cool. A titter ran round the table among the polite guests; but the Prince observing it, and the occasion, to relieve the embarrassment of the young ladies, he poured his own tea into his saucer." The same monarch returned the salute of a chimney-sweep, at the same time remarking to his amazed attendant: "Would you have me to be less polite than my poorest subject?"

Who ever heard of a more felicitous way of setting an awkward fellow at his ease than the following? It is related in "Lear's Journal of a Landscape Painter," and the hero was the postmaster of Pella, the birthplace of Alexander the Great. Mr. Lear says that, as he was partaking with the worthy official of a parting cup of coffee, he had the misfortune to put his foot on a valuable pipe-bowl. Crash went the bowl, but unmoved sat the Mohammedan. Overwhelmed with regret, Mr. Lear attempted to apologize. "The breaking of the pipe-bowl," said the postmaster, "would, indeed, under ordinary circumstances, be disagreeable; but, in a friend, every action has its charms. There was a delightful companion for you. Tread on the gouty toe of one of his kind, and, although well-nigh dancing with anguish, he will smile a mournful apology, as if he were the errant party.

But for the strongest instance of politeness on record, commend me to Caesar—the mighty conqueror Caesar—who was so distinguished for his refined breeding and courteous demeanour, that anecdotes illustrative thereof were current in Rome for generations. Happening, on a certain occasion, to dine at a table of one of his nobles where the servants had inadvertently, instead of salad oil, served rancid lamp-oil, Caesar would not permit any of the company to point out the mistake to his host, lest he might be shocked by learning of the blunder. For a man of taste, we call that a splendid act.

There is something grimly ludicrous in the ceremony observed by a dying nobleman, as related by Mr. Dutens: "The Duke of Crillon was at Avignon at the period when the Duke of Ormond died there; and having entered his chamber at the very moment when the latter was dying, he had nearly been a witness to a remarkable scene which had just taken place between the expiring nobleman, who was a true pattern of politeness, and a German Baron, also one of the most polite men of his country. The Duke, feeling himself dying, desired to be conveyed to his arm-chair; when, turning toward the baron, "Excuse me, sir," said he, "if I should make some grimaces in your presence, for my physician tells me that I am at the point of death." "Ah! my Lord Duke," replied the baron, "I beg that you will not put yourself under any constraint on my account."

To Chesterfield's dying expression, so emblematic of the man, "Give Dayroles a chair," we will not presume to take exception; an eccentric saint might show a similar attention to his friend.

A final farewell to thee, then, grand master of specious politeness! Thy sceptre is broken, thy rule is over, save with a few antiquated beaux who still glory in inhaling snuff with a Chesterfieldian air, and in executing Chesterfieldian bows with an exertion that sets all their old joints a-creaking. The illumination of a better day has dawned upon us, in the light of which thine affectations vanish. So, most gallant Earl, once more, farewell!
THE OLD BROOK FARM.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWSENDE.

She sat in the south room before her small spinning-wheel; for the time of which I write was in the opening of the nineteenth century, and the aesthetic element occupied a comparatively inconspicuous position in the education of the daughters of Puritan men and women. Pianos had not supplanted the accomplishment of pudding-making, and crinoline did not stand in the way of cheese-pressing or churning. It was a large cool room, and its two side-windows looked out on a pleasant reach of pasture-land, and beyond this to a grove of pines, rocking to and fro to the slow soft music of the winds; and still beyond these to the sea, stretching away and joining the horizon, blue and bright and tranquil as though no tempest had ever walked over its face in darkness and anguish and wrath. You would hear from those south windows the soft playful dash of the waves on the sands, which mingled pleasantly with the sluggish wind in the pines, and the robin's song in the great, rambling old apple-tree, whose every bough was fluted and spangled with blossom; for it was in the last days of May—the earth had put on her garments of praise.

So Charity Ames sat there, with the sweet spring winds and the pleasant sunshine slipping through the south windows, with snatches of low psalm-tunes fluttering out of her lips, and faltering back and forth in the air, a picture to gladden the eyes of many a man, in her dress of homespun plaid, with the small white ruffle about her neck; and her sleeves tucked up a little above the wrist, with just the daintiest intention of her round plump arms.

She was not beautiful, Charity Ames, but she was little, dainty, plump—well-proportioned, with soft full outlines, and cheeks where roses were going in and out, and blue eyes with a dimple of sunshine in them.

She was the daughter of a New England farmer; a man whose sole earthly possession was his little yellow-brown cottage, and the few acres of land around it. His health had been broken many years before in the wars, for he had served in almost every important engagement. He was a staunch patriot—a deacon in the "stone meeting-house;" an honest, conscientious, God-serving man. Of his family only three remained—Charity and her young brothers; for his wife and his four children, he humbly trusted, were in heaven.

Charity was the light of her father's eyes; she was like a spring bird in that little brown homestead; always full of smiles and snatches of song, and pretty, graceful household ways; for the whole domestic charge had fallen on her since her mother's death, six years before. Charity was twenty-two. Of course she had not blossomed into all these years without having her share of admirers; and at singing-schools, and quiltings, and apple-bees, that bright, sweet, vivid face flashed in and out among the rustic beaux and maidens; but the fragrance and beauty of its life were still kept to gladden the old yellow-brown house on the Woodford turnpike.

But that afternoon, while the snatches of old church-airs and the drone of the spinning-wheel were woven into each other like a bright woof and a grey warp, there went on in the breast of Charity Ames a good deal of serious doubt, somewhat after this fashion:

"It isn't an offer to be snuffed at, now. And to think I might really be Squire Hemingway's lady, and live in the great white house on the hill, with all those elegant carpets and mahogany furniture! Then I'd have a carriage to ride in; and he so grand. And, what is more than all the rest, father is growing old, and giving out all the time, and I could be such a comfort and help to him; and send Joseph to school, for that boy was cut out for a parson or a lawyer, or somethin' more 'n common folks; and I'd contrive some way to pay up the mortgage on the land without hurtin' father's feelin's, and set his mind at ease, now he's fallen into his seventies. The Squire's almost fifty, it's true; but he's a handsome man, though his hair's got a good deal gray; and he has a little pompous way, but I s'pose it's natural. Mrs. Squire Hemingway! That sounds well. And how everybody would open their eyes; but dear me!"

Something strong and authenticoop beyond that "dear me!" for it crept out of the girl's lips with a deep sigh, and the roses hurried into her cheeks, and a sudden impetus seized the wheel, and the small feet did double duty on the treadle.

Just at that moment the small brown wicket opened, and a pair of feet came softly through the thick grass, and round by the side of the house—so softly that Charity Ames did not hear them, until she looked up suddenly, and saw a somewhat slender figure, and a fine, honest, sun-browned face standing in the door.

"Good afternoon, Miss Charity." The tones were clear, brave, pleasant; somehow they suited the face.

The girl's head bridled a little. She had one of those heads that are never still, that are always restlessly swaying and fluttering about like leaves in sleepy winds.
“Good afternoon; won’t you walk in, Mr. Taylor?” The voice was soft and steady enough, and so was Charity’s face, for she was much engrossed in knitting a “ hatred” of flax to the distaff, with fingers not quite so steady as the voice and face.

“Thank you; I can’t stay to sit down,” answered the young man, as he crossed the door; “but Miss Parsons wanted me to step in, on my way to the mill, and see if you’d have her cheery ready this week.”

“Oh yes! I shall take it out of the press to-morrow.”

The errand was accomplished, but somehow the young man lingered; and finally walked to the window a little awkwardly, and broke one of the lilac boughs from the trees, though the small blossoms had scarcely begun to tuft it.

“What a pleasant view you have from this south window!” continued the visitor, looking out to the grove of pines, and off to the sea.

“Yes; I always bring my spinning here in the pleasant days.”

This time the girl looked up and smiled a sweet smile, but had done the heart of any man good, but that did more than this to Reuben Taylor, who would have laid down his life for Charity Ames.

He drew a little nearer the girl. “The singin’-school’s goin’ to have a sail down to Rocky Beach, as soon as the moon gets large enough, which will happen by the last of next week; I should like to engage your company—if it’s agreeable.” The speaker caught his breath a little at these last words; but he got bravely through them, after all.

The spinning-wheel suddenly paused in its revolutions. Charity tapped the board meditatively with her foot. “I am much obliged to you, Mr. Taylor, and if I can be spared—”

She looked so sweet, gazing out with a lady-like self-possession at the distant sea, as composed as the sun on the carpet, though there were quick swellings and ebblings in the heart under that plaid dress; she looked so sweet, that the bashful soul of Reuben Taylor was stirred within him, and before he knew it he had laid his hand on her shoulder, and broken out into an entreaty. “Oh come now, Charity; do say you’ll go!” The words were not much, but the tones were.

The roses hurried into the girl’s cheeks’ now, and she made a half-coquettish movement backward, but the answer came pretty readily—“Well, I’ll go if I can, Mr. Taylor.”

The young man’s deep brown eyes flashed with pleasure. “Thank you, Charity. Truly I wish you’d call me Reuben, as you used to when we went to the old red school-house on the green.”

“Why, we’ve grown older since then, you know”—making tactless investigations of her flax.

“Yes, I know; but somehow you’ll never seem anything to me but little Charity Ames.”

There was no mistaking the quiver in the voice now, no mistaking the blush in Charity’s face either; but it fell back in a moment, and an arch light supplanted it, leaping up from her lips into her eyes, and she looked up with that little jingling laugh of hers. “And you will never seem to me anything but just the provoking, tormenting little rascal you used to be, Reuben Taylor!”

The young man laughed heartily at this very uncertain compliment; and, after chatting a few moments more in the same strain, he put on his straw hat, bade Charity “Good afternoon” and got as far as the door, when he turned quickly back, with a face struck into sudden seriousness. “Charity, it is not true that you are goin’ to marry Squire Hemingway, as the neighbours say?”

Poor Charity! the hot flushes came and went in her cheeks. She opened her lips to speak, but something rose up in her throat, and beat the words back, and at last she broke down in a sob. “I shouldn’t think you’d come here to insult me, Reuben Taylor!”

The young farmer was distressed beyond measure, especially as Charity buried her face in her little brown, dimpled hands, and continued to sob as though her feelings were aggrieved beyond measure. Reuben leaned over the girl, and laid his hand on the smooth, shining brown hair.

“Charity, won’t you forgive me for asking that question? You know why I did it.”

“No, I don’t, I sha’n’t”—sobbing and keeping her face in her hands.

“Look up, then, and see.” There was something in the tones that would be likely to secure compliance.

Charity Ames did lift up her flushed, tear-stained face, and Reuben took her hands in his, and said, looking straight into her eyes, but with the muscles working about his mouth: “I asked you, Charity Ames, because I loved you better than my own life, and because my happiness for all time was bound up in your answer.”

There was a mixture of tenderness and manly dignity in the young man’s manner at this moment which no person could have been insensible to; his face was very pale with the struggle which it cost his brave heart to make this confession, but every feature was struck through with a light that made it beautiful. Charity’s eyes did not drop until he concluded; there was something in that face which magnetized her gaze to it.

“O Reuben!”—the voice and the gaze fell together, but there was that in both which Reuben Taylor understood.

He bent down by her, for she was crying now, but very softly. “I never meant to tell you this, Charity—though I’ve carried the knowledge in my heart for half-a-dozen years—until I had a home to offer you which should be worthy of you. But the truth has got out now, and there’s no taking it back. It seems wrong to ask you to wait so long; but you know how it is—there’s mother and Amy that
I've got to look out for, and it's slow work pullin' up hill; but the thought of you'll make my heart brave and my hands strong, and please God, I'll have a nest warmly lined for my singin'-bird yet. Will you wait, Charity, little Charity?"

There was such tenderness flickering in and out of her name—it had never sounded half so sweet to her before; and the woman's heart leaped out, and engulfed in one mighty wave all the girl's simplicity, and childlike, and pure, and true.

"Yes, Reuben. I will wait for you with a heart as brave and as patient as yours, no matter how long the time is."

You should have seen her face then; it looked to Reuben like the face of an angel, with the tears held in check in the blue eyes, and the light of beauty brooding on them, as it pierced her over vapours at sunrise. So they sat together in their first dream of love, and talked hopefully of the future—Reuben Taylor and Charity Ames. And the soft wind hummed and tossed the apple-blossoms, and sighed and quivered among the pines, and the slow sound, of the waves on the beach, through the south windows which looked out on the sea.

At last there was a little click of the back gate latch, and Charity gathered away her hands quickly from Reuben's, and the colour deepened in her cheeks.

"Oh Reuben! that's Joe comin' from school."

And this remark aroused the young farmer to the consciousness that it was nearly two hours of sundown, and the mill was three miles off, and if he got the two bags of corn ground that day which were now lying at the bottom of the old farm-cart it wouldn't do to let the grass grow under his horses' feet.

Charity stood at the window and watched her away, and as she went down to the gate, and O how small to the heart of the true, loving woman looked Squire Hemingway's great house on the hill, with its handsome carpets, and its rich, old-fashioned furniture, and the new family-carriage, and the fiery black horses!

Reuben Taylor and she had been playmates from their early childhood, for their families were neighbours. The first morning she went to school she had been placed under Reuben's especial charge, and from that time the boy seemed to feel that "little Charity Ames" had large claims on his good offices. He brought her the first ripe berries in summer and the early snows in winter; and so their lives grew and blossomed into youth and maidenhood in the quiet little village which sat between the hills and the sea.

Then a terrible blow fell upon the house of Reuben Taylor. A neighbour of his father's, a hard-grying man, rich in land and pastures, discovered a flaw in the title-deed which had given the old "Brook property" to the Taylors for three-quarters of a century. Farmer Taylor was a plain, honest, industrious man, though by no means an acute business one; and this late discovery of a flaw in the title-deed of the old homestead which had been his father's, and his father's before him, fell with crushing force on his spirits; and strong, and please God, I'll have a nest warmly lined for my singin'-bird yet. Will you wait, Charity, little Charity?"

The matter was sharply contested in law. Public sympathy was of course entirely with the Taylors, but that did not help the decision being rendered against them. The excitement and suffering which he had undergone threw Farmer Taylor into a fever, from which he never recovered. Reuben was at that time only sixteen years of age, a bright, intelligent, industrious boy. His mother was a shrinking, fragile woman; and Amy, his sister, was not yet in her tenth year. The family were obliged to leave the old homestead, which almost broke Mrs. Taylor's heart. She had held in her own right a few acres of wood and pasture land; and this, with the help of the doubly-stricken family had to depend upon for their subsistence. But the boy was brave and energetic, and there were many disposed, for his father's sake, to employ him. And as he grew older the pasture lands were converted into thriving wheat-fields, and Reuben commenced farming on a small scale for himself.

But it was hard, slow work, though the sweet face of Charity Ames, now blossomed into early womanhood, extending afar off on the mountains of his future, seemed to lend new strength to his energies, new courage to his heart. But Reuben kept his secret as a girl would hers, and only occasionally escorted Charity home from meeting or singing-school. He never by a word or look signified to the girl of his love what lay so deep and tender in his heart; but Charity was a woman, and guessed it.

"Oh, I am so glad, Reuben! You must go right off with me."

"Go where, Pussy?" And he caught the child in his arms as she sprang towards him. She was a pretty creature, Amy Taylor, just in her twelfth summer, with brown hair, with a flicker of gold in it, and eyes like Reuben's, and cheeks and lips like clover-blossoms.

"Oh, just over to the store! Mr. Mathews said he should get back from town before sundown, and he'll bring the new calico dress mother's got for me."

"Wait until after tea. I've been pullin' stumps all-day."

"Oh, I can't, Reuben!" shaking her head around, so that the touch of gold struck out vividly; "besides, it will be too late to see the dress to-night, for Mr. Mathews shuts up at dark."

"I'm afraid, daughter, that supper'll grow cold afore you can go there and back," interposed the voice of Mrs. Taylor, as she broke several freshly-laid eggs into a basin.

"No it won't, mother: Dobbin can go fast, and get back in half-an-hour."

Amy ran up to her mother, and wound her arms about her neck in a way that was irresistible. It was quite evident she was a spoiled child.

"Get your bonnet in a hurry, then!" ex-
claimed Reuben, as he took down his coat from the peg on which it was hanging. "I reckon you wouldn't feel quite so set on a ride if you'd been pullin' stumps and buildin' stone-fences to-day, as his old enemy at last lay at his feet. And then through the feeling crept the solemn words of the prayer which his mother taught him—before he could remember, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"Don't go with her, Reuben," said Mrs. Taylor, in an undertone. She was a little, pale-faced, sorrowful-voiced woman.

"Well, I sha'n't have a moment's peace until bedtime," rejoined the indulgent brother; and the next moment Amy was at his side.

"I'm all ready, Reuben."

The young man pinched her dimpled chin, pronounced her the torment of his life, and they set out together.

They had gone about a mile in the rumbling old vehicle, which had to perform the three-fold duty of carriage, waggons, and cart, when a horse suddenly rushed wildly past them. Every muscle of the noble animal was instinct with terror; his nostrils were dilated, and, with his long brown mane caught and tangled in the wind as he swept by, he presented that half-thrilling, half-appalling spectacle which a thoroughly frightened horse always does.

"O my, Reuben!" exclaimed Amy, drawing in a long breath. "Wasn't that kinder grand, though?"

Reuben shook his head. "I'm afraid he's done some mischief. He's broken some damm carriage; and them shafts must bruise his legs afore long, so he'll come to his senses."

About half a mile further down the road, they came to a carriage-overturned and broken, near a large pile of stones, over which the frightened animal had evidently attempted to leap, and shattered the vehicle. And close by this lay a man with his face to the earth, and the life apparently struck out of him.

"Is he dead? Oh, is he dead?" cried Amy, tremblingly.

"I don't know, little sister." Reuben was quietly dismounting. He had those strong, steady nerves which are so invaluable in case of any sudden catastrophe.

The young farmer went up to the prostrate man, and lifted his head. Amy saw his face suddenly grow white as the dead, and his hands shake as leaves do when sudden gales ride through the trees.

"God in Heaven, have mercy upon us!" ejaculated Reuben Taylor. And he did not say these words lightly, but humbly and reverently, as a Christian should; for in the face of that prostrate man he had recognized him who had laid his father's head, in the prime of his years, under the grass—the man who had broken his mother's heart, and driven the widow and orphans from their home, and filled his own youth with toil and patient longing and waiting.

"Who is it Reuben?" cried Amy.

"It's Abel Ross!"

A little cry went out of Amy's lips, for that name had been a source of terror and grief to her ever since her earliest remembrance.

And looking on the prostrate man, there came for a moment, over the soul of Reuben Taylor, a feeling of intense, unutterable loathing, mingled with something of triumph that his old enemy at last lay at his feet. And then through the feeling crept the solemn words of the prayer which his mother taught him—before he could remember, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"Amy, there is a tin pail in the cart; run to the spring, quick, and fill it with water."

And the farmer lifted the unconscious man's head and laid it on his knee, and stroked away the iron-grey locks from his face tenderly as his own mother could have done it.

Amy was frightened into unquestioning obedience. Her brother bathed the white rugged features, and she stood still looking on with long shivering sighs—all the brightness and vividness gone out of her face in its stark terror.

At last a long convulsive shiver went over the man; he opened his eyes, and stared wildly a moment at Reuben; he attempted to rise, but his right arm fell down helpless—it was broken. He groaned out sharply, and shut his eyes. In a moment he had fallen back into unconsciousness.

"What shall we do with him? O dear!" cried Amy, wringing her hands.

Reuben meditated a moment. They were on a lonely, little-frequented road; there was not a house in sight. We will carry him home," said the young farmer, decidedly.

"Oh, Reuben, what will mother say?" ejaculated Amy, for she could not get over her old childish associations with the name of Abel Ross, or her terror lest some evil should befall them when brought in contact with its owner.

"Mother will say I did jest right," answered Reuben, simply. And he lifted the wounded man into the cart, and held his head on his knee, and closed his temples with cold water; while Amy took the reins into her shaking hands, and drove slowly towards home. Once during that slow drive the man opened his eyes with a convulsive start.

"Are you in much pain, sir?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, in my shoulder!—and I withit and groaned fearfully; and then suddenly fastened his eyes on Reuben. "What is your name?"

He muttered.

"Reuben Taylor."

"The young man had the name and face of his father.

There was another loud groan, and a movement as though the sufferer would have withh himself away; but he fainted again.

At last they drew up before the little yellow storey-and-a-half house.

"Amy," said his brother, "go in and tell mother who is here; but you're a sensible little girl when you've a mind to be; tell her in a quiet sort of way."

Amy understood, and executed her work very well, considering her own agitation. In a moment, Mrs. Taylor presented herself at the door,
with a face which seemed fairly death-struck, it was so white and strained.

"O Reuben!" she gasped.

He answered her with a look—"I must bring him right into the house, mother, and lay him on your bed. Then I must run for a doctor, for I fear the life's nearly gone out of him."

They carried the sufferer into Mrs. Taylor's little bedroom, where he remained a whole all summer with a vine, through which the sunshine filtered down on the striped carpet, or wound its golden threads among the thick shadows. So they laid the sick man under the low roof to which he had driven the widow and the orphan; and then Reuben started off for a physician, and despatched a messenger to inform Farmer Ross's family of what had transpired. He had three sons, but the oldest was not twenty, and their mother had died some years before. They all hurried over with the "hired men," in great alarm, when they heard the tidings; the physician, however, preceded them, and he pronounced Farmer Ross to be in a mortal extremity, and that he would not answer for his life if he was removed to his home, that being distant nearly six miles.

It was evident that he had sustained serious internal injuries; for the large, stalwart frame would quiver every time it was moved, and great beads of perspiration gathered on the ruddy brow. The broken arm, too, was much inflamed and required constant care. Mrs. Taylor had that most invaluable gift in woman—a "skilful hand;" and, though one of the "hired women" from the "Ross Farm" was sent over to take charge of the invalid, her ignorance and awkwardness gave him much pain that she was glad to relinquish her task to the skilled, soothing ministrations of Mrs. Taylor. It was two weeks before the physician gave his consent to the removal of Farmer Ross. What passed through his mind during this time was never known. He was naturally a taciturn man, and then he was brought so near to the grave that he could almost feel the cool waving of the banners of the King of Death over his temples. Much of the time he lay in a heavy stupor, but there were moments when the dark eyes under those shaggy eyebrows would follow Mrs. Taylor with a look of conscious intelligence round the room, and it seemed to her there was something more in them—something of regret and pain. Several times, too, he muttered the name of "Reuben Taylor," in his drowsiness, uneasily; and he would groan out when Reuben entered the room, and close his eyes.

At last, however, he seemed eagerly desirous to return home, and the physician gave his consent, though the recovery of his patient was still doubtful. He consented but little, except on the subject of returning home; but on the morning that he was to be removed he summoned his hostess to his bedside, and said to her: "Mrs. Taylor, I know all that you and your son have done for me; and, whether I live or die, I shall not forget it." That was all he said; all the thanks they received, save from the farmer's oldest son.

A month had gone by. It was just in the opening of July; one of those vivid, affluent, almost tropical days that hang like rubies in the thread of the year. Reuben Taylor came in at noon from cutting hay, wiping the thick perspiration from his bronzed forehead.

"Who do you think has sent for you to come right over there, after dinner?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

"I can't tell, I'm sure"—throwing himself down on a chair by the window. "It's too hot to go anywhere afore night."

Abel Ross has sent for you, Reuben. The hired man says he's able to sit up two or three hours every day, and the doctor says he's out of danger, though he'll never be the man he was afore his fall."

"I'd calculated on getting through with the south field this afternoon," said Reuben, irresolutely."

"I didn't you better let it lie over, my dear boy?" timidly interposed Mrs. Taylor, as she placed a platter of young corn on the dinner-table.

The young man pondered awhile, and at last audibly concluded—"Well, I reckon I may as well risk it."

Farmer Ross sat by the window of his great white farm-house, so that the sluggish wind from the sea, which cooled a little the heat of the afternoon, could wave to and fro through his iron-grey locks. The strong, muscular frame had fallen away greatly, and the sunken cheeks and the deep rings round the eyes told their own story of long, slow, physical suffering.

The farmer nodded to Reuben as he entered, and motioned him to a chair; he had always been a man of deeds rather than words, and those hard, selfish, grinding, cruel deeds to many who were in his power.

"Reuben Taylor," said Farmer Ross, looking with his deep-set eyes full in the young man's face, "do you know that you saved my life the other day?"

"I think I did, sir," answered Reuben, in his straightforward, outspoken way.

"And do you know that I probably laid your father in his grave?" And this time a swart colour crept slowly up into the ghastly cheeks of the old man.

"I believe you did, sir."

No wonder that Reuben's voice faltered a little now, as the memory of his father flashed over him.

Farmer Ross winced under the words a moment, as though they pained him; and there was no sound in the room save the little rill of melody which the summer wind made as it came in through the windows. At last Farmer Ross spoke again, taking a folded sheet of paper from the table beside him.

"Well, Reuben Taylor, I've thought this all over in my sickness; and it's laid very heavy on my conscience o' nights to think that I'd been the means of killing the father, and the
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son had saved my life. So I resolved to make you and yours all the reparation in my power; and there's the devil-damned old "Brook Farm," without flaw or mortgage."

"Sir—Sir!" muttered Reuben, rubbing his hands across his eyes, and staring at the old man, for he thought he must be dreaming.

"There, it is safe and sound, and nobody'll be smart enough to get it from ye or yer heirs this time, I reckon!"

Then the truth dazzled and broke into Reuben's heart. He thought of his old child-home, with its low, pleasant, dear old rooms—of the great garden at the back, with its plum-trees and currant-bushes; he thought of his mother at her favourite seat by the kitchen window, just over which the white doves cooed all summer; he thought of Amy's brown head, with the flicker of gold in it flashing in and out of the old rooms; and he thought of another sweet face, dearer than all the others, flitting from room to room, the blue eyes full of smiles, and the small lips full of snatches of old tunes—the face that would make the joy, and crown, and sanctify of his home. He thought of all this, and it was too much—he bowed his head on his hands, and burst into tears.

"Reuben"—the voice of Farmer Ross certainly had a quiver of feeling in it, and the hard, scrumby hand was laid tremulously on the youth's thick hair—"are you sorry to get the old place back?"

"I'm sorry, he was answered, when Reuben lifted up his face—"Oh, Farmer Ross, how can I thank you?"

"You needn't try. It's only makin' amends, you know; for, though the law was on my side, the Lord's shown me that I never had any right to the old Brook Farm; and I hope you'll forgive me for takin' it from you." And Reuben Taylor took the old farmer's hand, and answered solemnly, "The Lord God is my witness that I do from this hour."

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It was an evening full of the glory of stars, and the crystal lustre of moonlight. The full, clear, silver light lay in rivers and lakes, over the meadows, and sheathed the limbs of the orchard-trees, and slept in long glittering spears on the low roof of the yellow-brown cottage. Charity Ames sat under the small porch, on the low sill, and the front-door, and her sweet face looked out sadly on the night.

No wonder her heart was somewhat heavy as her thoughts slipped their cable and went out sadly to the future. She thought of her father, who had complained that very afternoon that the crops "didn't promise oversmart this year, and he didn't see his way clear to pay a dollar on the mortgage." She thought how old age was beginning to creep more heavily upon him, and deepening the cares and burdens which only his strong manhood could bear. She thought, too, of the years of "patient waiting" which would elapse before the lover of her youth could take her to his heart and home; and the tears came up softly into her eyes, as she sat in the moonlight on the low sill that summer evening. A quick step came along the grass.

"Charity, little Charity!" exclaimed a voice which always made her heart leap. She sprang up, but not before he had seen the tears she thought she had hidden.

"I've got good news for you, Charity—glorious news!"

The triumphant ring of the voice cut through the still night-air.

"What is it, Reuben?"

"I've got back the old Brook Farm!"

"Oh, Reuben! I must be dreaming!"

And she put her hand to her eyes, just as he had done that afternoon.

He slipped his arm around her waist. "No, it's true every word of it, Charity. I've got the deed safe at home. I'll tell you all about it."

And he seated her back on the door-sill, and knelt by her side, and related the story of his interview with Farmer Ross to the bewildered, delighted girl. "You ought to have seen how mother took it," he continued; "I actually thought she was gone raving mad. She cried one minute and laughed the next, and tossed her arms round, and it was a long time afore I could get her anything like quieted."

"Oh, Reuben! I am so glad, so glad!" Her joyful tears said the rest.

"I've got a few repairs to put on the old place, and by next fall it'll be all ready for you, Charity—little Charity."

Her face fell in a burning blush on his shoulder, but in a moment it was lifted again, and the faith of her fathers broke triumphantly from her lips, in that grand old Hebrew chant, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

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MARRIAGE CEREMONIES IN MACAO.—Previous to entering the bridal palanquin—for there is one expressly used on these occasions, more or less decorated and gilt, according to the wealth and station of the parties—the bride is made to walk over a small caldron of burning charcoal. At the same time her mother presents her with a handful of rice, her last meal under the paternal roof. The farewells are said, the partings are over, and the young girl enters her chair. On reaching the house of the intended bridegroom, the bride is shown to a room, where are deposited the boxes containing her trousseau, &c., upon one of which she sits to receive her "future," closely veiled, and, doubtless, trembling in every limb. Entering, after a few moments' delay, fan in hand, eager to behold his purchase, he raises the veil which conceals her features, gazes for some seconds on the bashful maiden, and, if satisfied with her appearance, places the fan at the back of the neck. The marriage being thus settled, the ceremonies proceed. If, on the contrary, he disapproves of her, he placers the fan in the garter below his knee, and the mortified damsel is taken back to her home.—A Lady's Visit to Manchil and Japan.
NOTES OF A TOURIST.

A DAY IN BADEN.

It may reasonably be doubted whether there are any inhabitants in Baden. Nobody seems to live there. People go there, and come away again; and the going and sojourning and coming of these people give employment to people in another sense. By people in the first sense is meant small sovereign princes, Wallachian boyars, French marquises, and German counts, and Greeks and Yankees and "Secesh," and Brown and Jones and Robinson from Pall-mall and Cornhill. And these people bring their people with them, or require people to dance attendance on them. Innkeepers and waiters and flymen and shopkeepers, painters and blacks-legs in the kursaal, and singers and actors in the theatre, and valets and maids and couriers, and hangers-on innumerable.

The hotel was full by morning, and it seems a very Paradise—so bright and clear and merry. "Tis as hot as a club-kitchen, it is true, in the sun, but then nobody is obliged to stay in the sun; for, close at hand, in all directions, there start off, in ascending intricacies, pleasant paths under the cool shade of the firs, and chestnuts, its envoys which are as far from the worrying world. And whoever desires an excursion may find plenty, and those of the best, within his reach. He may have a long drive to the Alte Schloss, or old castle far away on the top of the hill; or a short drive to the Neue Schloss, or new castle, on an eminence overlooking the little town. There he may see what a charming summer residence is at the disposal of the Grand Duke of Baden, what cheerful rooms and what glorious views. And then stumbling down into the secret cellars of the palace, he may see what dire uses it was put to in days of old, and how, under the crust of the sort of life in which we live now, are hidden the ashes of a darker and fiercer; for, under the grand ducal residence at Baden are the remains of the offices of one of those Vehmgerechte or secret tribunals which were the terror of many wide regions in the middles. Deep down in the rock a ponderous stone-door, that moans ominously as it is pushed on its pivot, and must have sent a shudder through the soul of those it was meant to imprison, shuts out all the sound of the world above. It shuts in a room in which are still seen the places of the seats of the secret judges, on whose flat was life or death—nay, rarely the former; a cell, in which are still seen the hooks to which they say the victims have been hung, to be tortured to confession or to death; a recess, containing one of those images of saint or virgin, which, when touched by a trembling criminal, bristled all over with knives, and stabbed him in their treacherous embrace; an obliette, or hole of forgetfulness, at the bottom of which a wheel set with rusty blades is said to have been found, to which were hanging shreds of sinew and moldering stuff.

A gloomy place, that cellar of the Neue Schloss! But, then it only makes the world outside seem brighter; and one cheerfully gives a "bonne main" to the showman at the door as much for letting one out as for conducting one in.

Even in the morning the Baden folk are at their chief work. Even in broad daylight you may turn from the broad alley of orange-trees, where everybody congregates (and where any day you may see the Countesses of Kew and de la Cruchecassée, and Barnes and Ethel and Florac), through the great gilded and mirrored vestibule, into the rooms where the gambling is going on; but these naturally look comparatively dingy. The gilding seems tarnished, the hangings faded, the players seedy, the green cloth on the table fingered and old, the gold that lies in long rouleaux or great heaps thereon paler and less attractive. It is in the night that play is seen in its best dress. The band, and a capital band it is, fiddles and punts and twangs—all the "people" who were under the orange-trees in the morning, in wonderful costumes of muslin and linen—men and women too (for the whiter you can get all over, the more correct your appearance in Baden)—all these are out in the evening in less extraordinary, but not less extravagant toilettes. The vestibule looks fit for any palace, and soindeed it is; and over the green tables the work is going on in earnest. Come into one of the rooms: it is luxuriously appointed, and all things considered in very fair taste. The light is of course so arranged as to fall chiefly on the table: on one side sit the croupiers, showing a diabolical dexterity in the fingerings of cards and gold and silver. Players are allowed to sit down where there is room. The little crowd behind the sitters is some three or four deep. One man tosses down or takes up handful after handful of gold pieces with the most perfect unconcern; another frowns and mutters when he loses a crown-piece. Sometimes we hear of horrid tragedies, of half-ruined spendthrifts coming to the gaming-table to retrieve, completing the losing work they had begun outside, rest of all they have in the world, and more, and then going into the quiet fir-groves and blowing their brains out, or swallowing a mouthful of prussic acid. But these events are rare. There is not much agitation to be seen round the Baden tables, perhaps because Baden is becoming yearly more and more abandoned to professional
blackguards, and it is thought the thing to throw your own money into the dirt, or pick other people’s out of it, at Ems and Hombourg.

It is, anyhow, a curious and instructive sight, to see this Baden gaming-house, and illustrates, as probably do all similar establishments, wise words telling us that a fool and his money are soon parted.

A NIGHT ON THE GREAT SAINT BERNARD.

Perhaps no scene in the world is more complete in its way than the view on the Piedmontese side of the Great Saint Bernard, looking down over Aosta. You, we, or I—whichever pronounce you prefer—take a stand on the ascending road, and look down on the valley below. The foreground is made up of the slopes of the terraced rocks, through which the road is cut, and which are rich with patches of vines and of green pasture and clumps of walnuts and chestnuts. Below lies the valley, “laughing” with corn and vines threaded by the affluent streams of the Buttier and the Doire; and holding in its fair setting the quaint old town of Aosta. The very name carries you back to Augustus, who built the arch that still spans the road, and that forms one of the many roofs and towers whose ruddy masses, standing out against the dark fires of the opposite hill-side, are one of the great points of the landscape. Beyond Aosta there are more slopes of vines and fruit-trees, more walnuts and chestnuts; then great hills dark with fir; then rocks shining here and there with a falling stream; then, above all, far away, in the distance, the white tops of the range of Mont Blanc.

Out of sight of Aosta the road is fine till St. Remy, but it is of rather a domestic beauty. It is not till St. Remy, where vehicles must be exchanged for mules, is reached, that the pass becomes wild and romantic; thence for nearly two hours it is a matter of sheer climbing, till the last corner of rock-wall is turned, and some few hundred yards ahead is seen, in a great hollow of the hills, the far-famed monastery of St. Bernard.

It is more like a metropolitan workhouse, white-washed, than anything else in England. Not a tree, not a shrub is to be seen anywhere, and even in summer great patches of thick snow lie beside the cold lake, for it is more than 8,000 feet above the sea. Any time in July, August, or September, one thing is plentiful enough—the Anglo-Saxon tourist: Englishmen and Yankees, there they are by scores. The same free-and-easy costume that you meet in Scarborough or the Highlands; the same dialect that greets you at Margate; the same hats and petticoats that Mr. Leech so happily repeated week after week in Punch—the very Punch probably, that lies on the reverend table of the monks. There in that little colony in the snow is England in miniature—the great supercilious, or condescending, or simple, to the small; the small insolent, or cringing, or simple to the great, as the case may be. And the good monks are perfectly hospitable and courteous to all alike.

One of them comes to greet you as you near the Hospice. Another receives you in the corridor, at the entrance, and invites you to the reception-room. There, in a plain room some thirty feet square, plainly, almost rudely furnished, the most ornamental part of the fittings being a carved stone fire-place, the most ornamental piece of furniture a good cottage piano, given by the Prince of Wales, the walls showing the two well-known English prints of Sant’s Timothy and Samuel; there, before a wood-fire, grateful enough even in the summer months—there you meet those who are to share with you the monk’s hospitality. There are one or two Germans, florid and fat; one or two Frenchmen, sallow and meagre; perhaps an Italian, probably a Russian or two, and the inevitable crowd of English, Irish, Scotch, and Yankee; a right motley assembly! The monks are polite and obliging to the last degree, and seem not ill-pleased to show these affluent streams of the royal cellar of the King of Italy. Warmed by the dinner and the wine, acquaintances of an hour relate their several adventures.

“‘You came from the Val d’Aosta, then?’”

“Well, we left Châtilion this morning.”

“Did you do Zerm—?”

“Ah! mon Dieu! qu’il fait froid! N’est ce pas, Eugène? qu’il fait froid?”

“Guess I was reglar gnawed to bits on that mule, Lisa: na, ain’t those mules just horrid for bumping?”

“Der Gletscher ist eine flüssig——”

“Stoo’s very good, ‘Arry; ‘ave some.”

“Tham, old fellas! thomke a thigar eithethide?”

Such are the broken scraps of talk to be heard at dinner.

Apropos of smoking cigars after dinner, a very sad event occurred at the Hospice early in the August of the past year. An American gentleman with his wife came to the monastery, on their way into Italy. He had just placed a son at school in Switzerland. After dinner he came out for his evening cigar. The door of the Hospice is approached by a double flight of steps, en perron: the passage from within leading on to a little landing outside, the steps descending on the right and left. In front there is a fall of some eight or nine feet guarded by no railing. The unfortunate man stepped from the door in the dusk, walked straight on, and fell. He was taken up with concussion of the brain, and died within a few hours.

And though travellers are ready to make merry everywhere, there is something very solemn about that solitary dwelling in the rocks and
snow. There is an almost unavoidable feeling, even in summer, that it is not always all merriment, and fun, and mocking at the very idea of danger. And if in any one this feeling be unhappily wanting, it may be called forth by the sorrowful memorial of the dead-house. There you peer between the bars of the little window of a thick stone wall, and as soon as your eye has become accustomed to the half-light, see the dried-up bodies of those whom the murderous and decay-arresting snow has caught, and killed, and shrouded, and mummeled, and preserved, and who have been placed there, to await the possible recognition of their friends. There is the strong man still sitting in a firm posture of resignation to an inevitable fate—distorted limbs that tell of pangs of agony and famine; and there a frozen mother still stands, "grasping in her hands of ice" the baby whose young life she would doubtless, like all mothers, have gladly given her own to save.

A sight, that St. Bernard morgue, to which one is drawn by a morbid horror, but from which one is glad to turn away—glad to turn and fly to greater gaieties. And yet, as you walk about the grass, waiting to catch a stranger or to fight each other; glad, if that duty be not performed already, to sit once more at the monks' generous table, and help to consume the bread, and the milk, and the honey of their breakfast, before setting off again for lower regions.

They ask nothing for their entertainments; but everything who can afford it is expected to put at least as much as he would have paid at an inn, into the alms-box in the chapel. The visitors' book contains some very long and fulsome inscriptions in honour of the disinterested benevolence of the brotherhood, and the suspicion involuntarily suggests itself that the more one gives, the more the box, the less he puts in the box. Who knows? The monks, at least, when they open it. Let us hope that they do not find themselves out of pocket when they make up their accounts, for they are doing a good work at the cost of much self-denial; and how many of us can sincerely say as much?

The guides and the mules are at the door; the baggage is piled on patient backs; shake hands with the black-gowned host once more, and good-bye to the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

FROM COLICO TO COMO.

Como, say the guide-books, is the most beautiful of all the Italian lakes. But, after all, what adjectives can really give any impression of grand scenery to those who have not seen the scene? As a reminder, descriptions are useful, and possibly pleasant: they help to call up the picture that is stored in our memory from the mounting. But to those who have seen the original. But to those who have “never been there,” what words will give any idea of Como? It was our good fortune last year to see a great part of the lake during a violent thunderstorm: I say good fortune, though all the rest of the human freight of the little steamer did not seem to deem it theirs for no sooner did the big rain-drops begin to splash on the deck than they fled hurriedly to some dismal depths below. They really lost what was worth some amount of wetting. A thunderstorm is a glorious sight, anywhere but in the streets of a city; but a thunderstorm on an Italian lake is surely the most glorious of all. You do not know what thunder is, till you hear it roaring and rumbling again and again among countless mountain-tops. And the sky is the dry folk in the cabin could hear the thunder; but they could not see the sky. What is called an “Italian sky,” my own experience leads me to fear to be more or less of a humbug. Not that our dear dingy old sky in England is commonly as bright as the common skies in Italy; though it is to be seen sometimes as bright and as cloudless and as blue. But that deep unsullied blue which is commonly meant by an Italian sky is surely not confined to Italy. On the day of the thunderstorm on the lake of Como there were, however, effects of sky that I can remember to have seen nowhere else, and which may fairly be called Italian; effects of which broke the slumbering recollections of queer old engravings and paintings; streaks of a blue extraordinarily dark and opaque, framed by clouds looking solid and metallic: these, contrasted with the huge black masses wherein seemed to be the home of the thunder and the lightning, made a picture worth a wetting. And when the sun broke through the storm, and threw his rays over hills and gardens, and dilapidated and therefore pictureque palaces, on the water’s edge, and tall white campaniles ringing out the hours with their deep-toned bells, and the oranges and olives whose dark foliage shaded the shore, there was another picture as good. And as our diminutive boat neared the town of Como, and the quaint roofs and towers shone in the sunset, and gradually on the landing-place were discerned a crowd of Piedmontese soldiers with their clustering plumes, and touters, and cads, and fruitwomen, and beggars, and porters, and cabdrivers, all looking more or less like a chorus at Covent Garden rather the worse for wear—when these things appeared, it was manifest that the scene had shifted, and the surroundings of the fairy extravaganza given place to those of the pantomime proper; but the scene was nevertheless a good one.

TWO DAYS ON THE SPLUGEN.

“A pass” is perhaps not an expression conveying a very clear idea of what an Alpine pass is—or indeed of what any kind of mountain-pass is—to those who have not traversed one. It sounds more like a way through a barrier, tall and difficult perhaps, but not very wide: more like a way over the crest of hills, than a long journey through a wide tract of country. The “pass of the Splügen” means far more than a few miles on either side of Splügen. To get “over the Alps” by this route means a long journey of many miles,
Starting from Coire early in the morning, we are already in the middle of the mountains. Already right above our heads tower tall rocks, provoking incontestably, as far as can be seen, the truth of the maxim of the Latin grammar that on the top of the mountains the cold is so great that the snow never melts; though, indeed, it is melting half the year. Already we may be said to have begun the crossing of the great boundary-wall between Switzerland and Italy. At a little place called Reichenau the two streams that make up the great Rhine meet; and it was in this little place, in the year 1847, that we found our way in the Duke of Orleans, came to find a refuge from the din and the danger of faction. He taught boys in a school then, as from 1830 to 1848 he tried to teach bigger boys in a bigger school. He has gone to another haven, to find another refuge, now; and with no unkindly thoughts to the clumsy bourgeois King, we drive out of Reichenau, through one of the queer covered-in-bridges that are common in these parts, and enter one of the most beautiful valleys of the Rhine. Fields of flax and tobacco skirt the river and the road—great rocks rolled down like giant’s playthings from the mountains, and topped everyone of them by a castle; some empty and ruinous, one or two roofed and inhabited still, with metal turrets shining in the sun; far away heavenward the white snow-fields of the distant heights: these make up the prospect till we come to Tuisus. And at Tuisus (about which in itself there is nothing remarkable) the pass proper may be said to begin. For a few hundred yards about Tuisus we enter the “tremendous defile” which has been dubbed the Via Mala; or, the Evil-way. Slowly the hills draw together, in a narrow gorge, its entrance guarded by a tall rock and a crumbling tower; all nature seeming to repeat the words of Dante, which might be found fault with as hackneyed, if they were not so apt:

“All hope abandon, ye who enter here.”

Step by step, as we follow the ascending road, the towering walls close in on us. Every moment they seem to grow higher and higher, as they come nearer and nearer. A moment ago it was hot—burning hot; now only here and there through the dark that fringes the edge of the heights a little cleft of blue shines down, and cool winds meet us as we penetrate further and further into the gorge. This is what the people of the place called the “lost hole” and no wonder; for how could mortal man ever find his way to the end? But many as are the winds and the rain, the sun is the most wonderful of all, and his inventive genius has found a way along these steep walls of stone. Blasting and boring, and cutting and carving, he has run along the perpendicular rock a long narrow notch, a marvel of skill and perseverance.

“Trudging safely along this miraculal road we look behind us, and not a soul have we met, nor any but tall walls of rock going up and up and up for nearly 2,000 feet, all but meeting in some places at the top—all but shutting out the light of the sun. We look downwards, and for many yards beneath, the rocks converge as they do above, only they are less smooth and regular. At the bottom there is a strange chaos of tree trunks and boulders and gravel, and over it and in it round and round the torrent rolls on, over the Rhine. Flows, though, hardly the word. Pent up and imprisoned in this vexatious channel, it roars and hisses and leaps and tumbles, as who should say, “Set me free, or I will rend you in pieces!” And has it not rent the very rocks in twain? For what but the Rhine has cut this strange chasm, that meanders, twisting, foaming, splashing stream—that is the same river that leaps down its rock-stairs at Schaffhausen, and rolls so broadly and solemnly past Coblenz and Cologne. Bid farewell to it here; for we have tracked it as far as we can, now. A wrinkled old fellow, unfit for any nobler occupation, waits as we go up a heap of broken rock by his side, and casts a stone into the abyss. See it twisting and turning in its descent. One, two, three, four, five, six—ha! it is down, and shattered on its brother-stones, below, tossing up a shower of spray, and roaring like—cannon or thunder are the accredited similes, but in truth the noise of a stone tumbled down into a defile like the Via Mala is like nothing else; and, as everyone says when they are at a loss what to say, “must be heard to be appreciated.”

After emerging on the south side of the Via Mala we mount through grand defiles of isolated rock, till we come to a region cold and sterile, where no great crowds now live. Here, some 5,000 feet above the sea-level, is perched the quaint little village of Splügen, one of the highest villages in Switzerland, whence the name of the pass. Take a small tract of Sussex Down, wall it round with high hills, drive a clear shallow stream through it, stick in the middle a cluster of little cottages, such as you buy as Swiss cottages, only remember (and this is rather disappointing at first sight) that they are black, not white; dot the down with cows; blow a cold wind over the whole, and there you have Splügen—one thing omitted (a thing by no means to be omitted), the inn. This inn at Splügen is a huge square block like a hospice, pierced with long dark passages, opening into scores of little cell-like rooms. Here we take rest for the short night, and then on again for the top!

Up with the sun, we mount as he mounts, winding along almost perpendicular rocks by clever zigzag; still we go up. Here a bend in the tree-lined road (where grass grows) is very green and fresh. Hills ever so clear and sparkling ripple down scores of crannies in the rock. Bright blue flowers flourish, catching, as it were, the tints of the sky that is so near to them. And such an air along the road! an air that makes the heart light, the bosom free. And as we rise the strange fantastic outlines of many a peak miles and miles away, though seemingly within
Cassandra of Troy.

BY LOUISA CROW.

Night shrouds the thronged city. Lights die out, And revels droop, and merry voices cease; Sleep lags the sad and sick in pleasant dreams; Both war and life know truce, and sink to peace.

Then flits Cassandra through the shadowed streets, Nor pauses till her reckless foot hath trod A tottering crag, where only echo lists Her piercing call upon Olympus' God.

"Apollo, hear! My burdened soul no more Can breast my life-tide's stormy, stormy wave! I shrink affrighted from the winds I weave, Foretelling woe, without the power to save!"

"Take back thy fearful gift: the very babe Who sports around, my boding presence flies; My nearest kin my withering glance evade, And anguish sorrows from my faintest sighs."

"Thou left'st me mortal in all else but this— A human heart my woman-frame enfolds; The glassy stream a girlish face reveals, And human hopes and fears my bosom holds.

"And there were lips that sometime prest mine own; Until thy mocking gift before mine eyes Unveiled the future, and in those dark depths I saw change come, love fade, and hate arise!"

"Then fled I—shuddering fled—to wrestle down, The power to which succumbs my prophet pride; But it hath root too firmly, I am thine To utter evil, Earth's in all beside!"

"Careless I see Jove's vengeful lightnings flash— His florid thunders roll unheeded by; No eye would weep, no lip bewail my fate: Take back thy fearful gift, or let me die!"
WHY THOMAS WAS DISCHARGED.

Brant Beach is a long promontory of rock and sand, jutting out at an acute angle from a barren portion of the coast. Its farthest extremity is marked by a pile of many-coloured, wave-washed boulders; its junction with the mainland is the site of the Brant House, a watering-place of excellent repute.

The attractions of this spot are not numerous. There is surf-bathing all along the outer side of the beach, and good swimming on the inner. The fishing is fair: and in still weather, yachting is rather a favourite amusement. Further than this, there is little to be said, save that the hotel is conducted upon liberal principles, and the society generally select.

But to the lover of Nature—and who has the courage to avow himself aught else?—the seashore can never be monotonous. The swirl and sweep of ever-shifting waters—the flying mist of foam breaking away into gray for ghostly distance down the beach—the eternal drone of ocean, mingling itself with one’s talk by day and with the light dance-music in the rooms by night—all these are active sources of a passive pleasure. And to lie at length upon the tawny sand, watching, through half-closed eyes, the tempestuous sunsets that mount against a dark-blue sky wherein great silvery masses of cloud float idly on, whiter than the sunlit sails that fade and grow and fade along the horizon, while some fair damsel sits close by, reading ancient ballads of a simple metre, or older legends of love and romance—tell me, my eater of the fashionable lotos, is not this a diversion worth your having?

There is an air of easy sociality among the guests at the Brant House, a disposition on the part of all to contribute to the general amusement, that makes a summer sojourn on the beach far more agreeable than in certain larger, more frequented watering-places, where one is always in danger of discovering that the gentlemanly person with whom he has been fraternizing is a faro-dealer, or that the lady who has half fascinated him is Anonyma herself. Still, some consider the Brant rather slow, and many good folks were a trifle surprised when Mr. Edwin Salisbury and Mrs. Charles Burnham arrived by the late stage from Wickahasset Station, with trunks enough for two first-class belles, and a most unexceptionable man-servant, in gray livery, in charge of two beautiful setter-dogs.

These gentlemen seemed to have imagined that they were about visiting some backwoods wilderness, some savage tract of country, “remote, unfriend’d, melancholy,” slow for they brought almost everything with them that men of elegant leisure could require, as if the hotel were but four walls and a roof, which they must furnish with their own chattels. I am sure it took Thomas, the man-servant, a whole day to unpack the awnings, the bootjacks, the game-bags, the cigar-boxes, the guns, the camp-stools, the liquor-cases, the bathing-suits, and other paraphernalia that these pleasure-seekers brought. It must be owned, however, that their room, a large one in the Bachelor’s Quarter, facing the sea, wore a very comfortable, sportsmanlike look, when all was arranged.

Thus surrounded, the young men betook themselves to the deliberate pursuit of idle pleasures. They arose at nine, went down to the shore, invariably returning at ten with one unfortunate snipe, which was preserved on ice, with much ceremony, till wanted. At this rate, it took them a week to shoot a breakfast; but to see them sally forth, splendid in velvet and corduroy, shooting-boots, and a complete harness of green cord and patent-leather straps, you would have imagined that all game-birds were about to become extinct in that region. Their dogs, even, recognized this great-cry-and-little-wool condition of things, and bounded off joyously at the start, but came home crest-fallen, with an air of canine humiliation that would have aroused Mr. Mayhew’s tenderest sympathies.

After breakfasting, usually in their room, the friends enjoyed a long and contemplative smoke upon the wide piazza in front of their windows, listlessly regarding the ever-varied marine view that lay before them in flashing breadth and beauty. Their next labour was to array themselves in wonderful morning-costumes of great shaggy English cloth, shiny flannels, and field-glasses about their shoulders, and loiter down the beach, to the point and back, making much unnecessary effort over the walk—a brief mile—which they spoke of with importance, as their “constitutional.” This killed time till bathing-hour, and then came another smoke on the piazza, and another toilet, for dinner. After dinner, a siesta—in the room, when the weather was fresh; when otherwise, in hammocks, hung from the rafters of the piazza. When they had been domiciled a few days, they found it expedient to send home for what they were pleased to term their “traps,” and extended the envy of less fortunate guests by driving up and down the beach at a racing gait to dissipate the languor of the after-dinner sleep.

This was their regular routine for the day, varied, occasionally, when the tide served, by a fishing trip down the narrow bay inside the point. For such emergencies they provided themselves with a sail-boat and skipper, hired for the whole season, and arrayed themselves in a highly nautical rig. The results were, large quantities of sardines and pale sherry consumed by the young men, and a reasonable number of
Why Thomas was discharged.

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gurnet and mackerel caught by their skip-
per.

There were no regular “halls” at the Brant
House, but dancing in a quiet way every even-
ing, to a flute, violin, and violoncello. For a
time, Burnham and Salisbury did not mingle
much in these festivities, but loitered about the
halls and piazzas, very elegantly dressed and
barbered (Thomas was an unrivalled coiffeur)
and apparently somewhat envious.

That two well-made, full-grown, intelligent,
and healthy young men should lead such a life
as this for an entire summer, might surprise
one of a more active temperament. The aim-
lessness and vacancy of an existence devoted to
no earthly purpose save one’s own comfort
must soon weary any man who knows what is
the meaning of real, earnest life—life with a
battle to be fought and a victory to be won.
But these elegant young gentlemen compre-
hended nothing of all that: they had been born
with golden spoons in their mouths, and educated
only to swallow the delicately insipid lotos-
honey that flows inexhaustible from such shining
spoons. Clothes, complexion, polish of manner,
and the avoidance of any sort of shock, were the
simple objects of their solicitude.

I do not know that I have any serious quarrel
with such fellows, after all. They have some
strong virtues, and they are always clean; and
your rough diamond, though manly and cour-
ageous as Cœur-de-Lion, is not apt to be
scrupulously nice in his habits. Affability is
another virtue. The Salisbury and Burnham
kind of man bears malice toward no one, and
is disagreeable only when assailed by some
hammer-and-tongs utilitarian. All he asks is
to be permitted to idle away his pleasant life
un molested. Lastly he is extremely ornamental.
We all like to see pretty things; and I am sure
that Charley Burnham, in his fresh white duck
suit, with his fine, thorough-bred face—gentle
as a girl’s—shaded by a snowy Panama, his
mustache carefully pointed, his golden hair
clustering in the most picturesque possible
waves, his little red neck-ribbon—the only bit of
colour in his dress—tied in a studiously careless
knot, and his pure, untainted gloves of pearl-gray
or lavender, was, if I may be allowed the expres-
sion, just as pretty as a picture. And Ned Salisbury
was not less “a joy forever,” according to the
diction of the late Mr. Kents. He was darker
than Burnham, with very black hair, and a
mustache worn in the manner the French call
triste, which became him, and increased the air
of pensive melancholy that distinguished his
dark eye, thoughtful attitudes, and slender
figure. Not that he was in the least degree
pensive or melancholy, or that he had cause to
be—quite the contrary; but it was his style,
and he did it well.

These two butterflies sat, one afternoon, upon
the piazza, smoking very large cigars, lost, ap-
parently, in profoundest meditation. Burnham,
with his graceful head resting upon one delicate
hand, his clear blue eyes full of a pleasant light,
and his face warmed by a calm, unconscious smile,
might have been revolving some splendid scheme
of universal philanthropy. The only utterance,
however, forced from him by a sublime thought
that permeated his soul, was the emission of a
white rolling volume of fragrant smoke, accom-
paunted by two words:

“Douched hot!”

Salisbury did not reply. He sat, leaning
back, with his fingers interlaced behind his
head, and his shadowy eyes downcast, as in sad
remembrance of some long-lost love. So might
a poet have looked, while steeped in mournfully
rapturous day-dreams of remembered passion
and severance. So might Tennyson’s hero have
mused, when he sang—

“Oh, that ‘twere possible,
    After long grief and pain,
    To find the arms of my true love
    Round me once again!”

But the poetic lips opened not to such numbers.
Salisbury gazed, long and earnestly, and finally
gave vent to his emotions, indicating, with the
amber tip of his cigar-tube, the setter that slept
in sunshine at his feet.

“Shocking place, this, for dogs!”—I regret
to say he pronounced it “dawgs.”—“Why,
Carlo is as fat—as fat as—as a—

His mind was unequal to a simile, even, and he
terminated the sentence in a mutter.

More silence; more smoke; more profound
meditation. Directly, Charley Burnham looked
around with some show of vitality.

“There comes the stage,” said he.

The driver’s bag rang merrily among the
drifted sand-hills that lay warm and glowing
in the orange light of the setting sun. The
young men leaned forward over the piazza-rail,
and scrutinized the occupants of the vehicle, as
it appeared.

“Old gentleman and lady, aw, and two chil-
dren,” said Ned Salisbury; “I hoped there
would be some nice girls.”

This, in a voice of ineffable tenderness and
poetry, but with that odd, tired little drawl, so
epidemic in our universities.

“Look there, by Jove!” cried Charley, with
a real interest at last; “now that’s what I call
the regular thing!”

The “regular thing” was a low, four-wheeled
pony-chaise of basket-work, drawn by two jolly
little fat ponies, black and shiny as vulcanite,
which jogged rapidly in, just far enough be-
hind the stage to avoid its dust.

This vehicle was driven by a young lady of
declared beauty, with a spice of Amazonian
spirit. She was rather slender and very straight,
with a jaunty little hat and feather perched co-
quettishly above her dark brown hair, which
was arranged in one heavy mass and confined
in a silken net. Her complexion was clear,
without brilliancy; her eyes blue as the ocean
horizon, and spanned by sharp, characteristic
brows; her mouth small and decisive; and her
Why Thomas was discharged.

whole cast of features indicative of quick talent and independence.

Upon the seat beside her sat another damsel, leaning indolently back in the corner of the carriage. This one was a little fairer than the first, having one of those beautiful English complexion petals of ashy rose and snow, and a dash of gold-dust in her hair, where the sun touched it. Her eyes, however, were dark hazel, and full of fire, shaded and intensified by their long, sweeping lashes. Her mouth was a rosebud, and her chin and throat faultless in the delicious curve of their lines. In a word, she was somewhat of the Venus-di-Milo type; her companion was more of a Diana. Both were neatly habited in plain travelling-dresses and cloaks of black and white plaid, and both seemed utterly unconscious of the battery of eyes and eye-glasses that enfiladed them from the whole length of the piazza, as they passed.

"Who are they?" asked Salisbury; "I don’t know them."

"Nor I," said Burnham; "but they look like people to know. They must be somebody."

Half an hour later, the hotel-office was besieged by a score of young men, all anxious for a peep at the last names upon the register. It is needless to say that our friends were not in the crowd. Ned Salisbury was no more the man to exhibit curiosity than Charley Burnham was the man to join in a scramble for anything under the sun. They had educated their emotions clear down, out of sight, and piled upon them a mountain of well-bred inertia.

But, somehow or other, these fellows who took a word with her were always the first to gain the end. A special Providence seems to aid the poor, helpless creatures. So, while the crowd still pressed at the office-desk, Jerry Swayne, the clerk, happened to pass directly by the piazza where the inert ones sat, and, raising a comical eye, saluted them.

"Heavy arrivals to-night. See the turn-out?"

"Yes," murmured Ned.

"Old Chapman and family. His daughter drove the pony-chace, with her friend a Miss Thurston. Regular nobby ones. Chapman’s the steamshipman, you know. Worth thousands of millions! I’d like to be connected with his family—by marriage, say!"—and Jerry went off, rubbing his cropped head, and smiling all over, as was his wont.

"I know who they are now," said Charley.

"Met a cousin of theirs, Joe Faulkner, abroad, two years ago. Dooc’d fine fellow. Army."

The manly art of waggoning is not pursued very vigorously at Brant Beach. The roads are heavy from the water, and the drive is confined to a narrow strip of wet sand along the shore; so carriages are few, and the pony-chace became a distinguished element at once. Salisbury and Burnham whirled past it in their light trotting-wagons at a furious pace, and looked hard at the two young ladies in passing, but without eliciting even the smallest glance from them in return.

"Confounded distingúè-looking girls, and all that," owned Ned; "but, aw, fearfully unconscious of a fellow!"

This condition of matters continued until the young men were actually driven to acknowledge to each other that they should not mind knowing the occupants of the rose and snow, and a great concession, and was rewarded duly. A bright, handsome boy of seventeen, Miss Thurston’s brother, came to pass a few days at the seaside, and fraternized with everybody, but was especially delighted with Ned Salisbury, who took him out sailing and shooting, and, I am afraid, gave him cigars stealthily, when out of range of Miss Thurston’s fine eyes. The result was, that the first time the lad walked on the beach with the two girls, and met the young men, introductions of an enthusiastic nature were instantly sprung upon them. An attempt at conversation followed.

"How do you like Brant Beach?" asked Ned.

"Oh, it is a pretty place," said Miss Chapman, "but not lively enough."

"Well, Burnham and I find it pleasant; aw, we have lots of fun."

"Indeed! Why, what do you do?"

"Oh, I don’t know. Everything."

"Is the shooting good? I saw you with your guns, yesterday."

"Well, there isn’t a great deal of game. There is some fishing, but we haven’t caught much."

"How do you kill time, then?"

Salisbury looked puzzled.

"Aw—it is a first-rate air, you know. The table is good, and you can’t sleep like a top. And then, you see, I like to smoke and do nothing, on the sea-shore. It is really jolly to lie on the sand, aw, with all sorts of little things running over you, and listen to the water swashing about!"

"Let’s try it!" cried vivacious Miss Chapman; and down she sat on the sand. The others followed her example, and in five minutes they were picking up pretty pebbles and chatting away as sociably as could be. The rumble of the warning gong surprised them.

At dinner, Burnham and Salisbury took seats opposite the ladies, and were honoured with an introduction to papa and mamma—a very dignified, heavy, rosy, old-school couple, who ate a good deal, and said very little. That evening, when flute and viol wood the lotos-eaters to agitate the light fantastic toe, these young gentlemen found themselves in dancing humour, and revolted themselves into a gracious condition of glow in various mystic and intoxicating measures with their new-made friends.

On retiring, somewhat after midnight, Miss Thurston paused, while “doing her hair,” and addressed Miss Chapman.

"Did you observe, Hattie, how very handsome those gentlemen are? Mr. Burnham looks like a prince of the song aur, and Mr. Salisbury like his poet-laureate."
"Yes, dear," responded Hattie; "I have been considering those flowers of the field and lilies of the valley."

"Ned," said Charley, at about the same time, "we won't find anything nicer here, this season, I think."

"They're pretty well worth while," replied Ned; "and I'm rather pleased with them."

"Which do you like best?"

"Oh, bother! I have n't thought of that yet."

The next day the young men delayed their "constitutional" until the ladies were ready to walk, and the four strode off together, mamma and the children following in the pony-chaise. At the rocks on the end of the point, Ned got his feet very wet, fishing up specimens of seaweed for the damsel; and Charley exerted himself superhumanly in assisting them to a ledge which they considered favourable for sketching purposes.

In the afternoon a sail was arranged, and they took dinner on board the boat, with any amount of hilarity and a good deal of discomfort. In the evening, more dancing, and vigorous attentions to both the young ladies, but without a shadow of partiality being shown by either of the four.

This was very nearly the history of many days. It does not take long to get acquainted with people who are willing, especially at a watering-place; and in the course of a few weeks, these young folks were, to all intents and purposes, old friends—calling each other by their given names, and conducting themselves with an easy familiarity quite charming to behold. Their amusements were mostly in common now. The light waggons were made to hold two each, instead of one, and the matinal snipe escaped death, and was happy over his early worn.

One day, however, Laura Thurston had a headache, and Hattie Chapman stayed at home to take care of her; so Burnham and Salisbury had to go out themselves alone. They took their boat, and idled about the water, inside the point, dowsing under an awning, smoking, gaping, and wishing that headaches were out of fashion, while the taciturn and tarry skipper instructed the dignified and urbane Thomas in the science of trolling.

At length Ned tossed his cigar-end overboard, and leaped himself for an effort.

"I say, Charley," said he, "this sort of thing can't go on forever, you know. I've been thinking lately."

"Phenomenon!" replied Charley; "and what have you been thinking about?"

"Those girls. We've got to choose."

"Why? Isn't it well enough as it is?"

"Yes, so far. But I think, aw, that we don't quite do them justice. They're grands parties, you see. I hate to see clever girls wasting themselves on society, waiting and waiting, and we fellows swimming about just like fish round a hook that isn't baited properly."

Charley raised himself upon his elbow. "You don't mean to tell me, Ned, that you have matrimonial intentions?"

"Oh no. Still, why not? We've all got to come to it some day, I suppose."

"Not yet, though. It is a sacrifice we can escape for some years yet."

"Yes, of course, some years; but we may begin to look about us a bit. I'm, aw, I'm six-and-twenty, you know."

"And I'm very near that. I suppose a fellow can put off the yoke too long. After thirty, chances aren't so good. I don't know, by Jove, but what we ought to begin thinking of it!"

"But it is a sacrifice. Society must lose a fellow, though, one time or another; and I don't believe we can ever do better than we can now."

"Hardly, I suspect."

"And we're keeping other fellows away, maybe: it is a shame!"

Thomas ran his line in rapidly, with nothing on the hook.

"Capt'n Hull," he said, gravely, "I had the biggest kind of a fish then, I'm sure; but d'rectly I went to pull him in, sir, he took and let go."

"Yah," muttered the taciturn skipper, "the biggest fish allers falls back inter the waterer."

"I've been thinking a little about this matter, too," said Charley, after a pause; "and I had about decided we ought to pair off; but I'll be confounded if I know which I like best! They're both nice girls."

"There isn't much choice," Ned replied. "If they were as different, now, as you and me, I'd take the blonde, of course; aw, and you'd take the brunette. But Hattie Chapman's eyes are blue, and her hair isn't black, you know; so you can't call her dark, exactly."

"No more than Laura is exactly light. Her hair is brown, more than golden, and her eyes are hazel. Hasn't she a lovely complexion, though? By Jove!"

"Better than Hattie's; yet I don't know but Hattie's features are a little the best."

"They are. Now, honest, Ned—which do you prefer? Say either; I'll take the one you don't want. I haven't any choice."

"Neither have I."

"How will we settle it?"

"Aw—throw for it!"

"Yes. Isn't there a backgammon board forward, in that locker, Thomas?"

The board was found, and the dice produced.

"The highest takes which?"

"Say, Laura Thurston."

"Very good—throw."

"You first."

"No; go on."

Charley threw, with about the same amount of excitement he might have exhibited in a raffle.

"Five-three," said he: "now for your luck."

"Six-four! Laura's mine! Satisfied?"

"Perfectly, if you are; if not, I don't mind exchanging."

"You don't mean to tell me, Ned, that you have matrimonial intentions?"

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"Six-four! Laura's mine! Satisfied?"

"Perfectly, if you are; if not, I don't mind exchanging."
"Oh no; I'm satisfied."

Both reclined upon the deck once more, with a sigh of relief, and a long silence followed.

"I say," began Charley, after a time, "it is a comfort to have these little matters arranged without any trouble—eh?"

"Yes.""Do you know I think I'll marry mine?"

"I will if you will."

"Done! It is a bargain."

This "little matter" being arranged, a change gradually took place in the relations of the four. Ned Salisbury began to invite Laura Thurston out driving somewhat oftener than before, and Hattie Chapman somewhat less often; while Charley Burnham followed suit with the last-named young lady. As the line of demarcation became fixed, the damsel recognized it, and accepted with gracious readiness the cavaliers that Fate, through the agency of a chance-falling pair of dice, had allotted to them.

The other guests of the house remarked the new position of affairs, and passed whispers about, to the effect that the girls had at last succeeded in getting their fish on hooks instead of in a net. No suitors could have been more devoted than our friends. It seemed as if each now bestowed upon the chosen one all the attentions he had hitherto given to both; and whether they went boating, sketching, or strolling upon the sands, they were the very picture of a partie carrie of lovers.

Naturally enough, as the young men became more in earnest, with the reticence common to my sex, they spoke less freely and frequently on the subject. Once, however, after an unusually pleasant afternoon, Salisbury ventured a few words.

"I say, we're a couple of lucky dogs! Who'd have thought, now, aw, that our summer was going to turn out so well? I'm sure I didn't. How do you get on, Charley, boy?"

"Deliciously: smooth sailing enough. Wasn't it a good idea, though, to pair off? I'm just as happy as a bee in clover. You seem to prosper too, eh?"

"Couldn't ask anything different: nothing but devotion, and all that. I'm delighted. I say, when are you going to propose?"

"Oh, I don't know; it is only a matter of form sooner the better, I suppose, and have it over."

"I was thinking of next week. What do you say to a quiet pic-nic down on the rocks, and a walk afterwards? We can separate, you know, and do the thing up systematically."

"All right: I will if you will."

"That's another bargain. I notice there isn't much doubt about the result, though."

"Hardly!"

A close observer might have seen that the gentlemen increased their attentions a little from that time. The objects of their devotion perceived it, and smiled more and more graciously upon them. The day set for the pic-nic arrived duly, and was radiant. It pained me to confess that my heroes were a trifle nervous. Their appearance was more gorgeous and wonderful than ever, and Thomas, who was anxious to be off, courting Miss Chapman's lady's maid, found his masters dreadfully exacting in the matter of hair-dressing. At length, however, the toilet was over, and "Solomon in all his glory" would have been vastly astonished at finding himself "arrayed as one of these."

The boat lay at the pier, receiving large quantities of supplies for the trip, stowed by Thomas, under the supervision of the grim and tarry skipper. When all was ready, the young men gingerly escorted their fair companions aboard, the lines were cast off, and the boat glided gently down the bay, leaving Thomas free to fly to the smart presence of Susan Jane, and to draw glowing pictures for her of a neat little coffee-house in the city, wherein they should hold supreme sway, be happy with each other, and let rooms upstairs for single gentlemen.

The brisk land-breeze, the swelling sail, the fluttering of the gay little flag at the gaff, the musical rippling of water under the counter, and the spirited motion of the boat, combined with the bland air and pleasant sunshine to inspire the party with much vivacity. They had not been many minutes about before the guitar-case was opened, and the girls' voices (Laura's soprano and Hattie's contralto) rang deliciously over the waves, mingled with feesble attempts at bass accompaniment from their gorgeous guardians.

Before these vocal exercises wereaied, the skipper hauled down his jib, let go his anchor, and brought the craft to just off the rocks; and bringing the yawl alongside, unceremoniously plumped the girls down into it, without giving their cavaliers a chance for the least display of agile courtliness. Rowing ashore, this same tarry person left them huddled upon the beach with their hopes, their hampers, their emotions, and their baskets, and returned to the vessel to do a little private fishing on his own account till wanted.

The maids went to their high spirits by chasing each other among the rocks, gathering shells and seaweed for the construction of those ephemeral little ornaments, fair but frail, in which the sex delight, singing, laughing, quoting poetry, attitudinizing upon the peaks and ledges of the fine old boulders, mossy and weedy and green with the wash of a thousand storms, wrought into strange shapes, and stained with the multitudinous dyes of mineral oxidation; and, in brief, behaved themselves with all the charming abandon that so well becomes young girls, set free, by the entourage of a holiday ramble, from the buckram and clear-starch of social etiquette. Meanwhile Ned and Charley smoked the pensive cigar of preparation in a sheltered corner, and gazed out seaward, dreaming and seeing nothing.

Ere long the breeze and the romp gave the young ladies not only a splendid colour and sparkling eyes, but excellent appetites also. The baskets and hampers were speedily unpacked, the table-cloth laid on a broad flat stone, so
used by generations of Brant-house pic-nickers, and the party fell to. Laura's beautiful hair, a little disordered, swept her blooming cheek, and cast a pearly shadow upon her neck. Her bright eyes glanced archly out from under her half-raised veil, and there was something exquisitely naïve in the freedom with which she sat taking a bird's wing in her little fingers, and boldly attacking it with teeth as white and even as can be imagined. Notwithstanding all the maudlin nonsense that has been put forth by sentimentalists concerning feminine eating, I hold that it is one of the nicest things in the world to see a pretty woman enjoying the creature comforts; and Byron himself, had he been one of this pic-nic party, would have been unable to resist the admiration that filled the souls of Burnlam and Salisbury. Hattie Chapman-stormed a fortress of boned turkey with a gusto equal to that of Laura, and made highly successful raids upon certain outlying salads and jellies. The young men were not in a very ravenous condition; they were, as I have said, a little nervous, and bent their energies principally to admiring the ladies and hooting with pickled oysters.

When the repast was over, with much accompanying chat and laughter, Ned glanced significantly at Charley, and proposed to Laura that they should walk up the beach to a place where, he said, there were "some pretty rocks and things, you know." She consented, and they marched off. Hattie also arose and took her parasol, as if to follow; but Charley remained seated, tracing mysterious diagrams upon the table-cloth with his fork, and looking sublimely unconscious.

"Sha'n't we walk, too?" Hattie asked.

"Oh, why the fact is," said he, hesitating, "I—I sprained my ankle getting out of that confounded boat; so I don't feel much like exercise just now."

The young girl's face expressed concern.

"That is too bad! Why didn't you tell us of it before? Is it painful? I'm so sorry!"

"N-no—it doesn't hurt much. I dare say it will be all right in a minute. And then—I'd just as soon stay here—with you—as to walk anywhere." (This very tenderly, with a little sigh.)

Hattie sat down again, and began to talk to this factitious cripple, in the pleasant, purring way some damsel have, about the joys of the seashore—the happy summer that was, alas! drawing to a close—her own enjoyment of life, and kindred topics, till Charley saw an excellent opportunity to interrupt with some aspirations of his own, which, he averred, must be realized before his life could be considered a satisfactory success.

If you have ever been placed in analogous circumstances, you know, of course, just about the sort of thing that was being said by the two gentlemen at nearly the same moment: Ned, loitering slowly along the sands with Laura on his arm; and Charley, stretched in indolent picturesqueness, upon the rocks, with Hattie sitting beside him. If you do not know from experience, ask any candid friend who has been through the form and ceremony of an orthodox proposal.

When the pedestrians returned, the two couples looked very hard at each other. All were smiling and complacent, but devoid of any strange or unusual expression. Indeed, the countenance is subject to such severe education, in good society, that one almost always looks smiling and complacent. Demonstration is not fashionable, and a man must preserve the same demeanour over the loss of a wife or a glove-button, over the gift of a heart's whole devotion or of a bundle of cigars. Under all these visitations, the complacent smile is in favour, as the nearest, most serviceable, and convenient form of non-committalism.

The sun was approaching the blue range of misty hills that bordered the mainland swamps, by this time; so the skipper was signalled, the dinner paraphernalia gathered up, and the party were soon en route for home once more. When the young ladies were safely in, Ned and Charley met in their room, and each caught the other looking at him, stealthily. Both smiled.

"Did I give you time, Charley?" asked Ned;

"we came back rather soon."

"Oh yes, plenty of time."

"Did you—aw, did you pro?"

"Yes—did you?"

"Well—yes."

"And you were—"

"Rejected, by Jove!"

"So was I!"

The day following this dissatrous pic-nic, the baggage of Mr. Edwin Salisbury and Mr. Charles Burnham was sent to the depot at Wikanasset Station, and they presented themselves at the hotel-office with a request for their bill. As Jerry Swaine deposited their key upon its hook, he drew forth a small tri-cornered billet from the pigeon-hole beneath, and presented it.

"Left for you this morning, gentlemen."

It was directed to both, and Charley read it over Ned's shoulder. It ran thus:

"Dear Boys,—The next time you divert yourselves by throwing dice for two young ladies, we pray you not to do so in the presence of a valiant and zealous and, in this case, a very honest gentleman. We did not wish you to know, as you have not suspected it, that we are Misses Hattie and Laura, and we beg you will not be a party to such proceedings any more."

"Hattie Chapman,

"Laub Thurston."

"Brant House, Wednesday."

"It is all the fault of that, aw, that confounded Thomas!" said Ned.

So Thomas was discharged.
THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travellers, Roger and I,
Roger's my dog.—Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!)
The paw he holds up there's been frozen
Plenty of cutout for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice eatables hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger?—See him wink!—
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said—
And he knows good milk from water-and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so badly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir), even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his pockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
Stand straight 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw!—Dress!—Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many dramas it takes
To honour a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five! he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!
Some brandy—thank you—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, sir, they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sang
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since—a parson's wife;
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberest, prosetest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road: a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before — Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, headen,
Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.—
You rascal, limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink:
The sooner, the better for Roger and me!
THE NEGRO—HIS NATURE AND DESTINY.*

All minds are now turned upon the negro. What is he? and what is to become of him? Are the white man and the negro to have the same civil and social status in this country? Are they to amalgamate? We see no reason why they should not, provided they are of the same species and are equal by nature, like the several branches of the Caucasian family, English, Irish, Welsh, Scotch, Germans, Dutch, French, Spaniards, Italians, Swiss, Poles, Hungarians, Danes, Swedes, Russians, Americans—all mingle bloods and unite on terms of social and civil equality; and this is found to be both physiologically and socially advantageous. Why not place the negro in the same category? Our present inquiry has no relation to one-sided politics. We are fast reaching a point—if, indeed, we have not reached it already—when we must meet this question upon its own merits. We accept the teaching that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." The negro and the white man may be of the same generic race, the same human family. But different species may be deduced from the same parent genus, and the species may become so dissimilar as to make a reunion into one and the same species abnormal and even fatal to the continuance. There are doubtless wise, providential designs in this, as related to the human family, but we have to do at present only with the fact.

We are now to show that the white man and the negro are of a different species. The terms negro and African are not synonymous. The negro occupies only about one half of Africa. The inhabitants of Northern Africa, Egyptians, Abyssinians, Nubians, Moors, Carthaginians, whether ancient or modern, as also the Hotten-tots of the South, are not and never have been negroes. The term negro is not a national appellation, for negroes have never had in Africa a proper nationality. They have existed in clans and hordes. The term indicates a particular type or species of the human family, known by certain distinctive physical and mental characteristics, some of which we proceed to notice.

The skull of the negro is narrower, longer, and much thicker and more solid than that of the white man; his jaws and lower posterior skull are more prominent; and in some cases the sphenoid does not reach the parieta] bones, but the coronal suture joins the margin of the temporals. In connection with these peculiarities of the head are a reduced forehead, a broad retracing chin, a large development of the lower part of the face; small, thick, projecting ears; a wide, longitudinal opening of the cavity of the nose, and a large action of the muscles of the lower jaw. The pelvis of the negro is also, like his head, narrow and long. This shape in the female, according to Vrolik and Weber, is a type of degradation, "as it approaches that of the quadruped in the more vertical direction of the iliac bones and their less width, in the smaller breadth of sacrum, and in the consequent less extent of the hips."

The shoulder-blades of the negro are broader and shorter than those of the white man; his muscles have longer tendons and shorter bellies; his legs project more outward and forward; his hands and his feet are flatter; and his heel-bone, instead of being arched, is in a straight line with the other bones of the foot, and projects more behind. As the weight of his body thus rests nearer the centre of his foot, his movement is less elastic and active, more mechanical and indolent, than that of the white man.

Like other animal races, negroes seldom have a solid breath, but they exhale odorous excretions from the skin. Their skin is thin, soft, oily, and also differs further, not only in the pigment underlying the transparent cuticle, but in the greater number of cutaneous glands. These are doubtless among the causes that enable them to endure so well the tropical climates. Their hair is curled, twisted, harsh, wiry, and is said by microscopists to have imbricated, projecting scales, and to be sometimes capable of being felt like wool. They have less sensibility than the whites, are not so subject to nervous affections, and realize less pain under surgical operations, or injuries inflicted upon their bodies. Medical authorities say of them: "The effects of opium and other narcotics appear rather in the digestive, circulatory, and respiratory functions than in the cerebral and nervous system; they are little subject to yellow fever, and more to yaws and other cutaneous affections; they are generally very torpid under disease."

The disposition of the negro is generally kind, genial, generous, affectionate. Unlike the Indian, he shuns the forest, loves society, is attached to the white man, looks to him for guidance, and clings to him for safety and support. He is very susceptible to kindness, patient of sufferings, and devoted to his friends. He is fond of cheer, mirth, and drollery; satisfied with the present, so long as he has the means to eat, drink, and be merry; improvident and thoughtless of the future, yet susceptible to religion, as addressed to his sympathies and instincts, and readily moulded to any faith in accordance with these. He is fond of music, and is easily wrapt in ecstasies under its more rude, impassioned strains. He is constitutionally indolent, but may be trained to industrious habits, and may become a skilful artisan, trafficker, mechanic, or farmer. Under
proper training, he makes a good servant, true, faithful, fond of his master, and proud of his relation to him. As a master, he is apt to be unreasonable, tyrannical, and cruel. The most oppressive masters are those who were once themselves slaves. Though kind to their friends, they are cruel to their enemies, and set little value on human life.

Negroes were known to the Egyptians more than two thousand years before Christ, and the representation of them upon their monuments accords precisely with their present type. They are known to have existed for thousands of years in Central and Southern Africa, as they now do, in a debased, savage state, preyng upon, enslaving, and devouring one another. They are cannibals. They have never risen, and seem never to have aspired, to civilization. They worship idols and fetishes, have sacred songs and festivals, and sometimes sacrifice human victims to their gods. They live in fear of ghosts and apparitions, and in apprehension of being turned into a gorilla, or other beast, reptile, or fish when they die. And thus, for thousands of years, through all the mutations of time, the rise and fall of empires, the advance of sciences and civilizations, they have remained the same degraded and miserable savages. Not a book, not a science, not a statute law, not a step towards civilization has marked their long, sad history!

What say we of all this? That the men who instituted and prosecuted the slave-trade were philanthropists, and merit praise? No. Their motive was money, not the negro's welfare. Let them receive merited condemnation. But He who makes the wrath of man to praise Him has made it an occasion of great good to the enslaved. They are here an elevated people, and enjoy a paradise of blessings compared with their brethren in Africa. They are industrious and useful farmers, mechanics, and household servants; they have ample supply of their necessities, both in health and sickness, and many of them enjoy the hopes and blessings of the gospel. They are generally contented and happy, and, under wise State regulations and suitable care, may steadily improve. What, then, is our duty respecting them? To throw them back into their savage state, or to hold them in perpetual bondage? Neither of these. There is a more excellent way. Immediate, universal, unconditional emancipation would be their inevitable abandonment to returning savagdom. No man with a decent head on his shoulders can doubt this. On the other hand, perpetual and inevitable servitude, in its present form, does not comport with our aspirations for the universal elevation and freedom of our race. The medium course is here, undoubtedly, the safest and best. The relation of master and slave should be sundered no faster than they are prepared for self-care, or a way provided for their improved condition. Emancipation under any other circumstances is a monstrous injustice and cruelty to the slaves. Slavery may be a great evil, but a greater evil will come in its place, when not removed in the right way. To the whites, no less than to the blacks, may the precipitate abolition of slavery prove disastrous. A sentinel, guarding our way and obstructing our passage, may be an evil; but his instant removal may be the signal for an influx of evils, which shall too late make us wish, a thousand times, that the stern sentinel were again back in his place.

Let us look the fearful problem in the face. Here are four millions of slaves; our inferior, and dependent upon us, they are especially entitled to our consideration and care. One of these four things must be done: First, we must emancipate them at once, at all hazards, and abandon them to their fate, irrespective of consequences; or, secondly, we must take them, as we do the Irish and other Europeans, into our social and civil status, and intermarry with them; or, thirdly, we must permit them to become our masters—at least in the Gulf States, and thus reverse the present system from black to white slavery; or, fourthly, we must retain our power over them, and by humane and wise means seek their gradual elevation and freedom, and their ultimate position as a civilized Christian nation, either in their native Africa or in some portion of America, or in both.

Only a visionary dreamer, or a man reckless of all obligations to God and to his fellow-creatures, would for a moment advocate the first. Objections to the second are no less insurmountable. Mulattoes, so called from the mule, the product of two species, are generally, like mules, unproductive; and the offspring of the mixed bloods never continue productive without a return, on the one side or the other, to the original pure white or black blood. It is not so with the different branches of the Caucasian family. On the contrary, health and productiveness are increased by the crossing. In the mingling of the white and black bloods, the one or the other must ultimately yield; for they will not permanently unite in one and the same species. The advantage is here on the side of the negroes; for with them "the potency and vigour in both sexes is excessive." The effect of amalgamation, on a broad scale, must therefore ultimately be the virtual extinction of the white race in the more Southern States. For the third alternative, the commutation of black slavery for white slavery, none but a frantic fanatic will contend. The fourth alternative is the one we advocate. We have no expectation that fighting, although we trust it will put down the rebellion and restore the Union, can of itself do much towards improving the condition of the negro. That cannot be done without peaceful, prolonged, self-sacrificing endeavours; a mutual understanding and sympathy between the North and South; and especially by the free consent and effective action of the States in which slavery exists.

It is becoming common to speak lightly of the destiny of the slaves. If we can only crush
the rebellion and restore and perpetuate the Union, no matter, we are told, what becomes of the negroes. But this will not do. There is a God in heaven, who cares no less for the humble and oppressed than for the more favoured of his people. As we deal mercifully and justly towards those in our power, so will He deal towards us. He will recompense us according to our righteousness. With the merciful he will show himself merciful. A people larger than were the people of the United States, at the time of the Revolution, just emerging from unrecorded ages of barbarism and civilization, is a spectacle of profoundest interest. Let us make their case our own; let us do unto others as we would that they should do unto us; let us give them, at least, a full and fair chance. As peace and union and the reign of good feeling shall return among us, which we trust will be ere long, only let Great Britain and the United States combine to plant and protect the institutions of a Christian civilization in Africa, aided by large colonies of our trained, ingenious, industrial negroes, and in due time a nation may be seen rising upon those vast, fertile plains and mountains, that will inaugurate a new era, and open an inviting asylum to the negro race for all future time.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

The way to wealth, observes an old author, is open to all who are industrious and frugal, both with respect to their money and time; for time well employed is certain to bring money, as money well spent is certain of gaining more. Lay down a regular estimate of your time, and what you must do in every particular hour and every particular day, and you will in one month acquire habits of punctuality which will be astonishing even to yourself, and which will gain for you a character of accuracy that cannot fail to raise your credit, the pride that all aim at, though but few obtain. A punctual man is sure to be respected, and he is almost sure of thriving and becoming rich, for punctuality comprehends industry and foresight, two of the most powerful instruments of procuring wealth.

On the same subject, Dr. Franklin says: Remember this—'the good paymaster is lord of another man's purse;' he that is known to pay punctually, and exactly to the time he promises, may at any time and on any occasion raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world than punctuality and justice in all his dealings; therefore never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friends' purse for ever.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect—you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses mount up to large sums and will discern what might have been and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets (necessary expenses excepted) will certainly become rich, if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavours, doth not, in His wise providence, otherwise determine.

MADAME LOFTY.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
So do I; she has dappled greys to draw it,
None have I.
She's no prouder of her coachman
Than am I.
With my blue-eyed laughing baby
Trundling by,
I hid his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He can give his bride a palace,
Mine a cot.
Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er cares she.
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom,
Inside I.
She will leave hers at Death's portals,
By-and-bye.
I shall bear the treasures with me,
When I die,
For I have love, and she has gold;
She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.
She has those who love her station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me,
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in the balance,
By-and-bye.
And then the difference He'll define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.
OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

My dear C——,

Rigolo is vanished! What is the fall of Richmond in comparison! "Rigolo!" you exclaim; "and who is Rigolo?" Fie, not to know Rigolo, the last Parisian hero, the mulet inmamentable, whose success in throwing off every adventurer from his back has made us forget the encyclical, Mdlle. Theresa, &c., &c., and filed, for the last month, the Cirque Napoleon with enthusiastic spectators. A hundred francs were offered to anyone who could succeed in going three times round the circus on the mule's back without being thrown off. A hundred francs! Fancy if there were "amateurs" and roars of laughter when Rigolo sent them, one after the other, over his head into the dust. But Rigolo's triumphs, like human glory in general, were but ephemeral, and he has allowed himself to be vanquished by a gamin de Paris, who carried off the hundred francs, and, with them, Rigolo's reputation; and the place of Parisian idol is, for the moment, vacant.

It is true that the present warm weather, after our long winter, makes us carpe lite for Paris amusements, and we shall soon abandon again the capital to our country cousins. Many families are already gone, and others on the eve of departure. The Emperor will start in May for Algiers; and it is thought that the Empress and her son will make a short sojourn at Nice during his Majesty's absence, though nothing is yet decided.

En attendant, their Majesties, as usual, honour the races every Sunday afternoon with their presence. Those at La Marche become more and more frequented, particularly by the demi-monde, the fashionable lorettes, who show off more and more their impudence and splendid dress, quaffing the most costly wines, and disdainfully flinging away half-empty bottles on the grass; while parties of boys, still in their teens, aping men, may be seen in groups drinking as much champagne in an hour as ought to be taken in a week, all under the pretence of imitating Epsom.

The death of Mr. Cobden caused great sensation here; the papers were unanimous in their regret for the loss of your great citizen. The Presse appeared in black borders; and one of its editors, Monsieur de Girardin, could not refrain from exclaiming, in the poignancy of his grief, and in his great love for England, "Blind Death! instead of taking away Lord Temple Palmerston who is eighty-one, and who loves England, has carried off Richard Cobden who was only sixty-one, and who loved France!" There may be great good taste in M. de Girardin's remark, but one must allow that it is not a pleasant one for your eminent Premier. The Emperor has ordered a bust of Cobden to be placed in the museum at Versailles; and the vice-president, during a sitting of the Corps Législatif, pronounced a panegyric on him, in the name of the House and of France.

Apropos of the Corps Législatif, Mr. E. Ollivier has all but passed over to the Government side. Monsieur Thiers has made two speeches, as he alone can make here. His first, in defence of Parliamentary Government, was admirable; and the last, against the convention of the 15th of September, made Government pronounce their intentions with respect to the Pope, who is to be defended should the Italians attack him.

The question of obligatory gratuitous instruction has met with a complete defeat in the House; seventeen members alone voted for it. It is really charming to see with what unanimity our deputies vote together, and what a cordial understanding there is between them and their imperial master: most assuredly we are in a second golden age. I wonder why we want deputies at all, in such a happy state of things!

The late election of Monsieur Prevost Paradol, as academian, was not quite so agreeable to Napoleon III. as the votes of his servile deputies. Had the Academy picked all France, they could not have found a man more disagreeable to his Majesty, Prevost Paradol being a staunch Orleansist and possessing a pen particularly biting to his Majesty. It is laughable to see how enraged the journalists who adore the present state of things are at the success of this young and clever writer, who is only thirty-six and whose talent no one contests. It is quite a political affair, and has been a regular party struggle. At the reception of the new academian, who, according to the custom, will make a speech, M. Guizot is to reply, which will be a great treat to those who are fortunate enough to get a ticket of entrance.

The opening of the great new theatre, Grand-Théâtre Parisian, at a franc and half a franc, took place a little while ago in one of the most populous quarters in Paris. The stage is as large as that of the New Opera House (sixteen metres wide), and never was there a more laughable first representation of a very dark drama. In the midst of a very theatrical scene, a shrill whistle, at a critical moment, made the whole audience burst out laughing. It was the whistle from a train entering the Lyon station, close by. "Sing louder," screamed the public to a young actress, who was already shouting enough to break her voice. "Louder!" echoed she, interrupting her song, "I should like to see you at it, in my place." Then they followed such a tumult of laughter and applause, that the tympan of one's ears risked a great chance of being rent. But the finale outdid all;}
the heroine falls dead on the stage; the actor let her fall with such violence, from his arms, that the dead lady got angry, so that while he and another actor were wringing their hands in agony, exclaiming: "She is dead! she is dead!" the lady got up, arranged her dress, and walked off the stage; which seeing, the despairing lover and friend rushed after her, caught hold of her, brought her back, saying, "You must lay still as you are dead, and let us finish our parts." "Finish your parts if you like, but I have had enough of it;" and, red with anger, the lady again disappeared, amidst another din, the like was never heard. The director of this new theatre, M. Massue, is a former pensionnaire of the Odéon, when the facetious Bocage was director—Bocage, who first brought out Madame George Sand's pieces for the stage. When "François le Chambri" was first represented, it was before a house almost empty, which suite of things Bocage could not accept, and knowing his Parisians well, for several days he refused to let a single place in his theatre, declaring to those who applied that every place had been taken a fortnight in advance, which did not prevent his theatre being crammed every night. Bocage having distributed free-tickets to that effect, and, as the piece was charming, the public were delighted, and soon all Paris knew that the whole theatre was hired a fortnight in advance, so great was the success of "François le Chambri;" so, of course, all Paris flocked to the Odéon, and the house was in reality let a fortnight in advance for some time after, and Bocage soon filled up the loss he had sustained by his free-tickets: the piece had an immense run, and George Sand's reputation as a dramatic author established.

"La flûte enchantée" of Mozart has brought the Théâtre Lyrique quite into fashion; those even who have long given up going to the theatre are enticed by the marvellous beauty of the music, and the splendid manner in which it is performed. Stage sets are illuminated in a manner similar to those of Diaghilev, and the music is in harmony with the set. M. Carvalho's lovely voice is enchanting; while a young Swedish lady's (Mademoiselle Nilsson) wonderful "fa," clear and shrill, makes the whole house burst forth with rapture of applause. By-the-by, "l'Africaine" has not yet appeared, on account of the ship that is to be represented in a scene; this vessel has required enormous work in its construction, but is now nearly if not quite finished, and the rehearsals are actively going on. One of Meyerbeer's daughters, an excellent musician, is present at every rehearsal. By all accounts the opera is something beyond conception, and is Meyerbeer's masterpiece. Naumkin has to have 10,000 francs per month. Faure and Madame Sade are also engaged in it.

At the farewell banquet, given by the director and artistes of the Théâtre Française, to Geoffroy, a nobleman, it is said, offered to pay five hundred francs for admission, but was refused on the plea that no strangers could be admitted. However, determined to be there, he bribed a waiter, dressed himself in this man's clothes and served at table en garçon. This is pushing one's admiration for an actor rather far.

The Exhibition Palace, for 1867, is to be built at the extremity of the Boulevard, Malesherbes. It was reported that your famous Paxton had come over with splendid designs for a Crystal Palace; as if Monsieur Hausmann's imagination was not sufficiently prolific in beautifying Paris and in squandering our money without requiring help! I have not heard whether his project has been accepted.

The sale of Monsieur de Morny's horses and pictures has produced a fabulous sum, as also that of M. de Pourtales; many objects there, it seems, sold for double their worth; the Marquis of Hertford particularly distinguished himself in the high price he paid for several pictures, and it is truly amusing to hear the idea the Parisians have of his wealth; Aladdin with his wonderful lamp was not richer. The Duke de Morny's friend, the Marquis de la Valette, has just been named Minister of the Interior, replacing Monsieur Boudet, who has not been long in office, but who is raised to the dignity of Senator; report says that Monsieur Boudet gave in his resignation on account of a reprimand received from his Majesty, for not having prevented the publication, or rather the circulation, of the pamphlet on "Julius Caesar" which I named in my last letter. Monsieur de la Valette has already suspended, for two months, a newspaper of ultramontane principles, L'union de l'Ouest. He begins well.

The women flower-sellers, or domes de-la-halles, according to an established custom, went to offer a superb bouquet, the other day, to a rich young heeress on the point of being married, and residing rue Faubourg St. Honoré. When arriving before the hotel of the young lady's father, a hearse, with white drapery, denoting a young virgin, issued mournfully forth; it was, alas! the very young creature for whom the bouquet was destined. The women, struck with awe, knelt down after laying their bouquet on the coffin, and returned home without asking any remuneration, although such is usual. This custom of the women of the halles offering flowers to rich young ladies on their wedding-day, for which they receive a handsome return, belongs to French history. In former days no tradesman could open a shop in the streets of Paris but was obliged to establish himself in the halles, or market, which was a sort belonging to the Crown, and for which he paid a tax to the King. Philippe Auguste issued an edict in favour of the merchants, and in gratitude the needlewomen presented the Queen with a magnificent tresseu, in baskets ornamented with flowers. The King, pleased at their gratitude, accorded them the right of being at the marriage of every king of France for ever after, as also that of kissing every new queen before the nuptials. Poor Marie Antoinette was the last queen kissed by them. Since the Revolution the market-women present a bouquet to every rich young lady, either on the signing of the
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

Perhaps the two most noteworthy events to chronicle, on the present occasion, are the annual boat-race between the Cantabs and the Oxonians (the latter being now victorious for five successive years), and the volunteer review at Brighton, on Easter Monday, which passed off in a most brilliant manner.

We have next to record the acquittal of Pelizzioni, and the disposal of the gang of City burglars, of whom we are happily rid for, at all events, seven, ten, fourteen, and twenty years, according to the presumed share of each in the felony. And at the last moment we may refer to the voluntary confession of Miss Kent, who has delivered herself up as the perpetrator of the mysterious Road murder; and to the assassination of President Lincoln in a private box!

We should note that the Sheffield Theatre (by a strange coincidence called the "Surrey") has been destroyed by fire, and that the London Surrey Theatre is to be immediately rebuilt.

Amongst the many improvements and alterations in the great metropolis, we noticed the other day in Holywell-street, Strand, some magnificent buildings (one occupied by a fishmonger) that have been just erected on the right-hand side, looking towards Newcastle-street. We confess to some sneaking affection for the quaint old gables which belong to the days of Jack Sheppard, if they could be made compatible with present decency; but it appears a sine qua non that a change should be first wrought in the architectural character of the neighbourhood.

"Tattersalls" is no longer to be found at Hyde Park Corner, the new premises at Knightsbridge-green having been opened in April.

A recent fracas in the Garrick Club, having been unnecessarily brought into notice in a leading article in the Daily Telegraph, supposed documents in order to write a history of Marie Antoinette. Her veneration for Marie Antoinette, however, does not prevent her sleeping in her bed at Fontainebleau, and under her very existence given by the town of Lyons to the young bride on her wedding-day, which to me is profanation.

Shocking news for the end. The trees are all covered with leaves in our gardens, the lilies are in flower, yet the old ladies shake their heads. The swallows are not yet come, "c'est la fin du monde!"

Au revoir,
S. A.
work than has hitherto been issued. We fancy that there are editions enough already of the works of Charles Dickens. However his publishers evidently think differently; so we are offered another, in a cheap double-column form, and may expect shortly to see the announcement of what we shall call in anticipation "The Nation's Nickleby."

From a recent chapter in Mr. Wills' clever tale of "David Chantry," now appearing in "Temple Bar," we extract the following unpleasant truism: "One of the most humiliating lessons we learn in this world is how little we are individually wanted in it." Miss Braddon's tale is becoming highly interesting, and Mr. Yates is sufficiently personal in his "Land at Last!" the first chapter of which is very much in the style of the greater novelist he so plainly worships. He is also indebted to the Artists' Club in Langham Chambers, for his starting point; though he certainly considerably idealizes both the club and its proceedings: at the last soirée of the season, by the way, the committee came to the wise resolve that there should be no more songs or recitations, which had been too freely introduced on several previous occasions. We are very glad that this decision was announced in the room. It is no joke, we think, to exert the lungs in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke; nor is it altogether consistent with the occasion to make this a prominent feature. Speaking for ourselves, we do not care to be called from the contemplation of a portfolio of clever drawings, to listen to songs, some of them suggestive of a tap-room; and the announcement that there would be no more singing &c., had the effect of immediately thinning the room, when the pictures were inspected with ease by those who came for the legitimate object of the club.

It is a very objectionable practice of society that Mr. Arthur Sketchley, Mr. Toole, and others cannot relax a little from their professional labours without being immediately "spotted" and surrounded by an admiring throng, from which situation the desire that they should be "funny" is supplied; nor is it particularly agreeable for those who have a spécialité for this sort of thing, en amateur, that their presence should be the signal for a similar outbreak on every possible occasion. The precedent once established, there is no escape from the infliction, save absence, or by the practice being nipped in the bud by those in authority, which has been very properly done in this instance.

We have perused with considerable pleasure a new novel, "edited" by Lady Chatterton, and entitled "Greys Court" (Smith and Elder). During the narrative, which is sustained with interest and related with much power in the form of a diary, after the manner of "The Woman in White," to which it may thus be said to bear a slight resemblance, we meet with an occasional reflective paragraph by the way which is always welcome, and for which no apology is needed. We may especially instance the remarks upon duelling, towards the close of the work.

An account of the escape of some prisoners from France is exceedingly graphic, and "a duel to the death" is forcibly described. Some remarks on French society before the Revolution are acceptable, and the plot will be found sufficiently exciting to suit the present taste without possessing any of the demerits of the sensational school.

The arrangements for a more rapid and perfect publication of the Standard, with much additional space for news, have been for some time announced in the pages of that paper.

Mr. Thomas Wright, the translator of "The Life of Julius Caesar," has had the honour of receiving one of the very few presentation copies, coming direct from the Emperor.

Death has been busy of late, and we grieve to record the decease of Cobden, the champion of Free Trade, whose loss has been universally deplored. We also have to announce the death of Samuel Lucas (the brother-in-law of Mr. Bright), managing-proprietor of the Morning Star; and that of John Cassell, of that well-known firm, the publishers of "Julius Caesar." News has been received from Florence of the death of Mrs. Theodosia Trollope. Professor Kiss, the German sculptor, whose Amazon was one of the attractions of the Exhibition of 1851; Madame Pasta, the celebrated Norma; Witherington, one of the oldest of our Royal Academicians; and E. J. Loder, the composer of "The Night Dancers," leave blanks in the world of art and music. The death of the original of Dickens' "Miss Flite" (vide "Bleak House") has been recently announced.

After a very severe winter we jumped all at once into more genial weather with the commencement of April, and it was on a lovely day—that which gave the first sign of the sudden change—that we devoted several hours to the inspection of many of the pictures before they were sent in to the Royal Academy; having the entrée we availed ourselves of it to the fullest extent, and it is a delightful privilege thus to have the run of the studios and enjoy the agreeable society of the brethren of the brush. In the neighbourhood of Victoria Road, Kensington, it was only necessary that we should cross over the way to find ourselves on the Coast of Brittany or in a Spanish interior—at Baden Baden, or on the river Ouse, as we contemplated the works of Hook or Ans dell, Elmore, or O'Neill, either preceded or followed by the quaintest of comedians, who, in tones well-known to the public, good-humouredly protested against our pursuing him from one studio to another. From this inspection we are enabled to report that Hook has four works in his usual style: we do not know their titles, but in all we smell these, and the subjects are women making nets and dragging sea-weed. Ans dell has painted three large pictures—"The Interior of a Shrine in the Alhambra," "Horses treading out the Corn" (a Spanish scene), and "A Poacher struck down by a Keeper's dog." Elmore sends a very powerful picture which he calls "A Pause in a
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Career," with a wonderful moonlight effect, the scene being a gaming-table at Baden Baden. H. O'Nei, we believe, will be represented by two portraits in addition to his "Canute listening to the Monks chanting in Ely Cathedral." Next proceeding to Campden Hill, we visited the great painter of Spanish subjects, Philip, and saw his "Murillo exhibiting his Pictures in the Market-place at Seville," which, if we mistake not, will be pronounced one of the most masterly productions of this artist, who has also painted the portraits of two ladies. Rankley makes a decided advance in his "After Life"—gipsies going through their entertainment before an artist, who is resting from his day's work, whilst he is at the same time contemplating the scene with an evident eye to a picture. Brooks sends two works: the subject of one is that of a clergyman entering a fisherman's hut, to break the news of his loss at sea to the widow who anticipates the painful tidings, and which we believe the artist intends to call "The Parson's Work," unless he should have adopted a title of our suggesting, namely, "Sad News on the Threshold." The other picture is called "A Discovery," and reminds us of Horsely. Frank Dillon treats us to two of his charming sketches, on the Nile—Philae; and a magnificent sunlight effect lower down the river, nearer Cairo. Frith's "Marriage of the Prince of Wales" will be assuredly one of the chief attractions of an exhibition which altogether gives promise of being the best we have had for many years. In this interesting picture, hundreds of figures are introduced, and the artist has surmounted the great difficulty of his subject, rendering the scene less formal than could have been expected. Mr. Frith has also painted a portrait of Miss Braddon. We are unable to speak as to its merit as a likeness, but we can safely affirm that if the original is anything like her portrait, the immense amount of literary work she manages to get through seems to agree with a lady in the prime of life, and who looks as if she would write for an indefinite period. Mr. Jerry Barrett, whose "Drawing-room at St. James's Palace in the reign of Queen Victoria" has gained him well-merited distinction, has sent only one picture, but that one will have many admirers. He calls it "In Good Hands," and he has represented an old woman who is about to be piloted across Oxford-street by an exceedingly pretty young one, as good as she is well-looking, who has volunteered her kind offices regardless of the lookers-on. Rebecca Solomon has forcibly illustrated in two pictures, Kasp's fable of "The Lion and the Mouse," whilst her clever brother Simeon has for his subject "Women looking at the sports in the Coliseum," which may be regarded as the most important work this rising young artist has yet painted. Besides the pictures we have mentioned, we hear great things of Millais, Calderon, Marks, Leighton, and others.

Returning from a visit to Astley's "The Mariner's Compass" is a capital drama, Mr. Leslie, and you have been evidently indebted to "Enoch Arden""] we saw a fire almost break out at Stangate, and continue to burn for a considerable time before the arrival of the fire-brigade, when it was with great difficulty got under, owing to its being low water at the time. What confusion and crowding there is on these occasions! It is really marvellous that the men can get room for their operations, which must be often greatly retarded by the mob. The whole of Jennings' premises were destroyed, and when we left they had succeeded in confining the flames to that spot. At one time we thought that the houses at the back were doomed.

"Apropos," we had witnessed the mimic fire in "The Streets of London" the night before, this being the last of its representation, having deferred our visit till then. We suppose it was necessary for scenic effect, but we never saw Northumberland House lit up in reality, as was the case in the Charing Cross scene; and as to the fire, we are bound to confess we thought more of that in "Effie Deans."

It has been asserted, and we are sorry to add not contradicted, that in consequence of a recent quarrel between Boucicault and the "heap- ing journal," no notice appeared therein of the new drama of "Arrah na Pogue," although Mr. Oxenford sent it in, in due course. This, if true, is not very creditable to the Times. Mr. Boucicault's name naturally reminds us of the correspondence that has recently been published in reference to the so-called "organized opposition" to the "Woman in Mauve." For our own part we did not notice any more unpleasant sounds than on the first night of "Our American Cousin" (which had an equally narrow escape), except when Mr. Sothern sung a song to a hurdy-gurdy accompaniment, and an unmeaning echo was thoroughly and deservedly "opposed." After all, whatever demonstration there was against this "clever satire" on all first representation, it clearly had the effect of redoubling the applause, and securing at least a temporary success.

The Bateman and Simms furor has subsided, and the latter actress has been having it all her own way as Constance. We wonder how much too old Mr. Webster may now be considered for Wildrake? (we should say he could not have been too young for the part when he played it originally, being certainly not juvenile when we saw him and Mrs. Nesbitt, now some fifteen years ago). However, he "makes up" wonderfully, and managers are privileged beings: they may enact whatever parts they please, and so long as managers are actors the "Mause," whilst her cleverer things will continue. We observed some time ago an announcement that Miss Bateman would shortly perform other characters in her repertoire, which has as yet been confined to the two parts Leez and Julia (in London at least), so we cannot speak with any certainty as to what that repertoire may consist of. How unsatisfactory this was in the character of Sir Thomas Clifford! indeed, some one near us ob-
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served, in reference to that actor’s voice, that it sounded as if its possessor had been “born in the catacombs and christened at a mausoleum”!

We visited the old Queen’s during the last week of the old management, being curious to see it once more before the change, and we did not find it nearly so dilapidated or dingy as we had expected. We witnessed a portion of a drama entitled the “Work-girls (or “women,” wedeforget which, nor does it matter) of London”—a piece of no particular merit, but which seemed to meet with a certain amount of approval. Mr. James has held the theatre for more than a quarter of a century, and under its new name and direction it has opened under the most favourable circumstances.

The Strand underlines a new burlesque by “the most popular burlesque author of the day”—this is understood not to be Mr. Byron, since that gentleman has transferred his services exclusively to the Prince of Wales’s Theatre. For the present Mr. Burnand’s old burlesque, “Patience: Penelope married,” has been revived. We have seen Mr. Parselle’s comédetta of “Cross Purposes,” which may be denominated “a pleasing trifle.” We consider that Miss Milly Palmer has not yet been seen to the best advantage. We would ask that useful actor, Mr. H. J. Turner, why, when he desires to be more than usually funny, he should peremptorily indulge in one attitude, the repetition of which becomes wearisome? He should take a lesson from Mr. Emery in similar parts.

Fechter appears rather fond of putting one of his actors into his part before the piece is withdrawn; this was so in “Bel Demonio,” and in “The Roadside Inn.” Mr. Emery played Robert Macaire during the last few nights—a part in which we have seen him, and for which we consider him in some respects better adapted than Mr. Fechter, who, according to our notions, was neither sufficiently grotesque in the first act nor sufficiently enough throughout. A version of “Belphégor” has been revived, with Fechter as the first, so that the “Lady of Lyons” is, we presume, deferred indefinitely. In the new revival Master Paul Fechter appears as the son of the mountebank, whose wife is represented by Middle. Beatrice.

Poor Robson’s son has made a successful débat at the St. James’s. He is, we hear, an excellent dancer à la Donato, and has plenty of confidence. We are also informed that the play of his countenance at times strikingly resembles that of his late father; but we think it a pity that he should carry the resemblance further in a mad scene, and an imitation of Jen Baggs, which we understand is the case.

Mr. Tom Taylor’s drama of “Settling Day” has been advantageously condensed into three acts. We wonder what induced the artist in the last scene to give us so striking a view of the Westminster clock, which could not possibly be visible from the grounds of a “villa at Putney”?

We have procured here the sixth edition of the “Mémoires de Thérèsa of the Alcazar” (whom we heard last autumn, and who has since been turning the heads of the nobility in the salons of Paris). It is published at three francs, and contains the following dedication: “Je dédie ce livre a celui qui je dois tout . . . au public!—Thérèse.”

On a former occasion we referred to a one-legged dancer at a minor theatre, who went by the name of Doneta; we may now allude to a trick of a similar description at another house, where we noticed the announcement of “the beautiful Menkon,” which may possibly result in law proceedings.

The late Mr. Albert Smith’s room at the Egyptian Hall has been secured for a series of “Mysterious Performances,” which commenced on Easter Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews were “at home” at the Beethoven Rooms, on the 30th March, on which occasion there was a strong muster of professionals. The St. James’s and Haymarket companies were there in full force. Lord Randolph and the Honourable Spencer Ponsonby were present; and among many other celebrities we noticed J. R. Planché, Mrs. Keeley, Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Palgrave Simpson, Leicester Buckingham, Arthur Sketchley, Walter Montgomery, Miss Henrietta Simms, and Miss Amy Sedgwick. Among others, more—or less known to fame, there were the Licensor of Plays, Mr. Radley (of Radley’s Hotel), and—YOUR BOHRMIAN.

The First Newspaper.—The first published, says Galignani, bears the date of Nuremberg, 1457; the first English one was in 1692; and the first French in 1631. A very ancient printed sheet was offered for sale in the Libri collection, and of which a duplicate exists in the British Museum. It is entitled, Neue Zeitung, aus Hispanien und Italien (“News from Spain and Italy”), and bears the date of February, 1534. The catalogue gave the following description of it: “An exceedingly rare journal, which appears to have been printed at Nuremberg. It contains the first announcement of the discovery of Peru, and has remained unknown to all the bibliographers that we have been able to consult. In this printed sheet it is said that the Governor of Panamya (Panama) in the Indies, wrote to his majesty (Charles V.) that a vessel had arrived from Peru, with a letter from the Regent, Francisco Piscara (Pizarro), announcing that he had taken possession of the country; that with about 200 Spaniards, infantry and cavalry, he had repaired to the possession of a great seignor named Cassiko (who refused peace), and attacked him, that the Spaniards were the victors, and that he had seized upon 5,000 castillons (gold pieces), and of 20,000 silver marks, and lastly, that he had obtained 2,000,000 in gold from the said Cassiko.”
LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE WAGGON RIDE.

(Y. DAISY DALE.

Lucy Carey was a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed little girl, just eight years old. The greatest treat that could be offered Lucy was a ride in a waggon, that would go jolting "over the hills and far away," with a pile of sweet fresh straw for a seat, and the blue sky for a top.

Lucy’s father told her one day, that if she would learn to knit, and finish him a pair of mittens, he would buy a horse and waggon to take her riding.

She got the needles and a ball of yarn, and asked her grandma if she would teach her to knit. She kindly consented to do so, set up the mittens, and found Lucy a very apt pupil.

Lucy knit every leisure moment she had, but thought she knitted great many rounds, and that her poor little fingers would get very tired before one mitten would be completed.

Patience, however, did much for her, and her mind was diverted from the tedious work by the thought of the beautiful drive she should take with her papa. Her perseverance at length overcame all difficulties; the mittens were finished, and the little girl with a look of laudable pride laid them beside her papa’s plate at the breakfast-table, one morning early in September. He tried them on, and found them a little too long, and one the least bit broader than the other, but said they were excellent for the first trial; and kissing his daughter, thanked her, and put them into his pocket.

That afternoon, Lucy put on her new pink gingham dress and straw hat, and walked about the yard, with her little heart beating faster than usual, and her face turned oftener towards the gate, for she was expecting every moment to see her father drive up with the new horse and waggon.

He did not come, however, and Lucy decided she would take a walk. The next day, and the next, she was doomed to disappointment. She had yet to learn that labour is not always immediately rewarded; in fact, some persons toil on from year to year, and ask no other recompense than the amount necessary to sustain life.

Lucy was a little philosopher, and concluded that if her father had forgotten his promise, that was no reason why she should forget to knit; so, with her mother’s permission, she commenced a pair of mittens for Michael Brown, a poor man who saved her father’s wood. They were finished much sooner than the first pair, and putting them into a little basket, she started for Michael’s cottage, at the farthest end of the village.

In passing the blacksmith’s shop, her attention was attracted by a beautiful jet black pony, which the smith was shoeing. She stopped a moment to look at him, and could not help wishing it was hers; for she did not know, or at least reflect, that it was wrong to covet what belonged to another. When the man said, “Wo-o, Charley,” she thought, “What a beautiful name, too! It just suits him; I know papa would never be able to get a horse like this!”

Our little heroine, like many older persons, thought the mould of perfection had been destroyed after the creation of this beautiful model of hers, and that nature would not furnish another so faultless. With a sigh, as she took a lingering look at “Charley,” she resumed her walk, and soon reached Michael’s cottage, where she gave the mittens to Mrs. Brown, who thanked her over and over for her kindness, and wished she might be rewarded for thinking thus of a poor man.

When she reached home, Lucy saw a spring waggon, newly painted, and the veritable black horse, standing at the side gate! She ran in, expecting to find visitors, but was met by her father, who said, “Well, daughter, how do you like Charley? He is your horse, and I hope he suits you. Get on your shawl now, and we will have a ride.”

Lucy clapped her hands for joy; she could hardly realize her happiness; she thanked her father again and again, and then went with him to take a good look at the pony. She smoothed his glossy black coat, looked at his meek, intelligent face, and admired his wavy mane, and the white star on his forehead. Her mother and aunt having come out, got into the waggon. Mr. Carey lifted Lucy in; then, taking a seat beside her, told Charley to “get up,” and off they started.

It was a delightful day, late in “breesy October.” The haze of Indian Summer hung over the landscape, the trees looked blue in the distance, and scarlet and yellow leaves floated noiselessly down from the branches of the oaks and maples, that nearly met over the road—which wound before them, white and silvery like a river, through valleys and up hills. The farmhouses looked cosy, and the cattle and sheep contented. None were more happy than Lucy, however, who asked questions about all she saw.

“Are you fond of curiosities and tales, Lucy?” said her father, who knew she was collecting all she could for a cabinet: “how would you like to see a great mound, which is supposed to have been formed by the people who inhabited this country before the Indian race.”

“Before the Indians!” said Lucy, astonished: “why, I thought they were the people that always lived here; who were the others?”

“It is not positively known, only conjectured.”
Leaves for the Little Ones.

"What are you stopping for, papa?" said Lucy, as he drew in the reins and checked Charley before the red frame house, that lay nestled among the hills, surrounded by a thrifty orchard.

"This is Squire Koost's, and I have often promised to bring your mother out to see them; so, if she is willing we will go in now, and perhaps he will accompany us on our visit to the mound."

Mrs. Carey was very willing to stop; Charley was hitched, and in the party went, through the great old red gate, on each side of which a straggling quince tree, laden with ripe yellow fruit, had been sentry since the gate was first placed there. A beautiful fawn, with large, lustrous eyes, came bounding towards them, followed by the Squire, who cordially greeted and invited them in.

"Hey! Miss Lucy, glad to see you," said he, after shaking hands with the rest of the party; "did you ever see a fawn before?"

"No, sir," said Lucy; "but I have read of and seen pictures of them."

"You must get your father to take you to Minnesota, where you can see any number of them. My friend Mr. Van Cleve sent this to my little boy Willie. He trades out there with the Indians, and lives on deer meat. He has a wigwam, and is lulled to sleep by the musical sound of the Minne-ha-ha Falls, which are only a short distance from his lodgings," said the Squire, opening the door for them to enter.

Lucy thought it looked very old-fashioned, the large, low room, with its high-backed green chairs, rag carpet, and prim white curtains; but a cheerful fire threw an air of comfort over the apartments, and the good-natured faces of the Squire and his wife made her feel at home. An old portrait hung over the mantel, which attracted her attention. It was that of a gentleman, dressed in a red coat, ruffled shirt, and thread-lace ruffles about his wrists; a powdered wig, cane in his hand, and handkerchief peeping with a very dandified air from his coat pocket. He was standing in profile, and looked as if he was just going to take his daily airing in the West End of London.

"That is a strange-looking old gentleman, Lucy," said the Squire. "He was a great-grand-uncle of mine, who lived in the old country in the time of George the Third, of England. He got tired of living under a king, and concluded he would come to America. He was in Boston when the tea was thrown into the harbour, and his family always thought he was one of those who, in the garb of savages, performed the glorious work. But as the "savages" kept their secret, it was never known for certain who they were. An old mocassin, and fragments of an Indian blanket, were found in his garret after his death; and he could never bear the smell of tea; so the evidence is pretty conclusive," said he, taking a curious japanned box from under the portrait and handing it to Mrs. Carey. "That is a tea-caddy he bought of a merchant who brought over a cargo of such things from China. He bought it for his sister, who kept house for him, for he wished her to indulge in the use of it if she liked it. And here inside, you see, is a little silver shell she used to measure the tea out with, to draw for supper."

Lucy was delighted with all she heard, and would have quite forgotten the mound, had not her father mentioned it. Mrs. Koost said she would have tea ready when they returned; so they all clmbed into the waggon. The Squire took the reins, and drove up a long stony hill, from the top of which they could see little villages, embosomed in trees, for miles around. In the centre of a wood, where pigs were eating acorns and beech-nuts, arose a steep "little hill," as Lucy termed it, about seventy feet high, hollowed slightly on the top, like the crater of a volcano. This was the mound, about which Squire Koost told them all he knew; that it had been dug into, a little; but only some burnt stone found, as they had not penetrated far enough for the deposits. Lucy got a piece of the burnt stone, and an acorn, which grew on a tall oakt on the summit. He told her its situation was the north-western part of Butler county, about thirty miles from Cincinnati, and two miles from the village of Trenton, through which she had just passed.

When the party returned to the house, an ample supper was set, in true Ohio style. A dainty cloth covered the round table; hot tea, light brown muffins, fried chicken and honey, were relished by the hungry travellers. They had a cheerful chat, around the great blazing fire, and were sorry when the time came for them to start home. Lucy thought, as she rode along in the silver moonlight, that the money laid out in a horse like Charley was a very good investment.

LITTLE EUGÉNIE.

(Translated from the French.)

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

A pretty little Parisian girl, some seven years of age, named Eugénie Perrault, was one day returning from school, with her basket on her arm. It was half-past five in the afternoon,
and the day was exceedingly cold and damp. From the frame-work of a building, on her way, there emerged a little girl of eight years, with a sweet, pleasant face, but who trembled with cold, and was wet to the skin. She clasped her hands in entreaty, and said, "Oh, Mademoiselle, have you a bit of bread in your basket? I am very, very hungry."

"Oh dear, yes," replied Eugénie, "I have some, and will gladly give it to you; see, here it is; but how wet you are, poor child!"

"Yes, Mademoiselle," replied the little girl. "I have been out, wandering about this great, strange city a long time. My father brought me to Paris from the country; he told me to wait for him awhile at the door of a wine-shop; but he went out by another door, without coming for me. I am afraid he wanted to lose me, in this great, crowded, lonely place."

"Have you a mother?" asked Eugénie, with tears in her sweet brown eyes.

"No; she is dead."

"Have you little brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, there are seven of us; and we ate a great deal of bread; and our father says he must have his wine; so, I suppose he thought it best to lose me, just as people sometimes lose kittens, when there are too many of them."

"Well, poor dear," said Eugénie, as the forlorn child’s tears were rolling fast down her pale cheeks, "come home with me. I have a good mother; she will feed you and give you a nice bed, and you shall be my little sister, always."

Then, taking the forsaken child by the hand, she led her home.

"See, mamma," she said—"here is a poor little girl whose father has abandoned her, and she cannot find him. You will take care of her, will you not, dear mamma? You know that the blessed Jesus says that whoever does good to his poor little ones does good to Him; and he will bless you, mamma."

The good woman could not resist this solemn entreaty, and from that hour the motherless little girl was dressed and treated as one of the family.

The father of Eugénie kindly assented to the adoption of the stranger, and cheerfully took upon himself the burden of her support. Yet he was no rich merchant or nobleman, but an honest and simple working man, a type-founder.

Somewhere, the story of little Eugénie’s generous kindness—the little romance of the artisan’s humble home—reached the ears of a young Princess, in the great palace of the Tuileries; and she sent to the interesting child a beautiful present, as a mark of her esteem. But Eugénie had better, sweeter rewards, in the gratitude and tender affection of her adopted sister, and in the love of Him who has said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

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THE FRIAR OF ST. ALBANS.

(A Tale of the Twelfth Century.)

BY J. G. GERVANS.

It was in the year of our Lord 1122 that a man, in a clerical garb and apparently about thirty years of age, was plodding his weary way through a beautiful valley in the south of France. It was October, and the shades of evening were gathering around, warning the traveler, that, as the next town was more than four leagues distant, it was high time that he sought a lodging for the night. A peasant’s cottage was visible on his left hand, a little way from the road, and he was on the point of making towards it, for the purpose of begging from its owners the shelter of his humble roof, when he heard the clatter of a horse’s hoofs behind him, and, turning round, he saw a cavalier on a grey palfrey trotting up the road. On approaching the traveler the horseman slackened his pace, and when abreast of the ecclesiastic, courteously saluted him. The Friar (for such he was) returned the compliment, with a low bow, saying, in rather a foreign accent:

"The blessing of God and our Holy Church be on you, stranger! May I beg to know where I can find shelter for the night, for I am sore tired with my day’s walk. I see a cottage yonder, but I would lodge for the night at some little hostelrie, which you may know perhaps at hand, peradventure that you are acquainted with these parts.”

"I do know these parts full well, holy sir. Come with me, and I will take you where free welcome, with good cheer and a bed after it will be thine. I am esquire to the good knight,
Sir Raymond de Breteuil, whose gates are ever open to the wayward stranger, be he church or layman. "Come with me."

The Friar, in a grateful tone of voice, thanked the esquire for his hearty kindness, and they walked on a little way together, then turned off to the right, up an avenue which led, in a winding direction and by gentle activity, to Breteuil Castle. In about fifteen minutes they arrived there; when, having crossed a moat which surrounded the huge building, the squire dismounted, and, walking up to a side portal, he rang a bell, which, being soon opened, he entered a large court-yard, followed by the Friar. The former called a serving-man, bade him conduct the stranger to the servants' hall for the present, until he had notified his arrival to Sir Raymond.

Being conducted to the interior, and aware too of his speedy introduction to the knight, the Friar felt that, independently of its comfort, a good wash was necessary to make him presentable, and he solicited the same—a boon that was readily granted him in the extensive laundry near at hand.

But a short time had elapsed, on his return to the hall, before a page entered and beckoned him to follow. Leading through a corridor of some fifty yards in length, the page turned to the right, and, walking up to a large oak door, opened it, and motioned to the Friar to enter the room.

It was a spacious apartment, and was that generally used by Sir Raymond when he entertained strangers. A table was set out for the evening meal (usually, in those times, a very substantial one). At the board sat Sir Raymond and his lady. The knight might have been about eight-and-twenty, a young man of commanding presence and grave aspect; while his lady, who was some three or four years his junior, was remarkable for her vivacity of look and demeanour. Both rose from their seats, and inclining their heads with reverence to the Friar when he entered the room. Such was the respect shown to the church in the middle-ages, especially in this and the following century, that the most slavish homage would be sometimes accorded by the proudest baron to the meanest ecclesiastic.

The Friar returned a low bow to the salute of Sir Raymond and his lady, when the former in a kind manner, said to him, "Welcome, holy father, welcome to our castle and to our evening meal. Sit down, I pray you—but first, the blessing."

The Friar, having said a becoming grace, sat down with his kind host and hostess to supper. A right pleasant night was spent in that room by those three persons. The isolated condition of the nobility in those dark ages, shut up as they were in their castles, away from society, ignorant and illiterate, too, in the extreme, there was no relief to the tediousness of life but in the jousting-yard or tennis-court, in the hawking or hunting-field. The company, therefore, of an intelligent churchman (usually the only educated man of the period), was highly acceptable—and such, truly, was the man who sat at the hospitable board of Sir Raymond de Breteuil. To a thorough proficiency in the learning of the time, there was joined much depth of thought and natural acuity in the Friar; and he was blessed, too, with a fluent and impressive mode of speech which produced a strong effect at all times on his hearers.

The Lady Constance (such was her name) spoke of tournaments and feasts, and, in the gaiety of her heart, reverted to Sir Raymond's courtliness, her wedding, and her happiness since—of the sports of the field, her favourite hawks, and the celebrity they had displayed on various occasions. Sir Raymond discoursed of state affairs, of the greatness of France, and her deeds of chivalry—of the growing pride of her neighbour England, that already dared to treat her as an equal. A flush of crimson mounted to the brow and cheeks of the Friar at this remark of the young French knight, for he was himself from England, and he loved his native land full well. Dreams of greatness, and that foreknowledge which sometimes fixes itself in the human mind, had made him exchange for the church his scrivener's desk at St. Albans, and he spoke with warmth as he mingled his own aspirations with the lofty pretensions of his countrymen.

"Gently, gently, good father!" interrupted Sir Raymond, half in jest, half in earnest: "thou runnest too fast both for England and thyself."

"Nay," said the Friar, "with God's blessing they often become great who resolve to be so."

"Well, well," replied the young knight, "for he it from me to offend your feelings; but when I see you Pope I will then, and not till then think that England will ever become great—at present I believe the one is quite as likely to happen as the other."

"His will be done," impressively rejoined the ecclesiastic—"His will, that can raise the poor man from the earth and place him amongst the princes, even amongst the princes of the people."

The next day, though urgently pressed to prolong his stay, the Friar was reluctantly obliged to depart. When taking leave of his kind host and hostess, he said, in his most impressive manner, "May the blessing of God ever rest upon these walls! Adversity may come, perhaps, for a season, but the cloud of sorrow will pass away and brightness be restored; and oh! may you and yours end their days in prosperity and peace!"

A look of peculiar sadness came over the face of the lovely Constance at the last words of the Friar, for she was childless. With ready thought he divined her feelings, for, in a brief conversation with Damien, the esquire, that morning, he had learnt that no offspring as yet had blessed the union of the baron and his bride. Turning to the lady of Breteuil, he said to her, with a gentle and soothing intonation of voice—"And may God, whose dispensations to
mankind are ever best adapted to human capabilities, make thee, dear lady, in its good time, a happy mother of children."

On the evening of that day he arrived at a monastery in Provence towards which he had been journeying.

* * * * *

Years passed away, and the visit of the kind-speaking and intelligent churchman had been quite forgotten in the Castle of Breteuil. Its fair mistress, however, forgot him not, for his prayer had been replied to, in the substantial evidence of two fine young men—whether they were the direct results of the kind friar’s wish or not—the tender mother seldom looked at them without thinking of him.

The knight, her husband, had fought with honour in many a battle-field; and an interval of peace occurring he came home to share its blessing with his wife and family. One morning as he was walking upon the battlements of his castle, he saw a cavalcade proceeding up the avenue; shortly a turn in the road brought them more into view; and, on a nearer approach he perceived among the body of horsemen, a priest of importance, and a Knight of the Temple; Sir Raymond immediately summoned his family, and household. He exclaimed:

"It is a prince of the church," said he; "I recognize the banner. Hoist the state flag upon its tower, and get me a steed, quickly, I must forward at once to pay due reverence, and offer becoming hospitality to such travellers."

Before he could leave the gates, however, the Templar had quitted his party, and, with two followers, ridden rapidly up to the castle. He obtained instant admittance.

"Whom may it be my good fortune to receive?" inquired Sir Raymond.

"I am only a poor Knight of the Temple," replied the soldier of the Cross; "but I have the honour to accompany the Pope’s new minister, the Cardinal Bishop of Albano, who, passing from Provence to Rome, craves permission to spend another night within your hospitable walls."

"May he and his suite be welcome," exclaimed Sir Raymond, "and proud indeed I am of the visit of his Eminence; but why the Cardinal says another night, I know not, for he has not thus honoured my poor dwelling before."

"Yet he states that he has," rejoined the Templar. As he spoke the cavalcade drew near, and a splendid procession it proved to be, with its gaudy trappings, and the gay banners floating in the summer breeze; the burnished armour, too, of the men-at-arms reflecting brilliantly in the summer’s sun.

Wide-open flew the principal gate, and the troop, having entered the court-yard and taken their position, the whole household came forth; the knight in front with his lady, she held a son in each hand. All knelt; the Cardinal dismounted and gave his blessing.

"Have you, indeed, forgotten me?" said he, as he extended his hands to Sir Raymond and his lady. "I was far more fatigued when last I came hither; but I am now no less rejoiced to see you."

With amazement they then recognised in the prince of the church, the poor wandering friar they had entertained some years before. The prelate could not suppress a smile, at the astonishment he observed upon the faces of those whom he addressed; and his feeling too, was one of pride, when he thought of the success which had waited on his path. The present interview brought it forcibly to his mind—yes, such had been the course of Nicholas Breåsperé, the hero of this narrative—the son of an obscure clerk in Hertfordshire, he was early in life a mere scribbler, but induced partly by a religious motive, and partly by an inherent sense of his own talents, he had become a monk of St. Albans. There, singularly enough, his abilities were totally unappreciated; and he was actually expelled the monastery on the plea of incapacity. Stung with this disgrace, and resolved on his purpose, he went to France, and there studied with applause in the University. Thence he wandered to the south, and at the period of his first introduction to the reader, was on his way into the interior of Provence, where he subsequently became canon-prior and abbot of St. Rufus. His profound clerical ability, high scholastic acquirements, apt knowledge of the world and amiability of manners, brought him to the notice of Pope Eugenius the Third, who just previous to this second visit to the castle of Breteuil had made him Cardinal Bishop of Albano, and he was now on his road to Rome, the appointed legate to the kingdom of Denmark.

That evening at the castle, though the pomp was much greater, passed with the same familiarity and with equal cheerfulness as when the churchman visited it on the former occasion.

"Honours indeed have rushed upon me; but I know not how it is, as my elevation increases, my relish for worldly rank and state decreases; religious alone seems as new and as bright in its splendour as in the days of my youth. In my ascent I have been harassed at every step with additional cares, my rest must be elsewhere and hereafter. But I see, lady, that Heaven has shed far more precious earthly gifts upon you. It has never been my chance to see two finer youths."

"What do you intend to be, thou dark-haired stripling?" continued he, turning to the elder of Sir Raymond’s sons.

"A soldier and a knight, like my father," the boy answered, proudly.

"Even be it so," responded the priest, "for we live, alas! in an age of war and bloodshed. —And you with the fair and light eyes, are you for battle too?"

"No, Sir Cardinal," replied the lad; "I like learning far better."

"A churchman, by the Mass, in mind and look! So I pray you, Sir Knight, if this gentle son of yours adopt my holy calling, that he and you remember to seek in Rome the poor priest
The Friar of St. Albans.

who has this night remembered you. In truth, my friends, if ever my assistance can avail you, you have but to ask and receive.”

The next morning saw the prelate and his cortège depart. Sir Raymond accompanied them for some distance on their journey, and parted at last from their guest.

* * * * *

Years again rolled on, and Sir Raymond’s fortunes still prospered. His eldest son had become a warrior, like himself; and, carried away by the spirit of the times, he joined the crusades, while his younger offspring was the abbot of a neighbouring monastery. At last an hour of adversity came. France, in consequence of the confusion attendant on the crusades, had become throughout its territory the scene of anarchy and social discord. The weak were frequently forced from their possessions by the arms and artifice of the strong. So did it befall the lord of Breteuil. A powerful and ambitious noble coveted his broad lands, and contrived to bring a false charge of treason against him. The noble was a favourite, and, without further investigation, the accused was attainted and his property granted to his enemy. Sir Raymond made a desperate defence, but without avail. The Castle of Breteuil was stormed, and he became a prisoner to his foe; but his lady made her escape, and flew for protection to the convent of her son.

“There is but one resource,” said she to the abbot: “I will go to Rome, and see the Cardinal Bishop, who perhaps may recollect us still.”

“But is a chance I fear no stronger than a reed; but I will accompany thee thither,” dutifully replied his son.

* * * * *

Why does Rome teem with joy and rejoicing? Why is this mighty conflux of priest and noble? The whole breadth of Italy’s fair land has sent forth its magnates. The gorgeous vestments of dignified churchmen and glittering armour of nobles, with their retainers, break on the beholder’s view, who now enters the Eternal City. It is holiday, and the numerous concourse of strangers gives life and bustle to the scene.

Why is this?—what is it that with one impulse now excites all men? It is the ceremony of the Papal installation. Anastatus the Fourth is gathered to his fathers, and the chair of St. Peter has become empty.

“Padre Santo! Padre Santo!” shout a thousand voices, and then all is hushed to the stillness of the tomb. The new Pope gives his blessing to the kneeling multitude, and the news soon spreads throughout Christendom, that there is another successor to St. Peter—another vicar of God, at whose frown the greatest of earth’s potentates would often tremble.

Such was the scene that the lady of Sir Raymond and her son witnessed as they entered Rome; but what was their astonishment when in the Sovereign Pontiff they recognized their quondam visitor the Friar of St. Albans? True it was, indeed, a churl from barbarian England willed for and won the tiara—Nicholas Breakspear was now Adrian IV. The purple robes sat gracefully upon him, and in his countenance, mellowed by age, there was still the same thought and dignity, enlivened by the same benignant smile.

In a few days after the mother and son applied for an interview; on their names being given their request was immediately acceded to.

It is scarcely necessary to describe the meeting and its result. All that affection could say was expressed by the Pontiff, and all that his power could accomplish was instantly done; yet he prayed them to remain in Rome until an answer to his command should be brought from Paris.

On the day it came, the lady and the abbot summoned to his presence, found his Holiness engaged in business, giving audience to three English bishops, who had come, on the part of their wily sovereign Henry the Second, to congratulate the Pope on his accession, and to obtain a great boon.

“John of Salisbury,” said he to one of them, as he dismissed them, “my blessing be with your King. The purpose he professes of spreading the light of the gospel amongst a benighted people is a pious one. Ireland shall be his.”

He then, with the utmost kindness, received his two distressed friends, and announced to them that the knight was restored and his enemy punished. “My son Louis of France has been rapid in the execution of my will. You can go back to the worthy Sir Raymond in safety and peace, the knight has my benediction. Abbot, perhaps you will visit me again. You, lady, I pray you tell your husband this: I have just now given a kingdom away, and my successor has been the powerful monarch that sways the best realm in Christendom. I say not this in pride (for the experience of those before me has proved that the tiara, although a splendid, has to its wearer often proved an irksome crown); but I wish your husband” continued he, smilingly, “now to acknowledge the probable greatness of my country, since he rested it on my advancement. I entrust the fortunes of England not to chance, but to aid, which is certain, if our prayers procure it—I mean the favour of that God, who can raise up the lowest amongst us, and put them, as He has placed me, even among the princes of his people.

* * * * *

Some eight years after this interview a certain Cardinal might have been seen kneeling at the tomb of a churchman. It was the monument of Adrian IV., and the devout prelate prostrated there, the pious son of the knight of Breteuil, who often prayed thus in pious gratitude to the memory of the illustrious dead.
ODD FELLOWS' QUARTERLY. No. 34.
Manchester.—The editor leads off a very capital number with a clearly-written, clever article on the subject of "Insolvent Sick-clubs, and Sham Insurance Societies," a subject of important interest to the working man, who too often, led away by glib promises and the seeming security offered by the appearance of well-known aristocratic names (used without the sanction of their owners at the head of a flowery prospectus) trusts his small savings, without knowing anything of the management of the concern, to a sham insurance society or bubble sick-club. The imposters who get up these heartless speculations know well the materials with which they have to deal; the credulity, greed of large returns for small outlays, and general ignorance of financial calculations which characterize the majority of their dupes. The members know nothing of the management; and, dazzled by the "tempting low rates of contribution in proportion to benefit," continue to believe in the illogical system, till some day the secretary is missing, or the whole thing breaks up. We cannot forbear quoting an amusing, but very pertinent anecdote with which Mr. Hardwick illustrates the working of such schemes.

An old woman in some line of business—the toffy, stocking-needle, or tin-tack trade, it matters not which—was in the habit of recommending her wares to her customers by an emphatic assertion, that she sold every article in her stock at something less than prime cost to her! She was reminded of the fact, that as she contrived, on the whole, to make a rather respectable living, there existed an arithmetical paradox in the matter, and which paradox it was politely intimated she would doubtless be good enough to explain. "Oh!" said the old lady, with dignified condescension, "I don't mind telling you, though it is a secret of the trade. The fact is we may lose some trifle on each separate transaction, but then you see it is the large number of the articles we sell that makes up the profit!" The practice of many of these Friendly Societies [continues the writer] would almost induce one to think that the members thoroughly believed in the old lady's logic, notwithstanding its palpable absurdity.

The whole of the article deserves to be attentively considered. A prose paper, "Good Manners," by Eliza Cook, is full of perceptiveness and good sense, and contains many practical hints not to be found in Lord Chesterfield's letters, but of infinitely more importance in the social circle. Miss Meteyard (Silverpen) concludes her pretty theoretical paper, "The Lancashire Labour Club," in the present number. Some valuable suggestions are worked out in the course of the tale, and there are bits of word-painting here and there, that reminds us of her special faculty of scenic description. "Clothing and its Materials," by W. Aitken; a second installment of an excellent subject, is agreeably treated and calculated to impress readers with the importance of common things, which from their familiarity are too often slighted or unthought of except in the most limited and personal way. The rest of the number is occupied with matters chiefly interesting to members of the order of Odd Fellows. We are glad from month to month to observe the practical tone of this magazine, which inculcates valuable lessons, and teaches important truths, without becoming either didactic or amusing.

THE OCEAN WAIFS: A STORY OF ADVENTURE ON LAND AND SEA. By Captain Mayne Reid, author of "The Desert Home," "The Boy Hunters," &c. With illustrations.—One of Captain Mayne Reid's characteristic stories for boys, in which the natural history of the ocean is interwoven with an exciting though somewhat improbable narrative of accidents, incidents, perils, and escapes. The originator, we believe, of this attractive mode of conveying information to the young, Captain Reid, still maintains his position as probably the most captivating and reliable of teachers in this particular style of instruction.

QUEENS OF SONG. By Ellen Creathorne Clayton. This volume gives brief sketches of the lives of the prominent prima donnas which have astonished and delighted the world during the past two centuries. Portraits of Medea Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Grisi, Goldechmidt, Piccolomini, and others of equal celebrity, embellish the pages of the book. These sketches give an insight into the private life of those whose public life is so familiar; revealing many noble traits of character, and recording many beautiful incidents, which will make their heroines seem all the more worthy of the crown which the all but worshipping public have bestowed upon them, and ennobling them, in some instances, to be called Queens of Goodness as well as "Queens of Song." A chronological list is also given of all the operas that have been performed in Europe.

THE LIFE-BOAT; OR, JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION. Vol. V, No. 56, April 1st, 1863.—This quarter's number of the Journal is chiefly occupied with the annual report of the committee, lists of donations, annual subscriptions and other matters relative to the working of this grand scheme of active benevolence. Amongst many signs of appreciation and encouragement, we notice with pleasure the magnificent gifts and bequests with which its funds have been enriched during
the past two years; and the yearly lengthening catalogue of subscribers, showing that even in inland places the cry of the perishing sailor has made itself heard, and generous hands have answered the impulse of pitying hearts, and are astray engaged in the work of succouring our seamen as are the bold crews of the life-boats themselves. The French and other governments have become impressed with the importance of the labour with which the Institution has charged itself, and the mode in which it is carried out, in the admirable construction of the boats, and the management of them. Three self-righting life-boats, fully equipped, have been built for the French government, and others for societies, at Marseilles, Bremen, and Holland. The Institution has provided during the past year no less than 34 new life-boats, the whole fleet under their management at present numbers 144; and the lives saved during this period amount to 432, chiefly under circumstances when no other description of boat, than a life-boat, could have been employed with safety. Though the shipwrecks upon our coast average 2,000 annually, and the lives of from 5,000 to 6,000 persons are thus imperilled, the actual loss of life in 1864, out of this number, did not amount to more than 450. Four hundred and fifty souls within sight of land, sometimes upon the very shore; but even this great number is a reduction upon the victims of past years; and it may reasonably be hoped that the yearly increasing number of life-boats will continue to annually lessen the number of the drowned by shipwreck. In the matters of bequests and contributions, it is pleasant to notice the prominent position occupied by ladies. One benevolent gentlewoman, whose name does not appear, has transmitted to the Institution £5000, untrammled by any restrictions, as to the manner of its use; and of 25 new life-boats, the cost of which has been defrayed by special gifts for the purpose, seven of them have been provided by ladies. Not a little interest appertains to some of the gifts, such for instance as £500 from the munificent Parsee, the Hon. Rustomjee Jamsetjee Jejebhoy of Bombay; the savings of two little sisters; contributions from 150 employees of the West Indian Docks, in sums varying from threepence to five shillings; of the St. John’s Sunday Schools, Manchester; of Lucy Palmer, and her three fellow-servants, and many other offerings. It is gratifying also to see influential bodies and associations coming forward to the help of this truly national and benificent Institution. The cost of two boats has been defrayed by the commercial travellers, and one by the Ancient Order of Forresters. Looking over the list of rewards for saving life from wrecks &c., gilding even the bravery of such deeds, we meet with memorandums like the following:

January 11.—The barque ‘‘King Oscar,’’ Norway, struck during stormy and thick weather, off New Biggin, in the night. The New Biggin life-boat put off, and brought safely ashore the crew of 14 men and 1 woman. Expense of serving £16 10s. The owners of the vessel forwarded to the crew of the life-boat a reward of £5 for their services. The men generously handed the amount to the secretary of the Branch, towards defraying the expenses of their life-boat establishment.

April 10.—The Southwold life-boat went off during stormy weather, and rescued from destruction two fishing-boats and their crews. The crew of the life-boat made no claim for helping the fishermen.

Not without good cause are these money rewards and gold and silver medals given by the Institution. The paragraphs whereof the six pages enumerating them are made up, are each an epic in epitome; “At risk of life” is a frequent entry on behalf of the rescuers; and amongst the recipients of the silver medal, we notice the name of a young lady of Bath, Miss Alice B. Le Geyt, who, when two boys fell from the outer pier at Lyme Regis, in Dorset, on August 4th, happening at the time to be out in a small pleasure-boat with a lady friend, immediately rowed through the surf, “at the risk of her life,” and rescued them. This makes the sixth woman, who during the 41 years of the establishment of the National Life-boat Institution has been similarly decorated. But if it falls to the lot of few women to exhibit such heroism and intrepidity, it is still in their power to effectually aid the purposes of the Life-boat Institution, and even where the power of contributing largely to its funds is denied them, much may be done by co-operation, and the cause is well worth whatever personal trouble, the collecting for its funds, or the endeavour to influence friends on its behalf may occasion. If we remember aghast, every pound given to the funds of the Institution represents the cost of a life; and in proportion to the increase of these funds must be the increase of life-boats; and other means of saving life from shipwreck in the narrow seas, and on the dangerous coast of the British Islands. Before we may possibly touch upon this subject again, or receive another “Life-boat Journal” for notice, many of our readers will be idling on the sands, or climbing the rocks at many a life-boat station; let them by all means turn aside to the boat-house that shelters on summer days the boat, and imagine, if they can, the scenes in which the craft and the suspended life-belts on the walls have figured, and read the prayer upon the door panel, and add their mite to the furtherance of the grand scheme of mercy represented by the Life-boat Institution.

Donations and Subscriptions are received by all bankers, in town or country; or by the secretary, Richard Lewis, Esq., at the office of the Institution, 14, John Street, Adelphi.
EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS,

AT THEIR GALLERY, 58, PALL MALL.

Those who were present at the private view, of the thirty-first exhibition of this Society, on Saturday, the 22nd ultimo, will not be surprised, if, in our notice of its opening, we leave out all comments on the pictures. The pleasure of describing them is still to come, for, while conscious of a pictorial feast, we are quite unable to individualise, much less criticise, the various and varied dishes. We are conscious of having coveted and desired to be under the shade of E. G. Warren’s smooth-boled, wide-branched beeches, listening to “The first notes of the Cuckoo” (70), and feasting our love of flowers with the budding cowslips and purple ochises in the long grass of the meadows in the foreground. Of lingering with Philip Mitchell at “Windermere” (75), and by “The Derwent” (61). Of something akin to gratitude for Mr. J. C. Reed’s reflection of the “Conway Valley, looking towards Corwen” (29), and of admiration at Mr. E. Richardson’s “Berncastel on the Moselle” (34). We remember also pleasantly Mr. Shadurs “In the Shade” (64), Bennett’s “Green Woods at Horningham, Wilts,” and Mr. J. Fahey’s “Watermouth, near Ilfracombe, Devon” (47). The quaintness and quiet of “Deanery Wells” (44), which Mr. B. R. Gr has daintly transposed to his canvas; and M John Chase’s “Tintern Abbey, from the old Church-yard” (96). “A Devonshire Valley” (89), by H. C. Pidgeon, and Aaron Penley “Wastwater” (172), have all claims to be revisited. Nor, turning from the too prevailing landscapes, can we overlook the picturesque “Place du Marché au Bâle, Abbeville” (108), of Skinner Prout. T. S. Robins’s “Whitby from the Sea” (177), “George Fox Preaching in a Tavern at Leicester,” E. W. Wehnert, (201), or “Church and Cemetery of San Michele, Venice” (86). The irregularity of our numbers denotes precisely the intermittent mode in which we made acquaintance with the pictures. We were about to enjoy L. Hague’s “Night Watch,” (78), and to sit down before E. H. Corbould’s “Castle of Astolat,” and take in all the details of “Lancelot’s Departure” (122); but so many ladies and gentlemen were of the same mind, that nothing was left to us but the anticipation of returning to them on a less crowded occasion.

C. A. W.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

There is much clamour in these days of progress respecting a grant of new rights, or an extension of privileges for our sex. A powerful moralist has said that “in contentions for power, both the philosophy and poetry of life are dropped and trodden down.” Would not a still greater loss accrue to domestic happiness, and to the interests of well-balanced society, should the innate delicacy and prerogative of woman, as woman, be forfeited or sacrificed?

“I have given her as a helpmate,” said the Voice that cannot err, when it spoke unto Adam, in the cool of the day, amid the trees of Paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a prize-fighter. No, a helpmate, such as was fitting for man to desire, and for woman to become.

Since the Creator has assigned different spheres of action for the different sexes, it is to be presumed, from his unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them, and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the benefit of both. If he has made one the priestess of the inner temple, committing to her charge its unrevealed sanctuaries, why should she seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates, or rock its towers? Need she be again tempted by pride or curiosity, or glowing words, to barter her own Eden?

The true nobility of woman is to keep her own sphere, and to adorn it; not like the comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is the first to light the day, and the last to leave it. If she shares not the fame of the ruler and the blood-shedder, her good works, such as “become those who profess godliness,” though they leave no “footprints on the sands of time,” may find record in the “Lamb’s book of life.”
HEARTSEASE PATTERN LADY'S PINCUSHION.

MATERIALS.—Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 24, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby, and crochet needle, No. 9.

Raised Flower in the Middle.—Make 10 ch, close in a round, work 20 sliding dc in the round, make 11 ch, work 1 dc on the dc of last round, repeat all the round. Next round: one single cr on the dc of last round, 1 ch, 1 single cr on the next dc, repeat all the round, and repeat the 2 last rounds twice more; then 5 ch, 1 dc in the 3d loops of 2 ch of 11 in last round, thus joining them; repeat all the round. Next round: 5 ch, 1 sliding dc on the ch of 5; repeat, break off, and work on one of the ch of 5, 3 tr, 5 ch, 2 tr, turn the work to the wrong side, work 2 single cr on the last tr, then 3 tr, 5 ch, 3 tr; repeat this 3 times more, break off, join on the next 4th ch of 5, repeat the 3 tr, 5 ch, 3 tr 4 times. Repeat all the round.

Hearts-Ease.—Make 1 ch, close in a round, 10 ch, close in a round, work on the 1st ring 16 sliding dc, and as many on the 2nd, make 9 ch, close, work 16 dc, close the round; work 12 single cr, join on the left side to 1 of the leaves, make 4 more single cr, work another eyelet-hole somewhat larger, joining to the ch between the leaves; another eyelet-hole on 9 ch, join to the leaf on the right side, repeat the flower between all the leaves.

Second round.—5 ch, 1 dc between the 2 top leaves of a flower, 5 ch, join on the side of the flower, slipping the 5 ch at the back of the flower, 5 ch, 1 dc on the side of next leaf, 5 ch, 1 dc on the other side of the leaf, repeat all the round. Next round: 5 ch, 1 dc on the 5 ch of last round, repeat. Work two more rounds like the last, except that you make 6 ch and 7 ch, instead of 5; then repeat the round of leaves and flowers, placing the leaves on every 4th instead of 3rd ch.

LACE.—Trim with crochet lace.

KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—YELLOW JESSAMINE.

Four or five flowers for each branch. Five petals for each flower. A pale, delicate shade of yellow looks best, and the wool must be spun.

Cast on one stitch. Knit and purl alternately, increasing one stitch at the beginning of each row, till you have five stitches, then knit and purl alternately four rows without increase; continue to knit and purl, decreasing one stitch at the beginning of each row, till two stitches only remain, purl these two as one, and fasten off. Sew a fine wire neatly round each petal, twist the five wires together closely, and cover them with split yellow wool for about the length of a quarter of an inch; cut off all the wires but two, and cover this little stalk with green wool.

BUDS.

Cover the middle of a bit of wire, by twisting one thread of yellow wool round it, put this wire across three or four pieces of yellow wool, split, fold the wire down, and twist it very tight, thus confining the wool in the middle; turn down the ends of yellow wool, and fasten them about a quarter of an inch down the wire, by twisting green wool round; cut the ends of yellow wool as short as possible, and cover the stem with the green wool.

The jessamine leaves are generally placed in little branches of five in each branch, one larger at the top, the smaller ones placed on each side of the stem.

For the Top Leaf.

Cast on three stitches. 1st row. Purl row. 2nd. Knit plain. 3rd. Purl row. 4th. Make one, knit one, purl one, knit one. 5th. Make one, purl the row. 6th. Make one, knit two, purl one, knit two. 7th. Make one, purl the row. 8th. Make one, knit three, purl one, knit three. 9th. Make one, purl the row. 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th. Knit and purl alternately, purling one stitch in the middle of each knitted row.

14th. Decrease one, knit one, purl one, knit three. 15th. Decrease one stitch, purl the row. 16th. Decrease one, purl one, knit two. 17th. Decrease one, purl the rest of row. 18th. Decrease one, knit the rest of row.

Purl the last two stitches as one, and fasten off the wool.

The four smaller leaves must be made in the same way, but without the purled stitch in the middle, and beginning with one stitch instead of three, as for the larger. Sew a wire round each leaf, and mount them, covering all the stems with green wool.
THE TOILET.

(Originally from Paris.)

First Figure.—In-door Toilet.—Mauve silk dress, covered with a Swiss muslin. A Swiss waist-band of silk. A Figaro of the same muslin as the second skirt. Elbowed sleeves, ornamented at the shoulder by an insertion placed between two flutings. The end of the sleeve is slit up, rounded off, and trimmed like the top. On the hair a net made of silver braid. Round cloak of faille silk to match the colour of the skirt, trimmed with chenille fringe.

Second Figure.—Spring Toilet.—Green pou-de-soi dress. Body round at the waist. Sleeves almost tight. Long jacket of faille silk sitting close to the shape at the waist. It is cut much longer behind and in front than at the sides. Small pockets indicated by a facing placed at the side. Sleeves straight. Fanchon bonnet made of tulle, puffed and ornamented at the edge of the front with an ivory wreath. Behind the same foliage as a cache-piégnee white cigarette at the side.

The fanchon shape has the preference over all other forms of bonnet, and is made in all sorts of fancy straw, crin, rice straw, tulle, and crane. Bonnets of black tulle are in great vogue.

Amongst novelties in the shape of hats there is one called the Empire; but the most original that has yet appeared is the Medeics. Imagine, my dear readers, a very small shape, with a round crown, a little on one side, and a very narrow brim, accompanied with revers at the sides, in fact, the fac-simile in form of the coiffure bordered with pearls that encircled the visage of Catherine de Medeics. The curve given to the revers makes them somewhat resemble the horns of a ram. These curves are lined with a coloured bias. If the hat be white, simply with white, or mais taffety; or, if composed of a light shade of crame or tulle, a bias of the same shade of taffety. On the summit in the middle of the brim between the rising revers, a veil of tulle illusion is fixed by a small tuft of flowers or a single rose.

Bonnet-caps, as well as the crowns and curtains, have nearly all disappeared, and are replaced by moulds of velvet, sprays of foliage, and tufts of flowers. Scarfs of illusion thrown across the bonnet and tied under the chin are very popular.

Sashes are frequently fastened on the left side. Belts composed of black gimp and beads are new and useful, as they may be worn with any dress; these are worn with large buckles to match. Sashes are also occasionally caught with a buckle in front, and tied behind or at the side in large bow-and-ends. For morning wear cashmere sashes, fastened at the back, are in vogue.

The newest fabrics are nearly all striped or checked; fancy mixtures with a small check pattern are also seen.

The newest model I have seen for morning dress consisted of a gored underskirt of white Alpaca, trimmed at the bottom with a fluted ruffle bound with black velvet. A vest of white Alpaca is buttoned to the throat with square mother-of-pearls and jet buttons; over this is a robe of violet cashmere in the redingote style, that is, gored and cut into the figure, but without fitting it tightly. This dress is quite short, reaching only to the ruffle of the petticoat; it is finished with a fluted ruffle of cashmere. The corset, fastened at the throat and waist, shows the rest between.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry accepted, with thanks.—"The Discovery of Poton;" "Cassandra;" "Ye Lay of ye Discrete Maiden;" "In Memoriam;" "Early in Spring;"

"A Spring Lane;"

Poetry declined, with thanks.—"The Night-breeze;" "After a Time;" "Luna;" "Count well the Cost;" "The Life Boat;"—do justice to your theme, M. D., and we will admit it with pleasure. "Norman Point;" "A Sketch from Life;"—we never purchase poetry, and would advise the writer of the above to cure herself of writing rapidly, the result of which is very evident in the above production.

MABEL L.—We have no vacancy for such contributions; our paid staff is complete. The tale sent was wanting in incident, and much too long for the "Leaves;"

S. A. (Paris).—Please send the form of advertisement, and it shall be at once inserted.

J. W. R. (Darlington).—We are obliged for the offer of the MS.; but unfortunately we have no place for a continuous story, nor does the subject please us.

All MSS. will be returned on the receipt of stamps for the purpose.

*.* Books, Music, &c., for notice or review, must be forwarded by the 10th of the month, to appear in the following number.

London: Printed by Rogerion and Tuxford, 245, Strand.
THE COMMONER’S DAUGHTER.

By the Author of “A Few out of Thousands.”

CHAP. XVII.

I was very soon made aware that I was to be regarded in my father’s house, rather as a useful than an ornamental member of the family. Mrs. Martin was lady’s-maid and housekeeper; that is, as regarded the first office, she dressed her lady on all state occasions, or for balls and routs; but at ordinary times, the upper housemaid attended Lady Laura. But soon after my arrival my attendance became regularly requested by my stepmother, who never did the least thing for herself, and who was sometimes afraid to ask her housekeeper—that person being dignified and strongly disposed to assert her servitorial rights—to put herself out of the way. It was on one occasion of the kind, that for the first time I was asked to attend on Lady Laura. The latter had insisted on Mrs. Martin leaving her morning duties, and coming up to superintend her toilette. Mrs. Martin came rustling in all the glory of her silk gown, and her lace cap, only to acquaint her lady that she could not be called from her account books and bill of fare so inconsiderately. Arrogant as she was, Lady Laura dared not oppose this woman. Mrs. Martin went on—

“If I am to be called away, my lady, every morning in this manner, there is like to be neither dinner nor dessert. My agreement was, that I should not be called upon to dress you, my lady, in the mornings. If your ladyship knows any one who will suit you better, why I can go.”

There was a great mixture of impertinence and common sense in this speech uttered before me, who had been sent up to Lady Laura’s bedroom, with a message to her from Mr. Castlebrook. I made my father’s breakfast now, and was heartily scolded if ever by a chance he was in the room before me.

Mrs. Martin, with the handle of the door in her hand, continued: “There’s Hannah, my lady; I am sure she is a very serviceable person.”

“I hate Hannah,” said Lady Laura, pettishly; “besides, she can no more dress my hair than Sipens the butler could. I won’t have her in my room any more; her hands are so coarse, and I am certain one morning she had been eating onions.”

“I dare say, my lady,” looking at me, “Miss Castlebrook would not mind remaining in the room this morning, just to help you.”

For a moment, I felt annoyed that the housekeeper should dictate what I was to do; but I was anxious to be on amicable terms with Lady Laura, and so eager to oblige all former ill feeling, that, after a moment’s pause, I turned to her and volunteered my services. “I know how to dress hair,” I said, “very well. The French teacher at Hamden House taught me.”

She stiffly condescended to accept my aid, which, indeed, was thenceforth demanded as a right every morning. I made a false step, in thus allowing myself to become Lady Laura’s menial. Humility and obedience were right to practise; but my stepmother was exactly the person who, if you once placed your neck beneath her foot, would not hesitate for one moment to trample on you.

My mistaken desire to win her regard had this ill-effect. I degraded myself as Mr. Castlebrook’s daughter, and voluntarily placed in his wife’s hands the respect and consideration due to me in that relation. She was not slow to avail herself of the opportunity. Hitherto, though cold, haughty, and frigid towards myself, something of ceremony prevented Lady Laura from openly scolding me or treating me ill. Familiarity did away with this thin barrier of etiquette. Had I been her paid menial, she could not have complained or grumbled more—nay, in that case she would not have dared go so far. She soon vented all her ill-humours and caprices on my devoted self, as a legitimate safety-valve, before she went into company.

These things were sometimes hard to bear, especially to one of a disposition naturally strongly inclined to rise at tyranny or coercion. Had her airs resulted from mere fits of temper, I could have forgiven them; but her perpetual system of complaint worried and wore me out.

“You don’t know at all, Miss Castlebrook, how to manage my lady,” said Mrs. Martin to
me privately one day, after witnessing one of these scenes, and when I was quietly arranging the dresses, which one after another Lady Laura had thrown on the floor as unfit to wear, declaring I purposely wished to make a fright of her.

"You should turn round on her again; my lady is the greatest coward in the world, as well as a tyrant where she dares be," said the plain-spoken Mrs. Martin, who had come up for orders, a few minutes previously. "I should have no peace if it wasn't that she's a dair'd of me."

I told Mrs. Martin, I was sorry she had put Lady Laura in mind of my helping her at the toilette.

"Well, miss," replied the woman, who was shrewd and well meaning, "the thought came into my head all of a moment that likely it would make her more kind, and things altogether pleasanter for you. Don't be offended, miss," she said; "but servants see all the things that go on among gentry, upper-servants especially; and many of us can't help knowing that you are not treated in this house just as a young lady should be," I coloured at Mrs. Martin's speech. At Miss Norman's, we had been taught to avoid all familiarities with our mistresses; and the housekeeper, seeing my annoyance, again begged my pardon with respect, and left the room.

I gave her credit for meaning kindly, and for serving herself at the same time. Hannah was a favourite of the housekeeper, and by enlisting my aid, she kept the woman in her place. I blushed at my own worldliness, as I drew this conclusion. "I am quite fit," I said to myself, "to live in a bad world, when I am so ready to impute ill-motives to people who may, in their own way, mean only kindness. I wish I could learn to take every one on trust."

Nevertheless, from the inroads continually made on my time, my temper, and my patience, I soon ceased, spite of my efforts for self-control, to entertain any hope that Lady Laura could ever be any thing to me but the tyrannical stepmother, my too vivid fancy had always painted her. And what hope of emancipation had I? Oh, how often and deeply, in those days, did I long to be of a condition in life which should permit me to work out an independence from which, it seemed, my birth debarred me. I have often envied even Lady Laura's milliner's apprentice, who sometimes came to receive orders, when I have thought that the girl was learning how to earn her own bread. Bread hardly earned! oh, how sweet, I thought it must taste. Sometimes the fine dinners, to which at my father's table I was compelled to sit down, well nigh choked me.

But I was not always tried by participating in these bitter feasts, which indeed were only rendered endurable by the frequent presence of a few of the bright but somewhat erratic celebrities of that day. If there was no dinner-party, and often an entire week passed without one, Mr. and Lady Laura Castlebrook invariably dined from home. We had no quiet family parties, at which, freed from restraint, her ladyship might safely vent on me her spleen and ennui, a word as much in vogue then, as that of "nerves" in the present day, signifying I believe a state in which, dissatisfied with ourselves, we become thoroughly so with every one about or belonging to us.

It was doubtless with a view to prevent, from lack of employment, my becoming a victim to this mental disorder, that Lady Laura usually found me business enough for both head and hands, throughout each day. Things, at first asked as favours, soon became imperative duties to attend to. I was skilled in needlework, and Lady Laura's fine laces and cambries required much attention in the matter of repairs. I was quick with my pencil, and I was employed in making drawings of fancy costumes, invented by my stepmother, who, tainted from girlhood with an excessive passion for dress, was now often wholly absorbed in frivolous, but extravagant schemes for indulging her whims. There was a pet macaw, and a peevish lap-dog, who were committed entirely, and much against my inclination, to my sole charge and supervision. In short, there were requirements too numerous and uninteresting to be named here; but which, as Lady Laura had no maid, kept me constantly at work.

By-and-by, if the most trivial of these details were neglected or delayed, I became subjected to—what even from a lady of rank, and a Court beauty, was certainly very gross abuse.

My heart often sank, as I felt the utter fruitlessness of patient endurance and mild speech in assuaging Lady Laura's displeasures. I was shedding bitter but vain tears one evening, as I sat reflecting on this, when Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, coming up on some pretence, surprised me in grief. She took the opportunity instantly to descent thereon.

"Dear! dear! Miss Castlebrook, you must be very lonely, miss. I must say, my lady ought to take you out with her; we all say so in the house, for you know servants will make remarks. There's no stopping them—not that I ever say anything; but under-servants will have their say, as I have said before."

I disliked Mrs. Martin's familiarity, greatly, but I was young and averse to giving offence, so I civilly answered Mrs. Martin that I had no wish to go out.

"Well, at all events, miss, you are never idle," Mrs. Martin observed. "Why don't my lady keep a regular maid? I am sure I am very sorry for my share in giving you trouble; but there, it was done for the best, and—"

To divert the conversation from my own grievances, I asked Mrs. Martin if Lady Laura dined at Carlton House that evening.

"Oh, la! yes, miss, to be sure. Folks do say that the Regent can't abide a dinner-party where my lady is not present." Then seeing me colour violently—"And Mr. Castlebrook, your papa, as well, miss, of course," she added, embarrassed.

There was silence for a minute; presently she said, "Shouldn't you like to go to the Prince's parties, miss?"
I quietly and coldly told Mrs. Martin that I had not yet been brought out.

"More shame! why shouldn't you, miss?" the housekeeper said, indignantly. "But—
you'll excuse me, miss, for naming it privately, and you'll not repeat anything to my lady—his
Royal Highness said, at one of the grand suppers the other night, "that he should like to
see you."

"To see me, Mrs. Martin!—the Prince Re-
gen! Impossible! You are dreaming."

"Indeed no, miss. Servants hears a many
things. Now, one of the royal footmen, wait-
ing at table, hears this, and he tells it our
Richard afterwards. His Royal Highness says,
says he, 'Castlebrook'—your pa', miss—
'Lawrence speaks in raptures of a beautiful
daughter of yours: I did not know you had
a daughter! Lawrence,' says the Prince,
'sketchet her when you sat to him, Lady
Laura. If she is like the picture, you must
bring her here with you.' And then his Royal
Highness called my lady some foreign name—
a 'Bell mare,' or something like that: however,
I don't understand French—goodness forbid I
should, considering the wretch that Bonapart
is, miss!"

"My picture!" I was aghast. True I re-
membered that Mr. Lawrence, who was a fre-
cquent visitor at our house, asked me on one
occasion to sit still while he made a sketch, and
that Lady Laura was annoyed about it, and on
one pretence or other sent me out of the room;
but, till now, I had forgotten the attempt, even.
There was, however, little doubt that an artist
so accomplished could finish from memory
what he had began. I was confused with the
ideas thronging on me. Even at Hamden
House, as I have elsewhere said, the scandals
connected with the heir-apparent had reached
and appalled its inmates. I naturally decided
that an introduction to a circle so august and
so profligate, would be the greatest misfortune
that could befall me. I forgot, while I mused,
that the housekeeper was still standing before me.

"I suppose, miss," she said, "we shall have
gay doings now: my lady's brothers are in
London."

"My lady's brothers!" I had heard of one,
certainly—how many had she? and I made a
rapid mental calculation of—if Lady Laura was
to disagreeable, what might her brothers be?

Mrs. Martin chattered on: "Viscount Tar-
gragon has only just arrived from Verdun, where
he had been detained a prisoner. I saw my
lord's valet, Mr. Cornwall, last night, and he do
say my lord is nearly wild with joy at coming to
England again'" (the Allies had not long en-
tered Paris). "Ah, these young noblemen are
so mad to go abroad! I should think, by this
time, the young lord will enjoy old English fare,
after all the meagre soup and stewed frogs they
poor gentleman has been living on; though they
do pretend, I believe, to have what they call
'bitch bully.' Well, we've had enough of their
bullying by this time, and—"

"But Lord Tarragon's brother, Mrs. Mar-
tin?"

"Bless you, Miss Castlebrook, don't you
know—you and my lady being schoolfellows—
Lord Oldtree has but one daughter and two
sons—my lady, the Viscount, and Captain Vin-
cent Tarragon, who is, though I say so, who
perhaps am no judge, as—"

Captain Vincent Tarragon's description was
cut short by a peal at the door, which threatened
to demolish the entire mansion.

"My lady, as I live!" said Mrs. Martin,
bustling down as hard as she could. "What-
ever," I heard the housekeeper mutter as she
left the room, "has sent my lady home at this
time? Why, it isn't much past ten!"

I took the opportunity of escaping to my own
room, but was immediately after summoned to
the drawing-room, where I found Lady Laura,
and a gentleman who was stretched at full
length on one of the satin couches. He started
up from his recumbent position when I entered,
and I was formally introduced by Lady Laura
to her brother, Viscount Tarragon. This gen-
tleman, who was about thirty years old, had
neither the haughtiness nor the contemptuous
manner of his sister. He was, moreover, a
very fine gentleman indeed, and had evidently
modelled himself after certain illustrious and
some very celebrated contemporaries: in short,
Viscount Tarragon, noble by birth, and refined
by breeding, was a very decided copy of his
great originals, George, Prince of Wales, and
Mr. Brunnell. I found, indeed, on a more
extended acquaintance, that he quite equalled
his models in heartless selfishness, and empty,
aimless egotism. To shine conspicuous for the
stiff dandysim of the time, formed the business
of his whole life; and to preserve a tranquility
of manner incapable of interest in any earthly,
and indeed heavenly matter, was the great aim
of his mental efforts. When I think, too,
of how many men this young nobleman was a
type, my soul revolts against that era of fri-
vility and superficiality. If this young English
gentleman required some excitement to prevent
the blood from actually congealing in his veins,
he found an exquisite pleasantry in knocking
down poor old men, wenching off-door-knocking,
and plucking up lamp-posts; and in the intervals
of such recreations he was a constant frequenter
of puglistic society, taking infinite pleasure in
seeing men bruise, maul, and not unfrequently
kill each other. He possessed, in perfection,
also, another characteristic of his day—he had a
profound contempt for women, whom he re-
garded solely as playthings, to be thrown aside
when they ceased to amuse, and as fit subjects
for any kind of treatment men chose to bestow.
In common with many of his contemporaries,
he laughed at the wrongs of Caroline of Brunswick,
and exaggerated (though that was needless) her
thoughtless folly, till he blackened it into vice.
But though he considered women as something
below rationality, he had still an outward ap-
ppearance of deference for them which even then
—poor remnant of chivalry—was needful to the

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character of an exquisite. He bowed to me with an appearance of awe-striking devotion and admiration, gazing at me, nevertheless, with a manner so odiously familiar, that I may here confess my spirit rose, and, unladilyke and un-feminine as it may appear, I longed intensely to box his ears! I need scarcely say that etiquette forbade my indulging in any such demonstration. I was not curteis, and turning a deaf ear to his absurd compliments, I asked my stepmother if I could do anything for her.

"I am very ill indeed," was her ladyship's pettish reply; "and," she added, "as I intend to retire early, I wish to know if you have sent for the new novel?"

I was obliged to confess I had forgotten to do so. I had been busy, I said, trying to finish some embroidery for Lady Laura's morning dress, and the book quite escaped my memory—now I feared it was too late, and—

"Of course it is. When do you ever think of anything that is to be done? I can't sleep. How am I to pass this stupid evening?"

"I suppose your indisposition, Laura," said Lord Tarragon, struggling to repress a violent yawn. "Refresh your toilet, and let us look in at the opera. We shall be in time now for the last act."

"It is Tuesday, and I cannot go," Lady Laura answered sulily. "I have not got a box to Lady Graham and I take one between us: this is her day. Was ever anything so dreadful?"

"Afflicting to a degree," yawned the Viscount. "Where is Castlebrook? I thought he was coming with us?"

"Where is he?" (with a sneer) —"where is he always at ten o'clock at night?"

Lord Tarragon shrugged his shoulders—"Difficult to say?" he remarked. Then perceiving the colour rise in my face—"only a father or a brother, or some such animal, could eschew a home that enshrines a divinity!"

A low bow addressed to me directed the compliment. To turn the conversation, I inquired if any accident had prevented Lady Laura from enjoying the Carlton House dinner.

"The Prince," she answered carelessly, "was so much indisposed, that the party had broken up very early."

"And my sister picked me up," said Lord Tarragon, "just as I was coming out of White's, and—yah—yah (gaping), "here we are."

He had the most polite way in the world of being excessively rude. I was meditating how I might best withdraw, when a peal from the knocker sounded through the house, rousing even the languid Lady Laura.

"Who's that?" she said—"not Mr. Castlebrook already, surely?" for "Don't alarm yourself, ma chère sœur," said Lord Tarragon, who, having recently arrived from the continent, lost no opportunity of interlarding his discourse with scraps of French.

"He has not lost a cool fifty yet. Why, it must be Vin. I never thought of Vin. I recollect I told him, though, to follow me here."

The door opened as he spoke, and I raised my eyes, believing that in "Vin," as he called the young gentleman who entered, I should behold a counterpart of the exquisite himself. But, if I dropped my eyes at the somewhat earnest and prolonged gaze of Captain Vincent Tarragon, I raised them again directly, curious to view the extremely interesting and handsome person, who seemed as little like his supercilious sister as he did his dandified and roué brother.

Have I readers old enough to have seen and delighted in the comedies which were the admiration of that generation of playwrights, in each of which there was invariably a hero of that type of youthful manhood most popular with all classes, and perhaps more consonant with human masculine nature than our present models of cold, passionless perfection for our hero worship? Well, these heroes, the young Dormtons, the Charles Surfaces, the Rangers, had an amount of honourable feeling, of manly ardour, ingenuousness, and warmth of sentiment that atoned, seemingly, for very grave faults mingling with these qualities. They had not a vast amount of what we term principle; they never scrupled in the least to get deeply in debt, and had neither thought nor feeling for a creditor, thinking it rather a dashing achievement to take honest tradesmen in; but sometimes there were touches of generous remorse, which quelled the heart at once, and bade defiance to the sternest judgment. Above all, they had, amidst all their innumerable follies, a reverence for women and for virtue, which, although possibly more theoretical than practical, recommended them to the most prudish and severe of the sex. These heroes were also presumed to be dissipated for personal attractions, and were never represented by any actor devoid of them. The race has passed away, no less on the stage than in private life: but young men now have even more vice, perhaps; only it is hypocritical vice, which seeks to hide itself beneath an assumption of cold decorum.

I was too young, of course, and too inexperienced then, to make an analysis of character; nor had I previously seen any person more resembling a hero, than Mr. Lotion's assistant, who sometimes, in the absence of his principal, officiated in a medical capacity when there were invalids at Hamden House: but I must be ingenuous, and fairly own, that the gay spirits, open countenance, and handsome person of Captain Vincent Tarragon attracted me instantly. I entirely forgot my wish to quit the drawing-room, and in another quarter of an hour was chatting away with my stepmother's brother, and listening with most perfect satisfaction to his lively, well-told anecdotes of travel."

"He has not lost a cool fifty yet. Why, it must be Vin. I never thought of Vin. I recollect I told him, though, to follow me here."

Even Lady Laura's ill-temper abated in the
presence of her favourite brother, and presently she laughed as heartily as any of us at a ludicrous description of a bivouac, where some extraordinary cookery was invented, in short, we all became in high good humour. Her ladyship had forgotten her indisposition, and her disappointment at the Carlton House dinner, and instead of retiring with a novel, as she threatened, ordered the supper-tray, at which she desired me to preside. Captain Tarragon still rattle on, when a cabriolet was heard to drive up to our door: the knocker thundered, the bell pealed violently, and, hastily running upstairs, and flinging open widely the door of the drawing-room, my father entered! His recognition of his guests was scarcely commonly courteous; but, stern and sour as he looked at our gay party, he could not openly manifest his displeasure at their presence; he therefore vented his annoyance on me.

"You up, Isabella—and here!" glancing at his brothers-in-law, who appeared very slightlycomposition at his discouraging reception.

"Go to bed directly. I am astonished, madam" (to his wife) "that you permit the girl to be here!"

"I don't know, Mr. Castlebrook, what you mean. Your daughter is here on other occasions! The society of my brothers, I should imagine, is good enough for the daughter of a—" a plain gentleman!" the word in italics being uttered with a cool emphasis that certainly enraged her husband considerably.

"I consider myself the best judge, madam, of the society I wish Miss Castlebrook to mix in."

"Oh, I see," she said, with a sneer—"the old story."

What the old story might be I could only deduce from Lord Tarragon's free-and-easy remark, as he gave a significant glance towards his younger brother, and both rose to depart—"The luck to-night has not been with you, I perceive, my dear fellow! Come, Vin, it is nearly one o'clock. Good-night, or rather good-morning, to your ladyship. Miss Castlebrook, permit—not farewell, but only au revoir, as we say abroad."

"Miss Castlebrook" (from Captain Tarragon), "permit me to claim the allegiance due to my relations—what am I? brother, father-in-law, uncle—yes, uncle, that is it, and a very respectable relation, I assure you, you will find me, fair niece, I shall be always ready to give good advice, or—"

"Receive it—eh, Vin? Come along; you can dictate her duties to our lovely niece to-morrow. Adieu, belle niece; je vous salute mille fois,"

"Adieu till to-morrow" (pressing my hand). "Good-bye, my lovely sister. Well may dukes admire, and princes— Well, there, I am off. I hardly know how to tear myself away."

And, arm-in-arm, the brothers, saluting Mr. Castlebrook with more good temper and suavity than his rudeness deserved, left the room as Vincent said this, and the slam of the hall-door, soon after gave token they had quitted the house also.

I escaped to my room as soon as I had assisted Lady Laura to undress, having during that process to bear her animadversions on bad temper consequent on a run of ill-luck at cards. My father, then, gambled! What a dreadful fact for a child to know! If I dreamed of this new feature in his character, my visions were not unmixed with the gay figure of a young officer, who spoke and looked like—

Isabella! has your time for dreaming come, then, already? I would not believe nor acknowledge it when I woke next morning, and recalled the events of the past night.

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**Chap. XVIII.**

Vincent Tarragon improved even, on further acquaintance. He was more frequently a visitor at our house than his elder brother, who was by no means so great a favourite with its selfish and whimsical mistress as the cadet of her family. Few, indeed, could resist the sunny temper of the latter, or listen uninfluenced to his conversation, far removed from egotism, and replete with wit and information. For me it possessed such a charm as the lover of fine jewels would experience on suddenly viewing an apparently splendid gem, brilliantly set.

I had never heard much conversation, and Capt. Tarragon's was interesting in the highest degree, and possibly, though I tried to evade the conviction, the interesting manners and appearance of the speaker were not among his least attractions.

But though in Vincent's presence Lady Laura with great difficulty forbore to taunt or tyrannize, yet when we were alone I discovered quickly that her malevolence towards me had greatly increased. She tried to prevent my presence during Capt. Tarragon's visits. But here she was not quite successful. I have before hinted that I by no means wanted for spirit; and when I saw a deliberate scheme laid to restrict me from the society of my equals (as I not unjustly considered the frequenters of my father's house to be), I at once resisted, and entered the apartments devoted to visitors as freely as I pleased. Lady Laura frowned; but she scarcely ventured to expostulate. However, I once entered her room when she was trying to persuade my father to banish me to my own apartment entirely. But Mr. Castlebrook had his own schemes on foot just then, and shutting me up, would have interfered with one of them especially.

"Let the girl alone," he said, angrily. "By Heaven! I shall think you are jealous of her! You know very well—"

But her ladyship fired at this idea, and I had to bear the weight of her indignation for the next three hours.

There was an elderly nobleman who visited at our house. Whenever Lord Dormington made a
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morning call, unless there were other visitors Lady Laura invariably made an excuse to leave the room and me tête-à-tête with this old gentleman. I merely, however, imagined that she thought him a bore—and, to say truth, so he was; but he was gentlemanlike, and his conversation, though prosy, was not uninteresting to a novice like myself. When Lord Dornington had finished his gentle chat, he used to bow, leave his aideux for her ladyship, and take his leave.

It was from him, and a few visitors like him, I learned that my step-mother was the most admired visitor at Carlton House. The courtly sycophants who mostly formed our visiting acquaintance seemed to think the Regent's admiration was something to be boasted of; and Lady Laura's own consciousness, whenever the name of His Royal Highness occurred, was to me painfully manifest.

Party spirit, I need not inform my readers, was high then, respecting the domestic scandals pertaining to the Regent and his family. People invariably espoused one side or the other, and rude words passed among even the highlybred partisans of either side. How one-sided many ill-qualified to judge became, when they decided on characters at beat but dimly known to their contemporaries! The Prince was either the most gentleman that ever lived, a cultivated, much-abused, injured husband and father; or he was steeped in vice, selfishness, and hardness of heart, till the soul recoiled from even a description of so much vulgarity. A new generation, clearer-sighted, has long ago decided on the character of the Fourth George; but in the days of my youth, among the falsehoods and baseness of the times, many knew not what to think; and even the deceivers of the Regent could scarcely concur in the rash follies of Caroline of Brunswick, who, as fast as her partisans strove to rub bright her tarnished fame, was sure, by some ill-judged act of levity and folly, to daub it again. Of all her enemies, her hatred virulent in their hate, as so many were, this unhappy Princess had no foes so dire as herself.

I had too much reason to believe, from Lady Laura's tone, whenever this exciting and dangerous topic was started, that she was among those malignant female advisers, who, it was too well known, surrounded the Regent, and who spurred him on to insult and gout to the utmost the feelings of his unhappy wife. If anything could have added to my mistrust of Lady Laura, it was the heartless and scurrilous manner in which she exaggerated the frequent faults and blunders of the Princess of Wales, whose want of tact was certainly not among her faults, misfortunes or all.

She, on whom the hopes of the nation now depended, was old enough by this time to join in the controversy, and had testified spirit and ingenuousness enough to openly manifest the dictates of her own frank heart. Charlotte of Wales, it was pretty well known to those behind the scenes of this royal drama, contemned and detested her father, and upheld and fought many a tough battle for her wronged and venerated mother. Alas! what daughter, knowing all she must have known of such a sire, refusing indignantly to credit aught against a mother's purity, could have acted otherwise, honestly and faithfully, than did this young and ill-fated princess? Little of affection had the royal young lady ever known, and it would indeed have been unnatural had she betrayed or been cold to the maternal love so strongly testified by her unhappy mother. It may be surmised that with the memory of my own dear mother, neglected and unloved, within my breast, I sympathised deeply with the mother and daughter of England. It was an additional attraction in my eyes, therefore, that Vincent Tarragon warmly espoused the cause of the Princess of Wales.

It was fortunate for me that during my sojourn with Miss Norman those principles which should govern a woman's life had been soundly instilled, and the tendency of the character to romantic sentimentalism had been corrected by a constant reference to the dictates of common sense and the rules of Christian life. Otherwise at this period I might have fancied myself into that aimless, hopeless being, the victim of an unrequited attachment. Capt. Tarragon's joyous frankness—his open heart, courtly manner—his evident admiration of myself, never induced me to believe he had what is termed "fallen in love" with me. If the thought of a lover—or rather of one to whom I could surrender my whole heart—whom I could idolize after woman's usual fashion, had at first fascinated me, I soon abandoned the idea, and persuaded myself that in reality I regarded Vincent Tarragon only as a favourite brother. I made the discovery that he had some very grave faults, possessing which no man could gain my esteem, and I felt then the conviction, which with the exception of a brief period of self-deception has prevailed through my life, that love can never really exist where the woman is the strongest. Yet though I dwelt on these faults of Vincent during his absence with sorrow and pity, their memory faded entirely from my view whenever he was present, or, if forcibly recalled, seemed so inextricably mingled with those many attributes dear to every true woman's heart, that I came to regard them with greater favour than the virtues of some duller and less attractive persons, into whose presence our somewhat incongruous list of visitors occasionally brought me.

These thoughts diverted and soothed, perhaps, the domestic unhappiness which daily grew more harassing, but certainly did not mitigate it. My father, scorched by fathers past and that uneasiness which a mis-spent existence is sure to confer, even on the most unreflecting, grew harsher and more severe in his language and behaviour to me. On one kind look I could have existed in happiness for days: but alas! none of these were vouchsafed; and Lady Laura, whose dislike no tie of blood restrained, soon held no measures with me. I
was harassed by the cares of her wardrobe and toilet, with the divers and very contrary orders issued to the household; and, lastly, another very irksome task became imposed upon me, one which, commanded by my father, I dared not decline. This was, to see and pacify several urgent creditors, who almost daily troubled Mr. Castlebrook, and who were extremely important for payment.

How little, in the calmer and order of flanden House, I had dreamed of the extravagance and embarrassments of my father's ménage! I had apologies to make, and promises, in Mr. Castlebrook's name, on which for some time, I myself implicitly relied. Often small payments were given to gain time for the greater amounts; in short, perpetual shifts, contrivances, and the degradation of being compelled to bear the comments of his creditors on my father's proceedings, gave me such deep disgust, that, in terror, I looked round, and asked myself how all this wretchedness, amidst apparent luxury and splendour, would terminate? I was greatly astonished, therefore, when, in the height of all this embarrassment and wrong, Lord Tarragon, who affected to patronize me in his character of relative, one day communicated to me the astounding fact that I was to be presented at the next drawing-room! I could not resist a smile.

"You seem amused, child," said his lordship; "but I am telling you the truth, 'pon my soul I am."

"Oh, my lord! if you pledge your soul, of course I must credit you, or else such an assertion—"

"But why does it surprise you?"

If I had answered with perfect ingenuousness, I should have told this young nobleman that, having the greatest difficulty to procure money from my father to make even a decent appearance in his drawing-room or dinner-parties, I thought it extremely unlikely that I should be deemed worth a court-dress. But we are bound to hide the skeletons in our houses from common view, so I was compelled to dissemble, and answered, "I am too young."

"Seventeen past. Am I not right? Yes, I thought so, just the age; besides, you must come out, I suppose, some time or other."

"I do not wish to enter society."

"Ha, ha! Excellent, Paith. Excuse me, fairest of Isabellas, but I must laugh. What do all you girls sigh for, die for—nay, live for, but to enter society; pick up a husband—with a coronet if you can, but a husband at any rate; and to dash away in diamonds, with equipages and opera boxes, fêtes and fancies, till you ruin your husbands, and leave them, finally, for favoured more fortunate swains?"

"Lord Tarragon, I wonder you have the audacity to express such sentiments in my presence. Sooner than be one of the throng of foolish, frivolous, vain, and wicked women you describe, I would be a servant, and work my fingers to the bone."

"Now, child, this affectionate site vastly ill upon you—'pon my soul it does. You might deceive, by this moral declamation, such a greenhorn as Vincent, who swears you are a divinity, without thought of evil in your composition; but I, child, am a man of the world, and cannot give you credit for so much old-fashioned out-of-date heroism. Pardon me, my dear Miss Castlebrook; we are relations, you know."

"A little less than kin—and less than kind" I misquoted.

"A-hem! vulgar my dear in you, not only quoting, but parodying your quotation. When you enter the world of fashion, beware of showing that you read. Neither beauty like yours, nor extreme wealth, which, pardon me, is not yours, could ever neutralize that abominable blue tint, which, by Heaven, is as nauseous in a woman as minor-theatre melodrama."

"Never fear for me, my lord; you are forgetting the misdeemours you were charging me with. So you think I am trying to catch a husband; and who is the man I aim so wickedly endeavouring to ensnare? I trust (with a sarcasm I could not for my life subdue) 'you are under no apprehension for your personal safety!"

"Ha, ha! very good!" (with a slight flush of annoyance). "Certainly not. You no doubt are aware that nothing but an heiress, whose coffers were of considerable magnitude, could lure me to so desperate a step as the step matrimonial; or, else, beauty superior I am aware I could not find. Helas!" (with a shrug) "a poor dog like me, with the family nobility to keep in violate, and not an acre unmortgaged, cannot afford to think of beauty, save as a dream. Heiresses, you know, are of course invariably ugly."

"I trust your lordship may meet with a mate sufficiently rich and ugly to your taste. On whom then, I ask, have I fixed designs, so palpable as to be visible even to a person whose opportunities for observing my disposition seem to me to be extremely limited?"

"My dear creature! now, 'pon my soul you're angry. Are we not, in spite of your ill-natured quotation, relations. I am in the Cabinet, child. Well! You don’t believe me. You will see."

"Now see what, Lord Tarragon? It is impossible to understand you."

"See what, child? Why, a Drawing-room. You have never witnessed that distinguished spectacle. See what! Why the plainest woman, and the most virtuous Queen in Europe, dressed in a turned brocade, washed lace, cleaned feathers, and the most superb diamonds possessed by any princess in Christendom. See what! Well, let me see. After that you will be eligible to be chaperoned by la belle mère to Carlton House, where you will see the most finished gentleman the world can boast; a prince, whose deportment—Entre nous, fair niece, it is to royal suggestion partly you are indebted to this turn in your affairs. Certainement, ma chere, Laura does draw the maternal reins somewhat too tight. You are a filly
That very evening, I was destined to hear Lord Tarragon's news verified. We had company to dinner, and during the repast some allusion was made by one of the guests to the next Drawing-room.

"It will be a most brilliant affair," observed the speaker, who was one of the Regent's household. "The Allied Sovereigns will be there."

"A sight you should certainly witness, Miss Castlebrook," said Lord Dornington, who was my right-hand neighbour.

"Isabella will do so," said my father quietly.

"She will be presented."

I heard congratulations and compliments, and saw Lady Laura, with a lowering brow and flushed features, turn with a sneer to ask some question, and timidly glancing at my father, beheld him with an averted face, eagerly discussing some trivial topic.

"I am delighted," said Lord Dornington.

"Mr. Castlebrook has yielded, then, to the Regent's wish that you should be presented."

"The Regent! You amaze me, my Lord: I am not known to his Royal Highness."

"Report, report, young lady." "I am very sorry."

"But you are not out, you know. No young lady can visit out of her family circle, unless she has been presented to the Queen and the Regent."

"Then they are associated on such occasions?"

"On this one. Of course, during the King's illness, the Regent is his sole representative, but the Queen of England's presence and authority must on great State occasions be also recognized. This Drawing-room is held jointly, and in sight of most of the crowned heads of Europe."

"I am sure I shall see none of them, if I am to be there: I shall be too much embarrassed."

"Ah, Miss Castlebrook," in a low voice from Lord Dornington. "Few there will compare with you in youthful charms, in grace."

I was glad to interrupt such an effusion of venerable galantry, by receiving Lady Laura's nod. And in the drawing-room I was presently set, to amuse the unamuseable, by playing and singing to them, till no doubt they were as tired as myself.

It was late before Lady Laura retired that night; and as my services were always in requisition, while I attended her last toilette I summoned courage to ask her if she thought my father was in earnest about my presentation.

"I believe so," she answered, tardily. "It is great folly, especially in your father's circumstances. But the Prince took a whim to urge the thing, and it was impossible to tell his Royal Highness that expense was an object."

"I have not the slightest wish to be presented, Lady Laura," said I. "Nay, if you can persuade papa against it, I shall be quite happy."

"Not I," quoth her ladyship. "Besides, the Prince will take offence, and that" She stopped and coloured.
"Will my father give me a dress?"

"He must, I suppose. Remember, however, you must be simply dressed. You need wear no jewels; young girls should not wear them, it is preposterous."

At Mnemosyne, I remembered, Lady Laura always wore as many as she could procure.

"I wish, with all my heart, it was over," she said: "I detest chaperoning raw girls, who have neither manner nor breeding."

"I will endeavour, at least," I said, somewhat nettled, "not to disgrace your chaperonage, nor the dignity of my own family."

"I hope not; but as I told Mr. Castlebrook, you have had no advantages of society."

"Your ladyship surely forgets the advantage I have for some time possessed in your own."

She glared at me, with rage. When I was provoked to sarcasm, she was rarely a match for me now. It was but seldom I thus lost control over a hasty temper; but I was a woman, I could not avoid retort, although I repented the next moment.

"Good night, Miss Castlebrook; I am unequal now to repartee, even if it were seemly to indulge in it with my junior. You can discuss the subject, if you please, with Mr. Castlebrook—that is, if you can keep awake till three or four, his probable hour for returning from the gaming table."

"Good night, Lady Laura; think charitably of me, and my intentions, if you can."

But the next day, before he went out, my father summoned me into his presence. Though Mr. Castlebrook still viewed me with dislike, his manner was not so hard and severe as at former conferences.

"It is necessary, Isabella," he said, "I find, to have you presented. It will be expensive. I trust you will repay me by being obedient."

I raised my eyes to his face—a face whose lineaments bore terrible traces, now, of care and dissipation beyond remedy. Oh! why would he not let me love him?

"I believe," he added, "I dared not call him father; "if I can only please you, I shall indeed be happy. But I would rather not go to Court, if it can be helped."

"You have heard my will," he said, in a freezing tone, "and be sure I should not worry myself with the inevitable expense of such an affair, if I had not strong reasons for doing so. All I request is, that you will submit your own will, somewhat too headstrong I fear, to the authority of those who are the best judges of what is fit to be done."

There was no further appeal, no chance of rousing that stony heart and despotist will to a father’s feelings. There was not even the natural pride of one in his own offspring. Yet I had beheld Mr. Castlebrook pliable enough to the wishes of Lady Laura: he invariably succumbed either to her temper or her coaxing; but for me, there was only the freezing look, the withering indifference, the iron "I will it so."

Fearful of showing my agitation, I bowed my head, and was leaving the room, when he called me back.

"You can give orders," he said, "to Lady Laura's dressmaker, for a plain Court-dress; mind plain, not mean. But let the woman understand that she is not to have carte blanche for your dresses, as she does for Lady Laura's, that is all."

Where was the joy of a young girl at permission to order her first gay dress of ceremony? Not in my heart. How cordially I loathed the whole affair! I was to restrain the dressmaker's hand, and having been behind the scenes of these fashionable mysteries when attending on my stepmother, I knew pretty well what kind of revenge Madame Friponne would take, if such an order were delivered to her verbatim.

"She will make a complete fright of me," was my not unnatural reflection. And just then Lady Laura's bell rang, with a certain number of vibrations, which was the usual signal for my summons.

It was always broad noon before my stepmother rose, and then she was generally busy for an hour or two, giving audience to her tradespeople; at least, her dressmaker, or her corsetmaker—the last a necessary adjunct, for Lady Laura's once slender figure threatened to become greatly full, if not restrained.

She was busied, this morning, with her shoemaker, and her feather-dealer, and luckily, as I thought, Madame Friponne herself was trying on Lady Laura's Court-dress.

"Where is my blue-and-gold lame, Miss Castlebrook?" was her ladyship's first salutation in a very fractious tone. "Martin has been searching this hour, I do wish, if you under-take the care of my things, you would not hide them away, where nobody can find them."

"The dress is by itself, Lady Laura. I have placed it in silver paper, because of its extreme delicacy."

"Then do make haste and find it. Martin, you can go; you are too stupid to be of any use. I do believe you make yourself worse on purpose. Now remember, Madame, amber-and-silver, exactly made like this blue-and-gold. You never made a dress like this before; but I wore it alas! at the last Drawing-room, and for this splendid affair, one must, you know, be very magnificent. Apropos, have you heard any more about the Princess of Wales? will she be admitted?"

"Oh! non, my lidi," said the Frenchwoman, who, like her betters, took the side of the strongest in this unhappy controversy, "The Queen, my lidi, have written to the Princess three week ago, to say—'Non Madame, you must not come.' And she say she will come. And de young Princess is in great passion as well; and she tell them she will not be presented at all if her mamma be insulte. Oh, mon dieu! there is noting but what de Anglaise canaille call row, row, all troo Carlton House. And to hear—for we make de robe of de Princess Charlotte—to hear everything about everybody! Ma foi, my lidi; it make what de people call,
your hair to stick up—cela fait dresser les cheveux à la tête. Mais, madame," she said in a tone of apology, "you know all this better as myself; you, mi ledi, de intimus of the Regent." "Madame Friponne! But you are a foreigner: it does not signify," for the modiste stared at the confusion her last words had produced. "Of course I hear these things; but one likes to know. And—and, so, as I was saying—oh, yes! like the blue-and-silver, of course feathers; and my diamonds. And what do you say, Miss Castlebrook," as I whispered in her ear my father’s wish about my Court-dress, for ordering which I thought the present a favourable opportunity. "I hate whispers," said Lady Laura. "Speak out; there is no occasion to mind madame." "Moi, madame. Je ne parle rien—moi!" said the woman, who was a proverbial gossip. "Very well, Lady Laura. Madame Friponne, Mr. Castlebrook desires you will provide me with a suitable dress for my presentation; it will be the same Drawing-room at which the Princess Charlotte comes out." "Something as plain and cheap as you can make, Friponne," said Lady Laura. "No, madame," I said: "I have decided; and—" "Any colour will do," said my mother-in-law eagerly, with a significant look at the dressmaker. "I beg your ladyship’s pardon. I have already designed the dress, and chosen the colour, which will unite papa’s views and mine as well. Madame Friponne, my dress, if you please, will be pink silk, trimmed with silver filagree, and a petticoat of white satin." "Mademoiselle has taste," said the modiste, sententiously. Je comprend bien—une robe simple, à la vierge. C’est bien. I will not fail. "And—and as inexpensive as is consistent," I said, "with my choice of material." "Mais! que voulez-vous? Mademoiselle has selected, I assure you, my ledi, une robe bien marché. I make to you, mi ladies, farewell; mais"—hesitating. "And I will speak to Mr. Castlebrook about your account, Madame Fripone," said Lady Laura, hurriedly. "Don’t disappoint me." "Not for worlds, mi ledi. Mademoiselle, you may depend sur moi. For de monies, mi ledi, l’argent;—il n’y a pas de quoi, only for a large bill which I must make up for my marchand de soie. But you will get it for me sans doubt. Adieu." And so apologising, promising, and urging, Madame Friponne quitted the apartment, doubtless to spread the news of Miss Castlebrook, ce fille charmante’s appearance at the ensuing Drawing-room.

CHAP. XX.

This Drawing-room was the grand topic of society, at least that society which formed the world of the frequenters of our house.

Queen Charlotte’s letter to her daughter-in-law had excited the deepest disgust among the adherents of the Princess Wales; and the parties most particularly concerned were engaged in active, but useless correspondence on the subject, one on which the Regent had so firmly made up his mind, as a means whereby to render his unhappy consort the scorn of Europe, that all hope of combating his resolution was futile. The young Princess, too, afforded a subject for the liveliest discussion. Her hair, her eyes, her shape, her complexion were all eagerly criticised. I could not help comparing our own family with that illustrious household: A father who, because he hated with unjust hate the mother, disliked his own offspring, only because she was the daughter of his victim! What was the reason of my own parent’s causeless severity but the aversion with which he had ever regarded my deceased and most dear mother—an aversion created towards the wife who was forced on him? I could paint the struggle of the royal young lady’s spirit well, torn to pieces as her heart must have been by this faction between those whom duty bid her equally to honour. How could she? To one side only her heart could incline her. Led away, also, by the excitement of the hour, I speculated so much on the Princess Charlotte, her feelings, her painful position with regard to this Drawing-room, at which she was compelled to appear, and by doing so, to cast a slight on the mother she loved, that I well-nigh lost sight of my own trials, which were most likely to accrue on the same occasion.

Captain Tarragon took the first opportunity to express his surprise and delight at my coming introduction to fashionable life. He expatiated on this theme, with that mixture of frankness, gaiety, and confidential earnestness, which at one time would have drawn forth my full sentiments on the subject; but I remembered my recent suspicions, and treated the young gentleman with a ceremonious, polite reserve, which it was plain soon nettled him. He did not hesitate to express his feelings.

"Pray, Niece Isabella, what may you mean by this kind of stately condensation with your old uncle!" I could not help a smile at his badinage. He took courage and went on: "Heaven help your family connexions when you are a countess, if the mere going to Court is to bring forth all these airs and graces! I suppose then you will speak to none of us? Nay"—altering his tone of banter to that deep melancholy which seemed impossible to convey falsehood or insincerity—"tears! Dearcest, sweetest girl; 1—1 I mean dear, dear Miss Castlebrook, forgive my rude jests; but you know everyone says this is to be, and—" "What is to be? What is this mystery going on around me? Who says it?" "Why all your father’s habits; and besides, Laura told me that your marriage was decided on. Of course you have consented? And—oh, Isabella, I had dreamed for you a different
The Commoner's Daughter.

"In heaven's name, Captain Tarragon, for whom, then, am I destined?" I cried in amazement.

"For whom? Why—"

Miss Castlebrook, I may remind you that tête-à-têtes with young men are far from revered in a young lady! I must tell your father, I find, of your utter want of delicacy on these points. Vincent, you at least should know better, and not encourage Miss Castlebrook's entire want of propriety!" (this from Lady Laura, who had abruptly entered).

In his presence she had never before so wantonly exercised her power to insult. My naturally passionate temper broke out into rebellion.

"Lady Laura Castlebrook, before you presume to accuse me of impropriety, it would be quite as well if you will remember I was acquainted with you when you were about my own age!"

Her face became scarlet: doubtless the reminiscences which were uppermost in my mind predominated just then in her own—reminiscences, in short, of a certain professor, who attended Memnosyne to teach the girls writing, and as much arithmetic as young ladies of fashion needed, and with whom my censorship stepmother had been seen tête-à-tête on more than one occasion, in the square, before her schoolfellows were stirring.

The next minute I grieved I had been betrayed into that woman's fault—recrimination. She gave me, however, no time to soften matters down.

"Insolent! Leave the room, minx! Do not dare enter again till you have humbled yourself, and apologised to me!"

I looked at Vincent: he had started up, and seemed from sheer surprise unable to speak. But at her last words he cried out, "Shame, Laura—shame! You are not addressing a child! You treat her shamefully—you know you do! If you thus oppress a helpless girl, you are no sister of mine!"

"Oh, by all means, take the part of your—"

He sprang forward so impetuously, that in my fear his passion might even cause him to forget manhood; I caught his arm just as he had placed his hand over his sister's mouth."

"Laura! beware of what you say. Another word to this girl, and I disown you forever!"

Lady Laura sullenly sat down, and a strange silence ensued. I tried hard to repress the tears of shame and degradation brought forth by my stepmother's cruel insinuations. As I found I could not, I rose, and prepared to leave the room. Lady Laura's temper made her give me a parting blow—"Mr. Castlebrook shall learn your behaviour as soon as he comes home!"

Captain Tarragon attended me respectfully to the door. "Miss Castlebrook," he said, earnestly, "acquit me, I pray, of any share in my sister's strange freak of temper; and believe me when I say, that to be the source of vexation or uneasiness to you, would be the greatest grief I could know!"

He raised my hand to his lips as he spoke, and kissed it with so much ceremony and cold respect, that even the vainest of women could not have interpreted the action in her favour. I curtseied formally, and even constrained myself to say "Good-night" to Lady Laura, who roused me no answer; but, as I ascended the staircase, I heard her voice loud in expostulation with her brother, who on his part answered quite as angrily.

I must confess that, on reaching my own room, and locking the door, I gave way to a passion of tears—tears in which anger and sorrow mingled strangely. I must certainly have been hoping something for a long time; for, in the midst of my grief, there was predominant a strong feeling of disappointment. What! did I expect or hope that, thus attacked, if Captain Tarragon loved me, he should then and there declare his attachment? And had I, then, supposed him attached? And why did his conduct this evening vex me even more than his sister's coarse remarks and assumption of authority? And for whom could I be destined? Not him, certainly! His cool, respectful behaviour had avowed him as little inclined for intentions of marriage towards myself as his own family, or my father could desire. How could I have been in soul at the hopes which I found had certainly been lurking in some unexplored corner of my heart! How earnest was the resolution to banish him entirely from my mind! I glanced at the guests who frequented our dinner-table, but certainly no one had ever paid any particular attention towards me, save as a Miss Castlebrook; and by many I believe I was regarded more as Lady Laura's companion and fog than as their host's daughter. I listened long that night for Lady Laura's bell; but it did not ring, though I sat wearily till a late hour. I was, in truth, vexed with myself, and there was no consolation save one. It had never failed me yet, nor did it now. In half-an-hour I rose from my knees, after confessing my weakness, and imploring rest for my weary spirit. Then, in spite of Lady Laura, in spite of my own secret chagrin, I slept soundly till morning.

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH IN EXILE.—And how did he employ his exile? From eight o'clock in the morning he exhibited himself, in accordance with the old royal etiquette, decorated with his ribands, and girt with a sword, which he never laid aside until the moment of going to bed. Encumbered with corpulence, he never sought a remedy in any effort at personal activity—never went out, and never paid a visit either in Verona or its neighbourhood. He wrote a great deal after dinner, which was usually frugal; he gave several audiences, and then shut himself up in his room, where he might be heard walking heavily, and as if excitedly, up and down. In the evening, surrounded by his court, he took pleasure in listening to readings.—Louis Blanc.
RIVERS.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

"Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers."
—Habakkuk iii. 9.

HE cleaves the Earth with Rivers!—bright, bounding, fresh, and free;
Or creeping, dark and sluggish, to meet the restless sea.
And ever still they are the types of Life that onward pours,
And cleaves its little path between the two eternal shores.
The mountains strong, the patriarch hills—that silent seem to stand,
With caps of cloud, and hoary locks, and men of dumb command—
Hide tarns that never see the sun, and persevering rills,
And silvery waterfalls, that wake the music of the hills.
And these beget the rivers vast, which ever onward glide—
However they wander by the way—to meet the ampler tide.
HE cleaves the earth with rivers! Beside the limpid brook
The field flowers lean, Narcissus-like, to in their mirror look.
The shy wildfowl, in silence bold, athwart the streamlet skim;
And graceful willows droop to lave their, slender limbs.
Anon the stream is sought by man; and water-carriers trail
Their shining burthen, clear and cool, in many a brimming pail.
The village joys to be so near, though learning, perhaps, its worth,
By frost, that, in the shorten'd days, the brooklet chains to earth.
But once a week the water-wheel grows dry the stream above,
And cattle loosed from heavy yoke with lazy footsteps move;
The ferry-boat lies at its ease beneath the alder's shade,
And Nature's self almost appears in Sabbath dress array'd.
On Sabbath-days the bells peal out as if surcharged with song,
Till, on the soft conducting wave, the rapture glides along;
And when no more poor human ears can catch the Sabbath note,
A mystic music, lingering, seems beside the stream to float—
To calm 'mid toil, and whisper hope, and give the spirit rest,
When haply still the teats must strain, and Life's hard current breast.

HE cleaves the earth with rivers; and on their margins rise
Fair cities, crown'd with pinnacles outlined against the skies—
Fair cities! yea, great heart-shaped beads the generations mould,
To hang upon God's river streams of silver or of gold;
Heart-shaped be sure, could we but see the plan that should prevail,
Though aims fall short, and men despair, and means are mix'd and frail;
So that the traffic marts yet out in some unsightly way,
And lordly domes take ample sweep and school-rooms overlay;
And churches o'er are crush'd and cramp'd, and have their doors too small,
While monuments to Mammon raised are somewhat overtall!
Still, from the serried mass to which a mighty city grows,
With palpitating thought and deed, a nation's life-blood flows:
Though good and ill so mingled are, they often seem to be—
Like wrestlers, face to face, limb-twined, in strife for mastery—
So mingled, that the very coin with reverent hand we lay
Beside the widow's sacred mite, on Saturday's day.
May still be foul'd by evil use, however the piece look bright,
And still seem warm from heathen palm that clutch'd it overnight.
HE cleaves the earth with rivers! but, near the haunts of man,
The shores are wed by bridges, which parting waters span;
Each arch a ring completed when sunshine makes a shade,
And memory keeps the symbol when clouds the image fade.
But 'tis beyond the bridges the fleets of nations ride,
And merchants' wealth is floated upon the swelling tide.
O ships, of bird-like fleetness, that make the ocean path!
O ships the hundred-throated, that bellow nations' wrath!
O ships that part the loveing, and dear ones reunite;
That thread the glittering icebergs, or dart 'neath tropic night!
O ships that know the rivers! doth never message flow
From sister-streams, for you to give, in mystic accents low.
When, home at last, you rest your strength upon some limpid stream
Which leaps to kiss your burlry sides, that bask in sunny gleam?
No message? but, as rivers flow, obeying One behest—
With wealth of waters lost and found, on ocean's shining breast—
There rises oft, in Fancy's realm, the thought that yet they bear
Some memories of human life—its mingled joy and care;
And that, when inarticulate, the ocean seems to pant
For power of speech, like some dumb thing which has a human want—
The Great Sea grasps the Rivers' lore, with all its own combined,
And so can symbol something true to every human mind.
RECENT SHAKESPEARE-CRITICISM.

I.—HERAUD’S “SHAKESPEARE: HIS INNER LIFE.”

In certain papers, printed some months ago in this magazine, I glanced hastily and superficially at the cruize of Shakespeare, and at the schools of criticism under which they might be assigned classed. Since that time the Tercentenary celebration has intervened. Although that celebration must be confessed in itself a failure, yet its fruits are manifest in the sudden increase of Shakespearian literature. Books of all grades of worth or worthlessness on the fashionable topic have found publishers, and, it is to be supposed, readers. Photographers have overstaked the market with views of Anne Hathaway’s cottage and the chancel of Stratford church, with copies of pseudo-portraits of the poet, and fac-similes of his will and signature. Literary hacks (analogous to the photographers) have stolen and re-cooked the scraps of old and half-forgotten Shakespeare dishes, forcing a gaping public to eat paper and drink ink, in no way to their nutrition; or, hanging on obstinately to the skirts of the prevailing subject, have discovered families of Shakespeares, whose claims to notice consist in their disconnection with the poet, and have elaborated pedigrees of people famous in that they could not possibly have been known by him.

Nevertheless, crude and worm-eaten and worthless as is much of the literary fruit, it is not all worthless. That portion of it destined never to arrive at maturity seems to have dropped from the tree during the vernal period of last year. Already these fallen crabs are swept away and forgotten; while the ripe fruit (“hanging like a jewel in the ear of Cebio”) is now beginning to manifest itself.

In all events, this present year has given birth to two books of Shakespeare-Criticism, each very notable in its kind. Since the translation of the Commentaries of Gervinus, no book of philosophical criticism has appeared, that can at all be compared with the “Shakespeare: His Inner Life, of Heraud; and in the “Shakespeare in Germany,” of Albert Cohn, we have a contribution to historical criticism which has been for years desiderated.

To these books I propose to give some attention in two successive papers. The work of Mr. Heraud claims precedence, as being of that highest order of criticism, the philosophical, to which such productions of historical criticism as the “Shakespeare in Germany” are but ministering Levites.

I concluded my former papers (above referred to) by pointing out that the tendency of the latest Philosophical Criticism of Shakespeare was to attempt to discover the poet in his works. Criticism had progressed from the distinct consideration of the central unity of each separate play, to a comparison and conjunction of the plays so interpreted. Philosophical critics had now arrived at the ultimate problem, viz.: “from the many central unities of the separate plays, to discover the one central unity which shall embrace and harmonize all.”

Gervinus made a decided step in this direction when he discovered the prevalence of a main idea through a series of successive plays. He finds that Shakespeare’s mind during one period of his life was specially impressed by the subject of the natural ties of blood and affection, and their unnatural disruption; during another period by that of seeming, as opposed to reality—mere outside show as opposed to real worth.” Such main ideas are found to colour whole groups of plays; and thus through the plays as a medium we obtain a glimpse of the poet: but the work of Gervinus is professedly a commentary on the plays, rather than an attempt to discover the poet in them; and such glimpses as we get of Shakespeare himself are somewhat incidental.

Mr. Heraud, by his very title, proclaims his object. Here we have a book which primarily treats of Shakespeare the poet; and of his poems, only as a means of reaching him. Mr. Heraud may be pronounced the first of the new school of criticism. That towards which his immediate predecessors have shown only a tendency to preoccupy us; and such glimpses as we get of Shakespeare himself are somewhat incidental. He is the first to grapple with the ultimate problem.

To say that he has achieved success is by no means to say that the problem is solved once and for all, and that nothing remains in the same field for others to achieve. The earlier criticism on Shakespeare—that which pronounced him a child of nature guiltless of art, a barbarian with unaccountable momentary inspirations—set before it a like aim. At that time his dramas were not at all understood. There had been no induction from them up to their author; and any estimate of him was entirely empirical. The long period of patient criticism that has succeeded to those first audacious utterances, has based the inquiry as to Shakespeare’s individuality on a comparatively sure ground. The induction has been accomplished, and the time has arrived when attempts to deduce the individuality of the poet from the prevailing spirit of his poems can be legitimately made. Mr. Heraud, we repeat, is the first in this new field of criticism; but, far from considering him as the final interpreter, we hail his book as simply the herald of a host to come.

The signification of the term inner life, as used by our critic, must be noticed before we proceed further. That the inner life is not ne-
cessarily congruous with the outer life, Mr. Heraud has himself instanced in the cases of Turner and Rembrandt. But he states, emphatically, that no such incongruity exists in the case of Shakespeare—that his theme, in fact, requires that he should show the agreement of the inner and the outer life of the poet. Herein Mr. Heraud has set himself a no easy task. The Shakespearean drama is, in many ways, so difficult to assimilate with the Shakespeare of tradition, that plausible theories have been started, depriving the actor and manager of the authorship of the plays attributed to him. If tradition is followed we arrive at a picture of Shakespeare; if the internal evidence is followed, a picture quite different. Our critic has cut the knot rather than untied it. He honestly declares his mode of procedure: "I shall bestow (he writes) no attention on the idle tales of the traditionists, and treat 'old-wives' fables' as of no weight, preferring 'the testimony of the rocks,' such as we find it in the mighty author's own gigantic productions."

In this determined assimilation of the outer with the inner life, we think the present book is unsatisfactory. When tradition agrees with the internal evidence of the plays, Mr. Heraud lays the greatest stress upon it: when it disagrees he declares tradition to be of no worth. Certain of his inferences from traditionary data are of the wildest kind; while, at other times, he stoutly denies the plain significance of indisputable facts. His account of Shakespeare's marriage is a glaring instance of his defiance of documentary evidence.

Doubtless the difficulty in treating of the worldly life of the man Shakespeare is very great—almost insurmountable. It seems to us, however, that in such treatises as the present, the outer life might advantageously be passed over with much less consideration. Tradition might safely be left to take care of itself. There are certain documentary facts which cannot be ignored, and which serve excellently as boundary-lines, within which the biographer of the inner life must restrain his theories—which afford indeed an advantage analogous to that which Mr. Heraud has shown that Shakespeare obtained in founding his dramas on pre-existent stories; but tradition, favourable or unfavourable, should alike be little estimated. If assimilation of the outer and inner life must be attempted, it should not be forgotten that it is impossible for the ideal of the inner life to be completely realized in the outer—that the dramatist is a man subject to imperfections, and, like his own heroes, but "a negative instance."

To decide on the chronological order of the plays is, for our critic, the necessary antecedent to all other inquiry. Accordingly we have, in the introduction, a chronological table. In this the point that will most strike ordinary Shakespeare-students is the early position of "Hamlet." It stands fourth on the list, preceded only by those plays universally admitted to be the earliest, viz., "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Comedy of Errors," and "Love's Labour's Lost." We are so accustomed to see "Hamlet" ranked with the highest tragedies, "Macbeth," "Lear," and "Othello," and to credit it with the consummate philosophy evolved therefrom by successive commentators, that this unfamiliar position is not readily admitted. However, the critic's reasons for so placing it are plausible. He supposes it to be derived from a previous "Hamlet," by Kyd (from whom Shakespeare probably learned the secret of subordinating all characters to one), and points out its inferiority to the later tragedies in its lack of complex organization, in its dependence on dialogue rather than on action (wherein it assimilates to "Love's Labour's Lost"), and in the wholesale murderousness of its catastrophe.

"Titus Andronicus" and "Pericles" are not included in the list. The first, as being a specimen of "the tragedy of terror," it is decided cannot be Shakespeare's, whose predilection is markedly for "the drama of elegance," and whose natural taste led him to follow in the vein of Spenser, Surrey, and Wyatt, rather than in that of the bombastic playwrights. "Pericles" (perhaps retouched by Shakespeare) "proclaims itself to be the production of a neophyte in the art, and of such neophyte at a period when the art itself was in its infancy."

The chronological table is divided into four periods. "The first, the Elementary and Impulsive; the second, the Historical and fantastic; the third, the Comic; and the fourth, the Epic and Imaginative—the fourth displaying itself in two forms, namely (1) Simple Construction, and (2) Complex Structure; the last including (a) the Conventional, (b) the Universal, Ideal, and purely Poetic, and, finally (c), the Abstract and Intellectual in conception and treatment."

Through these four periods we shall glance in succession, noting briefly points in the development of Shakespeare as shown by the internal evidence of the plays; but passing over, for the most part, the contemporaneous facts and traditions of his outer life.

Six plays are included in the first period—"the elementary and impulsive." Mr. Heraud dates the earliest, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," in 1585, when Shakespeare had been for some time a husband and a father. The practical life had with him preceded the contemplative, and the latter is as yet elementary. The play is quite inorganic and even deficient in mechanism; yet even here an instinct for a complete organism is manifested in the parallelism of characters and events and the parodical character of the comic scenes. Even here a spirit is breathed into the dry bones of the story, and the omnipotence and irresponsibility of love are the theme of the play. Thus in this "prentice-drama" we find the poet entering upon that subject of love which it was his especial mission to preach. He, however, long married, "shows in this play as one who had survived and could therefore sport with the passion." There is no heat or tumult in the
but both of these were founded on existing materials. He now aspires to the creation of an independent work. Nevertheless he does not invent, but borrows his story, thus gaining the necessary objectivity. We find him again treating of his one special theme. The argument of "Othello" is of love after marriage, as that of "Romeo and Juliet" is of love before marriage. The different characters of the drama vary in their conception of this love. With Othello it is marital honour; with Desdemona it is fidelity and romantic affection, &c. Othello and Iago divide the moral and the intellectual view, and the real debate is between these two principals. It is Iago and not Othello who is the really jealous husband. In two other dramas Shakespeare treats of jealousy. In all three it is observable that the suspected heroine is innocent. The poet exhibits jealousy, now in a ludicrous now in an odious light; and it is clear that he abominated the passion, and was himself free from its thraldom. The Moor, noble as he is, is yet not undramatically perfect. There was a lack of honour in his covert courtship; there had been a lack of purity in his life before marriage. Desdemona, too, is wanting in filial obedience and in strict regard to truth. Thus in the characters themselves exist the causes of their tragic fate. In "Measure for Measure," our critic finds an ecclesiastical allegory. The spirit of the time compelled caution in treating of religion and politics, and Shakespeare's opinions on these matters are for the most part veiled. The anti-cellibacy of the Roman Catholic Church and its consequent abomina tions are here forshadowed. The Duke represents Divine Providence and Angelo the Pontiff. In Isabella, the dedicated nun, we have a symbol of the Church. In the final marriage of the Duke with Isabella, Mr. Heraud points out a mystical meaning, which follows naturally upon his general interpretation. In the treatment of Barnardine we get a hint of Shakespeare's opinion on capital punishment; and indeed the lenient pardons bestowed by the Duke in the catastrophe point the same way. We come now to the dramas of more complex structure, which Mr. Heraud has divided under three heads. In art, as in physiology, the more complex the organism, the higher is it. "The poet, in his upward flight, is already leaving his meaner fellows behind him, and becoming less and less popular. Henceforward, he is for an audience fit though few; perhaps for none. His poems now are self-communings. Nothing but his Inner-life may appear in them." Under the head of "Conventional," our critic includes "Lear," "Troilus and Cressida," "Cymbeline," and "The Winter's Tale." He finds evidence in these dramas of a certain tendency of Shakespeare's mind, at this time. "The poet has survived a period of revolution, and witnessed attempts at reaction, which he discouraged, because he perceived that the most beneficial revolution must needs be fruitless unless authority and order be reconstituted to secure its results." These plays are full of conservative sentiments and commendations of the sacredness of institutions, and the authority of conventions established in the interest of order. "Lear," like "Hamlet," is based on the idea of filial obligation. Its subject is "paternal love, suffering violence, and, being angered, becoming awful as it is divine." In Edmund and Gloucester we have the same subject, under a slightly different aspect; but filial obligation is as binding upon Edmund as upon Lear's daughters. Here, too, Mr. Heraud suggests a mystical significance. Lear is an image of the Divine-paternity; and Cordelia, with her love divided between him and her husband, is the type of the best worshipper. The stress laid upon conventions in "Troilus and Cressida," is very marked. The dialogue of the play turns often on political themes—such as the necessity of order in society, and a scale of rank, and the duty of individuals to maintain their station. But more than this, the story itself is occupied with a breach of convention. Paris had already violated the ordinance of marriage; and Troilus evades it. Romeo sought a wife in Juliet; Troilus is seeking a mistress in Cressida. Here, again, Shakespeare stands forth as the apostle of marriage. Mr. Heraud marks the thorough consciousness with which the poet works in this play. "It cannot be too frequently repeated, that in all things, the smallest as the greatest, Shakespeare knew what he was about." "Cymbeline" treats of filial obligation, as well as of marital relations, and thus includes a further statement of the argument in the two preceding plays. Again, we have the vindication of womanly innocence, and the praise of marriage. Our critic notes a curious instance of Shakespeare's conservatism in religious matters. Whenever he has occasion to refer to the poet's "extreme Protestantism," he is obscure in his expressions; but he does not shrink from a protest against Bibliolatry on the part of Shakespeare—a claim for the principle of Catholicism in the Reformed Church, and an anticipation of those rational opinions which mark the extreme protestant school of the present day. In "The Winter's Tale," woman's fidelity and man's causeless jealousy still form the main subject. Second marriages are upheld in the instance of Paulina. Shakespeare now passes on from the Conventional to the Universal. Superstition is the theme of "Macbeth,"—superstition, the religion of the carnal man. This is the characteristic, not so much of the hero of the play, as of his age. Infidelity is shown to be the constant accompaniment of superstition. The dramatist manifests himself as quite free from the trammels of that weakness. In the three Roman plays which follow, Shakespeare turns from religion to politics—from the Church to the State. In these plays is exhibited the genesis of the tyrant. In "Coriolanus," the danger is suggested. In "Julius Caesar" the danger is for the time, violently extinguished by the murder of Caesar. In "Anthony and Cleopatra," the danger is shown as realized in fact. Will is, here, lord of
Recent Shakespeare-Criticism.

reason; and irresponsible autocracy dominates in a sensual direction. In "Coriolanus," Shakespeare manifests decidedly an aristocratic bias. Previously he has expressed his opinion against the Divine Right of kings; here he records his vote against the opposite extremes of mob-rule. Still he is admirably impartial, and censures alike the extravagances of patricians and plebeians. A true patriotism is the argument enforced.

From the universal our poet mounts to the abstract, and "The Tempest" is the result. All here is ideal. Imagination is the power that rules this sublime drama, as fancy ruled the beautiful "Midsummer Night's Dream. Prospero the contemplatist reaches in his moral sphere those divine conditions which Antony and Cleopatra, the transcendent voluntaries, vainly thought they had secured. In Prospero, if in any character, Shakespeare has portrayed himself. "Timon" and "Henry VIII." close the list. Both are incomplete sketches; both alike represent the instability of fortune. Timon is the exact opposite to Prospero; and thus, by contrast this play of "Timon," is connected with "The Tempest." "Henry VIII.," with its mutations of circumstances, instances further the abstract representation of fortune's instability in "Timon." This historical play completes the argument of the long series of historical plays previously written by Shakespeare.

From the above hasty summary, which unavoidably does little justice (nay, much injustice) to Mr. Heraud, a general notion may be formed of our critic's manner of treatment. It will be observed how the separate plays become mere chapters of a complete book—mere milestones marking the regular and uninterrupted progress of the poet. Mr. Heraud, we repeat, is the first in this new field of criticism. Until the present time, the analysis has not been sufficiently complete to allow of generalization. The steps towards this ultimate criticism have been remarkably gradual. On the one side, the actual events of Shakespeare's outer life had laboriously to be collected. Until these boundary outlines had assumed a sufficient distinctness and certainty, the internal critic could build nothing but castles in the air. Like Polonius, he varied from moment to moment in his estimate of the cloud-forms. His eyes were mocked with air; and the shadows of Shakespeare's presence, which he conjured up, could hold no visible shape, but changed from form to form, and faded into indistinctness. On the other side, advance had to be made from appreciation of sentiments to appreciation of characters, and so still on to appreciation of separate plays and the central unity of each—to comparison and connection of play with play, and group of plays with group.

Until the present time, such a book as Mr. Heraud's was impossible; all that previous historical critics have done on the one side, and philosophical critics on the other, was needed to build the platform on which the present work

is founded. Historical criticism, and philosophical criticism (not of the ultimate, but of the penultimatum and even antepenultimatum kind), will continue, and the basis will become wider and surer; and doubtless more complete fabrics will in time rise on the foundations that Mr. Heraud has laid, even as the cathedral of one age rises above the buried crypts of the cathedral of a past. None the less, let us hail him as the founder of the new stage of criticism.

Not only Shakespeare's views of art and his progress therein, but his social, religious, and political views, with their gradual development, are set forth in the present inquiry. Even from our brief summary, the reader may gather an idea of what has been done towards a discovery of the poet's political opinions and their modifications. The English histories, and the Roman plays, gain a new significance when viewed in this light. The conservative tendencies of Shakespeare in the later period of his life—a conservatism identified with true progress—is a point full of interest. Not only in politics, but in religion, is this conservatism manifested, the poet's extreme protestantism leading him in the end (according to our critic's view) to maintain the necessity of ecclesiastical authority. That Mr. Heraud is entirely free from prejudices, and that his estimate of Shakespeare is in no way influenced by his own bias, cannot be affirmed. To expect so miraculous an impartiality would be absurd. "Objects are but mirrors," he writes in one place. "Creation is not transparent, but gives us back our own likeness," and so the Shakespeare that he sees is undoubtedly coloured by his own mental vision. This, however, must be invariably the case. No artist paints a portrait, who does not stamp it on the sign-manual of his own individuality. We recognize a Holbein or a Rembrandt; but none the less is the portrait painted by either a sufficiently reliable portrait. Mechanical photographic copies are of no worth. Our critic's bias on certain subjects is easily to be detected, and thus serves as its own antidote.

The main point in our summary, as in Mr. Heraud's book, has no doubt been observed to be the preaching of anti-celebracy. No cursory reader of the plays can have failed to see and acknowledge in them this tendency. For our own part, our interpretation of dramas not specially credited by our critic with this meaning, has long ago been in this direction: "Much Ado about Nothing," in which the double-action—the marriage-making and marriage-breaking plots—can be only harmonized by such intrepretation, and a "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which the dream-like and uncertain nature of pre-marital love is opposed to the grave theme of marriage, are instances in point, Mr. Heraud has shown clearly the predominance of the same idea in play after play, through period after period.

The sonnets are taken by our critic as the key-note of this predominant idea. We cannot now dwell on his interpretation of these poems, to which he has devoted a separate essay; but
his view strikes us at once as probable and just. The anti-celibate teaching of the opening sonnets is patent to all. We cannot follow him to those mystical heights where "the dark lady" becomes the Church, and the ideal man raised to the divine, becomes the Bridegroom. Mr. Herard's tendency is in this direction, and his mystical interpretations here and elsewhere must be left, for acceptance or rejection, to the students of his own arguments as displayed at large in his book.

The political significance which he gives to certain of the plays is surely in the right direction. We do not complain that he follows the track of Delia Bacon, in "Love's Labour's Lost" and elsewhere. The political and historical allegories of Shakespeare have yet to be elucidated.

Very much might be written, on questions apart from the general argument—on his philosophical criticism of the separate plays. The minute internal evidence of the connection of play with play (the best proof of the immediate sequence of one to another), we had marked as a point for notice; but it is perhaps better not to disturb the effect of his main subject by minor considerations.

In conclusion, let us direct attention to the critic's opinion of the main drama. A wider and still wider field, he holds, opens on the dramatist in each successive age; and a greater than Shakespeare is possible in times to come. We commend his concluding paragraphs to such hopeless people as declare poetry and the drama to be forever outworn and extinct.

April 15th, 1865. J. A.

THE WIDOW'S MARRIAGE.

BY ELIZABETH TOWNBRIDGE.

She took the boy upon her knee, And, gazing on his face, Sought in the little features there His father's looks to trace. Closely she clasped him to the breast On which he loved to sleep, While tears half-filled his great blue eyes To see his mother weep.

Fast down her face the big drops fell, Though no word did she speak Until he raised his dimpled hands To wipe them from her cheek: Then from her heart there burst a cry— "My child, my little son, In thy dead father's name forgive Me this that I have done!

"I am not false to him—oh, no! My love is with the dead: But, poor, what sorrow wrung my soul Lest his boy should want bread! Won I was not by honied words: 'Twas through thee I was willed: With my heart in his father's grave, He woaded me through my child,

"My boy, my poor unconscious boy, O! I think my heart will break When I see you in a stranger's arms, With your cheek pressed to his cheek! And when he stoops to kiss the mouth So like your father's own, Oh! I feel, in my still tearless grief, As if I were turned to stone!

"Ours was the boy and girl love, That grew as life passed on, Since we measured, standing side by side, Our shadows in the sun; Until, with kind and loving eyes On me he fondly smiled, When first I held you in my arms, Myself almost a child!

"Could I then think thy birth to me With such deep grief was fraught? Go, boy! I almost hate you now! You are too dearly bought! For your sake from my hand I take The ring his hand placed there— For your sake I the name resign Twas my sad joy to bear.

"Yet shrink not from me; oh! I don't look So with your father's eyes! Let me forget him for awhile, And the place wherein he lies: Let me forget him, while I kneel, To give myself for you: Let me believe, too, his spirit knows That, though false, I am, oh! how true!

"False—am I not a widow still, The lone wife of the dead; True that I crush'd back grief and love Lest his boy should want bread! No—won I am not by honied words: 'Twas through him I am willed: With my heart in his father's grave, He wins me through my child!"

A SPRING LANE.

BY ADA TREVANION.

We went from the manse, grey and olden, To walk in the warm, pleasant lane, Where the light lay in passages golden, Like paths for pure souls without stain. The lark o'er the fields and the meadows Rose up unto heaven his hymn; The primroses lit the green shadows Of the fir-trees so odorous and dim.

The violet blossomed before us; High up in the beeches so tall The small birds were singing in chorus: The blackbird outwhistled them all. 'Twas a scene full of promise and gladness, Unclouded by sorrow or fear; But now I recall it with sadness, For Youth and Love made it so dear.

1860.
Just a capful of wind, and Dan shook loose the sail, and a straight shining streak with specks of foam shot after us. The mast bent like a reed, and our keel was half out of the water. Faith belied her name, and clung to the sides with her ten finger-nails; but as for me, I liked it.

"Take the tiller, Georgie," said Dan, suddenly, his cheeks white. "Head her up the wind. Steady. Sight the figure-head on Pearson's loft. Here's too much sail for a frigate."

But before the words were well uttered, the mast doubled up and coiled like a whip-lash, there was a report like the crack of doom, and half of the thing crashed short over the bows, dragging the heavy sail in the water.

Then there came a great laugh of thunder close above, and the black cloud dropped like a curtain round us: the squall had broken.

"Cut it off, Dan! quick," I cried.

"Let it alone," said he, snapping together his jack-knife; "it's as good as a best bower-anchor. Now I'll take the tiller, Georgie. Strong little hand," said he, bending so that I didn't see his face. "And lucky it's as good as strong. It's saved us all. My God, Georgie! where's Faith?"

I turned. There was no Faith in the boat. We both sprang to our feet, and so the tiller swung round and threw us broadside to the wind, and between the dragging mast and the centre-board drowning seemed too good for us.

"You'll have to cut it off," I cried, again; but he had already ripped half through the canvas and was casting it loose.

At length he gave his arm a toss. With the next moment, I never shall forget the look of horror that froze Dan's face.

"I've thrown her off!" he exclaimed. "I've thrown her off!"

He reached his whole length over the boat, ran to his side, and perhaps our motion impelled it, or perhaps some unseen hand; for he caught at an end of rope, drew it in a second, let go, and clutched at a handful of the sail, and then I saw how it had twisted round and swept poor little Faith over, and she had swung there in it like a dead butterfly in a chrysalis. The lightnings were slipping down into the water like blades of fire everywhere around us, with short, sharp volleys of thunder, and the waves were more than I ever rode on this side of the bar before or since, and we took in water every time our hearts beat; but we never once thought of our own danger while we bent to pull dear little Faith out of hers; and that done, Dan broke into a great hearty fit of crying that I'm sure he'd no need to be ashamed of. But it didn't last long; he just up and dashed off the tears and set himself at work again, while I was down on the floor rubbing Faith. There she lay like a broken lily, with no life in her little white face, and no breath, and maybe a pulse and maybe not. I couldn't hear a word Dan said, for the wind; and the rain was pouring through us. I saw him take out the oars, but I knew they'd do no good in such a chop, even if they didn't break; and pretty soon he found it so, for he drew them in and began to untie the anchor-rope and wind it round his waist. I sprang to him.

"What are you doing, Dan?" I exclaimed.

"I can swim, at least," he answered.

"And tow us—a mile? You know you can't! It's madness."

"I must try. Little Faith will die, if we don't get ashore."

"She's dead now, Dan."

"What! No, no, she isn't. Faith isn't dead. But we must get ashore."

"Dan," I cried, clinging to his arm, "Faith's only one. But if you die so—and you will—I shall die too."

"You?"

"Yes; because if it had not been for me you wouldn't have been here at all."

"And is that all the reason?" he asked, still at work.

"Reason enough," said I.

"Not quite," said he.

"Dan, for my sake"—

"I can't, Georgie. Don't ask me. I mustn't."—and here he stopped short, with a coil of rope in his hand, and fixed me with his eye, and his look was terrible—"we mustn't let Faith die."

"Well," I said, "try it, if you dare—and as true as there's a Lord in heaven, I'll cut the rope!"

He hesitated; for he saw I was resolute; and I would, I declare I would have done it; for, do you know, at the moment, I hated the little dead thing at the bottom of the boat there.

Just then there came a streak of sunshine through the gloom where we'd been plunging between wind and water, and then a patch of blue sky, and the great cloud went blowing down river. Dan threw away the rope and took out the oars again.

"Give me one, Dan," said I; but he shook his head. "Oh, Dan, because I'm so sorry!"

"See to her, then—fetch Faith to," he replied, not looking at me, and making up with great sturdy pulls.
The South Breaker.

So I busied myself, though I could not do a bit of good. The instant we touched bottom, Dan snatched her, sprang through the water and up the landing. I stayed behind; as the boat recolled, pushed in a little, fastened the anchor and threw it over, and then followed.

Our house was next the landing, and there Dan had carried Faith; and when I reached it a great fire was roaring up the chimney, and the tea-kettle hung over it, and he was rubbing Faith's feet hard enough to strike sparks. I couldn't understand exactly what made Dan so fiercely earnest, for I thought I knew just how he felt about Faith; but suddenly, when nothing seemed to answer, and he stood up and our eyes met, I saw such a haggard, conscience-stricken face that it all rushed over me. But now we had done what we could, and then I felt all at once as if every moment that I effected nothing was drawing out in a murder. Something flashed by the window, I tore out of the house and threw up my arms; I don't know whether I screamed or not, but I caught the doctor's eye, and he jumped from his gig and followed me in. We had a siege of it. But at length, with hot blankets, and hot water, and hot brandy dripped down her throat, a little pulse began to play upon Faith's temple, and a little pink to beat up and down her cheek, and she opened her pretty dark eyes, and lifted herself, and wrung the water out of her braids; then she sank back.

"Faith! Faith! speak to me!" said Dan, close in her ear. "Don't you know me?"

"Go away," she said, hoarsely, pushing his face in her flat wet palm. "You let the sail take me over and drown me, while you kissed Georgie's hand."

I flung my hand before her eyes.

"Is there a kiss on those fingers?" I cried, in a blast. "He never kissed my hands or my lips. Dan is your husband, Faith!"

For all answer Faith hid her head and gave a little moan. "Somehow I don't stand that; so I ran and put my arms round her neck and lifted her face and kissed it, and then we cried together. And Dan, walking the floor, took up his hat and went out, while she never cast a look after him. To think of such a great strong nature and such a powerful depth of feeling being wasted on such a little limp rag! I cried as much for that as anything. Then I helped Faith into my bedroom, and running home, I got her some dry clothes—after rummaging enough, dear knows! for you'd be more likely to find her nightcap in the tea-caddy than elsewhere—and I made her a corner on the settle, for she was afraid to stay in the bedroom, and while I fastened comfortably there she fell asleep. Dan came in soon, and sat down beside her, his eyes on the floor, never glancing aside nor smiling, but gloomier than the grave. As for me, I felt at ease now; so I went and laid my hand on the back of his chair, and made him look up. I wanted he should know the secret that I had, and perhaps he did—for still looking up, the quiet smile came floating round his lips, and his eyes grew steady and sweet as they used to be before he married Faith. Then I went bustling lightly about the kitchen again.

"Dan," I said, "if you'd just bring me in a couple of those chickens stalkin' out there like two gentlemen from Spain."

While he was gone I flew round and got a cake into the bake-kettle, and a pan of biscuit down before the fire; and I set the tea to steep on the coals, because father always likes his tea strong enough to bear up an egg, after a hard day's work, and he'd had that to-day; and I put on the coffee to boil, for I knew Dan never had it at home, because Faith liked it, and it didn't agree with her. And then he brought me in the chickens already for the pot, and so at last I sat down, but at the opposite side of the chimney. Then he rose, and, without exactly touching me, swept me back to the other side, where lay the great net I was making for father; and I took the little stool by the settle, and not far from him, and went to work.

"Georgie," said Dan, at length, after he'd watched me a considerable time, "if any word I may have said to-day disturbed you a moment, I want you to know that it hurt me first, and just as much."

"Yes, Dan," said I.

I've always thought there was something real noble between Dan and me then. There was I—well, I don't mind telling you. And he—yes, I'm sure he loved me perfectly—you mustn't be startled, I'll tell you how it was—and always had, only maybe he hadn't known it; but it was deep down in his heart, yet the same, and by-and-by it stirred. There we were, both of us thoroughly conscious, yet neither of us expressing it by a word, and trying not to by a look—both of us content to wait for the next life, when we could belong to one another. In those days I contrived to have it always pleasure enough for me just to know that Dan was in the room; and though that wasn't often, I never grudged Faith her right in him, perhaps because I knew she didn't care anything about it. You see, this is how it was.

When Dan was a lad of sixteen, and took care of his mother, a ship went to pieces down there on the island. It was one of the worst storms that ever whistled, and though crowds were on the shore, it was impossible to reach her. They could see the poor wretches hanging in the rigging, and dropping one by one, and they could only stay and sicken, for the surf stove the boats, and they didn't know then how to send out ropes on rockets or on cannon-balls, and so the night fell, and the people wrung their hands and left the sea to its prey, and let as if blue sky could never come again. And with the bright, keen morning, not a vestige of the ship, but here a spar and there a door, and on the side of a sand-hill a great dog watching over a little child that he'd kept warm all night. Dan, he'd got up at turn of tide, and walked down—the sea running over the road knee-deep—for there was too much swell for boats: and when day broke, he found the
little girl, and carried her up to town. He didn't take her home, for he saw that what clothes she had were the very finest—made as delicately—with seams like the hair-strokes on that heart's-ease there; and he concluded that he couldn't bring her up as she ought to be. So he took her round to the rich men, and represented that she was the child of a lady, and that a poor fellow like himself—for Dan was older than his years, you see—couldn't do her justice; she was a slight little thing, and needed dainty training and fancy food, maybe a matter of seven years old; and she spoke some foreign language, and perhaps she didn't speak it plain, for nobody knew what it was. However, everybody was very much interested, and everybody was willing to give and to help, but nobody wanted to take her, and the upshot of it was that Dan refused all their offers and took her himself.

His mother had been into our house all the afternoon before, and she'd kept taking her pipe out of her mouth—she'd the asthma, and smoked, and kept sighing.

"This storm's going to bring me something," said she, in a mighty miserable tone—"I'm sure of it!"

"No harm, I hope, Mrs. Devereux," said mother.

"Well, Rhody," mother's father, he was a queer kind, called his girls all after the thirteen States, and there being none left for Uncle Mat, he called him after the state of matrimony. "Well, Rhody," she replied, rather dismally, and knocking the ashes out of the bowl, "I don't know; but I'll have faith to believe that the Lord won't send me no ill without distinctor warning. And that it's good I have faith to believe."

And so, when the child appeared, and had no name, and couldn't answer for herself, Mrs. Devereux called her Faith.

We're a people of presentiments down here on the Flats, and well we may be. You'd own yourself, perhaps, if in the dark of the night, you locked in sleep, there's a knock on the door enough to wake the dead, and you start up and listen and nothing follows; and falling back, you're just dosing off, and there it is once more, so that the lad in the next room cries out, "Who's that, mother?" No one answering, you're half lost again, when rap comes the hand again, the loudest of the three, and you spring to the door and open it, and there's nought there but the winds from the graves blowing in your face; and after a while you learn that in that hour of that same night your husband was lost at sea. Well, that happened to Mrs. Devereux. And I haven't time to tell you the warnings I've known of. As for Faith, I mind that she said herself, as we were in the boat for that clear midnight sail, that the sea had a spite against her, but third time was trying time.

So Faith grew up, and Dan sent her to school what he could, for he set store by her. She was always ailing—a little, wilful, petty thing, but pretty as a flower; and folks put things into her head, and she began to think she was some great shakes; and she may have been a matter of seventeen years old when Mrs. Devereux died. Dan, as simple at twenty-six as he had been ten years before, thought to go on just in the old way, but the neighbours were one too many for him; and they all represented that it would never do, and so on, till the poor fellow got perplexed and vexed and half beside himself. There wasn't the first thing she could do for herself, and he couldn't afford to board her out, for Dan was only a labouring man, tackerelling all summer, and shoemaking all winter, less the dreadful times when he stayed out on the Georges; and then he couldn't afford, either, to keep her there and ruin the poor girl's reputation; and what did Dan do but come to me with it all?

Now for a number of years I had been up in the other part of the town with Aunt Netty, who kept a shop that I tended between schools and before and after, and I'd almost forgotten there was such a soul on earth as Dan Devereux, though he'd not forgotten me. I'd got through the Grammar and had a year in the High, and I suppose I should have finished with an education and gone off teaching somewhere, instead of being here now, cheerful as heart could wish, with a little black-haired hussy tiltering on the back of my chair.—Rolly, get down! Her name's Laura—for his mother—I mean I might have done all this, if at that time mother hadn't been thrown on her own resources, and been bedridden ever since. I haven't said much about mother yet, but there all the time she was, just as she is to-day, in her little tidy bed in a corner of the great kitchen, sweet as a saint, and as patient; and I had to come and keep house for father. He never meant that I should lose by it—father didn't; begged, borrowed, or stolen, bought or hired, I should have my books, he said; he's mighty proud of my learning, though between you and me it's little enough to be proud of; but the neighbours think I know 'most as much as the minister—and I let 'em think. Well, while Mrs. Devereux was sick I was over there a good deal—for if Faith had one talent, it was total incapacity, and there had a chance of knowing the stuff that Dan was made of; and I declare to man 'twould have touched a heart of stone to see the love between the two. She thought Dan held up the sky, and Dan thought she was the sky. It's no wonder; the risks our men take can't make common-sized women out of their wives and mothers. But I hadn't been coming in and out, busying about where Dan was, all that time, without making any mark; though he was so lost in grief about his mother that he didn't take notice of his other feelings, or think of himself at all. And who could care the less about him for that? It always brings down a woman to see a man wrap in some sorrow that's lawful, and tender as it is large. And when he came and told me what the neighbours said he must do with Faith, the blood stood still in my heart.
"Ask mother, Dan," says I, for I couldn't have advised her. "She knows best about everything."

So he asked her.

"I think—I'm sorry to think, for I fear she'll not make you a good wife," said mother, "but that perhaps her love for you will teach her to be—you'd best marry Faith."

"But I can't marry her!" said Dan, half choking; "I don't want to marry her, it—it makes me uncomfortable-like to think of such a thing. I care for the child plenty—Besides," said Dan, catching at a bright hope, "I'm not sure that she'd have me."

"Have you, poor boy! What else can she do?"

Dan groaned.

"Poor little Faith!" said mother. "She's so pretty, Dan, and she's so young, and she's plain. And then how can we tell what may turn up about her, some day? She may be a duke's daughter yet, who knows? Think of the stroke of good-fortune she may give you!"

"Yes, but I don't love her," said Dan, as a finality.

"Perhaps — It isn't — You don't love anyone else?"

"No," said Dan, as a matter of course, and not at all with reflection. And then, as his eyes went wandering, there came over them a misty look, just as the haze creeps between you and some object away out at sea, and he seemed to be searching his very soul. Suddenly the look swept off them, and his eyes struck mine, and he turned, not having meant to, and faced me entirely, and there came such a light into his countenance, such a smile round his lips, such a red stamped his cheek, and he bent a little—and it was just as if Love himself had shaken his wings over us in passing, and we both of us knew that here was a man and here was a woman, each for the other, in life and death; and I just hid my head in my apron, and mother turned on her pillow with a little moan. How long that lasted I can't say, but by-and-bye I heard mother's voice, clear and sweet as a tolling bell far away on some fair Sunday morning—

"The Lord is in his holy temple, the Lord's throne is in heaven: his eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men."

And nobody spoke.

"Thou art my Father; Thou wilt enlighten my darkness. For with thee is the fountain of life; in thy light shall we see light."

Then came the hush again, and Dan started to his feet, and began to walk up and down the room as if something drove him; but wearying, he stood and leaned his head on the chimney there. And mother's voice broke the stillness anew, and she said—

"Hath God forgotten to be gracious? His mercy endureth forever. And none of them that trust in him shall be desolate."

There was something in mother's tone that made me forget myself and my sorrow, and look; and there she was, as she hadn't been before for six months, half-risen from the bed, one hand up, and her whole face white and shining with confident faith. Well, when I see all that such trust has buoyed mother over, I wish to goodness I had it; I take more after Martha. But never mind, do well here and you'll do well there, say I. Perhaps you think it wasn't much, the quiet and few texts breathed it; but sometimes when one's soul's at a white heat, it may be moulded like wax with a finger. As for me, maybe God hardened Pharaoh's heart, though how that was Pharaoh's fault I never could see. But Dan, he felt what it was to have a refuge in trouble, to have a great love always extending over him like a wing; he longed for it; he couldn't believe it was his now, he was so suddenly convicted of all sin and wickedness; and something sprang up in his heart, a kind of holy passion that he felt to be possible for this great and tender Divine Being; and he came and fell on his knees by the side of the bed, crying out for mother to show him the way; and mother, she put her hand on his head, and prayed, oh, so beautifully! that it makes the tears stand in my eyes now to remember what she said. But I didn't feel so then, my heart and my soul were rebellious, and love for Dan alone kept me under, not love for God. And in fact, if ever I'd got to heaven then, love for Dan 'd have been my only saving grace; for I was mighty high-spirited, as a girl. Well, Dan he never made open profession; but when he left the house, he went and asked Faith to marry him.

Now Faith didn't care anything about Dan—except the quiet attachment that she couldn't help, from living in the house with him, and he'd always petted and made much of her, and dressed her like a doll—he wasn't the kind of man to take her fancy: she'd have maybe liked some slender, smooth-faced chap; but Dan was a black, shabby fellow, with shoulders like the cross-tree, and a length of limb like Saul's, and eyes set deep, like lamps in caverns. And he had a great, powerful heart, and, oh, how it was lost! for she might have won it, she might have made him love her, since I would have stood wide away and aside for the sake of seeing him happy. But Faith was one of those that, if they can't get what they want, haven't any idea of putting up with what they have—God forgive me, if I'm hard on the child! And she couldn't give Dan an answer right off, but was loath to think of it, and went flitting about among the other boys; and Dan, when he saw she wasn't so easily gotten, perhaps set more value on her. For Faith grew prettier every day; her great brown eyes were so soft and clear, and had a wide, sorrowful way of looking at you; and her cheeks, that were usually pale, bloomed to roses when you spoke to her, her hair drooping over them dark and silky; and though she was slack and untidy and at loose ends about her dress, she somehow always seemed like a princess in disguise; and when she had on
anything new—a sprigged calico, and her little straw bonnet with the pink ribbons, and Mrs. Devereux’s black scarf, for instance—you’d have allowed that she might have been daughter to the Queen of Sheba. I don’t know, but I rather think Dan wouldn’t have said a word, and more to Faith, from various motives, you see, notwithstanding the neighbours were still remonstrating with him, if it hadn’t been that Miss Brown—she that lived round the corner there; the town’s well quit of her now, poor thing—went to saying the same stuff to Faith, and telling her all that other folks said. And Faith went home in a passion—some of your timid kind nothing ever abashes, and nobody gets to the windward of them—and, being perfectly furious, fell to accusing Dan of having brought her to this; so that Dan actually believed he had, and was cut to the quick with contrition, and told her that all the reparation he could make he was waiting and wishing to make, and then there came floods of tears. Some women seem to have set out with the idea that life’s a desert for them to cross, and they’ve laid in a supply of water-bags accordingly; but it’s the meanest weapon! And then again, there’s men that are iron, and not to be bent under calamities, that these tears can twist round your little finger. When I supposed Faith concluded ’twas no use to go hungry because her bread wasn’t buttered on both sides, but she always acted as if she’d condescended ninety degrees in marrying Dan, and Dan always seemed to feel that he’d done her a great injury; and there it was.

I kept in the house for a time; mother was worse, and I thought the less Dan saw of me the better; I kind of hoped he’d forget, and find his happiness where it ought to be. But the first time I saw him, when Faith had been his wife all the spring, there was a look in his eyes that told of the ache in his heart. Faith wasn’t very happy herself, of course, though she was careless; and she gave him trouble, keeping company with the young men just as before; and she got into a way of dying straight to me, if Dan ventured to reprove her ever so lightly; and stormy nights, when he was gone, and in his long trips, she always locked up her doors, and came over and got into my bed; and she was one of those that never listened to reason, and it was none so easy for me, you may suppose.

Things had gone on now for some three years, and I’d about lived in my books—I’d tried to teach Faith some, but she wouldn’t go any farther than newspaper stories—when one day Dan took her and me to sail, and we were to have had a clam-chowder on the Point, if the squall hadn’t come. As it was, we’d got to put up with chicken-broth, and it couldn’t have been better, considering who made it. It was getting on towards the cool of the May evening, the sunset was round on the other side of the house, but all the east looked as if the sky had been stirred up with currant-juice, till it grew purple and dark, and then the two light-houses flared out, and showed us the lip of froth lapping the shadowy shore beyond, and I heard father’s voice, and he came in.

There was nothing but the fire-light in the room, and it threw about great shadows, so that at first entering all was indistinct; but I heard a foot behind father’s, and then a form appeared, and something, I never could tell what, made a great shiver rush down my back, just as when a creature is frightened in the dark at what you don’t see; and so, though my soul was unconscious, my body felt that there was danger in the air. Dan had risen and lighted the lamp that swung in the chimney; and father first as all had gone up and kissed mother, and left the stranger standing; then he turned round, saying—

“A tough day—it’s been a tough day; and here’s some un to prove it. Georgie, hope that pot’s steam don’t belie it, for Mr. Gabriel Verelay and I want a good supper and a good bed.”

At this, the stranger, still standing, bowed.

“Here’s the one, father,” said I. “But about the bed; Faith ’ll have to stay here—and I don’t see—unless Dan takes him over—”

“That I’ll do,” said Dan.

“All right,” said the stranger, in a voice that you didn’t seem to notice while he was speaking, but that you remembered afterwards like the ring of any silver thing that has been thrown down; and he dropped his hat on the floor and drew near the fireplace, warming hands that were slender and brown, but shapely as a woman’s. I was taking up the supper; so I only gave him a glance or two, and saw him standing there, his left hand extended to the blaze, and his eye resting lightly and then earnestly on Faith in her pretty sleep, and turning away much as one turns from a picture. At length I came to ask him to set by, and at that moment Faith’s eyes opened.

Faith always woke up just as a baby does, wide and bewildered, and the fire had flushed her cheeks, and her hair was disordered, and she fixed her gaze on him as if he had stepped out of her dream, her lips half-parted and then curling in a smile; but in a second he moved off with me, and Faith slipped down and into the little bedroom.

Well, we didn’t waste many words until father’d lost the edge of his appetite, and then I told about Faith.

“If that don’t beat the Dutch!” said father.

“Here’s Mr.— Mr.—”

“Gabriel,” said the stranger.

“Yes; Mr. Gabriel Verelay been served the same trick by the same squall, only worse and more of it, knocked off the yacht—What’s that you call her?”

“La belle Louise.”

“And left for drowned—if they see him go at all. But he couldn’t a sanked in that sea if he’d tried. He kept’ afloat; we blundered into him; and here he is.”
Dan and I looked round in considerable surprise, for he was dry as an August leaf.

"Oh," said the stranger, colouring, and with the least little turn of his words, as if he didn't always speak English, "the good capitan reached shore, and, finding sticks, he kindled a fire, and we dried our clothes until it made fine weather once more."

"Yes," said father; "but 'wouldn't have been quite such fine weather, I reckon, if this'd gone to the fishes!" And he pushed something across the table.

It was a pouch with steel snape, and well-stuffed. The stranger coloured again, and held his hand for it, and the snap burst, and great gold pieces, English coin and very old French ones, rolled about the table, and father shut his eyes tight; and just then Faith came back, and slipped into her chair. I saw her eyes sparkle as we all reached, laughing and joking, to gather them; and Mr. Gabriel—we got into the way of calling him so—he liked it best—hurried to get the last sight of as if he'd committed some act of ostentation. And then, to make amends, he threw off what constraint he had worn in this new atmosphere of ours, and was so gay, so full of questions and quips and conceits, all spoken in his strange way, his voice was so sweet, and he laughed so much and so loud that his words had so much point and brightness, that I could think of nothing but the showers of coloured stars in fireworks. Dan felt it like a play, sat quiet, but enjoying, and I saw he liked it; the fellow had a way of attaching every one. Father was uproarious, and kept calling out, "Mother, do you hear?—do you hear that, mother?" And Faith, she was near, taking it all in as a flower does sunshine, only smiling a little, and looking utterly happy. Then I hurried to clear up, and Faith sat in the great arm-chair, and father got out the pipes, and you could hardly see across the room for the wide tobacco-wreaths; and then it was father's turn, and he told story after story of the hardships and the dangers and the charms of our way of living. And I could see Mr. Gabriel's cheek blanch, and he would bend forward, forgetting to smoke, and his breath coming short, and then right himself like a boat after lurching—he had such natural ways, and except that he'd maybe been a spoiled child, he would have had a good heart, as hearts go. And nothing would do at last but he must stay and live the same scenes for a little: and father told him 'twouldn't pay—they weren't so much to go through with as to tell of, there was too much prose in the daily life, and too much dirt, and 'twasn't fit for gentlemen. Oh, he said, he'd been used to roughing it, wooding, camping and gunning and yachting, ever since he'd been a free man. He was Canadian, and had been cruising from the St. Lawrence to Florida—and now, as his companions would go on without him, he had a mind to try a bit of coast-life. And could he board here? or was there any handy place?

And father said, there was Dan—Dan Devereux—a man that hadn't his match at oar or helm. And Mr. Gabriel turned his keen eye and bowed again—and could'n Dan take Mr. Gabriel? And before Dan could answer (for he'd referred it to Faith) Mr. Gabriel had forgotten all about it, and was humming a little French song and stirring the coals with the tongue. And that put father off in a fresh remembrance; and as the hours lengthened, the stories grew fearful, and he told them deep into the midnight, till at last Mr. Gabriel stood up.

"No more, good friend," said he. "But I will have a taste of this life perilous. And now where is it that I go?"

Dan also stood up.

"My little woman," said he, glancing at Faith, "thinks there's a corner for you, sir."

"I beg your pardon."

And Mr. Gabriel paused, with a shadow skimming over his clear dark face.

Dan wondered what he was begging pardon for, but thought perhaps he hadn't heard him, so he repeated:

"My wife"—nodding over his shoulder at Faith; "she's my wife—thinks there's a—"

"She's your wife?" said Mr. Gabriel, his eyes opening and brightening the way an aurora runs up the sky, and looking first at one and then at the other, as if he couldn't understand how so delicate a flower grew so thorny a stem.

The red flushed up Dan's face—and up mine too, for the matter of that—but in a minute the stranger had dropped his glance.

"And why did you not tell me," he said, "that I might have found her less beautiful?"

Then he raised his shoulders, gave her a saucy bow, with his hand on Dan's arm—Dan, who was now too well pleased at having Faith made happy by a compliment to sit it—and they went out.

But I was angry enough; and you may imagine I wasn't much sooth'd by seeing Faith, who'd been so die-away all the evening, sitting up before my scrap of looking-glass, trying in my old coral ear-rings, bowing up my ribbons, and plaiting and prinking till the clock frightened her into bed.

The next morning, Faith insisted on going home the first thing after breakfast, and mother being ill, I was kept pretty busy tending on her for two or three days. That had been—let me see—on a Monday—yes, on a Monday; and Thursday evening, a snip or two had begun to tell on me, and mother was so much improved, I thought I'd run out for a walk along the sea-wall. The sunset was creeping round everything, and lying in great sheets on the broad, still river, the children were frolicking in the water, and all was so gay, and the air was so sweet, that I went lingering along, farther than I'd meant, and by-and-bye who should I see but a couple sauntering toward me at my own gait, and one of them was Faith. She had on a muslin with little roses blushing all over it, and she floated along in it as if she were in a pink cloud, and she'd snatched a vine of the tender young
woodbine as she went, and, throwing it round her shoulders, held the two ends in one hand like a ribbon, while with the other she swung her white sun-bonnet. She laughed, and shook her head at me, and there, large as life, under the dark braids dangled my coral ear-rings, that she'd adopted without leave or licence. She'd been down to the lower landing to meet Dan (a thing she'd done before I don't know when), and was walking up with Mr. Gabriel while Dan stayed behind to see to things. I kept them talking, and Mr. Gabriel was sparkling with fun, for he'd got to feeling acquainted, and it had put him in high spirits to get ashore at this hour, though he liked the sea, and we were all laughing, when Dan came up. Now I must confess I hadn't fancied Mr. Gabriel over and above; I suppose my first impression had hardened into a prejudice; and after I'd fathered the meaning of Faith's fine feathers I liked him less than ever. But when Dan came up, he joined right in, gay and hearty, and liking his new acquaintance so much, that, then, I, I must know best, and I'll let him look out for his interests himself. It would 'a' been no use, though, for Dan to pretend to hate the Frenchman at his own weapons—and I don't know that I should have cared to have him. The older I grow, the less I think of your mere intellect. Throw learning out of the scales, and give me a great, warm heart—like Dan's.

Well, it was getting on in the evening, when the latch lifted, and in ran Faith. She twisted my ear-rings out of her hair, exclaiming—

"Oh, Georgie, are you busy? Can't you pierce my ear now?"

"Pierce them yourself, Faith."

"Well. But I can't—you know I can't. Won't you now, Georgie?" and she tossed the ear-rings into my lap.

"Why, Faith," said I, "how'd you contrive to wear these, if your ears aren't?"

"Oh, I tied them on. Come now, Georgie!"

So I got the ball of yarn and the darning-needle.

"Oh, not such a big one!" cried she.

"Perhaps you'd like a cambric needle," said I.

"I don't want a winch," she pouted.

"Well, here's a smaller one. Now kneel down.

"Yes, but you wait a moment, till I screw up my courage."

"No need. You can talk, and I'll take you at unawares."

So Faith knelt down, and I got all ready.

"And what shall I talk about?" said she.

"About Aunt Rhody, or Mr. Gabriel, or—I'll tell you the queerest thing, Georgie! Going on now?"

"Do be quiet, Faith, and not keep your head flitting about so!—for she'd started up to speak. Then she composed herself once more.

"What was I saying? Oh, about that. Yes, Georgie, the queerest thing! You see, this evening, when Dan was out, I was sitting talkin' with Mr. Gabriel, and he was wondering how I came to be dropped down here, so I told him all about it. And he was so interested that I went and showed him the things I had on when Dan found me—you know they've been kept real nice. And he took them, and looked them over, close, admiring them, and—and—admirin' me; and finally he started, and then held the flock to the light, and then lifted a little plait, and in the under-side of the beltlining there was a name very finely wrought—Virginie des Violets; and he looked at all the others, and in some hidden corner of every one was the initials of the same name—V. des V."

"That should be your name, Mrs. Devereux," says he. "Oh no!" says I; "my name's Faith."

Well, and on that he asked was there no more; and so I took off the little chain that I've always worn, and showed him that; and he asked if there was a face in it, in what we thought was a coin, you know; and I said, oh, it didn't open; and he turned it over and over, and finally something snapped, and there was a face—here, you shall see it, Georgie."

And Faith drew it from her bosom, and opened and held it before me; for I'd sat with my needle poised, and forgetting to strike. And there was the face indeed, as sad, serious, sweet, yet the image of Faith, and with the same mouth—that so lovely in a woman becomes weak in a man; and on the other side there were a few threads of hair, with the same darkness and fineness as Faith's hair, and under them a little picture chased in the gold and enamelled, which, from what I have read since, I suppose must have been the crest of the Des Violets.

"And what did Mr. Gabriel say, then?" I asked, giving it back to Faith, who put her head into the old position again.

"Oh, he acted real queer. 'The very man!' he cried out. 'The man himself! His portrait—I have seen it a hundred times!' And then he told me that about a dozen years ago or more, a ship sailed from—from—I forget the place exactly, somewhere up there where he came from—Mr. Gabriel, I mean—and among the passengers was this man and his wife, and his little daughter, whose name was Virginie, and the ship was never heard from again. But he says that, without a doubt, I'm the little daughter, and my name is Virginie, though I suppose everyone'll call me Faith. Oh! and that isn't the queerest. The queerest is, this gentleman—and Faith lifted her head—'was very rich. I can't tell you how much he owned—lands that you can walk on a whole day and not come to the end, and ships, and gold! And the whole of it's lying idle and waiting for an heir, and I, Georgie, am the heir!'"

And Faith told it with cheeks burning and eyes shining, but yet quite as if she'd been born and brought up in the knowledge.

"It don't seem to move you much, Faith," said I, perfectly amazed, although I'd frequently expected something of the kind.

"Well, I may never get it, and so on. If I
do I'll give you a silk dress, and set you up in a book-store. But here's a queerer thing yet. De Violets is the way Mr. Gabriel's own name is spelled, and his father and mine—his mother and—Well, some way or other we're sort of cousins. Only think, Georgie! isn't that—I thought, to be sure, when he quartered at our house, Dan 'd begin to take me to do, if I looked at him sideways—make the same fuss that he does, if I nod to any of the other young men.

"I don't think Dan speaks before he should, Faith."

"Why don't you say Virginia?" says she, laughing.

"Because Faith you've always been, and Faith you'll have to remain, with us, to the end of the chapter."

"Well, that's as it may be; but Dan can't object now to my going where I'm minded to, with my own cousin!" And here Faith laid her ear on the ball of yarn again. And then she said, "A handsome headman!" said she, out of a novel, "or they'd wonder where I am."

"Well," I answered, "just let me run the needle through the emery."

"Yes, Georgie," said Faith, going back with her memories while I sharpened my steel, "Mr. Gabriel and I are kin. And he said that the moment he laid eyes on me he knew I was of different blood from the rest of the people."

"What people?" asked I.

"Why, you, and Dan, and all these. And he said he was struck to stone when he heard I was married to Dan—I must have been entrapped—the courts would annul it—anyone could see the difference between us—"

Here was my moment, and I didn't spare it, but jabbed the needle into the ball of yarn, if her ear did lie between them.

"Yes!" says I, "anybody with half an eye can see the difference between you, and that's a fact! Nobody ever dreamt for a breath that you were deserving of Dan—Dan, who's so noble, he'd die for what he thought was right—you, who are so selfish and idle and fickle and—"

And at that Faith burst out crying. "Oh, I never expected you'd talk about me so, Georgie!" said she, between her sobs. "How could I tell you were such a mighty friend of Dan's? And besides, if ever I was Virginia des Violets, I'm Faith Devereux now, and Dan'll resent anyone speaking so about his wife!"

And she stood up, the tears sparkling like diamonds in her flashing dark eyes, her cheeks red, and her little fist clenched.

"That's the right spirit, Faith," says I, "and I'm glad to see you show it. And as for this young Canadian, the best thing to do with him is to send him packing. I don't believe a word he says: it's more than likely nothing but to get into your good graces."

"But there's the names," said she, so astonished, that she didn't remember she was angry.

"Happened so."

"Oh, yes!—happened so! A likely story! It's nothing but your envy, and that's all!"

"Faith!" says I, for I forgot she didn't know how close she struck.

"Well, I mean—there, don't let's talk about it any more. How, under the sun, am I going to get these ends tied?"

"Come here. There! Now for the other one."

"No, I shan't let you do that: you hurt me dreadfully, and you got angry and took the big needle."

"I thought you expected to be hurt."

"I didn't expect to be stabbed!"

"Well, just as you please. I suppose you'll go round with one ear-ring!"

"Like a little pig with his ear cropped? No, I shall do it myself. See there, Georgie! and she threw a bit of a box into my hands."

I opened it, and there lay, inside, on their velvet cushion, a pair of the prettiest things you ever saw: a tiny bunch of white grapes, and every grape a round pearl, and all hung so that they would tinkle together on their golden stems every time Faith shook her head—and she had a cunning little way of shaking it often enough.

"These must have cost a penny, Faith," said I. "Where'd you get them?"

"Mr. Gabriel gave them to me, just now. He went up-town and bought them: and I don't want him to know that my ears weren't bored."

"Mr. Gabriel! And you took them?"

"Of course I took them, and mighty glad to get them."

"Faith dear," said I, "don't you know that you shouldn't take presents from gentlemen, and especially now you're a married woman, and especially from those of higher station?"

"But he isn't higher."

"You know what I mean. And then, too, he is; for one always takes rank from one's husband."

Faith looked downcast at this.

"Yes," said I; "and pearls and calico—"

"Just because you haven't got a pair yourself! There, be still! I don't want any of your instructions in duty!"

"You ought to put up with a word from a friend, Faith," said I. "You always come to me with your grievances; and I'll tell you what I'll do. You used to like these coral branches of mine, and, if you'll give those back to Mr. Gabriel, you shall have the coral."

Well, Faith, she hesitated, standing there trying to muster her mind to the needle, and it ended by her taking the coral, though I don't believe she returned the pearls! but we none of us ever saw them afterwards.

We'd been talking in a pretty low tone, because mother was asleep; and just as she'd finished the other ear, and a little drop of blood stood up on it like a live ruby, the door opened,
and Dan and Mr. Gabriel came in. There never was a prettier picture than Faith at that moment—and so the young stranger thought, for he stared at her, smiling and at ease, just as if she’d been hung in a gallery and he’d bought a ticket. So then he sat down, and repeated to Dan and mother what she’d told me, and he promised to send for the papers to prove it all. But he never did send for them, delaying and delaying till the summer wore away; and perhaps there were such papers and perhaps there weren’t. I’ve always thought he didn’t want his own friends to know where he was.

THE DISCOVERY OF POTOSI.

By Mrs. Abby.

"I am struck by the Spanish discovery of the mines of Potosi. An Indian, pursuing deer, to save himself from slipping over a rock, seized a bush with his hand; the violence of the wrench loosened the earth round the root, and a small piece of silver attracted his eye. He carried it home, and returned for more. A torn-up shrub discloses a silver mine! In the waste places of our mortality, there is not a common flower which has not some precious ore at its root. We catch at the broken reed, and a treasure appears."

—Whittier’s “Summer Time in the Country.”

How simple, methinks, this discovery seems! It came not in omens, it came not in dreams; It came not by Sybil discerning; It came not to brighten the lays of the bard, It came not to give an abundant reward To the ponderous professors of learning.

An Indian, engaged in pursuit of the deer, To the edge of a cliff drew alarmingly near, No marvel that terror came o’er him: He grasped with such force at a bush in his way, That he loosened the earth round its root, and it lay In a mass of rude fragments before him.

He looks on the wreck with delighted surprise— A small piece of silver shines forth to his eyes! To its source he determines to trace it. It heralds a treasure of infinite worth— Oh, wondrous! a bush is torn forth from the earth, And a silver mine comes to replace it!

Yet say, is it wondrous? From Life’s troubled maze How often we turn to its desolate ways,

Fatigued with our search after pleasure! We grasp in our haste at some poor little flower, And find that its root is endowed with the power Of giving forth long-hidden treasure.

Yet oftentimes this treasure is missed by the throng; To a limited class it alone can belong— They are varied in age and in station; But each has a secret of marvellous might To change common objects to things rare and bright,

By a system of quick transmutation.

Go, join ye their numbers; you shortly shall own That a treasure before you is constantly thrown, Though oft in strange semblance presented; And living, as Providence wills you to live, You shall find that Potosi has little to give To that privileged class—the Contented!

IN MEMORIAM.

(Inscribed to C. A. W., with the Author’s sympathy.)

He stood upon the deck alone; He knew ’twas death—no help was nigh. The sea was lashing his frail craft; The heavens were black—the tempest high.

He stood a solitary man, For in the Life-boat he had seen— Brave man!—each living soul depart; His first thought for his crew had been.

He stood a solitary man— A solitary death he’ll meet— That tempest wild, that lashing sea, Will soon his bark to atoms beat.

A solitary death? Oh, no! Thousands of angels round him stand: God compasseth his wat’ry path, And holds him up with his right hand.

And who can tell, at that dread hour (Eternity approaching fast) When the two worlds are drawn so near, One step, and the abyss is past—

Oh, who can say what whisperings Of heavenly comfort meet the ear— What spirit-welcomings in death Even in the wildest wind we hear?

Then weep not, thou who loved him so— Weep not his solitary death; Almighty arms enfolded him, And angels caught his latest breath!
A PEEP AT THE BLACK COUNTRY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. WHITE.

The best way, I had been told, to see the effect of the blast furnaces, was to take a return ticket after night-fall, from Wolverhampton to Wednesbury, or Walsall. Therefore, as daylight closed in on the eve of my last day's sojourn in the former town, I took my seat in one of the carriages, on the low level line, in order to witness with my own senses the singularity of a scene so often described, but which can never be realized from description. I had been startled by the reflection of these furnace fires at Lichfield; and their lurid gleam reddens the heavens nightly, over a district much farther in extent. Fortunately for my object, the night, though fine over-head, was dark and gusty; neither moon nor stars shone; so that the fires burning on either hand, soon after we had left the station, glowed more fiercely through the darkness; and the tall chimneys that appeared to come out of the gloom, solitary or in groups, as we rushed past them, crowned with great crests of flame, waveling and undulating in the strong upper currents, assumed Vesuvian airs above their brickwork craters. Occasionally the cranes, and pulleys, and wheels, on the mound at a pit's mouth, stood forth in outline upon a foreground of Tartarian darkness, backed by fire; and one thought uncomfortably of the scaffold of Albert von der Wort, and of the bones of Brandt and Struenezee, whitening on their wheels, between Copenhagen and Elsinore, while the Danish Queen, Matilda, wept at Zell.

You remember the story—that romance and tragedy—of the days of George III.? yet, what the common-place machinery of mining districts had to do with the resurrection of these tragedies, the youngest of which is near upon a century old, I know not, seeing that there was not the slenderest thread of analogy between them, only night, a black mound, and the outlines of gibbet-like pulleys and wheels; but, by the help of these, imagination had clambered to the brain-cell, where the records of those grim traditions were stored.

Below us crept the waters of the Dudley canal, keeping its own dark secrets—but ingeniously throwing back the reflection of the train, with its flaming engine funnel, and long row of lamp-"ill carriages; the rail running with it, side by side, a considerable part of the way.

And now I am in the heart of fiery phantasmaspogoria, wild fires seeming to rush past us—wild fires struggling afar off—fires by the waterside, and on the mounds, and in the air. Fire on the right, and on the left; fire close at hand, and in the distance, behind, ahead; everywhere fire! while the sound of hammering hammers, of hissing steam, the groaning of hardly used pulleys, and the creaking and clanking of machinery, made a fitting accompaniment to the unearthly scene.

At Wednesbury, finding that I should have to wait half-an-hour for the return train, I made my way through the town to a spot which commanded a view of some very large premises. Many rows of furnaces appeared abreast of one another, and, in the gloom and darkness that separated me from them, took for my eyes the semblance of tiers of ships moored side-by-side, with stern lights showing, and open port-holes all a-glow; the mast-like chimneys streaming forth flags of fire, and long tortuous pennants of sulphureous smoke. It was a fanciful likeness; but the whole scene was a waking nightmare—a confusion, with an over-wrought imagination giving its own interpretations to the half revelations of unknown objects, seen through the demoniac medium of fire!—and we all know how much our impressions of objects depend on the light in which we see them.

On my return I took the opposite side of the carriage to that which I had occupied in going; and, by so doing, obtained a rapid view of more than one cavernous interior, all a-flame; with the indistinct figures of the puddlers turning and rolling the spongy metal on beds of fire, or beating scintillating masses on glowing anvils. Vainly, on subsequently going over the same route, I strove to retrace my fiery ships in the furnaces banks, and tall chimney shafts, which, even at noon, displayed their flaming banners and (at the iron works) great undulating pennons of yellow smoke; but these objects bore no likeness to the forms I had imagined—the phantasmal fleet had forebore with the daylight, and all that remained were the ordinary features of a mining and iron manufacturing district, upon a foreground depressing in its desolation.

On either side of the railway, the land lay scarred, and devastated, delved into stagnant pools, heaped into barren hillocks; blistered with vapouring cinder heaps, or sunken into indentations above exhausted mines; wretched rows of tipsy houses, holding one another up; old mine hills, and recent pit shafts roughly fenced round, and with the necessary plant of such places. While verging pretty close to the canal banks (that great artery of the local traffic before the days of railways, and which, dark and still, shows higher in places than the land) rise the great walls, and columnar chimneys of the various "works," as the manufactories are invariably designated.
A district, in short, out of which all vegetable life has been burnt, and crushed, and torn out; an arid wilderness of fire, and slag, and ashes; yet, retaining in the names of many of the neighbouring “works,” the memory of pastoral times, and rural beauty. Thus, between Wolverhampton and Birmingham, “Daisy-bank,” and “Spring-field,” and “Lady-wood,” recall periods, when these pretty country names had relation to some special loneliness or circumstance, just as in the suburbs of the former town, “Gospel-oak” and “Merridale” have absolute and literal reference to the days of the preaching-friars and May-day pastimes.

But the human life upon the banks of the Dudley Canal, even such revelations of it as the window of a railway carriage affords, shows us that nature suffers, in the lives of women and children, at least as great and deterring a change as has the face of the fair landscape. Bronzed, and weather-beaten, and aged at thirty, can any Southern State slaves be harder worked than are these English wives and mothers, who meet the morning’s work, feed the furnaces, pick iron-stone, and help to load the coal barges, pick and load and unload lime?

In all weathers, in all seasons, dirty, degraded, unsexed in manners, unwomanly in garb (for what part would vanity, or cleanliness play, riddling cinders or sorting penny-stones at the furnace bank?) untutored and reckless of all neat household ways, that go so far to warm, and brighten, and purify the home; aye, and by the force of their own orderliness, to keep its peace; help-mate services in very deed, that are as fitting a counterpart to the out-of-door character and quality of masculine labour, as the relation of sex to sex.

The demoralizing nature of these coarse employments I learn, on inquiry, tells on the habits, the tempers, and instincts of the women; and the treatment of children, and the mismanagement of the home in these districts, might be commended as a reasonable theme to any one of the members of next year's Social Science Congress, in want of one. I see that they have travelled into some of our agricultural counties, for specimens of unwomanly employments for women; but field work is pure, healthful, vigorous, and refining, compared with the debasing, brute-upon-a-par uses, to which women are put, in the mining districts of Staffordshire and Worcestershire. In the vicinity of that once Merridale, about which bits of green fields are (or were in 1861) lingering, I saw a child, panting with physical agony and mental terror, hunted into a narrow passage, from which there was no escape, as if he had been a ferocious animal to be broken-in with blood-compelling blows; and the creature who pursued him, stick in hand, with reckless eyes, and language that tempted one to put their fingers on their ears, and curse the result, and too heavy for one poor soul to reap through a whole life-time (supposing the crop to come to anything), was a woman, with a mother’s breast, even then teeming with the abundance of maternity, for her slatternly and disorderly dress discovered it. Ah me! and there were hearts aching to have realized the sweet name desecrated by the torture her hands inflicted, and with which her own child failed to call back nature’s instinct—the pity of the dam for its young!

We made a little tour of inspection of some of the homes in that row of red-brick houses, before visiting the manufactory, in which many of the inmates were employed—a firm famed in the world of commerce for the thoroughness of its workmanship and the artistic beauty of certain of its specialties; and we wished to see how familiarity with these qualities worked in the houses of the artisans, how much of either the men and women learned from the enforcement of the first in their daily labours, how far beyond the physical retina the impressions of the other extended.

In these homes, we are bound to say that otherwise than as an exception (and a rare one) we met with trace of either; disorder, rage, uncleanness, and beer showed in plenty, and might be smoothed upon the spot. Unbrushed hearths, unmade beds, unmended clothes, dirty floors, sowsy rooms, were common enough; but signs of neatness less frequent than a coarse attempt at ornament in prints and pottery. The thoroughness was left behind under the master’s eye: the impression of beauty in forms and colours and designs was seen, not felt, and did not extend its influence beyond the work-shop or the show-room.

The housewifery falls upon children too young to be available for factory work, or wanting them is wholly wanting; for the women have no time, from a quarter to six in the morning till six at night (apart from meal hours), to call their own. All day long they are at one or other of the various “works” with which the town abounds. And thus the care of children, home cooking, and home cleanliness are thrown over for weekly wages, to which the man looks for compensation for loss of family love, comfortable meals, neatness, and thrift; and if the coins leave a bad taste in his mouth, he has at least what he has bargained for, and is content to swallow his discontent in public-house beer; for thither, or to a one day’s feast of flesh, cheap concerts, and excursions, goes the over-and-above, and all beyond the man’s own fairly-earned legitimate wages. Look into nineteen out of twenty of these workmen’s homes, and see what there is to show in decency, or comfort, or savings for the women and children’s earnings? Here and there, men are found who have managed to get a few pounds together, and begin a little business and eventually to burgeon out of workmanhood into mastership; but these men would have done this unaided by wife or child, for the strong will, and patience, and self-denial that was in them would have helped them to the result, though it might be a little longer first. But as a rule, the fitness of things is vindicated in the condition of the unmothered families and mistressless homes of the working classes in manufacturing districts; and we find that the
great laws of social life can no more be tampered with, with impunity, than those of nature herself. The retribution may not be perceptible at first; but year by year householdly virtues in the humble walks of life grow more scant, and year by year domestic crime increases. "Oh, Utopia!" I hear some one exclaim, "and would these things be amended by wives and mothers forsaking the factories to attend to the home and the family?" And I answer, out of my heart of hearts, a great yea! for by so much of care and tenderness and womanly supervision taken out of the nest wherein humanity is reared, by so much is the brood impoverished, starved, and deteriorated.

Will anyone argue that the germ of human affection, which has its primal nurture in the warmth and softness of the mother's breast, can be fed, strengthened, and maintained on a diet of milk and water, "sugar-rag," "wobble," and what not? Yet these are the substitutes for mothers' milk, mothers' love, and mothers' nurture, and the children who are left out of factory-work are too frequently put off with.

Look at the statistics of children's deaths in manufacturing districts; count the proportions of infanticide to the seemingly more natural deficits; regard the large heads and weakly limbs, and uncombed hair and unwashed faces (except by tears) of the three, or ill-conditioned children in the parishes of this Wolverhampton Merridale, and other streets and alleys in the neighbourhood of the great local factories; and then wait about the gates, and see the "hands" turn out, at meal times or after work-hours, and you will feel thankful that Brown-hills and Channock Chase are facts, and that local rifle corps are in fashion. The drill, the practice, and the weekly march may in some sort patch up the want of healthful, hearty, natural rearing; but out of the hardy iron "works," the craftsmen of this ancient town do not strike one as vigorous specimens of the "British Workmen." I should wonder how they could, seeing that "sleeping staff" and rickets had been provided for many of them, in lieu of good nursing and nature's nourishment.

Drink, too, has its fosterers in anvil-fires and furnaces; and these hot, dry metallic occupations which are the very staple of the town's trade—it holds that place in the estimation of the people, that vats do in that of servants on the stage, and off it—the man who gives the largest allowance of beer is your proper gentleman; and we were told of a certain manufacturer, whose efforts to improve his work-people were well known to us, that "Yes, he was a very good master, but not nearly so nice a gentleman as his predecessor, who hadn't a bit of pride in him, he hadn't—who, if he met any of the men in the vicinity of a public-house, thought nothing of sitting down and drinking with them, and treating them all round. He was a gentleman of the right sort, he was—free and generous, and not over hard upon the men. But he died early, more the pity; and as the saying is, 'When the old one goes, there seldom comes a better.'" So we found the public spirit of the present proprietor, his encouragement of art-education in the town, his practical help in all local undertakings for improving the condition of the working people, held by some of them in less estimation than the potations and "hey follow, well met!" of the "qclement régime." But then the appreciative capabilities of the jurymen were of the shallowest, and farther thickened and be-muddled with the sediment of much Staffordshire beer. And one does not look for the wine of wisdom in the vats.

Inside the factory, where the keen eye and comprehensive grasp of the master's mind overlooked all—directed, ordered, and governed all—there were sufficient evidences that the less taste for beer or other liquors a man brought in with him to the premises the better. Every department exhibited an orderliness and almost neatness in its arrangements, that showed, if clean hands were out of question, clear heads were demanded in working hours, and a rigid and attentive industry. Without overpressing the point, as the sight of gigantic operations and machinery do, by the simple force of size and power, we found sufficient of interest and suggestiveness in the various processes of tin-plate-working, japanning, and the manufacture of paper mâché, to enoble henceforth such ordinary household wares as shine on kitchen shelves, and adorn our tables, and which, as a rule, are generally accepted by housewives as matters of course—mere exchanges for money, and not as representing so much brain and muscle. To realize this, one must be admitted within the doors of—
or some other great manufactory, and be informed of details. It is something to learn the amount of practical science and knowledge of chemistry requisite to the production of a perfect—well, let me call it by its English name—coffee-pot! one that shall extract the greatest amount of caffeine, with the least expenditure of the berry. It is surprising how many M.D.'s and Doctors of Divinity have taken the matter in hand, and, if we remember aright, one of the latter has succeeded best, and has a vested interest in a patent cafetière.

Here one learns to comprehend the progressive improvements in things so common-place as culinary appliances; how economy of time, cleanliness in use, and efficiency to their various purposes, are studied for the purchaser in the designing of them; and how this race for utility and excellence, in each after its kind, constitutes the main impetus to invention in rival factories. One likes to trace the how, and by what means the rugged metals, tried and softened in fiery furnaces, are made susceptible of the most varied forms, and capable of the most varied ornamentation. Here are original pennyworths of tinned-iron, assuming Etruscan shapes, and simulating malachite in appearance, till now they are worth pounds. The designs, the pigments with which the colouring (so closely allied to the mineral) is composed—the imitative skill that so artificially follows the lights and shadows and intricate veinings, and rich dark blobs of sullen green,
into which its verdant ripples and windings seem to have consolidated—all these are the operations of thinkers; men who bring brains to the labour-market, and lift up by their application the sordidness of tin, or any other ware, into relationship with the arts. These and a thousand other first-class specimens of the manufacture are promoted to the show-room, or are packed in stock, or ready for departure, east, west, north, south, wherever England has colonies or commercial relations, for so far do those of the house extend.

Down below, out of sight, at the rear of the great block of building, we had witnessed the manual labour of moulding, tinning, and finishing a variety of articles coming under the generic name of tin-ware; had seen the dull iron pots and pans pass through their nominal transmutation in silvery baths of liquid tin, into which name they are henceforth baptized. Here too, or close at hand, women were busy moulding, and baking papier maché trays and other objects of this beautiful manufacture, the primary materials of which are the very arts and refuse of the cheffonier's sack. But it is pleasant to trace them out of the dust and decadence of rubbish through the various processes by which they are converted into forms of elegant utility or ornament; to know that the flabby layers of grey paper we have seen the workmen pasting one upon another over moulds of the objects intended to be formed, will, when dry, become one with this compact water-proof substance, hard as a board, and like that, capable of having its surfaces planed smooth, which we are shown as papier maché in its simple state. Subsequently, like some human souls in the furnace of affliction, it will have its golden virtues burnt into it, and farther be lacquered and inlaid with mother-o'pearl, or burnished with gilding, or perchance make the background for a copy of some fair picture by a modern master, and lastly receive its exquisite polish and soft deep lustre from the cool palms of women's hands. Pictorially speaking, the last process is a really pretty one, if witnessed with the advantage of a little distance, and without reference to costume—pretty, from the unpromulgated actions and actions of the women, who, sometimes holding up the tray or waiter, or what-not with one hand, where the light may best fall upon its surface, and rubbing softly in a circle with the other, recall some classic service to the gods—a troupe of tambouring bacchantes, or of Hebrew maidens clasping cymbals in religious riot. Only if we go close, there is an end of it. We miss the vine-wreathed tresses of the first, and the fine linen and needlework of the scriptural virgins of the king's daughter, and there is only left a group of Staffordshire factory women with blue eyes and a bright colour in their clear cheeks, striving in the easiest posture for their labours to produce the rich smooth surface so characteristic of the material. But this last service, though the poetry only exists in the mind of the spectator, is clean and womanlike, and not over-difficult we should imagine. The converse of all of which is seen in the labours of the women whose business it is to feed and stir, and tend the furnace fires that heat the ovens in which the fabric is baked. To pass by these with closed doors is an ordeal for any unaccustomed person; but to keep up and manage the fires, a salamandrine task, requiring an amount of physical strength and muscular labour that appeared to us at least equal, if it did not surpass, any masculine employment we had witnessed on the premises; but when we expressed this, we were lightly assured that "the women liked it." and that "they bore the heat better than men." One thing is certain: the women, like the pit-men, or puddlers in the iron works, are forced to compensate by drink the evaporation of the body, a fact that visits the home with a two-fold curse—the vice of the mother, and its transmission to her children.

The wages of women so employed in factories, or on the pit's banks, or in furnace yards, seldom rise beyond 1s. 6d. or 1s. 8d. per day; and for this sum, the sanctity, the comfort, and economy of home are bartered, and all the higher and better instincts of womanhood suppressed and crushed. Improvidence, slatternliness, a riotous love of coarse pleasure, and of meat and drink, characterise both sexes of the working community in the Black Country. And though the spread of schools throughout the various districts may, and will doubtless, help to bring about a better order of things, all the while the girl is deprived of the influence and teaching of home, the knowledge of thrift is lost, and the kindly tending of children, and all that breeds true womanhood in her breast, so long will the men remain coarse, and rough, and under the influence of drink, brutalized, and the darksome courts and alleys of mining towns retain their evil notoriety for drunkenness, violence, oaths, and ill language, for the women are the mothers of the community, and home the birth-place and conservatory of morals.

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Morning at Pompeii.—The dead city wakes not at dawn like the living, and, though it has now half divested itself of the ashy robe that has clothed it for ages, the retreating night leaves it yet slumbering on its funeral couch. Tired to death, the tourists who saw it yesterday yet linger in their beds, and the morning that illumines the mummy city shines there upon no human face. Strange is it to see by her rosy and azure light this carcass of a city death-stricken in the midst of its pleasures, its labours, and its civilization, and which has not undergone the tardy dissolution of an ordinary ruin. You stand expecting that the masters of these perfect houses will come forth in their Greek or Roman dress; you listen for the roll of the chariot whose track is still upon the pavement; you look for the reveller to re-enter the tavern where his cup has marked a ring upon the counter. We walk in the past as though we were dreaming of it; we glance at the corners of the streets, and there an inscription in red letters announces the spectacle of the day. Only the day has gone by more than 1,700 years since!—Gautier.
THE MONKS AND THEIR DAYS.*

BY LEMOINE.

It is well, occasionally, to turn from the splendid materialism of the present age, to the contemplation of those times which, though less brilliant than our own, have nevertheless exercised an extraordinary and permanent influence over the world's history and civilization. Perhaps there is no period which affords so interesting a study as that embraced within the ten centuries which immediately followed the fall of the Roman Empire.

It was a period rich in grand memorials and noble deeds, and full of illustrious men. The pages of its history are bright with the glorious achievements of a Charlemagne, worthy successor of a Constantine and a Theodosius—with the virtues of the royal Louis, with the heroism of Alfred, and the chivalric gallantry of Richard the Lion-Hearted. These were the ages which produced a Venerable Bede, an Alcuin, a St. Bernard, an Anselm, a Thomas of Aquin, and other saintly men, whose genius, learning, and eloquence illumined Europe. These were the times which beheld a Giotto, a Michael Angelo, a Raffaelo, a Leonardo da Vinci, and a Domenichino, whose master-pieces of painting and sculpture have been the delight of admiring millions. These were the ages of poetry, which listened to a Patrarch, a Dante, a Chaucer. These were the happy days, when the sweet monastery-bell called the contented peasantry to their morning and evening devotions, and the noon-day repast; when poor-houses were unnecessary and unknown. These were the days of chivalry, when the gay and gallant knights fought in the splendid tournament to win the love of their chosen fair ones.

In those warlike days, when every man who lived in the world was a soldier, the monks formed an immense army of the soldiers of peace. Buried in the narrow cells of their monasteries, their days were passed in study and in works of mercy; their nights in prayer and heavenly contemplation. A life devoted to retirement and meditation, which to many seems opposed to the natural desires of man, has its origin in the human heart. All men have felt, at some period of their lives, a powerful attraction towards solitude; and this has been particularly observed of many of those great and gifted minds who

"—— Have left their lofty name
As lights and landmarks on the cliffs of fame."

The ancient philosophers and moralists vied with each other in praising a life of solitude. The divine Plato, in his "Republic," and Epictetus, in his "Picture of Cebes," and many others, have recommended it as the last state of wisdom.

The Christian religion, with its usual loving-kindness, has offered a divine sanction and an eternal reward to this natural desire which all recognize. In the primitive ages of the Church, the vast deserts of Egypt and other countries of the East were peopled with holy hermits, who fled from the frightful corruptions of luxurious cities, or from the cruel persecutions of the Roman tyrants, to lead a life of heavenly innocence and peace.

The first of those illustrious solitaries was Paul of Thebais, who, despising the seductions of wealth and pleasure, retired to the desert in the bloom of early manhood. His dwelling was a grotto shaded by a palm-tree which supplied him with food, and cooled by a small rivulet which supplied him with drink. His couch was the bare rock, where he enjoyed that sweet repose which was denied to the sybarite on his bed of roses. In this deep solitude Paul lived ninety-two years, and died at the age of one hundred and thirteen.

The descendants of those noble Romans who had led in their proud triumphs the vanquished princes of Asia and Africa, penetrated by the divine spirit of Christianity, abandoned a life of voluptuous indulgence; their vast and sumptuous palaces and villas became the happy retreats of distressed humanity, where the sons of the Scipios, the Fabians, and other historical families of old Rome, attended with conquering benevolence to the wants of their poor brethren.

During those centuries when the world was enslaved by imperial monsters—by a Nero, a Domitian, a Heliogabalus, and a Diocletian—the only true independence was enjoyed by the monks, whose life of dignified labour recalled to the world those glorious days of the Republic, when Cincinnatus was taken from the plough to save his country.

When the magnificent Roman Empire was overrun by the countless hordes of barbarians from Northern Europe and Central Asia, the dissolution of society seemed imminent; passion, corruption, and despair filled the world; manners, laws, the arts and sciences, religion itself appeared to be on the point of irretrievable ruin. Against these formidable dangers, what could


Christianity oppose? A few feeble monks and religious men. Full of heavenly zeal and enthusiasm, they undertook the glorious work. They taught the arts and sciences; they spread the arts and sciences; they declared to the world the wondrous truths of the Holy Scriptures; they taught the rude barbarians the refining arts of civilized life; and, finally, they introduced them to the matchless literature of Greece and Rome. They conquered the conquerors of Rome. The fiery Franks and savage Goths yielded to the sweet influence of religion; the world was saved, and a new empire founded, more glorious and more extensive than the empire of the Caesars.

Then began to rise those celebrated monasteries, filled with holy men, whose zealous labours have changed the face of Europe. Almost all the grants made to the monasteries, in the early ages of the Church, consisted of wild, waste lands, which the monks brought under cultivation. They penetrated the vast forests of France and Germany, which, by their unceasing industry, were changed into fields of golden grain and vineyards of purple fruit. The deserts of Poland and the sterile valleys of Switzerland were converted into smiling gardens. In Spain, the monks displayed the same activity. They purchased waste lands on the banks of the Tagus, near Toledo, which they covered with luxuriant vines and fragrant orange-groves.

Benedict, of the illustrious house of Anicius, was the most celebrated of the early European monks. At the youthful age of fourteen he fled from the dangerous delights of Rome, and hid himself in the mountains of Italy. The saintly piety and extraordinary austerities of the young hero in a few years drew around him a number of disciples, who formed themselves into a community and chose Benedict for their superior. In the year 540 he laid the foundation of the celebrated order of the Benedictines, at Monte Cassino in Italy. At the foot of the mount there was an amphitheatre, of the times of the Caesars, in the midst of the ruins of the city of Cassinium, so exalted by the learned Varro for the incomparable majesty of its situation. Monte Cassino commanded a magnificent view of the surrounding country. In one direction lay Arpinum, the birthplace of Cicero and Marius; in another direction the eye beheld the city of Aquinum, where Juvenal first saw the light; and which has since become more celebrated as the native place of St. Thomas.

It was in this classic spot that the patriarch of the Western monks founded the seat of the monastic order. When he took possession of the place, he found some remains of paganism still lingering there. In the centre of Christianity, two hundred years after the triumph of Constantine, there was an ancient temple of Apollo, and a consecrated grove, where many of the neighbouring peasants came to sacrifice to the false deities of pagan Rome. Benedict preached the Christian religion to these be-
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The interior of the monasteries exhibited a vision of saintly life delightful to contemplate. These beautiful verses of Statius, which were preserved to us by the monks, on the Temple of Clemency, at Athens, were realized in the bosom of the monastic life:

Stat tum sacros loca mortalis aegris
Conflagrum, unde procul staret iraque minaque
Regasque, et a justa Fortuna recedere aris.
Hac vieti bellae, patriaque e sede fugasti...
Conveniant, pacemque regant.

Here was realized that happy Republic of which Plato had fondly dreamed in the academic grove.

From Monte Cassino, the Benedictine order spread itself over Europe, carrying the two-fold blessings of Christianity and civilization. The apostles of England and Germany were Benedictine monks. When Augustine came to Britain, the inhabitants of the country were in a state of barbarism. They acknowledged no sin but cowardice; they revered no virtue but courage. Their bravery was disgraced by its brutality. Prisoners taken in war were generally murdered, and, if spared, they became slaves for life. They appeased their horrid deities with the blood of human victims. Their notions of a future state were extremely faint and wavering; and, if the soul was destined to an immortal life, to quaff ale out of the skulls of their enemies was the reward of the virtuous; to lead a life of hunger and inactivity, the dreadful doom of the wicked.

Such were the pagan Saxons. But their ferocity soon yielded to the mild entreaties of the missionaries, and their savage natures became gradually softened by the divine influence of the Gospel. In the rage of victory they learned to respect the rights of humanity; death or slavery was now no longer the fate of the conquered.

The new converts were distinguished for their zeal and piety. A conviction of a future state beyond the grave elevated their minds and expanded their ideas. To prepare their souls for the rapturous bliss of paradise became to many the only object of life, and every duty of religion was practised with edifying devotion. The progress of civilization kept pace with the progress of religion; both the useful and the agreeable arts were introduced; they sought every opportunity of instruction; every attainable species of knowledge was eagerly studied; so that in a few years England could boast some of the most profound and enlightened scholars of the age.

Monasteries were multiplied in Great Britain. Many of the lands occupied by the monks were originally wild and uncultivated, surrounded by marshes and covered with forests. But every obstacle of nature and soil was subdued by the unwearying industry of the monks. The forests were cleared, marshes drained, roads opened, bridges built, and the waste lands reclaimed. Bountiful harvests waved on the coasts of Northumbria, luxuriant meadows started from the fens of the Girvii. Noblemen, and even kings and princes, “descended from their high estate” to assume the cowl of the monk. The wealth which they brought into the monasteries was expended in erecting splendid churches, in procuring the glorious treasures of literature, in purchasing paintings, statues, gems, and other rich ornaments, to deck the interior of the churches.

The ancient civilization, which attained its most splendid development in imperial Rome, was confined exclusively to the large cities. The hundred nations over which the victorious banners of the Caesars, were taught none of the refining arts of civilized life. The Britons continued their horrid rites to Woden; the Gauls were as rude and unpolished as their ancestors were who had followed Brennus to Rome; the Scythians were not induced to abandon their wandering life; the savage spirit of the Germans was not tamed; the barbarous manners of the Dacians were not softened; and even in Rome, Antioch, Alexandria, and other populous cities of the empire which boasted of their superior wealth, refinement, and civilization, it was more showy than real, more glittering than sound. Like the fruit which grows on the borders of the Dead Sea, it was fair and beautiful to the sight, but turned to ashes on the lips. The beautiful Christian virtue of charity was unknown; abominable vices were the objects of religious worship; gorgeous temples were raised in honour of the voluptuous Venus, drunken Bacchus, and other gods and goddesses of their idolatry. The superb palaces of the Roman Emperors swarmed with innumerable slaves, who were ground to the dust by their imperious masters; a blow was often the return for a kindness, death often the punishment of disobedience. And yet we read of no Roman voice raised in their defence, no Roman tear of pity shed over their wretchedness. Why was the golden tongue of Cicero silent, and the polished pen of Suetonius never employed in their behalf? The divine spirit of humanity was not there. Mercy, which says the great Christian poet,

"Fattles as the gentle rain from heaven,
And blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;"
was seldom practised by the haughty masters of the ancient world.

Christianity introduced a bright, beautiful, and benign civilization into the world. It taught charity, chastity, and mercy. It preached penance and mortification in the shade of the gilded palace of the sensual Nero. It asserted the divine and human rights of the oppressed slaves, and by persevering efforts softened their hard lot, until, in the middle ages, they became the vassals or retainers of the proprietors of the feudal domains—an extremely mild type of servitude when compared with that which existed in pagan Rome. In carrying out the benevolent designs of Christ, the monks were of immense assistance. Prompted by a generous love of mankind, they descended from their beloved monasteries to instruct the rude barbarians in the manners and customs of...
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civilized life. They induced them to abandon the savage life of their ancestors, and to apply themselves to husbandry and the mechanical arts. The monks mingled among them, and taught them, in the witty language of Sidney Smith, how to tickle the ground with a hoe and make it laugh with a harvest. The splendid result of their teaching was soon manifest. Where the uncouth Gaul had built his rude hut, and the unconquerable German had hunted the wild boar, polished cities and fields of waving grain delighted the eye. Where the fanatic priests of Woden had celebrated their heathenish worship, beautiful temples were erected to the living God, in which the awful mysteries of the Christian religion were performed in the presence of adoring thousands.

From the fifth to the fifteenth century, there were many religious orders established—the Cistercians, the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Capuchins, the Cistercians, the Trappists, the Jesuits, and many others which still exist. The monks have always been the regular soldiers of the Catholic Church. It was by the aid of the Benedictines that Gregory the Seventh was able to contend successfully against the German Caesars. It was by the aid of the Dominicans and Franciscans that the Third crusade was repulsed by the Albigenses, who threatened to deluge the fair fields of France with blood. It was by the aid of the Jesuits, in the language of the late Lord Macaulay, that Protestantism, which had during a whole generation carried all before it, was stopped in its progress, and rapidly beaten back, as the foot of the Alps to the shores of the Baltic.

In the Middle Ages, with a few brilliant exceptions, a love of learning was confined to the cloisters, and the monks were the scholars, artists, poets, and historians of those times. They cultivated with loving and assiduous care all the most useful and valuable arts and sciences. Among other studies to which they applied themselves was that of medicine. Many became skilful practitioners of the healing art, and were thus enabled to assist the sick both in soul and body. The monks were constantly employed in transcribing manuscripts, in revising the works of the holy fathers, in copying the classic authors, and in enriching them with splendid pictures. By their indefatigable researches, many ancient manuscripts were preserved to the world which might have been lost for ever. If we are delighted with the sublime eloquence of Demosthenes and the polished periods of Cicero, if we laugh at the pungent satire of Horace and are melted into tears over the pathetic page of Virgil, we should remember that it was the poor and often despised monks who preserved these captivating authors from destruction.

Some of those monks of the Middle Ages were prodigies of learning and genius. Among other gigantic literary labours of the Benedictines was a complete edition of all the fathers of the Church, amounting to one hundred and fifty folio volumes. In the Medicien library at Florence there is a collection of the Latin Fathers, beautifully written on vellum and exquisitely illuminated. The Carthusian monastery at Ferrara contains the choral books and Bible in twenty-two volumes, splendidly enriched.

We see united in those holy monks the most profound erudition and the most profound humility, the most winning eloquence and the most winning courtesy. They possessed that rare combination, the wisdom of the serpent and the simplicity of the dove. The grandest characters, the most learned philosophers, the most fascinating orators—indeed, all those great and glorious minds which towered above their contemporaries like mountains above the plains, were monks. We need only mention an Alcuin, who, in the seminbarous age of Charlemagne, formed the design of making France a Christian Athens; a St. Bernard, whose sweetly-flowing eloquence gained him the title of the Mellifluous; a St. Thomas Aquinas, called the Angelic, the prince of doctors and Christian moralists; a Friar Bacon, whose wonderful discoveries have changed the condition of the world; a Thomas à Kempis, the author of the most remarkable book that was ever written by the pen of man; a Gregory the Great, whose vast genius raised him from the cell of the monk to the chair of St. Peter.

In the monasteries, the victims of tyranny found a secure asylum from oppression, and the distressed a happy retreat. The monks were the indomitable champions of right and truth, and they ever stood on the side of the weak against the powerful, of the poor against the encroachments of the rich. It was a monk of the Middle Ages, Peter de Blois, that gave utterance to the sentiment which may be thus rendered: “There are two things for the sake of which every honest man should be ready to shed even his blood—justice and liberty.”

In those ages, which have been falsely called dark, universities and colleges were established in every part of Europe, the professors of which were generally monks, distinguished for their profound and varied erudition. The number of scholars at some of these universities was prodigious. At one period, nearly ten thousand foreigners, of every nation, were studying at the University of Bologna. In its most flourishing time, the University of Paris contained twenty-five thousand scholars; and sometimes five thousand graduated in a year. The course of studies pursued at these famous universities embraced every branch of knowledge then known. (Some of the students remained at college until they were thirty and forty years old). Particular attention was paid to the cultivation of the sciences, the belles-lettres, languages, history, and the arts. The study of the Greek and Latin classics were thorough and profound. The learned German, Schlegel, asserts that the Latin language was written with the same elegance in the eleventh century as in the golden age of Augustus.

Among all the various services which the monks have rendered to mankind, there is none more worthy of the admiration of the
world than the missions which they established in every quarter of the globe. Animated by a divine enthusiasm, they have left the sweet scenes endeared to them by a thousand tender recollections, and crossed unknown and dangerous seas, to carry the glad tidings of salvation and the blessings of civilized life to distant peoples. In an eloquent passage on this subject, Chateaubriand says the ancient philosophers themselves never quitted the enchanting walks of Academus and the pleasures of Athens, to go, under the guidance of a sublime impulse, to civilize the savage, to instruct the ignorant, to cure the sick, to clothe the poor; but this is what the Christian missionaries have done and are still doing every day. Neither oceans nor tempests, neither the ices of the pole nor the heat of the tropics, can damp their zeal. They live with the Esquimaux in his sealskin cabin; they subsist on train-oil with the Greenlander; they traverse the solitude with the Tartar and the Iroquois; they mount the dromedary of the Arab, or accompany the wandering Caffir in his burning deserts; the Chinese, Japanese, the Indians have become their converts. Not an island, not a rock of the sea, has escaped their zeal; and, as of old the kingdoms of the earth were inadequate to the ambition of Alexander, so the globe itself is too contracted for their charity.

The most celebrated and successful of these missionary monks are the members of the Society of Jesus. The most brilliant writer of modern times, Macaulay, draws a masterly sketch of the Jesuits in his "History of England." They wandered to countries which neither mercantile avarice nor liberal curiosity had ever impelled any stranger to explore. They were to be found in the garb of the Mandarins, superintending the observatory at Pekin. They were to be found, spade in hand, teaching the rudiments of agriculture to the savages of Paraguay. None of them chose his dwelling-place for himself. Whether the Jesuit should live under the arctic circle or under the equator, whether he should pass his life in arranging gems and collecting manuscripts at the Vatican, or in persuading naked savages in the Southern hemisphere not to eat each other, were matters which he left with profound submission to the decision of his superiors. If he was wanted at Lima, he was on the Atlantic in the next fleet. If he was wanted at Bagdad, he was toiling through the desert with the next caravan. If his ministry was required in some country where his life was forfeited if discovered, he went without hesitation to his doom. When, in our own time, a new and terrible pestilence passed round the globe; when, in some great cities, fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together; when medical succour was not to be purchased by gold; when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life, even then the noble Jesuit was to be found by the pallet which physician and nurse, father and mother, had deserted, bending over infected lips to catch the faint accents of confession, and holding up to the last, before the expiring penitent, the image of the dying Redeemer.

It was this spirit of sublime devotion which carried a Francis Xavier to the distant Indies, a Sicard to Egypt, a Brédaevent to Ethiopia, a Ricci to China. Two Franciscan monks, the one a Pole and the other a Frenchman, were the first Europeans that penetrated into China, about the middle of the twelfth century. After the Portuguese had discovered the passage by sea to India, Father Ricci, a Jesuit, resolved to enter the vast empire of Cathay, concerning which so many extraordinary things were related. He first applied himself to the study of the Chinese language, one of the most difficult in the world. His ardour surmounted every obstacle, and, after many dangers and disappointments, he obtained permission from the Chinese to take up his residence in their empire. His knowledge of mathematics and geometry gained him the favour of the Mandarins. While giving lessons in these sciences, he managed to inculcate the fundamental precepts of Christian morality. After some years, the Emperor of China, charmed with the virtues and talents of this enlightened missionary, permitted him to reside at his capital, and bestowed several privileges upon himself and companions.

The Christian religion soon spread among the Chinese—whole families, villages, cities, and towns were converted by the preaching of the missionaries; the common people, the Mandarins, the literati, in crowds embraced the new doctrine. An empire whose manners and customs had for two thousand years been proof against time, revolutions, and conquest, is suddenly changed at the voice of a humble monk, who came alone from a distant land—his only weapons being his crucifix and rosary.

While the monks were teaching Christianity to the disciples of Confucius, to the polished Japanese, and to the worshippers of Brahma, the forests of Paraguay were penetrated by the indefatigable Jesuits, who established an evangelical republic among those simple Indians. The missionaries had many difficulties to contend with, but by their persevering efforts they surmounted them all. After succeeding in inducing a few of the Indians to relinquish their miserable way of life, and to enjoy some of the comforts of civilization, they made use of a simple method of winning the rest. They had remarked that the savages were extremely sensible to the charms of music. The missionaries, therefore, embarked in canoes with the new converts, and sailed up the rivers singing religious hymns. The savages were caught by this pious snare. They descended from their mountains and hastened to the banks of the rivers to listen to the captivating sounds; and many, plunging into the water, swam after the enchanted barks. Thus the Christian monks realized, in the forests of America, the fables related of Orpheus and Amphion.
Having reclaimed the Paraguayans from paganism to Christianity, the missionaries proceeded in their good work, and imparted to them the manners and customs of civilized society, as far as they were capable of receiving them. They were persuaded to abandon their wandering and precarious life, and to fix their habitations in villages, which were built along banks of the rivers. The houses were built of stone, of a single story; the streets wide and straight.

In the centre of each village was the public square, formed by the church, the missionary-house, the public granary, the house of refuge, and the inn for strangers. In each village there were two schools, the one for the first rudiments of knowledge, the other for music and dancing. As soon as a boy had reached the age of seven years, the missionaries began to study his character. If he evinced a talent for the mechanical arts, he was placed in one of the workshops of the village, according to his own choice. Here he became a goldsmith, a locksmith, a watchmaker, a gilder, a carpenter, a cabinetmaker, a weaver, or founder. These trades were originally taught by the missionaries themselves, who had learned all the useful arts for the purpose of instructing the Indians in them without being obliged to have recourse to strangers. Such of the children as preferred agricultural pursuits were enrolled in the class of husbandmen. The women worked apart from the men, at their own houses. There were no public markets in the villages; but on appointed days each family was supplied with the necessaries of life. At the first dawn of day, the villagers were summoned to their morning devotions at the church by the ringing of a bell, after which they repaired to their respective duties. At the decline of day, the bell again called them to the church, where evening prayers were chanted in two parts, accompanied by a full band. The land was divided into lots, and each family cultivated one of them, for the supply of its wants. There was, besides, a field called the Possession of God; the produce of its common field was applied to the support of the widows, orphans, and infirm. The civil and military magistrates were selected by the general assembly of the people.

This is but a faint, an imperfect description of that beautiful Christian republic which existed for a century and a half in the wilds of South America.

The unceasing labours of the monks have extorted the admiration of Voltaire, who says of them: “They succeeded in America in teaching savages the necessary arts; they succeeded also in China in teaching that polished nation the most sublime sciences.”

They traversed the great American rivers; they explored the trackless forests of Canada and the groves of Louisiana. A Jesuit missionary meets in Tartary an Indian woman whom he had known in Canada. From this extraordinary circumstance, he infers that the American continent approaches at the north-west to the coast of Asia; and thus he conjectured the existence of that strait whose discovery, a hundred years afterward, cast a bright halo of glory around the name of Behring.

This subject is so vast that it is impossible to do full justice to it in the limits of a single article; but enough has been educed to convince anyone, who is not wilfully blind, that we owe much that is valued in our literature and civilization to the untiring labours of the monks. Yet these are the men who have called forth the polished sneer of the infidel and the contemptuous smile of the gay man of the world. It is very easy to ridicule the lazy monks, and call them pious sluggards; but their noble achievements in literature, in all the sciences and the mechanic arts, and in agriculture, are overpowering proofs of their learning and usefulness. The monks not only abstained from forbidden pleasures, but denied themselves those which were permitted. To gain the unspeakable bliss of paradise, they were content to sacrifice the pleasures of earth.

[We by no means endorse the opinions of the writer of the above in their entirety. Every reader is aware how much literature, the arts and sciences are indebted to the monks for their preservation and encouragement. It is true, also, that they were the first pioneers of civilization; but he seems to forget that a time came in the history of monachism when self-sacrifice became the exception instead of the rule.—Ed.]

THE RATIONAL MAN.

(Translated from the French).

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

CHAP. I.

Whoever pursues the route leading from Pithiviers to Orleans, must have been struck with the rural landscape which announces the approach to Neuville-aux-Bois. The forest, which extends on each side of the road, opens at each instant to reveal long vistas, in which the eye loses itself in the horizon, or broad clearings, covered with orchards and ripe grain, here and there, on gently sloping hills, rise elegant country-houses, with gilded railings and half-closed blinds, which seem to float amid this ocean of verdure like flower-boats* on the great rivers of China.

One of these especially, built at the right of the road, was conspicuous for the extent of its out-houses, and its air of almost baronial gran-

* The flower-boats of China are floating enclosures ornamented with rare plants, and used for places of amusement.
deur. It was less a villa than a modern castle, having, instead of moats, a fish-pond; for towers, aviaries, and for a court of arms an orchard adjoining a meadow. Elegance seemed there to be combined with comfort; and one would have thought this a Pariam hotel, surrounded by an English farm. The Noisitierre was, in fact, not only the most commodious and splendid residence of the department, but the lands belonging to it were worth to its proprietor, M. Germain Fresneau, an annual revenue of about twelve thousand francs, which recent improvements had increased.

The son of an advocate of Orleans, who had died poor and unknown, M. Fresneau was indebted to his own industry for the large fortune he enjoyed. Everything had succeeded with him. His was a calculating mind; a stranger, as he himself said, to great sentiments, which always impede business; a moderate enemy of vices, from which he did not suffer, and an indifferent friend to virtues by which he could not profit, accepting success, rejecting failure, seeking in everything positive interest, and taking the world as it is—in a word, what the vulgar call a rational man.

M. Germain Fresneau lived all the year round at the Noisitierre with an old cousin, who, after having made and lost three fortunes, had come hither to spend the remnant of his life. Maurice had travelled over half the world, and studied men of all nations without arriving at anything but his own ruin; so he was a kind of jesting philosopher, who consoled himself for his want of success in witnessing the success of others, and sometimes quarrelled with Providence for the success of his cousin. The latter endured his freaks in consideration of his title of relative, and for his knowledge of agriculture, by which he profited. Maurice kept house at the Noisitierre when M. Fresneau or his son George was obliged to go to the city on business; for the former merchant had not given up business, and his house had the reputation of being the safest and wealthiest in Orleans.

Three new guests had been at the chateau for several days past; one was the son-in-law of the proprietor—M. Durvest, of Nantes; the two others, Henri Fresneau and Emma his daughter. Henri is the eldest brother of Germain; but science and the affections have absorbed his entire life. While the merchant has been enriching himself by speculations, his years have been spent in useful researches and domestic devotion. As poor to-day as when he left the house of his father, he had lost none of his serenity. The place of professor in the college of Orleans, which had just been granted him, sufficed to provide for his daily wants; and his daughter is happy! What can he desire more?

At the moment our story commences, breakfast is just over. Old Cousin Maurice and M. Durvest are still at table, smoking cigarettes from Maryland; Henri Fresneau, standing near a window, is reading the newspaper, and his brother is pacing the salon with an air of ill-humour. The son-in-law, Durvest, has nothing remarkable about him; he is a man of about forty years, who is constantly in motion, speaks loud, and has an air of frankness. As for Cousin Maurice, his sharp profile and mocking smile would be repulsive if his glance had not a frank charm which reassured one; but it is especially the aspect of the two brothers which merits particular attention, and whose contrast strikes one at the first glance.

Henri is tall, stooping, and a little pale; his hair, already white, falls in waves to his shoulders, and the serene expression of his features is, as it were, crossed with a light cloud of sadness. The countenance of Germain, on the contrary, breathes assurance and prosperity; all his gestures have the confidence which reveal the successful man. He is wrapped in a full dressing-gown, lifts every moment his gold spectacles, as if to have them noticed, and walks with his hands behind him; but we will pause, for here our prologue ends. We have, like the ancient dramatists, described the place of the scene given, the names of the personages, and their characters; it is time now that the curtain shall rise, and that we should allow them to speak and act freely, according to their natures.

CHAP. II.

Germain Fresneau had already made the tour of the saloon a dozen times; at last he stopped short suddenly before the window.

"Upon my soul, it is infatuation, Henri!" exclaimed he.

The latter raised his head.

"It is prudence, my brother," replied he gently. "The marriage which you propose for Emma would render her miserable."

"Miserable!" repeated the merchant. "You do not seem to have understood that the young man in question possesses every desirable quality. I do not speak to you of his fortune, which you would undoubtedly regard as a defect."

"It is one for us, Germain," said the professor, smiling. "Wealth gives tastes and inclinations with which ours would perhaps poorly accord. The safest way is to live in the sphere for which one has been educated, and changes of position rarely profit the heart; nevertheless, this is not the reason of my refusal. I have told you, brother, my word is pledged; Emma is betrothed."

"That is to say that you refuse one of the richest proprietors in order to give her to some petty clerk, with whom she will die of hunger," observed Germain.

"Say that they will live in mediocrity, my brother; but happiness depends upon affection and character rather than upon opulence."

"Oh, I know your philosophical contempt for fortune!"

"You are mistaken in that. I do not despise fortune, for it is on earth an element of enjoyment, and, though it has been said of it that it is, like gunpowder, useful only when judiciously
employed, I have more than once desired it; but it would be a bad bargain to sacrifice for it one’s feelings.”

“Hear me,” said the merchant, pausing before Henri. “Allow me to speak to Emma. I will explain to her the advantages which this marriage presents; and perhaps she will herself consent to break with her clerk.”

“No!” said the professor, hastily.

“What inconvenience do you see in this?”

“It would be an attempt beneath us, brother. Emma would resist your solicitations, I am sure; but we must not tempt hearts resolute in duty. She loves the young man, and has pledged herself to him; if your words should awaken in her soul the most transient temptation, it would be a disgrace to herself, and a sorrow for me. Leave those who are young to believe in virtue; this belief is their surest safeguard.”

“Very well,” said Germain. “You are afraid your daughter will be wiser than yourself; but let us see, Henri, let us reason, if possible, and try to understand each other.”

The old cousin, who had until then listened to the debate in silence, threw away the stump of his cigarette, and laughed loudly.

“Understand each other!” exclaimed he. “One word as well as another, an understanding between the Pope and the Grand Lama. Your brother resembles you no more, Germain, than a star resembles a gas-burner.”

“A gas-burner is worth twenty-five centimes an evening; and a star is good for nothing but sonnets,” objected Durvest, with a laugh.

“Do you say, nephew?” resumed Maurice; “but you will never hinder the one from burning gratis, and the other for money. Germain was born to keep accounts and transact business; Henri to learn fine things, and exchange tenderness with other men; so I defy them to come to an understanding.”

“All in good time,” interrupted the merchant. “I understand nothing myself of your figures of rhetoric; but let us look a little at the result. Henri married a woman who had nothing, and whose nurse he has been during twenty years. He has lost the little he had amassed in paying the debts of some friend.”

“Is it possible, uncle?” exclaimed Durvest.

“It is true, my friend,” replied the professor.

“Nothing has succeeded with him, in fine,” continued the merchant, “while I have gained the finest fortune in Loiret, as the register testifies, not to speak of having set up my son in business.”

“And married your daughter well,” murmured Durvest.

“In fact,” continued Germain. “I have only common sense myself. I look upon this world simply as a nest in which we are to lodge ourselves as commodiously as possible. That makes you smile, brother,” added he, seeing Henri shake his head; “but I should like to know what would become of the world with your sentiments and your reveries.”

“A nest where one would not be contented with being warm, brother,” replied the professor, “but in which one would also love and sing.”

“All this is poetry!” exclaimed the merchant.

“The true style of romance!” murmured Durvest.

“They do not understand you, Henri,” said Maurice; “you are speaking French to the Hebrews.”

“It is with such ideas that you have spoiled your life,” resumed Germain, “and will spoil that of your daughter. I, you see, have above all attempted to show my children the right side of things. I have not talked to them as you talk to Emma, of sympathies, of devotion, of self-denial; I have taught them to think of positive interests, because no person will think for them.”

“May it please Heaven that you never have cause for repentance, my brother!” said Henri, gravely; “but be silent. I pray you, for here comes Emma to say that it is time to go.”

The young girl just then entered, accompanied by her cousin George, with a bouquet of flowers in her hand. She announced to her father that the cabriolet was ready for them.

“So, you will not remain a few days longer?” asked Maurice of the professor.

“I cannot, cousin,” replied the latter. “My lectures must be resumed to-morrow; and I must be punctual. Adieu, Germain; I wish you continued prosperity. Vale et me ama?”

The two brothers embraced.

“Why do you not escort your uncle and cousin?” asked Maurice of George.

“I am waiting for the postman,” said the young man.

“You will find your letters on your return.”

“I may have to reply to them immediately.”

“You think more of this than seeing us an hour longer?” asked Emma, smiling.

“Excuse me,” said George; “but affection must yield to duty.”

“And duty is business correspondence,” added Maurice. “Let us go, then, my children; I will escort you myself.”

The professor again pressed the hand of his brother, and departed, accompanied by his daughter and the old cousin. Germain looked after them for some time; then, turning towards George, who was conversing with Durvest, said, burying his hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown—

“Decidedly, your uncle is mad to refuse such a proposal for Emma.”

“Perhaps he would have accepted it but for her promise to the young clerk.”

“And what signifies such an engagement? Has there been any contract signed? Do you think the young man will like them any better for the sacrifice? All this, my children, is poetry, you see; a good opportunity lost may never be regained. Our business in this world is not to be heroes of romance, but to manage our affairs well.”

“My uncle has always sacrificed to his ideas and sentiments,” observed George.
“And he has been in the wrong, boy; one never prospers in abandoning one’s interests. Everyone for himself, and to each man his due, is the only just, rational, and moral law, for it is the only one of which no one has a right to complain.”

“You talk like a lawyer, father-in-law,” said Durrvest, laughing; “and I am happy to see that you have such ideas.”

“I have never had any others.”

“Then we shall understand each other, for I have come to speak to you on business.”

“Let us pass into my study; we can converse there while waiting for the postman.”

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CHAP. III.

Henri Fresneau and his daughter were on the road to Orleans. The latter, who had hastened his departure, was urging on the horse, which she constantly accused of slowness, and seemed to be earnestly seeking the city with her eyes; the professor observed her for some time with a smile.

“You are very impatient, Emma,” said he, at last.

Emma blushed.

“I will engage you are hoping to find at home a letter from Oscar.”

“Ah, you guess everything, father,” said the young girl, confused.

Fresneau passed his hand over her hair.

“Poor children!” murmured he. “Why can I not unite you immediately? But it was your wish, Emma. By espousing Oscar you might have accompanied him: you preferred to wait until he should be settled near us.”

“That I might not leave you, father. Ah! is not my place at your side? Do you not need my care and my affection?”

“Oscar also needs them.”

“When we are young we can postpone our happiness. Will not a whole life remain for its enjoyment?” Then, at the first opportunity, Oscar will be sent to Orleans, his employers have promised it, and then we shall be reunited. We will buy in the suburbs a house, with a garden; we will give you the pleasantest room. You know how ingenious Oscar is; he will arrange places for your minerals and your herbarium; he has told me so.”

“Indeed!” said Fresneau, playing with his daughter’s curls, and caressing her.

“And that is not all!” said Emma, in a tone of childish importance. “We will furnish your chamber entirely new, father.”

“How?”

“Yes, you shall have an arm-chair à la Voltaire, such as you have long desired, a lounge for your naps, and a place for your papers. I have calculated all; we shall be rich enough for that.”

“But you children?”

“We, my father, will take our old furniture: you know how I love it, and Oscar also. Provided we have white curtains at our windows, and flowers on our mantelpiece, our room will always look pretty. Then we must be economical, father; six hundred francs of income will not go very far.”

“No,” said Fresneau, taking his daughter’s hand, and pressing it in his own; “but this income is yours, Emma.”

“Ours!”

“Yours, yours only, for it was your mother’s. When a daughter is married one must render her an account of the fortune held in trust; and I wish you to have all that belongs to you.”

“What do you say?” exclaimed Emma, troubled. “Will you not, then, live with us?”

“How not?”

“Then what mean you by rendering account? Do you think that arithmetic divides better than affection? We wish to be your children, father, not your partners. Oh, do not talk, I entreat you, of what belongs to you or to me! Oscar would be hurt; and I am grieved by it.”

“Be it so,” said Fresneau, softened; “you are right. Of what use are several purses where there is but one heart? Where the affections rule, interests are effaced, or rather united. Let us continue to live as we have lived, without troubling ourselves as to what is given or received.”

At these words he embraced his daughter, and took the reins; they had just reached the suburbs of Orleans.

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CHAP. IV.

While Henri Fresneau was conversing thus with Emma, an explanation of quite another kind was taking place between the merchant and his son-in-law. As soon as they were alone, the latter announced to his father-in-law that he was about to extend his business, and was treating for the establishment of a house in India. He dwelt a long time on the advantages promised by the enterprise, and had no difficulty in proving that no other could compare with it.

“Pardieu! It will be a gold mine to you!” exclaimed Germain Fresneau, who had listened very attentively; and I wish I had a hundred thousand crowns to invest in it. Unfortunately all my capital is at present engaged in that foolish speculation of the wines of the Loire.”

“I could have twenty associates,” replied Durrvest; “but, as the business is certain, I prefer to transact it alone.”

“And shall you have funds enough?”

“I may want some in addition to what I have; and that is the occasion of my coming.”

“You know I can dispose of nothing,” objected the merchant.

“Be composed, father-in-law,” said Durrvest, laughing. “I do not want the ready; but I have a proposition to make to you.”

“Let us see,” replied Germain, his face in-
stantly assuming the reserved expression of a man compelled to act on the defensive.

"You know that, in arranging the accounts of the property my wife holds in right of her mother," resumed Durvest, "we left out of the question her share in the Noisetière, giving up to you the full enjoyment of this domain."

"By paying you a rent of a hundred louis!" interrupted the merchant.

"Representing a capital of about fifty thousand francs."

"And is not this your due for your quarter of the Noisetière, the total value of which is estimated at two hundred thousand francs?"

"Excuse me, father-in-law," interrupted Durvest: "in this estimate neither the outbuildings, the forests, nor the ponds have been included; and the chateau, with its dependencies, is worth at least six hundred thousand francs."

"Well!" asked Germain, who did not see at what his son-in-law was aiming.

"Well, six hundred thousand francs would give me, as the share of Madame Durvest, the fifty thousand crowns which I need."

"What say you? Sell my country-house! Do you forget that it is my work, my pride— that I am accustomed to it?"

"I do not say this," replied Durvest; "but this money is indispensable to me."

"Pardieu! You may find it elsewhere, then," exclaimed Germain, rising. "The Noisetière will not be sold, I can tell you."

"It must be!" replied Durvest, also rising.

"And who will compel me to it, if you please?"

"The law, which says (article 815) 'No one can prevent the division of property.'"

"That is to say, you will demand the sale?"

"With regret."

"Woe be to you if you do it, sir!" exclaimed Germain, extending his hand menacingly. "I will see my daughter; she will not suffer it."

"You are mistaken."

"How?"

"I have her authority."

"It is false!"

"You are not polite, father-in-law," said the merchant; "but, to prove the truth of my words, here is her act, signed, sealed, and registered, giving me a right to plead before all the tribunals of France and Navarre."

"Is it possible that my daughter could sign such a deed?" said Fresneau, turning pale.

"I have told you that I must have this hundred and fifty thousand francs." And would my daughter for that sum expose her father to a lawsuit?" exclaimed Germain, with passionate sorrow. "Would she attempt to drive me from a home where I have seen the trees grow up, whose flowers I have planted, where all my affections are centred?"

"What would you have, father-in-law? Your daughter cannot sacrifice her advantages to your fancies. After all, you can find a country-house elsewhere. Madame Durvest is rational; you have educated her to understand her interests, and not to sacrifice them to sentiment, as you just now said. Well, she remembers your lessons. To each his right, to each his due; this is the only just and safe law, according to your own words."

"Indeed!" said Germain, bitterly. "And I did not expect they would be so soon turned against me; but cannot my daughter wait until I am dead? I am already old, and cannot live long."

"Fie, father-in-law! You are as strong as the cathedral of Orleans; and we are in haste. I must have these hundred and fifty thousand francs in less than six months."

"That is to say, you give me no more time to seek a home elsewhere?"

"I must do as I can, father-in-law."

"Very well!" exclaimed the merchant, purple with anger, and with his fist doubled; "but hear what I have to say to you, sir; while I can pay a single note you shall not sell the Noisetière."

"We shall see."

"Have you anything more to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"Then I wish you a pleasant journey," interrupted Germain, hastily.

Durvest looked at him with an air of astonishment.

"That is to say, you send me away," resumed he; "very well, I am a dutiful son. I am going to Orleans to regulate some business; I will return in a few days for your final decision."

"It will be useless, sir."

"Pardon me," replied the speculator, seizing his hat. "You should not drive us to extremities. Good-bye, father-in-law."

He saluted Germain Fresneau, and went on; but hardly had he disappeared, when the latter fell back in his chair, almost suffocated with anger and grief.

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CHAP. V.

The good fortune which had attended Germain in all his undertakings, the kind of influence which wealth had given him, had accustomed him to see his wishes obeyed; so the pretensions of his son-in-law excited in him an indignation with difficulty suppressed. It is a fact of daily observation that selfish people receive injuries with less patience than others. They are far from being cold; their isolation proceeds not from insensibility, but from self-love. They are so absorbed in themselves as to have no affection to bestow on mankind; and whenever the idol of their worship, self, is touched, their hearts revolt, and cry out against it.

The conversation which M. Fresneau had just held with his son-in-law had thrown him into an agitation which reflection was far from subduing. The idea that he must leave a dwelling built by himself, and where he had hoped to die, affected him greatly; but he was especially humbled as he thought that the Noisetière might belong to another. Attacked at once in
his affections, his habits, and his vanity, he gave way as before a severe and unexpected blow. George, to whom he had imparted the intentions of Durvest, received his indignation coldly. The son, too, had calculated that the sale of the estate might turn to his profit; so he hastened to cut short explanations by communicating to his father a letter, in which some very advantageous business was proposed to him, but which required his immediate departure for Saumur.

"Go," said the grieved merchant; "I can defend myself alone."

But this desertion completed his trials. He passed a part of the day in a state of increasing exaltation, and a few hours before the dying fire. Suddenly, a hand put aside the closed curtains of the alcove, and the face of Germain Fresneau looked out, pale and thin. Scarcely out of danger, this was the first time for a fortnight that he had permitted his nurses an instant of repose, and partially recovered the exercise of his faculties. He looked for an instant at the professor and the young girl, then called the latter in a faint tone; both heard and rose at the same time.

"My uncle is awake," said Emma, approaching him.

"Yes, little one," replied the merchant, with a smile.

"And how do you find yourself?" asked Henri.

"Very well, brother; very well now."

"I am glad of it!" murmured the young girl.

"The physician said that this crisis would save him."

"Save me!" repeated Germain. "Have I then been very sick, my friends?"

"Enough so to make us very anxious."

"Indeed, it does seem as though I had been suffering; and I remember now to have seen you always beside my bed."

"With Cousin Maurice, who has never left you,"

"And George?" asked the invalid; where is he?"

The father and daughter seemed embarrassed.

"He was ignorant of your danger," said Henri, at last. "He went away on the morning of the day on which you were taken sick."

"Leaving me alone?"

"No; he had written to us to come,"

"Is it true?"

"I have his letter here.

"Show it to me."

"Not yet."

"I must see it, Henri; give it to me," repeated the invalid.

The professor sought in his pocket-book, and handed his brother the following billet:

"My dear uncle,—My father is sick, and I am forced to depart for Saumur, as the least delay would cause my failure in business of importance. Send Emma to the Noistière if you cannot come hither yourself; for the physician seems anxious, and has declared that my father needs careful attention. I must go without waiting for you, that I may overtake the first conveyance; but come today, if possible."

"George."

The merchant read the letter twice; then, turning his eyes towards his brother, said—

"And so you came with your daughter."

"Immediately."

"Were you not afraid that your absence would perhaps injure your interests—be the occasion of your losing your professorship?"

"I did not think of it," replied the professor.

"No," murmured Germain, pensively, "you thought only of my sufferings, while George was absorbed in his own interests; but this letter is not the only one you have to show me. Durvest must have written."

"I do not know," said the professor, embarrassed.

"What, nothing from him?"

"Pardon me," interrupted Emma, "this packet."

Her father made a sign to her, but too late; Germain seized the document, and glanced over it.

"An assignment of my property," said he. "Oh, I expected this! It should be placed beside George's letter, brother; it is a fruit from the same seed."

And, clasping his hands with a profound grief, he exclaimed—

"This, then, is the reward of so much effort; Others, who leave to their children only poverty, obtain gratitude! and I, who have rendered them rich, happy, they forsake or treat as an enemy; but what have I done to them, Henri, that they should not love me?"

"Nothing, brother," said the professor, gently; "only you have taught them to disregard the impulses of the heart; and the culture of arithmetic has killed in them that of the sentiments. I have often told you that interest creates partners, but only affection the family."

"Then I have none," replied the merchant, despairingly.

"You are quite mistaken, cousin," said Maurice, who had just entered, and overheard the last words pronounced by Henri; "you are mistaken, cousin. Look at your side, and you will see one who has always been attached to you for your own sake."

"Then let her never leave me!" exclaimed Germain, opening his arms to his brother and Emma, "for I feel now that there is no happiness in life but in loving."
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

After such an extremely dry April we were quite prepared for more than an average allowance of wet in May; but we have had only a moderate share, accompanied, however, by several thunderstorms (one remarkably heavy) to clear the atmosphere. Rain, though of such immense benefit to the crops, is “most intolerable and not-to-be-endured” by those who go plodding along London streets; and we know that we are not singular in our animadversions on the weather, even when it is not more severe than might have been expected; whilst a stout heart, with a borrowed umbrella, have been certainly of service more than once to your Bohemian in this “merry month of May.”

We have had a series of horrors, all crowded together in a remarkably short space of time. The assassin of President Lincoln has speedily met with a fate similar to that of his victim, being shot through the head during his attempted capture, the full particulars of which, with sundry embellishments, have been duly recorded in all the papers; indeed, in the illustrated penny journals, those who care for the engravings of the scene enacted in the private box, the last moments of the President, and the death of Booth, without pausing to consider the wretchedness of “our artist,” may enjoy their pennypworth with unalloyed satisfaction. The accomplice of Booth (also an actor) having surrendered, is now in safe custody, and to him no mercy will be shown. Should he be hanged it will be unfortunate; for, if we remember rightly, Mr. Buckstone once boldly asserted, at one of the dinners of the General Théâtral Fund, that no actor had ever met with such a fate.

In the report of a meeting of Americans, held at St. James’s Hall, to express condolence on the death of Lincoln, we read that, “amongst the gentlemen present” were Mrs. Tom Thumb and Miss Minnie Warren.

The confession of Constance Kent is attended with considerable mystery, and has given rise to much correspondence re the Road Murder. We think, and hope, that it will be proved at the trial that she is not responsible for such a statement, and that she cannot be handed over to the executioner, amid the howlings of the dregs of society, and the inevitable blaspheming and drunkenness.

We learn from a contemporary that the South Western Company are building first-class carriages, with windows for passengers in different compartments of the same carriage to communicate with one another; and that a South Western official, on being asked the object of the windows, said that it was to prevent passengers from being Müllerised.

Immediately following the disastrous American news, came the almost equally startling intelligence of the deaths (by their own hands) of Admiral Fitzroy, and Prescott the banker. At first there were all kinds of contradictory ru-
"Lauk, John! if you hav'nt been and let mas- ter's library fire out again!" There are also two or three designs for initial letters, &c., all of which we have been able to identify on referring to the pages of Punch, save one—a clown with a death's-head; not the well-known skeleton clown, holding the hoop for a lady on horseback to jump through, but a figure by itself, which we think could not have been in Punch, as we can trace other designs on the same piece of paper; and this, if it had appeared, would doubtless have been published at the same period. The total amount realized was about £6,500. Another important sale has been the collection of David Roberts' drawings, which fetched high prices, the entire collection bringing nearly £17,000.

The Flaneur of the Morning Star in his Monday morning's contribution to that paper com-bines absurd twaddle with arrogant personality when he is not blundering in an awkward manner. There is an old adage, having reference to dwellers in glass-houses, which will well apply in his case. As a specimen of his agreeable style he entertains his readers with the account of a visit paid to one of the water-colour exhibi-tions by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, says our jocose friend, "in a creased coat and trousers (evidently their first appearance since last summer), with that half-savage, half-astonished expression which makes him look like an angry hawk, and carrying his hat in his hand, rapidly looked half-round the room, made a purchase, and vanished!" As your Bohemian, we are given to gossip on all sorts of topics, at the risk of being smartly (?) personal; but we do not think we could beat this little bit, which is a fair specimen of the usual style of the Flaneur, who, by the way, informed us of the death of "Mr. Hetherington, one of the oldest academicians." Can this be Mr. Witherington, R.A., whose decease we recorded last month? One more instance of our friend's judgment occurs in his remarks on the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, when it is stated that the artists, who had given their services, were "naturally indignant" because they were not called upon. We venture to say that the expressions in the room, which were rather strong on the point, did not proceed from the artists themselves, but from those visitors who had anticipated the great musical treat which had been announced.

We turn to a more agreeable subject in referring to the Newspaper Press Fund, which is now an established fact. Dickens made a very manly speech, alluding plainly enough to the attitude of the Times, in which journal we looked in vain for a report of the proceedings. The room was crowded, and the subscriptions we are happy to say were announced to be £1,200. It has been stated to us as not unlikely that the Guild of Literature and Art and the Newspaper Press Fund may amalgamate.

It is not well (on the presence of being wiser than one's neighbours) to give the names of a few of the pictures before they are sent into the Academy: this we did last month, to find in some instances that the titles had been subsequently altered: Mr. Elmore, for example, calls his picture not "A Pause in a Career," but "On the Brink." By an inadvertence Mr. Rankley's picture was called "After Life," it should have been "After Work." Some of the old hands are very strong in the present exhibition, and rising talent is noticeable, as in "A Fern Gatherer," by Mr. F. Holl, jun.

We may observe that an interesting exhibition of miniatures from private collections will be shortly held at the South Kensington Museum.

Mr. John Parry's sketches are being exhibited at McLean's Gallery in the Haymarket. It may not be generally known that Mr. Parry is now a regular contributor to Punch; we are also glad to notice that Mr. C. H. Bennett is at last on the staff of Punch artists. "Tom" Hood is now the editor of Fun, and an improvement therein is already visible: "Mrs. Brown" gives a very ludicrous account of her visit to the Royal Academy; and, with the old writers returned to it, this comic serial has every chance of regaining its former circulation, which was considerable. We wish that Mr. Hood (who is a gentleman) would call himself "Thomas," as the abbreviation is slightly infra dig, and unfortunately suggestive of the late "Sam" Cowell or the present "Harry" Boleno. We have read "Captain Masters's Children," by Mr. Hood, with which we have been greatly pleased and interested.

Poetry, prose, and painting have been well represented at old Drury, by Shakespeare, Falconer, and Milton—one of the lessees stepping in for his benefit, sandwich-fashion, said lessee being, we must admit, generally prosy—Love's Ordeal and the O'Flahertys to wit; seriously, though, there has been no lack of patronage and appreciation, and a highly successful season has come to a close. We do not hear equally favourable reports of some of the other theatres, for instance the Lyceum and the Olympic. Mr. Fechter has been falling back upon revivals before closing, the "Mountebank" proving no very great catch (we cannot say why the "Lady of Lyons" was not produced), and the Olympic has, by all accounts, not added to its treasury by a recent American importation. We notice that "Leah" will be reproduced at the Adelphi, vice "Fazio" withdrawn, and that its "will be performed for twelve nights only, to afford the author (Dr. Mosenthal, of Vienna) an opportunity of witnessing the English version of this most popular modern drama," though we are not informed whether the doctor is desirous of seeing it "for twelve nights only:" that is to say, of being present at each representation. We should think not, and that its performance for a night or two would have answered the purpose. Dramatic talent is rarely hereditary: as exceptions we may mention Charles Mathews and Samuel Emery: as the rule we would quote the names of John Reeve and Harold Power, and we should be sorry to add that of F. Robson; so we will wait until we can
see him in something better than an imitation of his late father, which only calls up painful recollections, for which the author and the management, rather than the actor should be held responsible, and which, we think, should have been studiously avoided; however, the public go out of curiosity to witness this unpleasant exhibition, which must be equally disagreeable (as it is unfair) to the poor young man, for whom we perceive that a farce by Maddison Morton is underlined, in which we hope Mr. Robson will strike out a line for himself, and that “Ulysses” will be withdrawn, since beyond the painful performance of the hero, great poverty of invention is displayed by the author. Minerva is decidedly not improved by being transplanted from the New Royalty, where the original notion was a humorous one; and Miss Charlotte Saunders, the only legitimate successor to Mrs. Keeler, is obliged to fall back upon her imitation of Napoleon I., out of a Strand burlesque by Byron, which is, on this occasion, amalgamated with one of the present Emperor, and to indulge in the everlasting “break down” of which we confess we are beginning to get a little weary.

We have often wondered why it should take two men to write a slight farce or pièce de circonstance, and the dramatic critic of the Morning Star in noticing a similar production at the Strand, owns that this passes his comprehension, “unless,” as he suggests, “one of them put in some fun, and the other subsequently took it out again.”

We would allude to the opening of the New Alexandra Theatre, Highbury Barn, where a burlesque by William Brough, entitled “Ernani,” is nightly enacted; and we would also refer to two forthcoming events, one being the complimentary benefit to Mr. Leigh Murray, on the morning of Tuesday, the 27th June, at Drury Lane Theatre, under distinguished patronage; the other, that Mrs. R. Honner will shortly take her farewell of the stage. Mrs. Honner often played Black-eyed Susan to the William of the late Mr. T. P. Cooke, whose custom it was, of late years, to appear on the occasion of her benefit, to mark his regard for an old favourite; and now that she is about to retire from the profession she has so long adorned, we trust that the public will not be slow in responding to her final appeal.

Immediately after sending in our present communication in this anything but theatre-going weather, we are afraid that a friend will have sufficient influence to induce us to accompany him to witness “Brother Sam’s” first appearance, particularly as we shall have to go early, and there is “Our Mary Anne” first. Under such depressing circumstances we are sure that your readers will cease to wonder at the extreme irritability of

YOUR BOHEMIAN.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

A little, thin, tired, wistful face, looking out of the window—the back window of the tall, narrow, gloomy old house in Water-street.

Certainly there was nothing pleasant or attractive in the view which presented itself; nothing which could awaken any light in the sorrowful face of the child who looked at the scene. There were the back yards, with the little strips of sodden clay soil, where the pale sickly-looking grass grew sparse and scattered; and then there were the backs of the houses, close and frowning, and moidly with age and neglect.

You had to stretch your neck to get a glimpse of the blessed sky from the window. There were no soft green vines to clothe the barrenness and decay; no flowers whose hearts thrilled out into bloom and fragrance for a living joy and beauty, as flowers always are. The old houses leaned over, with their rattling windows and broken blinds, with their dead-brown faces, dreary and forlorn; and I think that the face of this little girl grew drearier as she gazed.

She was hardly out of her eleventh year, and her face looked pallid and sickly, with large brownish eyes that held some trouble in them, and seemed old beyond their time; and the mouth had lost its trick of smiling, if it ever had one, and had settled into a kind of sorrowful patience that is very pitiful to see in children’s faces.

Hope Loring was an orphan. Two-thirds of her life had fallen to her in the country. She was a delicately-organized little creature in soul and body; shy, sensitive, susceptible.

She would never have gained her tenth birthday if it had not been for the free, careless, outdoor life of the woods, and hills, and meadows, in which her widowed mother had allowed her only little daughter to run at her own sweet will, while the mother stayed at home, as mothers will, toiling early and late to keep that wolf, so terrible to a woman, from the door.

For the strong arm and the loving heart that would have made “sweet home” for the mother and child, were under the grass of summer, or snows of winter. And at last, the mother’s was there too; and with her seventh birthday Hope Loring was an orphan.

So she fell into the hands of her mother’s only brother, a poor man—a hard-working, but not unkindly one, who had more months to feed than he could well afford; but he could not let his only sister’s only child go starving and shelterless out into the cold of the world. So, the little onely, wistful-faced country girl came to live within the thick, close walls of the great city.
She dwelt an orphan and an alien in her uncle’s family. Nobody there meant to be unkind to her; in a certain sense each member was sorry for the little homeless, fatherless, motherless child; but after all, none understood her.

Poor people these were; cramped, and fretted, and soured, and oppressed by poverty. The long, wearisome hand-to-hand struggle with toil had worn into the soul of Hope’s uncle and aunt and hardened and made them somewhat coarse. And the children were coarse too—boys and girls ranging down from their teens into babyhood; quarrelsome, selfish, dissatisfied with their lot and not knowing how to make it better—to be pitied certainly.

And into this atmosphere, with all its discordant elements, in the heart of the hot, noisy, crowded city, came little Hope Loring.

She had carried the home-sickness at her heart in her face ever since. How she thirsted and starved for a sight of the cool, green meadows, with the dandelions winking golden among them! What visions haunted her, of fields of red, fragrant clover, with the fresh dew shining all over them!

How her heart grew sick, thinking of the singing birds in the great white roofs of apple blossoms! and the little brook which wound its skein of blue waters among the stones, and then cleared itself out, broad, smooth again, and went on, singing and triumphant, to the river; and the shady country lanes, and the old brown roads wandering past the mills, and up the hill, and round the creek, and back of the meadows! Oh, hungry eyes! oh, hungrier soul of little Hope Loring, that went aching and crying for these lost joys, in the dark, high chambers crowded between the thick walls where your life had fallen to you!

But suddenly, as the pale, wistful face looked out of the window, a change came over it like a burst of sunlight. A little colour warmed the thin, pale cheeks. The brown eyes grew dark and warm with a quick amazement and joy.

“O—hi! see there!” burst in a quick cry from the tremulous lips.

And there, in the window of the opposite house, stood a small glass pitcher crowded with flowers; roses in rich bloom, and fragrant mignonette, and trailing sprays of honeysuckle, and fuchsia; all these, some hand—a small white hand—had just placed in the window opposite.

Hope knew in a moment that it was a stranger’s, some visitor’s probably, for she had heard that the widowed woman who did work on the sewing machine had been ill. The lady down there must have caught the child’s exclamation, for she stepped to the window and looked up, and saw the small, eager, delighted face above her. She was a lady to whose heart the way was short and easy. The sight touched her.

“Do you love flowers, my child?” she said to Hope, and the smile with which she said it was beautiful to see.

“Oh, yes, ma’am!” said Hope Loring, and something in her voice doubled the assent in her words.

“Well, come down here, and you shall have some of these.”

And Hope went, and her heart and feet were light, as they used to be, going down to the meadows for dandelions and daisies. And the gentlefaced and sweet-voiced lady gathered from the glass pitcher some of the fairest blooms, and placed them in the thin hand of the child while the woman who “worked on the sewing machine” lay asleep on the bed.

“Oh, they are like the roses round our back porch!” cried Hope, bending down and drinking their breath, sweeter than wine.

The old fragrant scent was more than she could bear. She broke down in a great storm of tears. The small, thin figure shook under the sobs which heaved it to and fro. All the pain and home-sickness, the hunger and bitterness of years were in those sobs.

“Poor child—poor little girl,” said the lady, and she smoothed Hope’s hair with hands like the dead mother’s that were gathered to the dust; and then, when the child had grown calmer, she made her sit down on the little stool at her feet, and won from her the story of her life.

Hope held nothing back. She found comfort telling it all, in her simple, straightforward child’s way, little dreaming what a wonderful pathos her words gave her story, and how the listening lady almost shuddered, as she felt the chill, and gloom, and home-sickness which the child described, stealing, in a sort of magnetic sympathy, over her own soul.

This lady had money, and all life’s ease and luxury at her command. She was in mid life and had but two children, and these were boys, a little older and a little younger than Hope.

The home of Mrs. Hastings was in the city, but she usually passed about half of the year with her sister, who had a charming cottage, home in the country. And it entered into the heart of Mrs. Hastings, at this moment, to take the little, lonely orphan girl with her, and with a swift impulse she said to her

“Next week I am going into the country, to pass the summer amid the hills and birds and flowers. My child, would you like to go with me?”

“Oh, ma’am!” said Hope; I believe—” She stopped here.

Four days had passed. Mrs. Hastings had seen Hope’s aunt and uncle, and obtained, with no difficulty, their consent to take the child with her. They considered the offer of Mrs. Hastings an especial “godsend,” for they had felt it was “high time their niece should do something to help herself; but she was such a small puny thing, that they hadn’t the heart to put her at it.”

So, one afternoon Mrs. Hastings called with her carriage, intending to take Hope home with her, and make some improvements in her wardrobe before she should accompany her to the
country. Hope's aunt met her at the door with a face singularly troubled and solemn.

"The child has been very ill," she said. "The doctor says it is a bad case. She must have had a slow fever in her veins for a long time; and a shock and excitement of some kind, too great for her weak, overworked system, has utterly prostrated her."

So Mrs. Hastings went up the stairs to the small, dark chamber where the child lay, with her little, thin face paled and sharpened terribly.

"Hope, don't you know me?" asked Mrs. Hastings, tenderly.

A swift light flooded the weary eyes.

"Oh! yes, ma'am; you are the lady who had the flowers in the window."

"Well, my dear child, you must make haste and get well, so as to go with me where you shall have birds and flowers at every window."

Hope put out her thin, hot hands, and shook her head.

"No, I shan't go with you," she said. "I am going where I shall have flowers prettier than those in the window, forever. I shall see them, and walk amongst them, and they will shine on me all the time. I am going to God and my mother." And the gentle lady and the weary, toiling aunt wept to hear her.

And Hope turned to the lady, and her parched lips smiled joyfully—

"There are no brick walls there," she said.

"And I shall have the green fields and the flowers always. It is better, even, than to go with you; though that seemed Heaven enough before. But I shall not forget you; and some time, perhaps, I shall know you again—the lady who set the flowers in the window."

Mrs. Hastings watched with the child the rest of the day. That night, the little, tired, overburdened soul went out on that long path which we must all walk—one by one.

They gathered about the little, still, dead face with tears, and murmured that it was "too bad," just as the joy and happiness had fallen into her life, that she must die.

They did not know what they said. Hope had gone to the warmth and bloom of the eternal summer, to the little children's best home, the peace and freedom, the care and love of God and His angels, and these are wiser and tenderer than even a mother's.

O U R P A R I S C O R R E S P O N D E N T.

M Y D E A R C—,

The great event of this month is the appearance at last of the famous "Africaine" opera, in five acts: words by Scribe, music by Meyerbeer; a work of twenty years' labour. Of course the critics are very divided in their opinion—some place it over everything that has yet appeared, others declare it second-rate; but, in general, enthusiasm is at a high pitch amongst the public, and what do you think of the "Africaine"? is in everyone's mouth. Their Majesties honoured the first representation with their presence; the happy few could only gain admission then, and, as yet, the common of mortals are still excluded, so great is the concourse of "amateurs," in spite of the decline of the season. The curtain rises on the council-chamber in the King's palace at Lisbon.

Inês (Marie Batta), the daughter of Dom Diego, is there, full of strange presentiments. Her fiancé, Vasco de Gama (Naudin), has been gone for two years with Admiral Dias, on a discovery expedition, and no news has yet been heard of them. "While Inês is reflecting on her lover's destiny, her father arrives in the council-chamber, and tells her that it is his Majesty's and his pleasure that she marries Dom Pedro, a rich and powerful lord. Vasco is only an obscure adventurer, who most likely is drowned with the Dias expedition; indeed a sailor, escaped by miracle, has just arrived, and announced the catastrophe. The sailor is introduced before the council-board: it is Vasco himself. He has with him two slaves—l'Africaine Selika (Madame Sage) and Nelusko (Faure), purchased by him in Africa, and belonging to no known race, and who refuse to betray their country. Vasco asks for means to find it. Then follows a grand discussion in the council. In the second act Vasco is in prison, with his two slaves; he is asleep. Nelusko advances with a poignard to kill him, but is prevented by Selika, daughter of his fallen king, but queen in his eyes. She awakes Vasco, who returns to his map, and with his finger tries to trace the road to the unknown region. "No, not that way, this way," and the enamoured Selika has betrayed her secret. Inês arrives in the prison, and sees Vasco loading the slave with caresses, in order to gain further information. To calm Inês, Vasco makes her a present of the two slaves; but, alas! Inês is already married to Dom Pedro, the only means in her power to gain Vasco's liberty; Dom Pedro has also obtained the command of the fleet destined for Vasco. In the third act the famous ship appears; Inês is in her hammock, Selika her slave at her feet. The obstinate Dom Pedro has chosen the slave Nelusko for pilot, in spite of his lieutenant's advice. All imagine that they are near the land of promise: Nelusko alone knows that he is leading them to death. At that moment a bark, coming from a Portuguese vessel, approaches, and a man leaps from it into the ship. It is Vasco: he has preceded the expedition in a ship armed at his own expense, and comes to tell Dom Pedro of his danger: one of his vessels is already gone down. Dom Pedro disbelieves him, and orders him to be tied to the mast and shot. In vain Inês and Selika..."
implore his pardon. Suddenly an awful cracking is heard: the ship is already on the breakers; a horde of Indians rush on deck, and kill all that come within their reach. Vasco and Inês are saved by Selika, in whom the savages recognize their queen. In the fourth act we are in India: Selika is re-established queen. Vasco is the only stranger that survives: Selika to save him has declared that he is her husband, which Nelsuk, in spite of his jealousy, confirms. The High-priest celebrates the marriage, and Vasco seems to forget Inês in the arms of the Africanine. In the fifth act Selika, after a short glimpse of happiness, perceives that Vasco still loves Inês, and, by a supreme effort, she determines to render him to her rival; she will go and sleep under the mortal manchinel tree. This last act is acknowledged to be a chef d'œuvre of genius, love, and melancholy. A manchinel tree stands in the middle of the stage, a fiery evening sky dies the rolling waves around with blue and crimson, accompanied with such music as no mortal ears ever heard before. The effect is electrical, and is encored with peals of enthusiasm, enough to make Meyerbeer himself leap in delight. I found it a little more than usual on this opera, but I thought you would like to know something of a work so much talked of. When, as usual, the author's name was asked, a bust of Meyerbeer, alas! could only reply.

There has been another great hit, one that has caused wonderful gossip in the dramatic world, it possessing two fathers, and neither consenting to own it. After its success, however, both claimed it, and a procès is pending. "Le supplice d'une femme" was first conceived by Monsieur de Girardin, who presented it to the Théâtre Français. After a reading it was pronounced "unrepresentable," there being many impossible positions, even for a French audience. Alexandre Dumas fils was present at the reading, and offered to render it representable, which M. Girardin accepted. He changed everything, leaving only the first idea, "Le supplice d'une femme" (a woman's torment) is her lover, by whom she had been seduced seven years ago, although she had the most perfect husband under the sun. She now fears and hates him, but is obliged to submit to him, or he will divulge her secret. The crisis at length arrives: she receives a letter from the lover, in which he tells her that her husband will soon know all; her only resource is to fly with him and her little girl, seven years of age, to whom he is godfather. The husband, far from suspecting anything, is as happy as husband can be, and enters the instant after the frail lady has read the letter. In a momentary paroxysm of despair she gives him the letter: then follow such scenes, that we are all, both men and women, obliged to wipe our eyes, in spite of ourselves. The piece was so changed that M. Girardin would not own it; on the other hand, Dumas would not, as the first idea was not his. In vain the public called for the author after the first representation: both remained silent in their box angry with each other. The success augments at every representation, and now both claim the orphan. Girardin sold the manuscripts to a publisher for 5,000 francs, and en grand seigneur sent the money as a present to the actress, Mlle. Favart; which Dumas hearing, immediately went to a printer, and ordered a thousand bills, in which he puts up for sale M. Girardin's house, saying that he promises to give the money it is sold for to Mlle. Therese or any other actress; so you see there is a pretty kettle of fish, which ought to end in a duel, or where will the fun be?

We have also been edified with another kind of procès, in which his Highness the Duke of Brunswick was defendant. His Highness has been conspicuous lately in the courts of justice, first as plaintiff, now as defendant; perhaps the first case, in exposing his numberless diamonds drew on him the second. It appears that in 1824, the Duke (being then twenty-two, rich and handsome, with a tender heart) was on a visit to England, and there fell in love with Lady Charlotte Colvile, a beautiful orphan of seventeen according to the plaintiff, but with plain Charlotte Musard, beauty of the neighbourhood of Drury-lane according to defendant. After enticing the fair damsel, by the promise of a Morgantic marriage, into Germany (where she held a kind of court in one of the Duke's palaces), a daughter was born to him, who was baptized with all the honour due to her rank as a legitimate child, and received the name of Wilhelmine, Countess of Collmar. A year after, mother and child were sent to England: the child was educated partly in that country and partly in France, at the Duke's expense. At sixteen she abjured Protestantism, after listening to a sermon of Père Lacordaire, who baptized her in the Roman faith, pompously displaying all the titles that would belong to her had her mother been her father's wife. A little while after she married the Count Civry. Her mother was married to an Indian officer, from whom she eloped with number three; and has since strayed to California with number no one can tell. Madame la Comtesse Civry then sued her father for support. The Duke pretends to have nothing to do with her, and asserts that French justice has no business with the affair. The judges are not of his opinion, but have not yet settled the question.

The public have been admitted to the Morny-gallerie at the Corps Legislatif. The collection of pictures is said to be all chef d'œuvres, and are estimated at a very high price.

Picture-sales seem to be quite the order of the day: those belonging to the Duchess de Berry, from one of her Italian palaces, did not realize as much as was expected.

De Morny is to have a statue erected at Deauville, the place that he himself created.

They say that Mr. Wladyslawski is to replace the Duke in his presidency: "chassé le naturel il revient au galop," says the malicious Gaul, when discussing the birth of the last and future president.
A little while ago Liszt, the pianist, was to be married; and Mournave, the danseuse, was to enter a convent. Now the danseuse is to be married, and Liszt is a priest. Is this the last attitude the public is to be favoured with? Fancy how Madame d'Agout must laugh when she hears Liszt's piety lauded "piety from his earliest youth!" but there are "avec le ciel des accommodements." Besides, are such peccadillos as running away with another man's wife worth noticing? Decidedly the great musician has a taste for second-hand goods. The Princess Witgenstein is also a married lady, but divorced. Numerous anecdotes are passed about of Liszt, who, for the last two years at least has been a devoted admirer of monks and priests, having taken up his abode in a convent near Rome. One day he entered an atelier of a known artist, and there he saw a magnificent monk, with a long beard, conversing with several persons present. Liszt immediately ran to him, seized his hand, and kissed it devoutly, to the astonishment of all—particularly of the monk, who was simply a model, sitting to the artist, and whom Liszt had taken for the general of the Jesuits.

The friends of M. Renan are very much distressed with the Marquis de Lorency-Charros, who, at a soiree given by the Count Sponnek in Athens, refused to shake hands with the author of the "Vie de Jésus." It seems when the Marquis was introduced to him, he changed countenance and exclaimed: "What I, the Marquis de Lorency, a Catholic and devoted son of the Roman church, press the hand that wrote so blasphemous a work?—never!"

Paris is very beautiful just now. The streets are lined with strangers, while the Parisians are gone or going. The sun is so lovely! I think I never saw so charming a spring. It is true we have had many thunder-storms, and in one a poor man was struck dead with lightning last week—a very rare occurrence here. The races continue very fashionable, and the toilets magnificent. At La Marche, the other day, there was quite a change in the scenes. No more long dresses for walking or out-door pastime; so ladies may cut at least a yard off theirs if they wish to be à la mode. Long trains are to remain exclusively for the theatre and soirées. Imagine what delight for those awful miserly husbands, who grudge a few yards of silk for sweeping the streets and people to walk on! I could see how their eyes glistened as they gazed and called one's attention to the fact. If they could but demolish the crinoline! Here and there an élégante du demi-monde, to attract attention, may be seen cageless; but the effort does not take, in spite of all one has to say on the subject. Lace cloaks and lace shawls are quite the rage, and the steel ornaments on every part of the costume render ladies dazzling to behold.

Her Majesty is playing the monarch during her august husband's absence, and is truly amusing; with her title of Regent, presiding at the council-board, &c., &c.; business, however, does not make her forget dancing, and every Monday there is a reception at the Palace.

The Emperor is reaping harvests of "Vive l'Empereur!" in Algiers. The Monitor can scarcely find words to express the enthusiasm with which he is received. He visited a convent and carefully trysts the other day: the Superior ordered a monk to show him the boiled vegetables, the only food allowed the brethren; "But," said the Superior, "our brothers are so used to prepare the dishes, that although pepper, salt, and water are the only savouries permitted, yet I assure your Majesty it is not bad." The Emperor smiled, and turning to the Bishop of Algiers (who accompanied him), "Have you tasted it?" said he. "Yes," replied Monseigneur, "once, and that was sufficient."

Several ladies have lately formed a committee, under the presidency of Madame Laboulaye (the wife of the great American admirer, Mr. E. Laboulaye, of the Institute, who proposed it), to collect as much money as they can for buying clothing to send out to the liberated slaves in America. Most of the ladies' names on the list are Protestants. Adieu for another month.

Yours truly,

S. A.

PS.—The swallows are back; so the world is again safe for another year.
Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

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composed farrago, and arrive at the conclusion that the doctor is a disappointed man, whose
grievance is not so much the condition of the Holy City, as the failure of his scheme for the
building of a safe harbour at Jaffa, and a railway thence to Jerusalem. His pamphlet is at
once a vehicle of abuse of Fuad Pasha—whose personal misfortunes he has the bad taste and
the supreme and silly arrogance to write of as the judgments of the Christian Allah, in con-
sequence of the non-concession of this railway scheme. "You are gone," he says of himself,
quoting a letter of a friend from Constantinople, "and the vengeance of God has manifested
itself. The day of your departure (Saturday, Dec. 10, 1864, by Lloyds' Steamer for Trieste),
a terrible fire broke out in the very bed-room of the grand vizier Fuad Pasha. He had hardly
time to save his life. The flames consumed his entire palace, with all the furniture, diamonds,
and decorations, and even the seal of the Empire, all became a prey to this terrible
element. What a lesson to the ungodly! The
sultan has offered him another palace, and
several millions to furnish it. But is it possible
to deceive the Eye-divine? I therefore con-
tinue my former address to this terrible man:
'Did I not tell thee already, one year ago, that
our Allah would bless thee, if thou wouldst grant
this railway concession, which I did solicit in
His name and in the most humble straightforward
and honest manner, which of course
involved the contrary by a refusal?"' If this be
not the language of fanaticism, we know not
what it is. Everywhere we find Dr. Zimpel
bearing testimony to the virility of his creat-
ity with a phrasialisch blowing of his own
trumpet, which he means to sound farther than
Marylebone. His appeal in favour of wresting
the "half savage province of Palestine" from
Turkish rule numbers 100,000 copies in different
languages, and multiplies by so many the
advertisements of his works; of which if the
beaten path before is to be avoided, the novel
specimen, 'The Arrival of Rebekah' (22), is
another praise-worthy picture, well composed
and delicately painted. "Windermere, looking
towards the Ferry Hotel, from Bisket, How
Bowness, Westmorland" (15), by Philip
Mitchell, is vigorously drawn. "The Arrival
of Rebekah" (22), is in Mr. H. Warren's best
manner; camels, on a long ridge of sand,
a shepherd with his flocks in the hollow, and a
crescent moon above. Mrs. Margett's "Green-
house Flowers" (24), show a marked progress
in this lady's style. Mr. J. C. Reed's "Conway
Valley, looking towards Corwen" (29), is a
charming picture, solidly painted, and full of
pictorial beauty. "Windsor Castle from Eton
College Meadows, moonlight" (35), John Chase,
is effective though sombre. "Caudeluc,
Normandy" (36), S. Prout: brown, crumbly,
and picturesque, affords precisely the materials
which this artist loves to deal. Conspicuous
amongst the figure-paintings are Mr. Tidy's
illustrations of Byron and Longfellow
(40) and (53), which, charming in other respects,
are certainly far from satisfying one's ideal of
feminine beauty. In the first of the face the
Greek lady is nauseous, in the other the gentle
savage is simply weak. H. C. Pidgeon takes us
to the coast: his "Peep into the "Cove, South
Devon" (50), is a lovely bit of sea-side scenery,
just a stretch of blue sea, an indented clift, and
the shelving sands beneath, on which we almost
hear the wash and ripple of the lazy summer
waves. Mr. W. Luson Thomas has crossed the
Channel to some purpose: his "Homeward
Bound Boulogne Sands" (59), and a companion-
picture on the other side, "St. Saviour's Evening,
Boulogne" (260), are full of freshness,
fidelity, and vigour. The same merry trio fill
both frames, and prove that the daughters of
St. Peter's have not deteriorated since we last saw
them crossing the sands, laden with baskets,
and nets, and such like coil, their day's work
ended, light-hearted, joyous, strong, as Mr.
Thomas shows them to us, or in lieu of the
evening's Ducause promenading the port, in all
the gay coquetry of their Sunday toilettes.
"In the Shade" (64), Geo. Shalders, a picture of
cattle and spreading trees, with a true feeling for
nature in its treatment; his fleeces in "Collecting
the Flock" (247), are wonderfully true. Louis
Haghe is great as usual in old Flemish interiors,
and the figures in buff jerkins, and medieval
armour, that in the hands of this artist specially
apt to them—drinking, fighting, royster-
ing, card-playing soldiers, or the equally use-
ful for pictorial purposes city "Night Watch." Mr.
Haghe has two pictures of which this
melodramatic 'force' forms the subject, "The
Night Watch—The Guard Station" (66), and

EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF
PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS,
FALL MALL.

A note-worthy exhibition, whether we regard
the brilliancy of the colouring, the pleasing
variety of the pictures, or the honest work in
the majority of them.

Absolon, McKewan, G. J. Rowbotham, and
J. W. Whympner, are the largest contributors
this year. The first artist has several figure-
pictures finished more carefully than usual, and
in his happiest style: "Our Wedding Tour" on
the first screen (319), and "Saundering" (429),
are pleasant illustrations of his cheerful colour-
ing and genial compositions. Since we have
begun with the first screen, we may as well
draw our reader's attention to Edmund G.
Warren's "Amid the New-mown Hay" (321),
and "In the Sweet Spring-time of the Year"
(323), two delicious transcripts from nature, fresh,
succulent and flowery. Edwin Hayes' "Dutch Boats near Dordt, evening" (321), is
another praise-worthy picture, well composed
and delicately painted. "Windermere, looking
towards the Ferry Hotel, from Bisket, How
Bowness, Westmorland" (15), by Philip
Mitchell, is vigorously drawn. "The Arrival
of Rebekah" (22), is in Mr. H. Warren's best
manner; camels, on a long ridge of sand,
a shepherd with his flocks in the hollow, and a
crescent moon above. Mrs. Margett's "Green-
house Flowers" (24), show a marked progress
in this lady's style. Mr. J. C. Reed's "Conway
Valley, looking towards Corwen" (29), is a
charming picture, solidly painted, and full of
pictorial beauty. "Windsor Castle from Eton
College Meadows, moonlight" (35), John Chase,
is effective though sombre. "Caudeluc,
Normandy" (36), S. Prout: brown, crumbly,
and picturesque, affords precisely the materials
which this artist loves to deal. Conspicuous
amongst the figure-paintings are Mr. Tidy's
illustrations of Byron and Longfellow
(40) and (53), which, charming in other respects,
are certainly far from satisfying one's ideal of
feminine beauty. In the first of the face the
Greek lady is nauseous, in the other the gentle
savage is simply weak. H. C. Pidgeon takes us
to the coast: his "Peep into the "Cove, South
Devon" (50), is a lovely bit of sea-side scenery,
just a stretch of blue sea, an indented clift, and
the shelving sands beneath, on which we almost
hear the wash and ripple of the lazy summer
waves. Mr. W. Luson Thomas has crossed the
Channel to some purpose: his "Homeward
Bound Boulogne Sands" (59), and a companion-
picture on the other side, "St. Saviour's Evening,
Boulogne" (260), are full of freshness,
fidelity, and vigour. The same merry trio fill
both frames, and prove that the daughters of
St. Peter's have not deteriorated since we last saw
them crossing the sands, laden with baskets,
and nets, and such like coil, their day's work
ended, light-hearted, joyous, strong, as Mr.
Thomas shows them to us, or in lieu of the
evening's Ducause promenading the port, in all
the gay coquetry of their Sunday toilettes.
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Night Watch—The Guard Station" (66), and

[Poems by M. Barr in our next.]
"The Night Watch—Caught at Last" (73), the effect of the lantern-light on the faces, dress, and weapons of the figures is very cleverly managed, and reminds us of the admirable use of the old Dutch masters made of this almost obsolete domestic implement, of which so many instances occur in the paintings of Belgium and Holland. Carl Werner's "Monk napping" (71), is no marvel, such a monk must needs gravitate to sleep by the weight of his own obesity: "A Monk reading the Scriptures" (244), with the white-robed monks in the choir, and the attendant acolyte at the foot of the reading-desk, a carefully thought out, and painted picture—contrast the face of the reader with that of the "Napping Monk" in (71), and mark the management of the light upon his vestments, and the gilding about the reading-desk. "The Woods, Horningsham, Wilts" (77): Mr. Wm. Bennett is always at home in woods; his fresh leafy trees are delicious, but the picture wants atmosphere: to make amends for it, he gives us another taste of his quality in the "Oriston" if we remember the name aright (166). "One Rock amid the Weltering Floods" near Torquay, a solitary rock with an angry sea breaking upon and over it. (57), "Mountain Pasture, morning." D. H. McKewan, only cottage with cattle, a group of trees, and the cloudless sky. Morning closes swiftly: a sweet picture full of truth, and perceptiveness: we feel the keen morning air as we gaze upon it. Mr. Henry Warren's "Rescued Slave" (76), a great sand wave in the desert with a solitary camel in actual motion, the grotesque quadruped, his dusky riders, and the yellow light which flares the picture, render it startling in its weird singularity. Mr. James Fahey's "Watermouth near Ilfracombe, Devon, the seat of David Bassett, Esq.; Berry Nabor Church in the distance" (97), show that the lines have fallen to this latter gentleman in a pleasant place; one of those fertile valleys full of cream material and apple-blossoms, the specialties of that fair western county: it is a pleasant picture nicely treated. "Netley Abbey Interior, looking towards the East" (129), Benj. R. Green: the artist has done justice to the light architecture of this elegant ruin, which the very foliage seems to trim and wreath delicately, and has transferred the trefoil east window, with all its air grace, to his canvas. Aron Penley's "Wastewater with Middle Fell, &c. &c." (172), is a picture worthy of the artist. "Evening near Addlestone, Surrey" (191), James Fahey, is a charming study of English scenery. "Morning" (199), John Absolon, another sweet bit feelingly treated. "George Fox, preaching in a tavern at Leicestershire" (201), E. H. Wolfert: a fine subject expressively treated: the power of the preacher is shown in the attitudes and expressions of the audience. Mark the countenance of the man in the steeple-hat, and that of the woman with the babe, in her duffle cloak: the old man leaning forward on the table is almost penetrated, and the broad-shouldered bold-looking fellow opposite, with his brawny arms folded on his breast, will yield presently. We like not the figure of the hysterical girl on the ground, nor does the face of Fox himself satisfy us; but the picture is thoughtfully painted, and has honest work in it. "Scheeling Beach, with fishing-boats returning from sea" (205). Edwin Hayes: full of motion and activity: the choppy seas running in along-shore to the busy fish-wives congregated on the beach, anxious to purchase or see what sort of luck the fishers have had. "A quiet pool, near Haslemere" (219): affecting the gazer with its reality, few things can be more simple and more true to nature. J. W. Whymper is certainly one of the most earnest and, as he deserves to be, successful landscape painters. E. G. Warren, in illustrating two lines of Thomson's Seasons, "Crowned with the sack," &c. (241), has produced the most wonderfully real corn-field; the stubble is absolutely stiff, uncompromising stubble, with little garlands of buck-wheat and wild convolvuluses interlacing it; while the uncut portion of the field, with its drooping heads heavy for harvest, has taken the very tint of golden brown the reaper loves, and is beautifully thrown out by the wood in the background; the reclining figure of the girl amongst the sheaves on the field adds just the amount of necessary colour in the bright line of her rustic dress, and Rhododendrons and Peonies (242). Mrs. Duffield is not so much remarkable for the flowers from which it is named as for the exquisite effort of imitation in the bunch of flower-de-lis, the texture of which is that of the flower itself. The pink-tipped azalais, with their yellow freckled petals are very nicely rendered. "Farm by the Sea, South Devon" (257). H. C. Pidgeon: a sweet bit of South Devon landscape, and of a quality to make one commit a two-fold breach of the tenth commandment, and envy both the farmer and the artist. "And he'll come and see me in spite of them a"" (266), H. Tidy: a daughter of the people, with a charmingly natural face; but rather too child-like, we think, to illustrate the above line; and the more so that there is nothing like preciosity in its expression. "Stronghold on the Coast of Pembroke-shire" (276), R. K. Penson, looks like a prolongation of the rock itself, the solidity and structure of which is painted with extraordinary fidelity; the yellow stone-crop glittering on the great masses of rock tells us the time of year, and a flock of sea-birds disport themselves beneath the cliff.

Wherever fern grows and beech-trees spread their branches, Messrs. E. G. Warren, McKean, Whymper, Chace, Bennett, and a host of other poets in pigments will surely find their way, and Knowle Park and its sylvan beauties have thus a few more visitors of this and the old water-colour gallery. Yet the beeches are as freshly beautiful as ever—witness Mr. McKean's "In Knowle Park" (285). Of quite another character is the next picture we have noted—"Simpon Canton Valais, Switzerland" (394), by the same artist: a picture rich in beauty, whether as regards colour, detail, or composition.
Amusements of the Month.

HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.

It was our privilege to be present at the opening of Her Majesty’s Theatre; though too late in the month for notice in our last number. And memory could not but be busy on such an occasion; for the old house must ever be dear to genuine lovers of the lyrical drama, associated as its walls are with the triumphs of genius, and the exaltation of art. And though it may be that a thorough of pleasant recollections softens the heart, and inclines us for enjoyment—on the other hand comparisons, which as in our case can range over nearly thirty years, are apt to make the critic slow of judgment or at least fastidious. Especially, too, should there be weighed in the balance the force of early impressions, indented less, perhaps, by critical acumen than by emotional sympathy; yet, nevertheless, life enduring. In the first place, Mr. Mapleson has earned the thanks of the public for the indefatigable manner in which he has provided for their comfort. Many boxes have been removed to make room for what are called box-seats, while other boxes have been enlarged, the result being greater airiness, not only in appearance but sensation; while the draperies look fresh and bright to a degree we have never observed since the early days of the yellow hangings. The light from the chandelier and candlabra is brilliant, but not painfully dazzling, and we have heard that some special precautions are taken with regard to the footlights, so that it is impossible for the dress of songstress or dancer to come into contact with them. In fact the effect of the house is inspiring, and crowded as it was on the opening night, and with more than a fair sprinkling of beauty and fashion, one could not but be conscious of

a certain thoroughness and completeness in the arrangements which had their special charm. The opera was Bellini’s “Sonnambula,” a work almost matchless as a test-piece for a young debuteante. It is almost what “Romeo and Juliet” is to aspiring tragedians. She who can sing the music of Amina and act the character to the satisfaction of a cultivated audience is little likely to fail in anything which manager or the public may require from her. Miss Laura Harris was the new prima donna announced for the part, and though there had been no very special heralding of her talents, it was sufficiently well understood that she was a young American from the New York Academy, who, during the last few months had created quite a furor in the United States. Remembering the Aminas of long ago—Malibran, Grisi, Jenny Lind—it was with no common interest we awaited the scene of the bretrothal, which brings the lovers on the stage. We almost started at the childlike figure which entered on the scene, to take, as we knew, the most prominent part in the opera, and something very like compassion came over us as we noticed her extreme nervousness and trepidation. But a certain kind of timidity is so allied to sensibility, and sensibility is so bound up with the true artist’s being, that though literally she seemed ready to sink from her shy fright, and certainly could not throughout the scene stand still one moment, it would have been unfair to pass judgment hurriedly. Evidently she had not the full command of her voice at first, and yet she sang truly—a proof how firmly rooted in her the organ had been cultivated; indeed, we doubt if there have been more than a very few instances of so young a singer having been so highly trained, and so judiciously taught; for Miss Louise

“Gave them charge about the Queen,
To guard and foster her for evermore.”

C. A. W.
Harris does not look more than sixteen, and cannot, we are sure, be more than a year or two older. We hope, indeed, that her voice has not been over tried, and venture to think that a certain thinness perceptible in some parts of the scale will gain volume with another year or two of age. Her voice—a high soprano—has great compass, and when executing the most brilliant arpeggios or foriture, with rapidity and quite delicious precision, she sang with that apparent facility which adds an indescribable charm. However nervous she might be, never for a moment did the listener feel that there was any strain or difficulty in her vocalization; and so certainly did she gain ground as she proceeded, that, long before the opera was over, the audience had evidently confidence in the young débutante, whom they watched with increasing interest. The "Come per me sereno" showed that it was no ordinary singer appealing for their suffrages. The bed-chamber scene still further established her claims; so that, indeed, though the last act exceeded all expectation with regard to brilliancy and limpid clearness of vocalization, the audience were prepared for a triumph in the glorious melody of the finale. But it is time now to say a few words of Miss Laura Harris as an actress. Our delicate opinion is that she has the requisites to be a great one. When she feels secure of the public favour—as surely she will do in a little time—we trust she will attain that confidence which will make her mistress of all her resources. With just confidence will come ease instead of restlessness—and her intuitions are evidently of such a nature that she may safely give reins to the passion of the character. In the bed-chamber scene, the manner in which the one word "Elvino" came forth was something more in art than the delivery of musical notes, and if she had an Elvino who would act up to her acting of the "ring scene" as well as sing the music, veteran opera-goers would probably find themselves reminded of Malibran, the darling of their youth. As Malibran acted the ring-scene even men found their eyes swimming, and tender-hearted people turned their heads away as if unable to bear the life-like agony. We could fancy Miss Harris achieving a similar triumph; but certainly Signor Carrion, though a trained and accomplished tenor, is the coldest Elvino we ever beheld. And moreover he looks too old for the part. A few words of cordial praise are due to Mademoiselle Redi, another débutante who supported the rather thankless part of Liso. She has a fine voice, and a goodly presence, and is altogether an acquisition to the company. Mr. Santley was the Count, and not only sang the music delightfully but looked and moved the gentleman to the life: and the choruses throughout the opera were the fullest and most efficient we ever remember. Signor Arditi deserves full recognition also of his services as conductor; to hear such an orchestra treat. More recently Mdlle. Titiens has delighted her audience in some of her favourite characters, and the first appearance of Mdlle. Ilma de Muraska has proved an important epoch of the season. Indeed Mr. Mapleson has been wondrously fortunate in his débutantes, or to speak more correctly, has proved his judgment and thorough comprehension of all that his critical and fastidious audience demand at his hands. *Lucio di Lammermoor* was the character chosen, and in it Mdlle. de Muraska has proved herself a singer of high quality, and an actress of great and original power. Rarely has Donizetti's rendering of Scott's pathetic story had such justice done to it, while the acting of *Lucia's* madness, intense in its delineation of the heart-broken distraught maiden, and full of striking original traits, never overstepped the line where truth to nature ceases. Mr. Santley was an admirable Enrico, indeed this great English baritone is becoming a fine actor. The new tenor M. Joulain, sustained the part of Edgardo; but as he pleaded indisposition, it would be unfair to judge of his powers. We understand that Miss Harris will shortly appear in Donizetti's "Fuglia del Regimento," when she will come into forceful contrast with the Lind's impersonation of "Maria," but we have little fear for the result. Altogether the season at Her Majesty's Theatre promises to be unusually brilliant.

C. C.

The newest production is the play, at the Haymarket, called "Brother Sam." In this piece the plot of which is real, and not means new, Sam Slingby (Mr. Sothorn) is a swell, with good qualities and an empty pocket. His uncle, Rumbelow (Mr. Buckstone), exhorts him to marry, and indeed will only continue the supplies on that condition. Sam writes that he is married, and is blessed with a charming wife and baby. Rumbelow thereon suddenly announces his intention of visiting his nephew, who in desperation applies to his friend Trimbush (Mr. Compton) for the use of his house during the visit, and asks Mrs. Trimbush (Miss Snowden) to enact the part of his wife. She, being a termagent, refuses vehemently; but her sister, Alice (Miss Nelly Moore), consents. The uncle arrives and all goes well, when, as Sam is shewing the baby borrowed from Mrs. Trimbush to his uncle, that lady rushes in and carries it off. Sam ultimately makes violent love to her, thus deepening the plot. How Trimbush is astonished; how the uncle is more so; how Mrs. Trimbush discloses the whole; and how the attachment which has sprung up between Alice and Sam is made to end the piece happily, we leave our readers to see for themselves. The acting of all concerned is of the best kind, and exhibits the various characteristics of the actors to a high degree. The piece will doubtless have a successful run.

W. R.
A CRAPED NECK-TIE.

Materials.—Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 60, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby; a pair of bone knitting pins, No. 12; two lumps of sugar dissolved in half a pint of hot water, and let remain till cold; two chenille tassels.

This is one of the prettiest articles for a necktie that can be made; having, when finished, all the appearance of soft white crêpe, and may be adopted either in mourning or out, by adding either black, coloured, or white tassels.

Cast on the pin 460 stitches, and knit in plain garter-stitch till it is five nails wide; then cast off, but not too tight; then sew a strip of calico on to each side, but only so that it can be easily untacked. If the work is at all soiled, wash it with white curb soap and water; then rinse it perfectly, and squeeze it in a cloth very dry; after that dip it in the sugar and water, squeeze it slightly, and lay it out on a doubled sheet to dry; afterwards take off the calico, sew it up, and add the tassels. The washing and rinsing in sugar and water will always give it the appearance of being new.

INFANT'S CROCHET BOOT.

Materials (for one pair):—Eight skeins of white single Berlin wool, four skeins of black, and two skeins of red.

The elegance and grace of this little boot amply repay for the trouble of making it. Round the ankle it is very light, being worked in open crochet. The whole of the boot is made in close double crochet, always worked on the right side, so that the wool must be cut at the end of every row. Make a chain of 9 stitches with white wool, and work 2 rows with the same number of stitches; in the 3rd row begin to increase by working 3 stitches in the middle stitch; continue to increase in the centre stitch of every row; in the 4th row work the 3 middle stitches in red, for which take a piece of red wool 4 yards 12 inches long, and begin in the middle of it, leaving the ends to hang down on each side, to go on with the small red border in the middle of the black; in the 5th row the 3 middle stitches are white, with 1 red stitch on each side, and the rest black. The same arrangement of colours is to be continued in the following row. There must always be the same number of black stitches, with 1 red stitch on each side; the white part alone increases. When you have worked 10 rows with white, work 4 rows, missing in each 1 stitch on each side, but you must also bring the red stitches nearer, so that the number of black stitches remains the same. At the 13th row, with white, divide the two parts round the foot, working on each side, and leaving the middle stitch free. Work on each side in the following manner, beginning in the middle: 1st row, 10 white stitches, 1 red, 5 black. 2nd, 9 white, 1 red, 5 black. 3rd, 8 white, 1 red, 5 black (from this place do not miss anymore stitches at the ends), 4th, 8 more white, 1 red, 5 black. 5th, 9 red, 5 black; work 8 more rows entirely black, without increasing or decreasing. Complete the opposite side in the same manner, and sew the edges together. The sole is worked with white wool, backwards and forwards, very tightly, and always inserting the needle through both parts of the stitches. Begin at the point of the foot, make a chain of 8 stitches, and work 3 rows with the same number; then increase 1 stitch at the end of each row until you have 13 stitches; afterwards work 14 rows without increasing, and then decrease in the same proportion, until you have only 8 stitches left; after working 2 rows with 8 stitches, increase to 11 stitches, work 6 rows with that number, and decrease again to 7 stitches. The sole is then completed. Join it to the boot by a seam. The trimming at the top is worked on a foundation of open crochet in white. Round the top of the shoe, work 1 row of double crochet and 4 of treble open crochet. In the upper chain of the 3 last rows work a fringe as follows: Draw a loop through the first stitch, pull it out to half an inch above the work, draw a second loop, and keep both on the needle, repeat the same in each stitch; afterwards join all the loops together by a row of chain stitches, work 1 chain in each loop, and 2 between each. The chain stitches in the first and third rows must be worked in red, those of the second in black. The top of the shoe is finished off with a stitch of double crochet into each long stitch, with 3 chain between each in black. A plaited string in red and black wool is run through the first row of open crochet, and two small rosettes in red wool, ornamented with pearl buttons, are added on the front of the shoe.
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress composed of a black silk skirt, having round the bottom a band of green silk. Body à la pensionnaire. The sleeves are cut with elbows, and are slit up and rounded at the end, which is bordered by a double fluting. Silk waist-band bordered with steel beads. The black skirt is cut in wide dents at the bottom, and bordered with a double fluting.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of light Havanna coloured pou de soie. A Milanese-body, composed of an under body of striped pou de soie, round at the waist, over which, in front and behind, is a Milanese corsage made of plain Havanna pou de soie, forming a square pastron or breast piece, without seams under the arm. Elbowed sleeves. Fanchon bonnet made of crinoline: a mauve crepe-puffing two inches wide runs round the front. Behind, over the hair, a steel fringe, a mauve crepe-puffing, and branches of white lilac. Inside, lilac and crepe-puffing; white tulle puffing down the sides.

White muslin robes are again in favour, and are often accompanied with a ceinture corset of a bright tint. Coloured muslins are if possible prettier than ever; some have appeared with a cordon of flowers at the bottom, or with groups of them disposed in the most graceful ways. Sleeves are worn nearly tight—and black and white collars and wristbands, either of linen or piqué, remain in favour. Round waists prevail; but corsages are still cut with basques. I beg to inform your readers that we are about to return to les coiffures élevée sur le sommet de la tête. Not the style of 1830, when the hair was placed as high as possible in large coques, which gave the wearer an aspect more or less comic—a style, however, which Etty delighted to portray; but the genre which Leroy coiffeur to l’Impératrice has adopted, and one which our classic beauties will only be too happy to adopt. Indeed, there are few to whom the high-dressed head does not give a charm of dignity or grace. Do not believe, however, the hair dressed low is out of vogue: far from it. It will be so worn as long as the chapeaux fanchons are in fashion, to which it is indispensable to receive the tulle veil, or spray of flowers that are disposed en cache-peigne. Indeed coiffures relevées continue to be worn in preference for evening or morning toilets intérieur, or almost always except with the empire bonnet, which is not a favourite. The models of this genre are garnished at the side with a very thicket of field flowers, and have a little bias of taffety adjusted in the form of a curtain, or very often a bouillonée of tulle, with loops of ribbon, No. 4, posed à chenal behind. The chapeaux coiffettes have no crown: these are worn a little more perched on the summit of the head than the fanchon-shape bonnets; where, with their bright colours and light ornaments, they resemble gigantic butterflies with trailing wings. The little round hats are charming in form, and as becoming as they are convenient. We especially admire those of Leghorn, accompanied with a veil of green gauze, which makes a charming addition to a toilette de voyage.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY accepted, with thanks.—“Good Friday;”
“Stanzas;” “Sisters;” “The O’erwrought Brain;”
“A Sketch from Real Life” in our next.

DECLINED, with thanks. — “Julia;” “Hopes;”
“To a Branch of May;” “An Idyll;” “To a Vernal Shower;” “What though I shun thee.”

PROSE. — “The Estrangement” (The author is thanked for the offer of this article, which is herewith returned); “Moses” (The author shall hear from us in a day or two).

Paris.—It would be well to ascertain the weight of letter before posting it. It has again been surcharged, which is rather a pity in these days of cheap postage.

MANUSCRIPTS returned.—To C.M., Cork; to E.D., Chichester; M. B.E.; Ipswich, Darlington, Conway, and Dublin; —— Norberton.

All MSS. will be returned on the receipt of stamps for the purpose.

“*” Books, Music, &c., for notice or review, must be forwarded by the 10th of the month, to appear in the following number.
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THE COMMONER’S DAUGHTER.

By the Author of “A Few out of Thousands.”

I anticipated a severe lecture at breakfast, but to my relief, for I longed to forget the whole affair, Mr. Castlebrook took not the slightest notice of the events of last night. Probably he was absorbed in his own vexations. His overcast countenance and frequent reference to a small red book, in which I knew bets were registered, bespoke considerable uneasiness. It was a late, or rather early hour that morning, when he returned home; but he was down as usual to a ten o’clock breakfast. He told me as he rose from the table, that I might inform Lady Laura he should be home by four o’clock, to drive her down to Richmond, a party having been made up a week previously to dine there.

I sat still some minutes after his departure, wondering if I should dare enter Lady Laura’s presence. Then I pursued my own avocations till her hour for rising, when I went to her room, and, knocking at the door, heard in answer a sulky “come in.”

Lady Laura gave nothing but black looks and short answers. I delivered my father’s message, and at four o’clock they started on their pleasure jaunt.

When they were gone, as luncheon served for my dinner when there was no party, I had the evening before me to reflect if I pleased, and to form resolutions for the future; but just as I commenced my task of self-examination, Mrs. Martin, putting her head in at the door, told me that Madame Friponne’s forewoman had arrived with my court dress, to be tried on. This was somewhat of an event, and might ward off painful thoughts; so up-stairs I went.

The dress fitted admirably, and as I gazed in Lady Laura’s cheval-glass I scarcely knew the gay vision I saw reflected there. I was just taking off the pink train, and helping the girl to fold it, when Mrs. Martin re-appeared. I was standing, robed in the rich white satin petti-coat and bodice, which of itself formed a sufficiently becoming dress.

“Oh, Miss Castlebrook, how beautiful you do look! But I must trouble you. Two persons want Mr. Castlebrook, and when I said he was not at home, they insisted on seeing you. I think,” lowering her voice, “it is some one for money.” Mrs. Martin was not ignorant of some of our household secrets. “You had best come I think, Miss.”

“But I have to dress, Mrs. Martin.”

“Just throw my lady’s opera-shawl over you, Miss Castlebrook. They will think you are dressed to go out, and will go the sooner. One seems quite like a gentleman; but I know they are some of master’s creditors by this card.” She displayed it as she spoke: “Messrs. Gray and Rugget, jewellers,” being inscribed thereon.

“I wish,” I said, “Messrs. Gray and Rugget had timed their visit better. It is very late to come on business. Shall I not have time to take off this finery, Mrs. Martin?”

“They seem in a terrible hurry, Miss. Do come!” Thus urged, I did as Mrs. Martin advised, and, throwing one of Lady Laura’s cashmeres on my shoulders, I descended to my unwelcome visitors.

“They are at present in the housekeeper’s room, Miss,” said Martin, as I went downstairs. “Show them into the library,” I said; for I was not ambitious to enter the servants’ territories in my splendid costume. “I will wait here till I hear them go in, Mrs. Martin.”

The housekeeper bustled away, and when I heard the door close I went down, and, entering the library, found myself in the presence of Messrs. Gray and Rugget. They were certainly remarkable-looking men. One was tall, broadly made, with a countenance whose every lineament spoke of coarse sensuality and bluster- ing tyranny. I shuddered as I looked. If my father were really in this man’s power! I had entered with little noise, and was not at first observed. As I rapidly surveyed them, the other person (for I knew not which was Mr. Gray or which Mr. Rugget) turned round from a picture which he had been examining, and I mentally exclaimed, “This must be Mrs. Martin’s “gentleman.”

Externally, he was certainly quite what is vulgarly understood by the word “gentleman.” Had I not known him to be a trader I should have decided him to be a man of high rank.
There was the commanding manner, bespeaking habitual superiority, an affable dignity, perfectly self-conscious, yet the reverse of full-blown importance; and, spite of a tendency to be extremely corpulent, a person still remarkable for attractions, though decidedly middle-aged: in short, he was what Martin would have called a "fine man." To counterbalance these favourable appearances, his face bore unmistakable evidences of inveterate self-indulgence, and the mouth particularly indicated a degree of selfishness, which must be, I thought, of the hardest cruellest kind. These impressions were of course instantaneous, though they take long to describe. Grave and ceremonious bows from both these persons, recalled me from my commentaries.

They seemed as much embarrassed as I was. I waited for them to explain the object of their visit, and my face must have expressed impatience; for, one looking at the other, the "gentleman" said "Rugget, will you explain?"

Being thus made competent to distinguish them I addressed the speaker as "Mr. Gray I presume?" and, receiving an assenting bow, I went on: "Mr. Castlebrook is from home, and your urgent message induced me to attend on you; but I am busy—and—in short, will you be so good as to say how I can further your business?"

Mr. Rugget prepared to do this in a very loud, coarse voice.

"The fact is, Miss Castlebrook—I suppose you are Miss Castlebrook?"—

A bow.

"Mr. Castlebrook's own daughter?"

"His only daughter also, sir."

"Very well—then as we (hem!) cannot see your papa, perhaps you will deliver a message. Just say, if you please, that, having heavy accounts to make up, Messrs. Gray and Rugget must insist on some part, if not the whole, of their account being paid, and—"

"Gently, gently, Rugget" (from his partner), "Miss Castlebrook turns pale. My good fellow, you are so noisy. Madam, Rugget is an excellent man of business—with men that is—he certainly would alarm any young lady. The truth is, madam, we want money: yes, that is decided truth, is it not? I may positively assert that, eh, Rugget?"

"Decidedly. Your—that is, Mr. Gray, money is terribly scarce just now."

"I can never recollect its being plentiful," answered his partner, who had gradually edged his chair to within a few inches of mine.

"But we are delaying this young lady," he said. "You are going out doubtless; yet, by-the-bye, I thought you were not as yet in society"—an extraordinary remark for a creditor. I rose up.

"May I ask you to give me your message to Mr. Castlebrook? and at the same time I must tell you that I fear he will have to intreat indulgence for some little time."

This was a lesson I knew quite well by heart now. Stereotyped on my brain, it was the only form in which I knew how to put my father's invariable "Tell them to wait, or call again."

"Do you remember, Rugget, the expression of Guido's Beatrice Cenci?" said Mr. Gray, who during my speech had done me the favour to fix his eyes intently on my face.

"Yes, I do, you—"

"Has not Miss Castlebrook exactly," hastily interrupted my father's creditor, "the same look of angelic innocence as the Guido?"

I did not feel disposed to submit to such coolly impertinent criticism.

"Pardon me, gentlemen. My likeness to a picture is not the subject now under discussion. I am anxious to know what I am to say to Mr. Castlebrook."

"Say?" chimed in Mr. Rugget, "say that Mr. Gray and myself will wait no longer than this day week; and if our claim is not then satisfied, why—"

"Nay, nay, nay, Rugget; I shall permit no such harshness. Say, beautiful Miss Castlebrook, that though Mr. Rugget be peremptory, Mr. Gray is willing to listen to the intercession of so lovely and graceful a pleader."

He had, during this speech, brought his chair in such close contact with mine that I rose and pushed my seat back, with no small degree of scorn at such familiarity. To my utter astonishment, my hand was seized and fervently pressed. I snatched it haughtily away.

"You will please to excuse me, gentlemen. I have I believe heard all there is to say."

I rang the bell so vehemently that the servant whose duty it was to answer almost rushed into the room breathless with haste.

"Show these [I hesitated at the word] gentlemen out."

"I have still something more to say," from Mr. Gray.

"May I request you will say it to Mr. Castlebrook himself on another occasion."

Mr. Rugget was about to interpose, when Mr. Gray (after all, however strangely importunate, and with all his offensive flattery, his manners were decidedly those of a man of high breeding) laid his hand on his coadjutor's arm, and, saying in a voice of command, "Enough—silence," that person instantly restrained his speech. Then Mr. Gray, with a reverential and elaborate but elegant bow, made his exit like a courtier leaving the presence of a queen; Mr. Rugget, following his example in a more uncouth fashion. As they went through the hall I quitted the library, and possessing a most acute sense of hearing, I heard Mr. Gray say to his partner:

"By Heavens, lovelier than all report! She'll do, Mac! I must—"

"Hush—and if—"

I lost the rest; but what they meant, and the strange conduct of Mr. Gray caused me much meditation for some hours.

CHAP. XXII.

At breakfast next morning I told my father of the visit and demands of Messrs. Gray and
Rugget, omitting only those details which had personally offended myself. His surprise and anger were unbounded.

"Hang the fellows!" he said. "Why two months ago I paid them a hundred and fifty pounds, and gave them a bill for the rest of the money at six months. How dare they come here!"

"They were very inopportune—at least Mr. Rugget was; Mr. Gray was more polite."

"I shall call and ask what it means: I can guess, though," muttering to himself—"they are just now hand and glove with the—yes, that's it. In that case I shall take no notice of the fellows."

He began to whistle as he concluded this side soliloquy—always a sure sign that Mr. Castlebrook was in a rage. For my own part, having taken up the newspaper which my father had just put down, I became so interested in a piece of news therein, which I found among the names inscribed for promotion, that the memory of Mr. Gray and of his bullying partner faded quite out of my mind. The line which attracted me consisted of but few words. It occurred among the promotions: "Vincent Tarragon, Captain in His Majesty's Life Guards, Colonel vice Arthur Debenham deceased."

And whence, I wondered, the flutter and tremble which that name excited! It was not astonishing that Captain Tarragon had received his promotion: he had confidently expected it. And now I supposed he would shortly join his regiment.

In the course of the morning Colonel Tarra-

The Commoner's Daughter.

stood earnestly regarding her, 'Et tu, Brute!' she quitted the room.

There was an awkward silence for some minutes. Vincent sat down, and running his hand through his hair—a masculine fashion in which, when annoyed, I had observed he frequently indulged—he said, partly to himself, "I am but a monster, truly, after all. Pshaw! so fine a woman as Laura may well love adulation, and to wield the power derived from beauty—but no, I will not credit the slander. Detrac-

tion as surely follows in the train of a pretty woman as do lovers. Miss Castlebrook, I have longed to see you, and alone. Am I forgiven for having the other night been the luckless cause of words so insulting to you? For myself, I know my sister loves me, and I am too well accustomed to her temper to care for its vio-

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Tarragon, I did not require you to say so much. I do not wish to complain; and now let me congratulate you on your promotion; may you be a general one day."

"And you a duchess!"

I bit my lip: "Sir, believe me I could see rank and wealth go by me, content if only I could recede a heart true to itself and— me!"

"A fine sentiment, only that you give it utterance"—

He paused.

"Pray go on."

"No I will not; for, in my day-dreams of a perfect entire chrysolite, you, Isabella Castlebrook, have shone with a light I would fain think not a borrowed one, and—"

I became irritated: "Colonel Tarragon, among what class of women can your life have been spent, that you believe hypocrisy and want of candour a part of every feminine character?"

"Oh, Isabella! if you wish me to define the women of society, of our own rank in life in short, I dare not tell you that I think of them; and—and, so, belle niche, adieu."

"Good-bye; I am very glad you have grace enough to decline the answer."

"To-morrow I shall see you at the Drawing-room. I shall go to the Levee to-day; I must go now and dress, and by the Regent's reception I shall judge how deeply I have offended—I fear it's my most unoffending."

He shook hands as he went out. I believed that Colonel Tarragon, however he deprecated the possession of a heart, really had one, for it always seemed in his hand. You would have trusted your life with the man, whose manner of giving our common English salutation expressed so much warmth of feeling.

Certainly I was in some trepidation when, next day, I attired myself for the long-talked-of ceremony. Martin dressed Lady Laura, and as the hairdresser was to attend on us both, I was suffered to be in peace. Although I was not dissatisfied with my own appearance, Lady Laura was a blaze of beauty and magnificence. "She need little fear me or anyone else," was my mental observation; and certainly she looked queen-like in her full, radiant charms. Our progress was very slow through the streets, for the carriages thronged the roads and the parks so greatly, that the horses could do little more than walk. We were accompanied by Lady Laura's brothers, and even with their aid were terribly crushed and inconvenienced in our way to the presence-chamber. The carriage of the Princess Charlotte had preceded ours but a few moments, and the mob to view and cheer her had been so dense, that we were detained a long time before we could get up. I trembled as I followed close after Lady Laura, whose commanding figure and magnificent dress created a murmur of admiration around. We were hurried on till, in considerable disorder, we reached the scene of the ceremonial; and, scarce knowing where I was, or what I was doing, I became at last conscious of pressing my lips to a lean and withered hand; and, striving to collect myself, I raised my eyes, which fell on a very plain, aged woman, decked profusely in precious stones, which served only to make her age and ugliness still more conspicuous—a young lady, frank-faced, and plump in person, about my own age, who stood at the Queen's left hand, and a portly gentleman who occupied the position at her Majesty's right hand, and in whom, as I glanced up, while again performing the customary ceremony, I recognized, unmistakably recognized, Mr. Gray the jeweller! I stifled the exclamation which rose to my lips, and a slight pressure of the fingers betokened the Regent's relief that I did not yield to my impulse. Then I was marshalled away, and moving on in a circle, we regained our carriage, in which I leaned back, my head aching, my vision swimming, as I strove to recall my wandering thoughts.

For a rarity, we had only a family party on this day: Lord Tarragon, his brother, Lady Laura, Mr. Castlebrook, and myself. In the evening we were to attend a entertainment, for which occasion my step-mother could not, with all her malice, exclude me. It is true she had endeavoured to dissuade my father from it, but vainly. When Mr. Castlebrook came home, which he did very late, he brought with him Lord Dornington, who, however, was now so frequently a visitor, that I scarcely regarded him as a stranger. This good-natured, portly old nobleman generally sought me out, and detailed in my ear his collection of gossip and compliments, to which I listened as patiently as I could, in consideration for his age and respectability. To day he was in himself an entire Court Calendar—a kind of chronique scandaleuse—certainly diverting, though pitiable enough for a man of sixty. He asked me who I saw at the drawing-room, and if I had answered faithfully, the intelligence might have made a strange page in that diary, which he said he kept to note down curious events. "The Princess of Wales did not go to the drawing-room, and Princess Charlotte did—she was compelled. And, above all, what did I think of the Regent?"

"Mr. Gray," I said, absently.

"My dear young lady, I am speaking of the Prince, the cynosure of every female eye. Did you not admire him? A perfect model of a gentleman. Who then is Mr. Gray?"

"Oh, a nobody. Sir," to my father—" do you not think the person who called here the other day (I mean Mr. Gray) was very like his Royal Highness?"

The allusion annoyed Mr. Castlebrook, who was disputing with his brother-in-law, the Viscount, about the merits of a certain horse (Lord Tarragon's property), and he answered me wapishly: "You must be mad or very blind. Gray is a little, short, thin man. The Prince is large, and, though not tall, decidedly not a little man."

So then I was satisfied that I was not mistaken.

The dinner was tediously long—long, even though Vincent Tarragon jested, and told mi-
racious histories of all the celebrities whom, owing to what Lady Laura, with much scorn, termed my mauvais hone, I did not see.

"I protest Mr. Castlebrook," she said; "your daughter made me perfectly ashamed. When His Royal Highness held his hand to be kissed, Miss Castlebrook stared at the Regent, as if she had met with some newly-imported monster!"

"I subscribe to the monster!" said Colonel Tarragon; "but methinks we were better exported!"

"Vincent, for shame! after the condescension and positive friendliness with which you were received at the Levee."

"Nay, my dear Laura, you told me plainly enough it was not for my own merits, but—"

"There, none of your sarcasm; there is enough of that amiable quality in this house"—with a glance in my direction.

"I am sure," pursued her elder-brother, "you, Laura, have no cause to complain—the finest woman among a perfect show of fine women, the one most admired by the Regent!"

"Most true," chimed in Lord Dornington, who was absorbed in an entrée. "His Royal Highness was heard to remark that the two styles of beauty, entirely differing, yet most perfectly to his taste, were Lady Laura and Miss Castlebrook!"

"His Royal Highness's opinion is no doubt most flattering to the ladies," sneered Colonel Tarragon.

"Most delightful to my feelings!" said the old peer. "I know not a better judge of feminine beauty than the Regent, and now Miss Castlebrook's loneliness will henceforth bear the stamp of Royal approbation!"

"Miss Castlebrook" coloured, and looked considerably astonished at Lord Dornington's speech; and as I pondered over his lordship's words, and marvelled why the Regent's praise should particularly delight him, I encountered Vincent's keen gaze, and its irony, I confess irritated me in no slight degree. A new light seemed breaking on me, and I began to feel a strange disgust towards my before inoffensive old cavalier. "But no, it is not possible," I said, mentally: "unkind as my father is, he could not doom me to life-long misery!"

But I observed, with uneasiness, that when the carriage was announced to take us to the opera Lord Dornington stepped between myself and Colonel Tarragon, who was about to offer his arm, and appropriated me with an air of ownership. I was about to decline his lordship's escort, had not Vincent, with a significant shrug and a bow, given place at once to his elderly rival.

When the splendid sight afforded by the assemblage of the royalty and aristocracy, not only of England, but of many European nations, could scarcely subdue my painful thoughts. As a stream glides on silently, none suspecting its strength, till, meeting with rocks and stony ways, it is forced by these obstacles into a rushing torrent; so the calm current of feelings which hitherto I would not believe to be love, now burst all boundaries, declaring unmistakably its true nature. There, amidst splendour unparalleled, amidst wealth, fashion, beauty—hearing music I loved interpreted by the ablest musicians and vocalists of the day—seeing for the first time celebrated personages of whom all Europe spoke, and pronounced famous—I say, amidst all this glare and glitter, so confusing to the secluded novice, so bewildering in its very brilliancy, a voice within kept repeating again and again the one fact which, amidst others, I had discovered, came now upon my soul with an overwhelming conviction I could neither deny nor control—I loved, for the first time, with that deep, absorbing passion, which would lay life at the feet of its object and think the sacrifice a trifle! Nor was I so very much appalled at my discovery—though I do not think, even then, my reason fully approved the choice of my heart; but there was the ignominy of loving, before I knew if I were beloved in return or not; yet love at seventeen is hopeful, and I could not help knowing I was not unattractive. What girl is ignorant of her own beauty? She may miscalculate its force, or exaggerate its degree, but ignore it altogether she cannot: and why should she? Let her let women be deeply grateful for so good a gift as beauty, if they use it for good influences only. And I knew one thing distinctly, amidst the confusion of my feelings—that, though unwanted sights and sounds were going on around, though old Lord Dornington kept on gently babbling at my side, though Lady Laura watched me with jealous suspicion, yet I knew he was there, behind my chair, and I was tremulously alive to those minute, unobtrusive attentions, precious alike to giver and receiver, offered by him whose lightest word my ear distinguished amid the delicious music, the din of voices, hushed, 'tis true, but buzzing around in observation or remark. Oh, exquisitely happy, but painful night, whose now, are all the actors in that scene of brilliant pageantry? Dresses, jewels, wearers, all alike dust, ashes—food for worms!

One event nearly marred the splendid and etiquette of the vast assemblage. Though the Princess of Wales was excluded from the Drawing-room, she could not well be banished from her box at the opera. She came, and only the good taste of private individuals prevented an indecorous display of national and party feeling before our Allies, who were already, report said, shrugging their shoulders at the domestic scandals of the British Court. I watched with interest the young Princess, as her royal mother entered a box opposite that of the Regent. She gave a bound forward, and not even the thunder-cloud which came over the Regent's brow, could prevent the Princess Charlotte from openly recognizing her mother's presence, by kissing her hand. There was a slight attempt to applaud this manifestation, so frank and generous, but good sense quelled it, and
Caroline of Brunswick herself retired behind the draperies of her box, after acknowledging her daughter's welcome.

Lord Dormington not only remained in our box all the evening, but even accompanied us home. For all that, Colonel Tarragon contrived to hand me into the carriage. How little I expected the parting words he uttered! "Isabella, for heaven's sake say you will let me speak to you alone to-morrow—quick! your answer! What time?"

"Twelve o'clock: my father will be engaged, and Lady Laura not risen."

"Enough! God bless you—bless you!"

Oh, benison, sweeter to my ear than that of holiest saints! Oh First Love! Child clothed in rose-coloured garments, garlanded with the green leaves of youth and hope, what shall replace the encasement of your illusions? Other loves may come— firmer, more solid, more lasting—but when your rainbow-tints have faded, there is left but the cold grey shadows, the twilight realities gathering fast unto the night. What thoughts came flashing over me! Perhaps I had not, after all, deceived myself—perhaps Lord Dormington's frowniness had given Vincent the opportunity of speaking without Lady Laura's hearing; for he stood, fair old gentleman, bare-headed, at the opposite window of the carriage, asking some foolish question before entering, and then, as he stepped deliberately in, Lady Laura impatiently gave the longed-for word—"Home!"

CHAP. XXIII.

If my reader imagines that I was prone to forget old friends at this period, having made no mention of Mr. Benvolere since my departure from Mnemosyne House, be it or she, will commit a very grave error in judgment. That I had lost sight of my dear master was certain; but I had constantly regretted it, and it had been mainly his own fault. I knew not, indeed, if he were alive or dead. I had received one note from him, soon after I went to Hamden House, to tell me he was going abroad for some time, for the purpose of bringing home his sister who had been left a widow at Tours. He also mentioned that he had arranged for a friend to take charge of his professional business till he returned. There was no address to this letter, indeed I found afterwards that Mr. Benvolere had written it at an inn just previous to starting for Dover. I had repeatedly enquired his address at music-shops, and of the professor who attended at Miss Norman's, but could not succeed in attaining it. The "London Directory," if there were anything like an organized directory in those days, had not arrived at its present pitch of perfection. The humble musician's name was not in the "Blue Book," so I had to fret in secret because I could not find him. One thing I used to say, when indulging my regrets at the loss of so kind and sympathising a friend—"Benvolere knows where to write to me."

It so happened, that on this morning, as I sat alone in the drawing-room, awaiting Colonel Tarragon's promised visit, the memory of my old music-master came vividly across me. "Ah if I could but see him," I thought; "could but hear him say, "My child!" I little thought, as I sat there, in how short a space of time my wish would be gratified. Presently a well-known knock came to the door, and I could only hope and trust that the sounds thereof might not penetrate to Lady Laura's apartments. I had not time, though, to dwell on my fears, for Colonel Tarragon running up-stairs with the familiarity accorded to my lady's brother by the servants, entered the room. I forgot everything in the agitation of that moment. Our hands were clasped together, and Vincent's arm encircled my waist, before I found breath to expostulate.

"Isabella, dearest, beloved, you must have guessed my secret. Now I must know yours. Are you engaged yet to old Dormington?"

"Lord Dormington! good heavens! no. Till last night, when you looked so strangely, I had not a suspicion of the Earl's intentions, and perhaps I am wrong: I hope so."

"No, my Isabella, you will be forced to enter into the engagement. My sister told me you had consented without a murmur. Liar!—and he gnashed his teeth,—"she knew I loved you."

"Is this possible? Love me!"

"Possible! my love, give me credit for the effort to hide from you the feelings existing almost from our first interview—how little I guessed what consequences would arise from the acquaintance of Lady Laura's much abused stepdaughter! Possible to love you! How would it be possible to live in your society, to mark your pure life and purity of thoughts, in a little world of corruption, and not love such goodness? I have fancied too—psha! what a puppy love makes a man! I, I know, I ask too much but I must leave here, Isabella; and if I do so with the knowledge that you are to be another's, and that other, old, doing—and believe me, not worthy of you—I should, I say, go mad. But no, I am assured you will not enter into this alliance: and you do not despise me?"

"Despise you! Ah, Vincent, I fear my unguarded behaviour has told you something very different."

"No indeed, you deceive yourself. Sometimes frigid as ice; sometimes—to long pause: I tell you to reflect before you make me delirious with joy by a confession which—Isabella Castlebrook, I tell you I am a sad dog; there's no denying it. Mind I do not call myself that name as the old uncles and fathers in comedies do their gay, generous, fine-hearted heirs. No: I mean, that in my own way, I am as good for nothing as my brother Tarragon, or my sister Castlebrook. We are all good for nothing. Some one of our Norman ancestors—heaven knows who—that we boast of so much, had bitter black blood in his veins, and he bequeathed a drop or two to his
posterity, and it taints all the bettermost nature in us. Oh Isabella, reflect; if you wed with me, you wed debt and difficulty. My father allows me two hundred a year, that about pays my landlady and my laundress; but now that I have my colonel’s full pay, and chance of promotion, I might do better, I believe, if—but no. If any of the honour of the Old-Treepedigree be left in my soul; why, I say, let it not be tarnished. But the worst is, I am in debt.

I cast down my eyes, I could not reproach him, that would seem so selfish; a few minutes ago I had no right even to do so; but I wished to offer some consolation, so I said—

“I could live on very little, and I never wish to go out.”

“Sweet victim, do you think I would allow you to make a holocaust of your youth and beauty? Besides, dear simpleton, know that is not the way to hold a man after you have snared him. No: the plain truth is, we are selfish brutes, and would rather see our wives admired and resplendent, though they run us in debt for their jewels and clothes, than behold them moping at home, with pale cheeks and a red rim round their eyes, cultivated mainly by sitting up till day break, waiting for us to come home from—save the mark!—our pleasures.”

“An encouraging picture!” smiling somewhat uneasily, for a dim idea haunted me, that Colonel Tarragon had not himself rested during the past night, and that his sarcasms on himself and his sex might be simply owing to the repentance of dissipation. It was, however, impossible to hint such a suspicion, so I went on—

“I should not like you to be deceived. I do not believe, dear Vincent, I shall have any money when I marry.”

“Neither do I. My dear one, if you will wed me, we must forget there is any money in the world.”

“You jest. How are we to exist then?”

“Oh! who talks of the romance of youth? Isabella, you ought to think only of dow, roses, sunbeams, a cottage where wreaths of woodland hide the chimney, whose thin blue smoke is the sole token of the ignoble fact that, within, Damon and Phillis are cooking beans and bacon.”

“After all then, even you admit that love is not fed, chameleon-like, on air?”

“I fear not. Love is a true gluton: he must be fed with incense, with praises of the beloved one from the wide mouth of the world. What boots it that I wear on my finger the most priceless diamond, if none but myself perceive or value my treasure?”

“I was indignant, “Colonel Tarragon, if I thought you serious—but no! Yet this levity offends and hurts me, deeply, I assure you.”

“My love! Is this a world to be serious in?”

“Yes indeed—and to be as good in as we can, and one in which, above all, we must do our duty.”

“I Dear monitor, these things seem easy to you.”

“And they must be so to you. Dear Vincent, have you not heard Mr. Moore talk about his cottage, home, and his wife? He seems to me, when in society, always longing for the time to go back to them, and yet who is so much the spoiled child of the world as he? I remember when I noticed that trait in his character, I thought of what I read at school, that the Romans had a kind of cake, made of honey, which even after their most sumptuous and splendid feasts, they could eat of with fresh appetite. Vincent, home seems to me the honey-cake, to which a man rightly constituted should turn with fresh zest after all the satisy of fashionable life.”

“But, dearest, we are moralizing, and forgetting how precious time is. Isabella, I am recalled to my regiment. My sick-leave, by special favour has been renewed and renewed till now, if I delay, my honour itself will be in danger, nay—”

for I turned pale—“nothing can part us now, unless—they make you, my love, waver.”

I gave one glance—it was enough—he held out his arms, and my lips were pressed by those which worlds would not have convinced me could ever breathe falsehood or treachery. He placed on my finger an emerald ring. “The emblem of hope,” he whispered tenderly. “You shall hear from me as soon as an opportunity presents itself. Meantime, Isabella, “Faith and Hope, remember, are our watchwords.”

A few minutes after, I was weeping alone in the empty drawing-room. I was free when I entered; now I was bound heart and soul to another—my first, best love. How fully I deemed it then, my last and only one!

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JANE M’KENNA.

Adown her tapering back, her hair unbound
In curls hung shivering.
From her pale lips, poor love, there came no sound,
They were so sad and quivering.

Her lovely hands, so stony and so white,
Seemed as if asking kisses.
Where could you find so beautiful a sight
Amid mere worldly misses?

Her cottage lay within a sweet green wood;
She tended flowers,
And gaily forth the young maid lightly would
Trip ’neath spring showers.

Until the dark knight of the castle came,
With beard and brow of gloom;
For them at length there burst love’s fatal flame
In bud and bloom.

They met! yes met. Aye, morn, and noon, and night
They pledged love’s vow;
But on their love there fell a cruel blast.
Behold her now!
Early in Spring.

BY ADA TREVANION.

A gentle breeze comes sweeping through
The sky's triumphant arch of blue
Above the softened earth;
Warm touches make the garden fair,
Here peeps a crocus bright—and there,
A violet has birth.

The herds troop to the distant hills;
With joyous murmurs loosened rills
Flow through the grassy plain;
The banks have hues of green and gold
For all the dust so dim and old
Has dimpled to the rain.

I have not looked upon the buds,
Bursting in just awakened woods;
But I can guess their charms.
A few young leaves all crimped and green
On yonder currant-bush are seen,
Which stretches eager arms.

The pastures laugh; the lawns are white
With daisies; to the azure light
The lakes unbosom blooms:
The butterfly all jewelled o'er
Shines on the ivied wall once more
'Mid vernal gleams and glooms.

Season of life, thou Pentecost
Of heart and nature, when our lost
Soft thoughts and fancies bring;
Could we but rove as we have roved,
With some whom we so fondly loved;
How should we greet thee, Spring!

1865.

Ye Chronicle of ye Discrete Mayden.

BY LOUISA CROW.

In by-gone days when over England reigned
The portliest king her throne hath e'er sustained—
Him, who a prey to some distemper strange
In consorts oft required a speedy change.

At three P.M., while supped a wealthy lord,
His numerous household all around the board,
His child in secret sought the greenwood shade
To list a love-suit that her sire forbade.

Oft urged the youth she loved, with pleading sigh,
"Thy kindred scorn me, pray thee let us fly!
Sad are my hours till thou consent doth give."
"An' if I do," quoth she, "where shall we live?"

"Through these fair woods," he saith, "now might we rove,
Our arched and columned halls each sylvan grove!"
"Aye," quoth the prudent mayde, "and this were sweet;
Yet do thou not forget that we must eat!"

"For this," the youth exclaimed, "my goodly bow,
My trusty shafts shall we suffice I trow;
To grace our rustic table, earth and air
Shall ransacked be, and yield thee dainty fare."

"But," saith the mayde, "though few indeed there be,
At brash or pesty e'er have rivelled me,
How one can cook can I not understand
When neither pans nor scullions are at hand.
And should we fly—methinks 'tis only well
That all my doubts and fears I freely tell—
Bleakly the autumn wind already blows,
And what shall I do when it rains or snows?"

"Beneath the branches of some sheltering tree,
Beloved," he cries, "I'll build a bower for thee!
Where thou, as happy as the buds and flowers,
Shall dream away the ever tranquil hours!"

"But," saith the mayde, "if the ground be damp
'Twill mar our bliss with many an ache and cramp;
And much methinks the fairest bower would lack
If chilling draughts were felt through every crack."

"Canst thou," quoth he, "then fear or heat or cold,
When these fond arms thy tender form enfold?
The fragrant heath shall be our lowly bed—"
"I do prefer clean sheets," she sighing said.

But now they hear the castle-chapel bell;
"And I must hence," she saith, with curt farewell,
"And lest our love should with the leaves take wing
We will not make this venture till the spring."
"Nay, chide me not. My heart no changing knows,
But fears the auge much, and chilblained toes,
When winter's o'er thou mayest thy suit renew;
Till then, ah! youth! too fondly prized, adieu, adieu!"
BRUSSELS DURING THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Early in March, 1815, it was rumoured in Brussels, that on the 20th of the preceding month the Emperor Napoleon had escaped from his little island kingdom of Elba, and landed with about a thousand of his faithful guard, and such of his civil and military officers as still clung to his standard, near Cannes, on the coast of Provence. This astounding news was soon verified. He had reached Grenoble, and taken possession of its citadel. The forces sent to encounter him had joined him as the heart of one man. Lyons, the second city in France, had succumbed to his arms. His victorious eagles were once more about to alight on the domes of the Tuileries. He had arrived in Paris on the evening of the 20th. On the same day Louis XVIII., so often a fugitive, had set out for Ghent.

At these tides, the more intelligent inhabitants of Brussels were wrought up to a high pitch of excitement. For it was well known that at the time Napoleon returned, there was in France a host of fierce and daring men, ready to range themselves under the banner of their old master. Davoust states, that the country was overrun with soldiers, just released from garrisons on the frontier of the empire; or the prisons of Europe, from Spain to Russia. Most of these counted as many battles as years, and would be ready to flock round the imperial eagles, as having no other means of subsistence. It was soon a certainty, that the Congress of Vienna had determined to hold no negotiation with the usurper; that he was universally denounced as the enemy and disturber of the tranquility of Europe, and that England, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Hanover, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Italy, and the Netherlands were all resolved upon uniting their forces against the Bonapartist faction. The government of Great Britain were not only prepared to supply men for the coming war; but had already subsidized the continental states with £11,000,000.

The beautiful city of Brussels was daily agitated with fresh tidings. It was, so to speak, the advanced bastion of Germany and the north, therefore sure to become the first object of attack. In order to seize on the precious prize, the French legions were gradually drawing near to the frontier of Belgium. Count D'Arlois' corps was at Lille; Reille's at Valenciennes; Vandamme's was at Mezières; Gerard's at Metz, and Lobau's at Laon. The Imperial guard, in magnificent order, was prepared at a moment's notice to start from Paris. As early as the night of April the 4th, the Duke of Wellington had arrived in Brussels from the Congress of Vienna, and taken the command of the allied army. It was necessary that he should be early on the spot, because Napoleon had numerous partisans in Belgium, who were ready, if an opportunity occurred, openly to espouse his cause. The Flemish had not been satisfied with the union forced upon them by the Congress of Vienna; a union with a country totally different from their own in manners, religion, and commercial interest. The workmen of Liege were said to be deeply disaffected to Holland. Many of the Belgians had fought under Bonaparte. In fact, fully expecting to occupy Brussels, he had already dictated the following proclamation to the Belgians, and the inhabitants of the left bank of the Rhine:—

"The ephemeral success of my enemies detached you for a moment from my Empire. In my exile upon a rock in the sea, I heard your complaints. The god of battles has decided the fate of your beautiful provinces: Napoleon is among you. You are worthy to be Frenchmen. Rise in mass, join my invincible phalanxes, to exterminate the remainder of those barbarians, who are your enemies, and mine: they fly with rage and despair in their hearts."

"By the Emperor, (Signed) NAPOLÉON,
"The Major-general of the Army."

"At the Imperial Palace of Laeken.
"COUNT BERTRAND."

It was afterwards discovered that one of the principal noblemen of the city had ordered a magnificent supper for Napoleon and his staff; and that similar festivities were ready for all the officers of the army, in the full expectation that Wellington and Blucher would be overthrown. An English lady, who arrived in Brussels at this crisis, gives the following picturesque account of her first impressions on approaching the city:—

"Near Brussels we passed a body of Brunswick Troops (called Black Brunswickers). They were dressed in black, and mounted upon black horses, and their helmets were surmounted with tall nodding plumes of black horse-hair, which gave them a sombre and funeral appearance. As they slowly moved along the road before us in a long regular procession, they looked exactly like an immense hearse. Some of these black, ominous looking men kept before us, and entered Brussels along with us. At first we passed through some mean dirty streets, but the appearance of the town soon improved. The houses are large, ancient, and highly ornamented. There is an air of grandeur and architectural design in the towns of Flanders, which is peculiarly striking, on first coming
Brussels during the Battle of Waterloo.

from the plain; diminutive, shopkeeper-looking, red brick rows of houses in England. The streets of Brussels are narrow, but they have that air of bustle, opulence, and animation, which characterises a metropolis. To us everything was new and amusing: the people, the dresses, the houses, the shops, the very signs diverted us.

"Everything wore a military aspect; and the number of troops of different nations, descriptions, and dresses, which filled the town, made it look very gay, soldiers' faces, or at least their white belts and red coats, were to be seen at every window; and in our slow progress through the streets we were delighted to see the British soldiers, and particularly the Highlanders, laughing and joking with much apparent glee with the inhabitants. On our right we caught a glimpse of the magnificent spire of the Hôtel de Ville, far excelling in architectural beauty anything I remember to have seen. We slowly continued to ascend the winding of the long and steep hill, which leads from the low to the high town of Brussels, and the upper part of which is called La Montagne du Parc. Passing on our left the venerable towers of the cathedral, we reached at last the summit of this huge 'Montagne;' and the Parc of Brussels, of which we had heard, read, and talked so much, unexpectedly opened upon us. What a transition from the dark, narrow, gloomy streets of the low town to the lightness, gaiety, and beauty of the Parc, crowded with officers in every variety of military uniform, with elegant women, and with lively parties and gay groups of British and Belgic people, loitering, walking, talking, and sitting under the trees! There could not be a more animated, a more holiday scene; everything looked gay and festive, and everything spoke of hope, confidence, and busy expectation."

Ever since his arrival in Brussels, the Duke of Wellington with his usual care and presence, had been occupied in carefully organizing the allied army. It consisted of about 105,000 men, of whom 35,000 were British, 6,000 King's German Legion, 32,000 Dutch Belgians, and Nassau-men, 7,000 Brunswickers, and 24,000 Hanoverians. These were kept well in hand, so as to be ready to take the field, when and where the French Emperor should make his attack; but it was necessary to occupy many points, lest Napoleon should out-maneuvre the allies. Meanwhile, the Duke of Wellington had issued imperative orders for the defence of all the fortified towns and strong places in the country. The dykes were cut, and the marsh-lands inundated. Antwerp, Ostend, Neufport, Ypres, Tournay, Ath, Ghent, and Mons, were to be declared in a state of siege, as soon as the French crossed the frontier. Any governor surrendering his post without sustaining at least one assault, was to be declared guilty of high treason. This strong measure was rendered necessary, in consequence of the equivocal loyalty of several who held municipal and military rank. In fact, many of the latter had fought under the eagles of Napoleon, many of the former had been fascinated by his mysterious influence. The Dutch-Belgian army was in a most unsatisfactory condition. It was described by Sir Henry Harding, in a letter to Lord Stewart, as "Not unlike Lord Randalcliff's description of a French pack of hounds: pointers, poodles, turnspits, all mixed up together, and running in sad confusion."

The Prussian government had dispatched to the seat of war an army consisting of 115,000 men, commanded by the veteran Prince Blücher, with 312 pieces of cannon. These had entered, with few exceptions, heart and soul into the contest, and were ready to fight Bonaparte to the death.

On the evening of Thursday, the 15th of June, an officer arrived in Brussels from Marshal Blücher, to announce that the enemy were crossing the frontier, and attacking his advanced posts. The Duke of Wellington was sitting after dinner, with a party of officers, enjoying the wine and dessert, when he received the important intelligence. The Prussians had been driven back that day by the French; but the conflict seemed a mere affair of outposts, and not likely to proceed much further at present. The best strategists, assembled at this time in Brussels, suggested that the enemy intended by a false alarm to induce the allies to concentrate their chief forces near Charleroi, in order that he might more successfully make a serious movement on some other point. The troops were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice; but as yet all was uncertainty as to the precise direction of Napoleon's principal attack.

Lest the people of Brussels should be unnecessarily alarmed by these events, and to check the wild rumours which were already in circulation, the Duke, with many of his officers, went to a ball given by the Duchess of Richmond at her residence, No. 9, Rue des Cendres,* Boulevard Botanique. The romance of that ball, could it be written, would of itself constitute a remarkable episode in the history of modern Europe. The saloons were crowded with a brilliant assemblage of lovely women and brave men. The richness and magnificence of the uniforms, the multitudinous wax lights, the perfumes of exotic flowers, the strains of martial music, formed a rare combination of enjoyment, in which the poetry of motion was wonderfully interwoven with that of musical sounds, and with tremendous historical events; events that, at the lapse of half-a-century, still furnish materials for the bard, the annalist, and the critic.

The ball was at its height when a second officer arrived from Blücher. The attack had become serious; the enemy were in considerable force; they had taken Charleroi, and had gained some important advantages over the Prussians. While reading the dispatches, which

* The present name of the street and house.
Brussels during the Battle of Waterloo.

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contained these tidings, the Duke of Wellington seemed to be completely absorbed. After he had finished he remained for some minutes in the same attitude of deep reflection, totally abstracted from every surrounding object; while his countenance was expressive of fixed and intense thought. He was heard to say to himself, “Marshal Blucher thinks * * *” “It is Marshal Blucher’s opinion.” Musing thus a few minutes, and having apparently formed his decision, he gave his usual clear orders to one of his staff-officers, and again appeared as animated as ever. But the excitement which entranced the company, as it was whispered that the French had crossed the Sambre, was alike solemn and extraordinary. The Duke of Brunswick, sitting with the little Prince de Ligne on his knees, is said to have been so affected that he rose unconsciously and let the Prince fall on the floor. We cannot help quoting the magnificent stanza of Lord Byron, describing the scene:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium’s capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look’d to love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it? No; ’twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o’er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds in echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm; arm! it is—it is—the cannon’s opening roar!

Within a window’d niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick’s fated chief, he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death’s prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush’d into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And checks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush’d at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne’er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder-peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng’d the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—‘The foe! They come! they come!’

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature’s tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e’er grieves
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty’s circle prudely gay,
The midnight brought the signal-song of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle’s magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-cloudb close o’er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap’d and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!"

The Duke stayed to supper at the ball; but it was impossible to restore the revelry. Brussels was buried in the profound repose of midnight, when suddenly the drums beat to arms, and the loud voice of the trumpet was heard from every part of the city. The effect of these sounds in the silence of the night was electrical. In every street soldiers were quartered; in every house lights were glittering. The whole city was filled with the deep roar of carriages and men. Regiments were seen assembling from all parts in the Place Royale, with the knapsack strapped on each man’s back. Wives were taking leave of husbands with a long embrace; children were lifted in their fathers’ arms. Soldiers sat unconcernedly upon the pavement in some places, waiting for their comrades. Others, suddenly waked out of their beds, were sleeping upon trusses of straw, surrounded by the din of waggons loading, commissariat trains harnessing, and drums beating in every direction.

All at once, amidst the uproar, in a wound a long procession of carts, coming quietly as usual from the country to market. The busiest officer smiled as he turned to glance upon the old Flemish women, with their comical costume, seated among their piles of cabbages and baskets of green peas. They gazed at the scene around them with many a look of gaping wonder, as they jogged along through the Place Royale, amidst the throng of soldiers and the apparent confusion of baggage and artillery.

That confusion was only apparent. Regiment after regiment formed with the regularity of parade, and marched out of the city. About four o’clock in the morning the forty-second and ninety-second Highland regiments passed through the Place Royale. They were dear to Belgians; for their good behaviour had won all hearts. In houses where they were quartered,
some nursed the children and others kept the shop; their peculiar uniform enhanced their stately appearance. With firm and steady demeanour, on they went, rejoicing, to battle, their bagpipes playing before them, and the beams of the rising sun shining upon their glittering arms. That was a moment of the deepest interest; for never did a finer body of warriors take the field. Before the sun had set that night, hundreds of the heroic band were laid low! On many a Scottish mountain, and through many a Lowland valley, long will their deeds be remembered, and their fate deplored. Their bodies lie unrecorded in the battle-field, but their names will live for evermore. Not a little of their confidence was founded on their entire reliance on the genius and prudence of the Duke of Wellington. What could not British soldiers do under such a general? What could not such a general accomplish with British soldiers? The Duke of Wellington fully participated in this confidence.

"When other generals commit an error," said he, "their army is lost by it, and they are sure to be beaten; when I get into a scrape, my army gets me out of it."

The reaction of feeling throughout the city, when the last battalion had departed, filled the people with melancholy forebodings. The streets which had been thronged with busy crowds, the square of the Place Royale which had trembled beneath the footsteps of ten thousand armed men, accompanied with all the pomp and circumstance of war, are now empty and silent as a desert. Here and there a Flemish driver might be seen dozing in the tilted waggons destined to convey the wounded, and officers now and then cantered along the suburbs, hurrying to join their corps. The Duke of Wellington had already started, in high spirits, in the expectation that Blücher might probably defeat the enemy before he himself could arrive at the field. The townsmen recognized Sir Thomas Picton, mounted upon a magnificent charger, with his reconnoitering glass slung across his shoulder, and the light of victory in his eye.

Now the army was gone, Brussels seemed like a plague-stricken city. Every countenance was marked with anxiety, every heart was beating with expectation. Groups were formed at the corners of the streets, discussing the probabilities whether or not a general action would take place that day. Great was the consternation, when, about three o’clock in the afternoon there came on the startled air the boom of a furious cannonade. It was certainly in the direction the British army had taken, it was evidently not far from Waterloo! Had the English troops encountered the French? Had the allied armies united, or were they separately engaged? Where was the battle? At Fleurus or Nivelles, Mont St. Jean, or Quatre Bras? Everyone asked these questions, and no one could offer a satisfactory reply. Some who had the command of carriages and horses set off along the road which traversed the sombre forest of Soignies, and returned no wiser than they went; while a thousand absurd reports were in circulation. According to some, Blücher had been completely routed; according to others, he was gaining a complete victory. Some maintained that 30,000 French were left dead on the field of battle; others that twice that number were advancing to surprise Brussels. One venerable dame, who kept an hotel, in order to be on the safe side, whatever might happen, provided three flags—one the drapeau blanc of the Bourbons, one the English Union-Jack, and one the French tri-colour. At the same time she had a quantity of newly-baked bread, under the impression that the influx of hungry soldiers, whether beaten or triumphant, would cause a famine in the city. Some even whispered that the English army were returning in confusion; but the traitors who bore this notable piece of intelligence were received with so much indignation and such perfect incredulity, that they were glad to hold their peace. Some said the scene of action was twenty miles off, others that it was only six. At length, trustworthy tidings arrived from the army, brought by an officer, who had left the field after five o’clock in the evening. The British had encountered the enemy on the plains of Fleurus, about 15 miles from Brussels. The gallant Highlanders had received the onset of a mighty host of Frenchmen; with unshaken hardihood they had fought to the last, and fallen upon the spot where they first drew their swords. The fight had been terrible: the enemy had derived confidence from their immense superiority of numbers. Blücher, at that very moment, was separately encountering the flower of the French army at some distance, and could render no aid to the Duke of Wellington. Meanwhile, the brave handful of British are manfully holding their ground and repulsing every attack, with the fullest hope of final success. The officer’s lightsome “All’s well” sent a thrill of cheerfulness into many a heart.

As the day declined, and the still evening drew on, the sound of the cannon apparently approached nearer; but there was, as it was afterwards found, no real change of position. This roar died away about ten o’clock in the night. The impatience of the inhabitants of Brussels for further news may be imagined. Many English ladies had accompanied their husbands to the campaign, and sat up all-night in breathless expectation. Some of the rich Flemish families occupied themselves with packing up their plate and valuables. There were not wanting ridiculous circumstances to vary the terrible consternation.

"Madame," said a valet to an English lady, "the blanchisseuse says that, if the English should beat the French, she will iron and plate your clothes, and finish them for you; but if au contraire, these vile French should get the better, then she will assuredly send them back quite wet early to-morrow morning!"

This grave speech irresistibly amused the ladies who heard it, as it appeared that, among the solemn consequences of Napoleon’s gaining
the victory, would be that of receiving back their clothes unplaited and unironed. Meanwhile, another cause for alarm arose. It appeared that a body of French foragers had actually approached within seven or eight miles of Brussels. These were mistaken for the advanced guard of the French army. Mediation, shouting with vehement emphasis and gesticulation that the enemy were at the gates, and that Brussels was to be given up to pillage for three days. It really seemed desirable that strangers should leave as soon as possible. Every horse and carriage which could be obtained for love or money was engaged to set off at the dawn of day. All the barges on the canal departed, crowded with passengers and luggage; and many, unable to procure any other conveyance, walked all the way to Malines. Suddenly long trains of artillery were heard rolling through the streets; but on inquiry it was found, to the inexpressible relief of those who remained, that they were proceeding towards Waterloo, and not in the contrary direction. Still, the dreadful idea of danger remained—a sort of undefined suspicion that such portions of the English army as had reached the battle-field might have been overwhelmed by numbers, and possibly cut to pieces. That dismay was not lessened by the sight of the corps of the Duke of Brunswick had passed through the city during the night, escorted by a detachment of his companions in arms, clad in their black uniform, with the death's-head and cross-bones on their shakoes. It had been already hastily embalmed, and the expression of the countenance was said to be most sweet and tranquil.

On Saturday afternoon wounded British officers stated that they had left the field about five o'clock; that it was doubtful whether the Prussians could come up in force, and that the allied army had been fighting against impetuous charges of the French cavalry and infantry, and sometimes both intermixed for more than six hours. But, a little before midnight all this suspense was at an end. Expresses from the field of battle brought the transporting news that the French were not only defeated, but dispersed in all directions, and pursued by the British and Prussians. The wounded fancied themselves well again, as the glad information was passed from house to house. Many a Highland bonnet was flung into the air, and many a voice shouted in broad Scotch, "Hurrah! hurrah! Boney's beat! Boney's beat!"

The detail of the Battle of Waterloo has been often described by soldiers and civilians, French and English, in prose and in verse. It is our duty merely to narrate some of the episodes of the fight. Those who have witnessed the most sanguinary contests of the war in the Peninsula declared that they had never before seen so terrible a carnage. The French prisoners admitted that the slaughter at Borodino was not to be compared to it. The Prussians said, that even the great battle of the nations at Leipzig was child's-play contrasted with that in front of Hougoumont and Santa La Haye. It was with difficulty that the numbers of carriages contain-
ing wounded men could be brought from the field through the forest of Soignes. It was not until the Thursday following that the last of them entered into Brussels.

There is a tradition that some curious ladies left the city, by a circuitous route, that they might behold the fearful, yet magnificent scene. They never reached their destination: their easy and well-appointed vehicles were intercepted and filled with dying men, while they were transferred to some of the rough waggon, which would otherwise have conveyed the poor fellows to the hospitals of the capital.

It is impossible for words to do justice to the generous kindness and unwearied care and attention which the inhabitants of Brussels manifested towards the sufferers. Houses were freely surrendered for hospital purposes; the Roman Catholic clergy forgot that they were ministering to the necessities of heretics and aliens; the Sisters of Charity, ever foremost in deeds of tenderness, toiled with unremitting exertion both by day and by night. Some Belgian ladies lost their health, and more, their hearts, while watching over their helpless charge. Nor should the humanity shown by the British soldiers themselves be allowed to pass unnoticed. A foreign writer adds the pleasing testimony, that—"The British regiments of infantry, which displayed such intrepid valour in the battle of the 18th, gave, after the action, the most affecting and sublime example ever offered to nations. They were seen (forgetting their own wounds, and hardly escaped from the sword of the enemy) proceeding to afford all the succour in their power to those who had just endeavoured to cut them down, and who, in their turn, had fallen on the field of destruction. The conduct of the English army is mentioned with admiration, as uniting the heroism of valour to the heroism of humanity." These sufferings, however, were not the only affecting sight which stirred the deep fountains of Belgian sympathy. The people had to behold, from day to day, the distracting anguish of those whose relatives had perished. Many of the latter were searching in vain for the remains of the dead; or visiting hospitals and private houses, where the wounded had been received, in the vague hope of discovering some hitherto unrecognized friend. But after all it was joy and exultation that most prevailed. Just in proportion to the former terror and desperation of the multitude, was now the vehemence of their overflowing transports. There was a general interchange of hospitalities, and an almost universal indifference to the avocations of trade and commerce. Such was Brussels long after the British army had marched well on its way towards Paris, and long after the fierce tide of warfare had ebbed from the plains of Flanders.

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**THE SOUTH BREAKER.**

*(In Two Parts.)*

**PART II.***

Blue-fish were about done with, when one day Dan brought in some mackerel from Boon Island: they hadn't been in the harbour for some time, though now there was a probability of their return. So they were going out when the tide served—the two boys—at midnight for mackerel, and Dan had heard me wish for the experience so often, a long while ago, that he said, "Why shouldn't they take the girls?" and Faith snatched at the idea, and with that Mr. Gabriel agreed to fetch me at the hour, and so we parted.

When we started, it was in that clear crystal dark that looks as if you could see through it forever till you reached infinite things, and we seemed to be in a great hollow sphere, and the stars were like living beings who had the night to themselves. Always, when I'm up late, I feel as if it were something unlawful, as if affairs were in progress which I had no right to witness, a kind of grand freemasonry. I've felt it nights when I've been watching with mother, and there has come up across the heavens the great caravan of constellations, and a star that I'd pulled away the curtain on the east side to see came by-and-by and looked in at the south window; but I never felt it as I did this night. The tide was near the full, and so we went slipping down the dark water by the starlight; and as we saw them shining above us, and then looked down and saw them sparkling up from below,—the stars,—it really seemed as if Dan's ears must be two long wings, as if we swam on them through a motionless air. By-and-by we were in the island creek, and far ahead, in a streak of wind that didn't reach us, we could see a pointed sail skimming along between the banks, as if some ghost went before to show us the way; and when the first hush and mystery wore off, Mr. Gabriel was singing little French songs in tunes
like the rise and fall of the tide. While he sang, he rowed, and Dan was bailing the hooks. At length Dan took the oars again, and every now and then he paused to let us float along with the tide as it slackened, and take the sense of the night.

And all the tall grass that edged the side began to wave in a strange light, and there blew on a little breeze, and over the rim of the world tipped the waning moon. If there had been anything needed to make us feel as if we were going to find the Witch of Endor, it was this.

It was such a strange moon, pointing such a strange way, with such a strange colour, so remote, and so glassy,—it was like a dead moon, or the spirit of one, and was perfectly awful.

"She has come to look at Faith," said Mr. Gabriel; for Faith, who once would have been nodding here and there all about the boat, was sitting up pale and sad, like another spirit, to confront it. But Dan and I both felt a difference.

Mr. Gabriel, he stepped across and went and sat down behind Faith, and laid his hand lightly on her arm. Perhaps he didn't mind that he touched her,—he had a kind of absent air; but if any one had looked at the nervous pressure of the slender fingers, they would have seen as much meaning in that touch as in many an embrace; and Faith lifted her face to his, and they forgot that I was looking at them, and into the eyes of both there stole a strange deep smile,—and my soul grew cold within me. It made no odds to me then that the air blew warm off the land from scented bay-ricks, that the moon hung like some jewel in the sky, that all the perfect night was widening into dawn. I saw and felt nothing but the wretchedness that must break one day on Dan's head. Should I warn him? I couldn't do that. And what then?

The sail was up; we had left the headland and the hills, and when they furled it and cast anchor we were swinging far out on the back of the great monster that was frolicking to itself and thinking no more of us than we do of a mote in the air. Elder Snow, he says that it's singular we regard day as illumination and night as darkness,—day that really hems us in with narrow light and shuts us upon ourselves, night that sets us free and reveals to us all the secrets of the sky. I thought of that when one by one the stars melted and the moon became a breath, and up over the wide grayness crept colour and radiance and the sun himself,—the sky soaring higher and higher, like a great thin bubble of flaky hues,—and, all about, nothing but the everlasting wash of waters broke the sacred hush; and I remembered the words mother had spoken to Dan once before, and why couldn't I leave him in heavenly hands? And then it came into my heart to pray. I knew I hadn't any right to pray expecting to be heard; but yet mine would be the prayer of the humble, and wasn't Faith of as much consequence as a sparrow? By-and-by, as we all sat leaning over the gunwale, the words of a hymn that I'd heard at camp-meetings came into my mind, and I sang them out loud and clear. I always had a good voice, though Dan had never heard me do anything with it except hum little low things, putting mother to sleep; but here I had a whole sky to sing in, and the hymns were trumpet-calls.

And one after another they kept thronging up, and as I sang them they thrilled me through and through. Wide as the way before us was, it seemed to widen; I felt myself journeying with some vast host towards the city of God, and its light poured over us, and there was nothing but joy and love and praise and exulting expectancy in my heart. And when the hymn died on my lips and the silence had soothed me back again, I turned and saw Dan's lips bitten, and his cheek white, and his eyes like stars, and Mr. Gabriel's face fallen forward in his hands, and he shaking with quick sobs; and as for Faith,—she had dropped asleep, and one arm was thrown above her head, and the other lay where it had slipped from Mr. Gabriel's loosened grasp.

There's a contagion, you know, in such things, but Faith was never of the catching kind.

Well, this wasn't what we'd come for—turning all out doors into a church through which's a church but a place of God's presence? and for my part, I never see high blue sky and sunshine without feeling that. And all of a sudden there came a school of mackerel splashing and darkening and curling round the boat, after the bait we'd thrown out on anchoring. I would have done you good to see Dan just at that moment; you'd have realized what it was to have a calling. He started up, forgetting everything else, his face all flushed, his eyes like coals, his mouth tight and his tongue silent; and how many hooks he had out I'm sure I don't know, but he kept jerking them in by twos and threes, and finally they bit at the bare barb and were taken without any bait at all, just as if they'd come and asked to be caught. Mr. Gabriel, he didn't pay any particular attention at first, but Dan called to him to stir himself, and so gradually he worked back into his old mood; but he was more still and something sad all the rest of the morning. Well, when we'd gotten about enough, and they were dying in the boat there, as they cast their scales, like the iris, we put in-shore; and building a fire, we cooked our own dinner and boiled our own coffee. Many's the icy winter-night I've wrapped up Dan's bottle of hot coffee in rolls on rolls of flannel, that he might drink it hot and strong far out at sea in a wherry at daybreak!

But as I was saying,—all this time, Mr. Gabriel scarcely looked at Faith. At first she didn't comprehend, and then something swam all over her face as if the very blood in her veins had grown darker, and there was such danger in her eye that before we stepped into the boat again I wished to goodness I had a life-preserver. But in the beginning the religious impression lasted and gave him great resolutions; and then strolling off and along the beach, he fell in with some men there and did as he always did, escaped acquaintance. I verily believe that these men were total strangers, that he'd never laid eyes on them before, and after a few words he wheeled
about. As he did so, his glance fell on Faith standing there alone against the pale sky, for the weather’d thickened, and watching the surf break at her feet. He was motionless, gazing at her long, and then, when he had turned once or twice irresolutely, he ground his heel into the sand and went back. The men rose and wandered on with him, and they talked together for a while, and I saw money pass; and pretty soon Mr. Gabriel returned, his face pallid, but smiling, and he had in his hand some little bright shells that you don’t often find on these Northern beaches, and he said he had bought them of those men. And all this time he’d not spoken with Faith, and there was the danger yet in her eye. But nothing came of it. On the way back we had put up the lines, and Mr. Gabriel had hauled in the lobster-net for the last time. He liked that branch of the business; he said it had all the excitement of gambling,—the slow settling downwards, the fading of the last ripple, the impenetrable depth and shade and the mystery of the work below, five minutes of expectation, and it might bring up a scale of the sea-serpent, or the king of the crabs might have crept in for a nap in the folds, or it might come up as if you’d dredged for pearls, or it might hold the great backward-crawling lobsters, or a tangle of seaweed, or the long yellow locks of some drowned girl,—or nothing at all. So he always drew in that net, and it needed muscle, and his was like steel,—not good for much in the long pull, but just for a breathing could handle the biggest boatman in the harbour. Well,—we’d hoisted the sail and were in the clear once more, for the creek was only to be used at high-water, and I’d told Dan I couldn’t be away from mother over another tide and so we mustn’t get aground, and he’d told me not to fret, there was nothing too shallow for us on the coast. “This boat,” said Dan, “she’ll float in a heavy dew.” And he began singing a song he liked:

“I cast my line in Largo Bay,
   And fish I caught nine:
There’s three to boil, and three to fry,
   And three to bait the line.”

And Mr. Gabriel’d never heard it before, and he made him sing it again and again.

“The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed,”

repeated Mr. Gabriel, and he said it was the only song he knew that held the click of the oar in the rowlock.

The little birds went skimming by us, as we sailed, their breasts upon the water, and we could see the gunners creeping through the marshes beside them.

“The wind changes,” said Mr. Gabriel, “the ebbing tide’s close behind us. See! How is it that you do not feel its breath? Do you hear nothing?”

“It’s the Soul of the Bar,” said Dan; and he fell to telling us one of the wild stories that fishermen can tell each other by the lantern rocking outside at night in the dory.

The wind was dead east, and now we flew before it, and now we tacked in it, up and up up the winding stream, and always a little pointed sail came skimming on in suit.

“What sail is that, Dan?” asked I. “It looks like the one that flirted ahead this morning.”

“It is the one,” said Dan,—for he’d brought up a whole horde of superstitious memories, and a gloom that had been hovering off and on his face settled there for good. “As much of a one as that was. It’s no sail at all. It’s a death-sign. And I’ve never been down here and seen it but trouble was on its heels. Georgie! there’s two of them!”

We all looked, but it was hidden in a curve, and when it stole in sight again there were two of them, filmy and faint as spirit’s wings,—and while we gazed they vanished, whether supernaturally or in the mist that was rising most high I never thought, for my blood was frozen as it ran.

“You have fear;” asked Mr. Gabriel,—his face perfectly pale, and his eye almost lost in darkness. “If it is a phantom, it can do you no harm.”

Faith’s teeth chattered,—I saw them. She turned to her, and as their look met, a spot of carnation burned into his cheek almost as a brand would have burned. He seemed to be balancing some point, to be searching her and sitting her, and Faith half rose, proudly, and pale, as if his look pierced her with pain. The look was long,—an hour before it fell, a glow and sparkle filled the eyes, and over his face there curled the deep, strange smile of the morning, till the long lids and heavy lashes dropped and made it said. And Faith,—she started in a new surprise, the darkness gathered and crept off her face, and spleen or venom or what-not became absorbed and lost, and there was nothing in her glance but passionate forgetfulness. Some souls are like the white river-lilies,—fixed, yet floating; but Mr. Gabriel had no firm root anywhere, and was blown about with every breeze, like a leaf on the flood. His purposes melted and made with his moods.

The wind got round more to the north, the mist fell upon the waters or blew away over the meadows, and it was cold. Mr. Gabriel wrapped his cloak about Faith and fastened it, and tied her bonnet. Just now Dan was so busy handling the boat—and it’s rather risky, you have to wriggle up the creek so—that he took little notice of us. Then Mr. Gabriel stood up, as if to change his position; and taking off his hat, he held it aloft, while he passed the other hand across his forehead. And leaning against the mast, he stood so, many minutes.

“Dan,” I said, “did your spiritual craft ever hang out a purple pennant?”

“No,” said Dan.

“Well,” says I. And we all saw a little purple ribbon running up the rope and streaming on the air behind us.

“And why do we not hoist our own?”
said Mr. Gabriel, putting on his hat. And
suiting the action to the word, a little green
signal curled up and flouted above us like a
bunch of the weed floating there in the water
beneath and dyeing all the shallows so that they
looked like caves of cool emerald, and wide
off and over them the west burned smoulderingly
red like a furnace. Many a time since, I’ve felt
the magical colour between those banks and
along those meadows, but then I felt none of it;
every wit I had was too awake and alert and fast-
fixed in watching.

“Is it that the phantoms can be flesh and
blood?” said Mr. Gabriel laughingly; and lifting
his arm again, he hailed the foremost.

“Boat ahoy! What names?” said he. The
answer came back on the wind full and round.

“ ‘Speed,’ and ‘Follow.’”

“Where from?” asked Dan, with just a glint
in his eye,—for usually he knew every boat on
the river, he didn’t know these. “From the schooner Flyaway, taking in sand
over at Black Rocks.”

Then Mr. Gabriel spoke again, as they drew
near,—but whether he spoke so fast that I
couldn’t understand, or whether he spoke French,
I never knew; and Dan, with some kind of
feeling that it was Mr. Gabriel’s acquaintance,
suffered the one we spoke to pass us.

Once or twice Mr. Gabriel had begun some
question to Dan about the approaching weather,
but had turned it off again before anybody could
answer. You see he had some little nobility
left, and didn’t want the very man he was going
to injure to show him how to do it. Now,
however, he asked him that was steering the
Speed, if we were going to have a storm.

The man thought we were.

“How is it, then, that your schooner prepares
to sail?”

“Oh, wind’s backed in; we’ll be on blue
water before the gale breaks, I reckon, and then
beat off where there’s plenty of sea-room.”

“But shall we make shipwreck!”

“Not if the craft know herself, and we think
she do,” was the reply from another, as they
passed.

Somehow I began to hate myself, I was so full
of poisonous suspicions. How did Mr. Gabriel
know the schooner prepared to sail? And
this man, could he tell boom from bowsprit? I
didn’t believe it; he had the hang of the up-
river folks. But there stood Mr. Gabriel, so
quiet and easy, his eyelids down, and he humming
an underbreath of song; and there sat Faith,
so pale and so pretty, a tripe sad, a tripe that
her conscience would brew for her, whether or
no. Yet, after all, there was an odd expression
in Mr. Gabriel’s face, an eager, restless expecta-
tion; and if his lids were lowered, it was only
to hide the spark that flushed and quenched in
his eye like a beating pulse.

We had reached the draw, it was lifted for the
Speed, she had passed, and the wind was in her
sail once more. Yet, somehow, she hung back.
And then I saw that the men in her were of
those with whom Mr. Gabriel had spoken at
noon. Dan’s sail fell slack, and we drifted
slowly through, while he poled us along with
an oar.

“Look out, Georgie!” said Dan, for he thought
I was going to grasp my shoulder upon the side
there. I looked; and when I turned again,
Mr. Gabriel was rising up from some earnest
and hurried sentence to Faith. And Faith, too,
was standing, standing and swaying with
indecision, and gazing away out before her,—so
flushed and so beautiful,—so loath and so will-
ing. Poor thing! poor thing! as if her rising
in itself were not the whole!

Mr. Gabriel stepped across the boat, stooped
a minute, and then also took an oar. How
perfect he was, as he stood there that moment!—
perfect like a statue, I mean,—so slender, so
cleanlimbed, his dark face pale to transparency
in the green light that filtered through the draw,
and then a ray from the sunset came creeping
over the edge of the high fields and smeared his
eyes sidelong so that they glowed like jewels,
and he with his oar planted firmly hung there
bending far back with it, completely full of
strength and grace.

“It is not the bateaux in the rapids,” said he.

“What are you about?” asked Dan, with
sudden horsemensness. “You are pulling the
wrong way!”

Mr. Gabriel laughed, and threw down his oar,
and stepped back again; gave his hand to Faith,
and half led, half lifted her, over the side, and
into the Speed, followed, and never looked
behind him. They let go something they had
held, the Speed put her nose in the water and
sprinkled us with spray, plunged, and dashed off
like an arrow.

It was like him,—daring and insolent coolness!
Just like him! Always the soul of defiance! None
but one so reckless and impetuous as he would
have dreamed of flying into the teeth of the
tempest in that shell of a schooner. But he
was mad with love, and they—there wasn’t a
man among them but was the worse for liquor.

For a moment Dan took it, as Mr. Gabriel
had expected him to do, as a joke, and went to
trim the boat for racing, not meaning they
should reach town first. But I—I saw it all.

“Dan!” I sung out, “save her! She’s not
coming back! They’ll make for the schooner
at Black Rocks! Oh, Dan, he’s taken her
off!”

Now one whose intelligence has never been
trained, mayn’t be so quick as another, but, like
an animal, he feels long before he sees; and a
vague sense of this had been upon Dan all day.
Yet now he stood thunderstruck, and the thing
went on before his very eyes. It was more than
he could believe at once,—and perhaps his first
feeling was, Why should he hinder? And then
the flood fell. No thought of his loss,—though
loss it wasn’t,—only of his friend,—of such
stunning treachery, that, if the sun fell hissing
into the sea at noon, it would have mattered
less,—only of that loss that tore his heart out
with it.

“Gabriel!” he shouted,—“Gabriel!” And
his voice was heart-rending. I know that Mr. Gabriel felt it, for he never turned nor stirred.

Then I don't know what came over Dan: a blind rage swelling in his heart seemed to make him larger in every limb; he towered like a flame. He sprang to the tiller, but, as he did so, saw with one flash of his eye that Mr. Gabriel had unlocked the cabin door and thrown it away. He seized an oar to steer with in its place; he saw that they, in their ignorance fast edging on the flats, would shortly be aground; more fisherman than sailor, he knew a thousand tricks of boat-craft that they had never heard of. We flew, through foaming breakers, we became a wind ourselves, and while I tell it he was beside them, had gathered himself and had landed among them in the Speed. The sherry careened with the shock and the water poured into her, and she flung her headlong and away as his foot spurred her. Heaven knows why she didn't upset, for I thought of nothing but the scene before me as I drifted off from it. I shut my eyes that I might see that horror no more. Mr. Gabriel rose and trooped. If Dan was the giant beside him, he himself was so well-knit, so supple, so adroit, that his power was like the blade in the hand. Dan's strength was lying round loose, but Mr. Gabriel's was trained, it hid like springs of steel between brain and wrist, and from him the clap fell with the bolt. And then, besides, Dan did not love Faith, and he did love Mr. Gabriel. And one could see how it would go. I screamed. I cried, "Faith! Faith!" And some natural instinct stirred in Faith's heart, for she clung to Mr. Gabriel's arm to pull him off from Dan. But he shook her away like rain. Then such a mortal weakness took possession of me that I saw everything black, and when it was clean gone, I looked, and they were locked in each other's arms, fierce, fierce, and fall, a death-grip. They were staggering to the boat's edge: only this I saw, that Mr. Gabriel was inside; suddenly the helmsman interposed with an oar, and broke their grasps. Mr. Gabriel reeled away, free, for a second; then, the passion, the fury, the hate in his heart feeding his strength as youth fed the locks of Samson, he dared, and lifted Dan in his two arms and threw him like a stone into the water. Stiffened to ice, I waited for Dan to rise; the other craft, the Follow, skimmed between us, and one man managing her that she shouldn't heel, the rest drew Dan in,—it's not the depth of two foot there,—tacked about, and after a minute came along-side, seized our painter, and dropped him gently into his own boat. Then—for the Speed had got afloat again—the thing stretched her two sails wing and wing, and went ploughing up a great furrow of foam before her.

I sprang to Dan. He was not senseless, but in a kind of stupor: his head had struck the fluke of a half-sunk anchor and it had stunned him, but as the wound bled he recovered slowly and opened his eyes. Ah, what misery was in them! I turned to the fugitives. They were yet in sight, Mr. Gabriel sitting and seeming to adjure Faith, whose skirts he held; but she stood, and her arms were outstretched, and, pale as a foam-wreath her face, and piercing as a night-wind her voice, I heard her cry, "Oh, Georgie! Georgie!" It was too late for her to cry or to wring her hand now. She should have thought of that before. But Mr. Gabriel rose and drew her down, and hid her face in his arms and bent over it; and so they fell, the long, long line of sand, and the long line of sand, and out into the gloom and the curling mists.

I bound up Dan's head. I couldn't steer with an oar—that was out of the question—but, as luck would have it, could row tolerably; so I got down the little mast, and at length reached the wharves. The town-lights flickered up in the darkness and flickered back from the black rushing river, and then out blazed the great mills; and as I felt along, I remembered times when we'd put in by the tender sunset, as the rose faded out of the water and the orange ebbed down the west, and one by one the sweet evening-bells chimed forth, so clear and high, and each with a different voice. Mr. Gabriel rose, and I felt as if the stars must flock, tinkling, into the sky. And here were the bells ringing out again, ringing out of the gray and the gloom, dull and brazen, as if they rang from some cavern of shadows, or from the mouth of Hades—but no, that was down-river! Well, I made my way, and the men on the landing took up Dan, and helped him in and got him on his little bed, and no sooner there than the heavy sleep with which he had struggled fell on him like lead.

The story flew from mouth to mouth, the place rang with it; nobody had any need to add to it, or to make it out that a griffin or a dragon had gripped Faith and carried her off in his talons. But everybody declared that those boats could be no ships' yaws at all, but must belong to parties from up-river camping out on the beach, and that a parcel of such must have gone sailing with some of the hands of a sand droger: there was one in the stream now, that had got off with the tide, said the Jordan boys, who'd been down there that afternoon, though there was no such name as "Flyaway" on her stern, and they were waiting for the master of her, who'd gone off on a spree—a dare-devil fellow, that used to run a smuggler between Bordeaux and Bristol, as they'd heard say: and all agreed that Mr. Gabriel could never have had to do with them before that day, or he'd have known what a place a sand-droger would be for a woman; and everybody made excuses for Mr. Gabriel, and everybody was down on Faith. So there things lay. It was raw and chilly when the last neighbour left us, the sky was black as a cloak, not a star to be seen, the wind had edged back to the east again and came in wet and wild from the sea and fringed with its thunder. Oh, poor little Faith, what a night! what a night for her!

I went back and sat down by Dan, and tried to keep his head cool. Father was up walking the kitchen-door till late, but at length he lay down across the foot of mother's bed, as if expecting to be called. The lights were put out,
there was no noise in the town, everyone slept—everyone, except they watched me, on that terrible night. No noise in the town, did I say? Ah, but there was! It came creeping round the corners, it poured rushing up the street, it rose from everywhere—a voice, a voice of woe, the heavy booming note of the sea. I looked out, but it was pitch-dark, light had forsaken the world, we were beleaguered by blackness. It grew colder, as if one felt a fog fall, and the wind, mounting slowly, now blew a gale. It eddied in clouds of dead and whirling leaves, and sent big torn branches flying aloft; it took the house by the four corners and shook it to loosening the rafters, and I felt the chair rock under me; it rumbled down the chimney as if it would tear the life out of us. And with every fresh gust of the gale the rain slapped against the wall, the rain that fell in rivers, and went before the wind in sheets—and sheltered as I was, the torrents seemed to pour over me like cataracts, and every drop pierced me like a needle, and I put my fingers in my ears to shut out the howl of the wind and the waves. I couldn’t keep my thoughts away from Faith. Oh, poor girl, this wasn’t what she’d expected! As plainly as if I were aboard-ship I felt the scene, the hurrying feet, the slippery deck, the hoarse cries, the creaking cordage, the heaving and plunging and straining, and the wild wild night. And I was beating off these dreadful lines with them, two dreadful lines of white froth through the blackness, two lines where the horns of breakers guard the harbour—all night long beating off the lee with them, my life in my teeth, and chill, blank, shivering horror before me. My whole soul, my whole being, was fixed in that one spot, that little vessel driving on the rocks: it seemed as if a madness took possession of me, I reeled as I walked, I foresaw the shivering shock, I waited till she should strike. And then I thought I heard cries, and I ran out in the storm, and down upon the causeway, but nothing met me but the howl night and the roaring sea and the wind. I came back, and hurried up and down and wrung my hands in an agony. Pictures of summer nights flashed upon me and faded—where out of deep-blue vaults the stars hung like lamps, great and golden—or where soft films just hazin’ heaven caught the rays, till all above gleamed like gauze faintly powdered and spangled with silver—or heavy with heat, slipping over silent waters, through scented airs, under purple skies. And then storms rolled in and rose before my eyes, distinct for a moment, and breaking—such as I’d seen them from the Shoals in broad daylight, when tempestuous columns scooped themselves up from the green gulfs and shattered in foam on the shuddering rock—ah! but that was day, and this was midnight and morn!—storms as I’d heard tell of them off Cape Race, when great steamers went down with but one cry, and the waters crowded them out of sight—storms where, out of the wilderness of waves that far and wide wasted white around, a single one came ploughing on straight to the mark, gathering its grinding masses mast-high, poising, plunging, and swamping and crashing them into bottomless pits of destruction, storms where waves toss and breakers roar; where, hanging on crests that slip from under, reefs impale the hull, and drowning wretches cling to the crags with stiffening hands, and the sleet freezes them, and the spray, and the sea lashes and beats them with great strokes and snucks them down to death: and right in the midst of it all there burst a gun—one, another, and no more. “Oh, Faith! Faith!” I cried again, and I ran and hid my head in the bed.

How long did I stay so? An hour, or maybe two. Dan was still dead with sleep, but mother had no more closed an eye than I. There was no rain now, the wind had fallen, the dark had lifted; I looked out once more, and could just see dimly the great waters swelling in the river from bank to bank. I drew the bucket fresh, and bound the cloths cold on Dan’s head again. I hadn’t a thought in my head, and fell to counting the meshes in the net that hung from the wall, but in my ears there was the everlasting rustle of the sea and shore. It grew clearer—it got to being a universal gray; there’d been no sunrise, but it was day. Dan stirred—he turned over heavily; then he opened his eyes wide and looked about him.

“I’ve had such a fright!” he said. “Georgie! is that you?”

With that it swept over him afresh, and he fell back. In a moment or two he tried to rise, but he was weak as a child. He contrived to keep on his elbow a moment, though, and to give a look out of the window.

“It came on to blow, didn’t it?” he asked; but there he sank down again.

“I can’t stay so!” he murmured soon. “I can’t stay so! Here, Georgie, get out the spy-glass, and go up on the roof and look over. I’ve had a dream, I tell you! I’ve had a dream. Not that either; but it’s just stamped on me! It was like a storm—and I dreamed that that schooner—the Flyway—had parted. And the half of her’s crashed down just as she broke, and Faith and that man are high up on the bows in the middle of the South Breaker! Make haste, Georgie! make haste!”

I flew to the drawers and opened them, and began to put the spy-glass together; suddenly he cried out again—

“Oh, here’s where the fault was! What right had I ever to marry the child, not loving her? I bound her! I crushed her! I muffled her! If she lives, it is my sin; if she dies, I murder her!”

He hid his face, as he spoke, so that his voice came thick, and great choking groans rent their way up from his heart. All at once, as I looked up, there stood mother, in her long white gown, beside the bed, and bending over and taking Dan’s hot head in her two hands.

It always did seem to me as if mother had the imposition of hands—perhaps every one
feels just so about their mother— but only her touch always lightens an ache for me, whether it’s in the heart or the head.

“Oh, Aunt Rhody,” said Dan, looking up in her face with his distracted eyes, “can’t you help me?”

“I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,” said mother.

“There’s no help, there!” cried Dan. He wouldn’t have let a little child run into eternal destruction!

“Hush, hush, Dan!” murmured mother.

“Faith never can have been at sea in such a night as this, and not have felt God’s hand snatching her out of sin. If she lives, she’s a changed woman; and if she dies, her soul is whitened and fit to walk with saints. Through much tribulation.”

“Yes, yes,” muttered father, in the room beyond, “it’s best to clean up a thing with the first spot, and not wait for it to get all rusty with crime.”

“And he!” said Dan, “and he—that man—Gabriel!”

“Between the footfall and the ground
If mercy’s asked, mercy’s found,” said I.

“Are you there yet, Georgie?” he cried, turning to me. “Here! I’ll go myself!” But he only stumbled and fell on the bed again.

“In all the terror and the tempest of these long hours—for there’s been a fearful storm, though you haven’t felt it,” said mother, “in all that, Mr. Gabriel can’t have slept. But at first it must have been that great dread appalled him, and he may have been beset with sorrow. He’d brought her to this. But at last, for he’s the coward, he has looked death in the face and not flinched; and the danger, and the grandeur, and there is in despair, have lifted his spirit to great heights—heights found now in an hour, but which in a whole life long he never would have gained—heights from which he has seen the light of God’s face and been transfigured in it—heights where the soul dilates to a stature it can never lose. Oh, Dan, there’s a moment, a moment when the cross strikes off, and the impurities, and the grain sets, and there comes out the great white diamond. For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God—of Him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning. Oh, I will believe that Mr. Gabriel hadn’t any need to grope as we do, but that suddenly he saw the Heavenly Arm and clung to it, and the grasp closed round him, and death and hell can have no power over him now. Dan, poor boy, is it better to lie in the earth with the ore than to be forged in the furnace and beaten to a blade fit for the hands of archangels?”

And mother stopped, trembling like a leaf.

I’d been wiping and screwing the glass, and I’d waited a breath, for mother always talked so like a preacher; but when she’d finished, after a second or two Dan looked up, and said, as if he’d just come in—

“Aunt Rhody! how come you out of bed?”

And then mother, she got upon the bed, and she took Dan’s head on her breast and fell to stroking his brows, laying her cool palms on his temples and on his eyelids, as once I’d have given my ears to do—and I slipped out of the room.

Oh, I hated to go up those stairs, to mount that ladder, to open the window! And once there, I waited and waited before I dared to look. The night had unnerved me. At length I fixed the glass. I swept the broad swollen stream, to the yellowing woods, and over the meadows, where a pale transient beam crept under and pried up the hay-cocks—the smoke that began to curl from the chimneys and fall as soon—the mists blowing off from Indian Hill, but brooding blue and dense down the turnpike, and burying the red spark of the moon, that smothered like a half-dead coal in her ashes—anywhere, anywhere but that spot! I don’t know why it was, but I couldn’t level the glass there—my arm would fall, my eye haze. Finally I brought it round nearer and tried again. Everywhere, as far as your eye could reach, the sea was yeasty and white with froth, and great streaks of it were setting up the inky river, and against it there were the twin light-houses quivering their little yellow rays as if to mock the dawn, and far out on the edge of day the great light at the Isles of Shoals blinked and blinked, crimson and gold, fainter and fainter, and lost at last. It was no use, I didn’t dare point it, my hand trembled so I could see nothing plain, when suddenly an engine went thundering over the bridge and startled me into stillness. The tube slung in my hold and steadied against the chimney, and there—What was it in the field? what ghastly picture?”

The glass crashed from my hand, and I staggered shrieking down the ladder.

The sound wasn’t well through my lips, when the door slammed, and Dan had darted out of the house and to the shore. I after him. There was a knot sitting and standing round there in the gray, shivering, with their hands in their pockets and their pipes set in their teeth; but the gloom was on them as well, and the pipes went out between the puffs.

“Where’s Dennis’s boat?” Dan demanded, as he strode.

“Three-oar’s all the one not!”—

“The six-oar I want. Who goes with me?”

There wasn’t a soul in the ward but would have followed Dan’s lead to the end of the world and jumped off; and before I could tell their names there were three men on the thwarts, six oars in the air, Dan stood in the bows, a word from him, and they shot away.

I watched while I could see, and then in and up to the attic, forgetting to put mother in her bed, forgetting all things but the one. And there lay the glass broken. I sat awhile with
The South Breaker.

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the pieces in my hand, as if I'd lost a kingdom; then down, and mechanically put things to rights, and made mother comfortable—and she's never stood on her feet from that day to this. At last I seated myself before the fire, and stared into it to kindling.

"Won't some one lend you a glass, Georgie?" said mother.

"Of course they will!" I cried, for, you see, I hadn't a wit of my own, and I ran out.

There's a glass behind every door in the street, you should know, and there's no day in the year that you'll go by and not see one stretching from some roof where the heart of the house is out on the sea. Oh, sometimes I think all the romance of the town is clustered down here on the Flats and written in pale cheeks and starting eyes. But what's the use? After one winter, I gave mine away, and never got another. It's just an emblem of despair. Look, and look again, and look till your soul sinks, and the thing you want never crosses it; but you're down in the kitchen stirring a porridge, or you're off at a neighbour's asking the news, and somebody shouts at you round the corner, and there, black and dirty and dearer than gold, she lies between the piers.

All the world was up on their house tops sporting and playing, but there was nobody would keep their glass while I had none; so I went back armed, and part of it all I saw, and part of it father told me.

I waited till I thought they were most across, and then I rubbed the lens. At first I saw nothing, and I began to quake with a greater fear than any that had yet taken root in me. But with the next moment there they were, pulling close up. I shut my eyes with some kind of a prayer, and when I looked again they had dashed over, taking the rise of the long roll, and were in the midst of the South Breaker. O God! that terrible South Breaker! The oars bent like as willow-switches; a moment they shook like the wind, and were hid in the snow of the spray. Dan, red-shirted, still stood there, his whole soul on the aim before him, like that of some leaper flying through the air: he swayed to the stroke, he bowed, he rose, perfectly balanced, and flexible as the wave. The boat behaved beneath their hands like a live creature: she bounded so that you almost saw the light under her. Her whole stem lifted itself slowly out of the water, caught the back of a roller and rode over upon the next; the very things that came rushing in with their white rage to devour her bent their necks and bore her up like a bubble. Momentarily she drew nearer that dark and shivered heap up to which the surf had heaped the drudge. And there, all the time, they had been clinging, far out on the bowsprit, those two figures, her arms close-knit about him, he clasping her with one, the other twisted in the harwer, whose harsh thrilling must have filled their ears like an organ-note as it swung them to and fro, clinging to life, clinging to each other more than to life. The wreck scarcely heaved with the stoutest blow of the tremendous surge; here and there only a plank was shivered off, and was bowled on and thrown high upon the beach beside fragments of beams broken and bruised to a powder. It seemed to be as firmly planted there as the breaker itself. Great feathers of foam flew across it, great waves shook themselves thinly around it and veiled it in shrouds, and with their every breath the smothering sheets dashed over them—the two. And constantly the boat drew nearer, as I said; they were almost within hail; Dan saw her hair streaming on the wind; he waited only for the long wave. On it came, that long wave—oh! I can see it now, plunging and rearing and swelling—a monstrous billow, sweeping and swooping and rocking in. Its hollows gaped with slippery darkness; it towered and sent the scuds before its trembling crest, breaking with a mighty rainbow as the sun burst forth; it fell in a white blindness everywhere, rushed seething up the sand—and the bowsprit was bare!

When father came home the rack had driven down the harbour and left a clear sky: it was near nightfall; they'd been searching the shore all day—to no purpose. But that rainbow—always took it for a sign. Father was worn out, yet he sat in the chimney-side, cutting off great quids and chewing and thinking and sighing. At last he went and wound up the clock—it was the stroke of twelve—and then he turned to me and said, "Dan sent you this, Georgie. He hailed a pilot-boat, and 's gone to the Cape to join the fall fleet to the fish's ries; and he sent you this."

It was just a great hand-grip to make your nails purple, but there was heart's-blood in it. See, there's the mark to-day.

So there was Dan off in the Bay of Chaleur—twas the best place for him—and I went about my work once more. There was a great gap in my life, but I tried not to look at it. I daren't think of Dan, and I wouldn't think of them—the two. And I tell you, I would not look trouble in the face: if you don't you'll have more of it. So I got a lot of shoes to bind, and what part of my spare time I wasn't at my books the needle flew. But I turned no more to the past than I could help, and the future trembled too much to be seen.

Well, the two months dragged away, it got to be Thanksgiving-week, and at length the fleet was due. I mind me I made a great baking that week; and I put brandy into the mince for once, instead of vinegar and dried-apple juice—and there were the fowls stuffed and treusied on the shelf—and the pumpkin-pies like slices of split gold, and the cranberry-tarts, plats of crimson and puffs of snow; and I was brewing in my mind a right-royal Red Indian pudding to come out of the oven smoking hot, and be soused with thick clots of yellow cream—when one of the boys ran in and told us the fleet 'd got back, but no Dan with it—he'd changed over to a fore-and-after, and wouldn't be home at all, but was to stay down in the Georges all winter, and he'd sent us word. Well, the baking
went to the dogs, or the Thanksgiving beggars, which is the same thing. Then days went by, as days will, and it was well into the New Year. I used to sit there at the window, reading; but the lines would run together, and I'd forget what 'twas all about, and gather no sense, and the image of the little fore-and-after, the "Feather," raked in between the leaves, and at last I had to put all that aside; and then I sat stitching, stitching, but got into a sad habit of looking up and looking out each time I drew the thread. I felt it was a shame of me to be so dull, and mother missed my voice; but I could no more talk than I could have given conundrums to King Solomon; and as for singing—Oh, I used to long so for just a word from Dan!

We'd had dry, fine weeks all along; but St. Valentine's-day the weather broke, broke in a chain of storms that the September gale was a whisper to. Ah, it was a dreadful winter, that! It made forty widows in our town. Of the dead that were found on the shores there were four corpses in the house yonder, and two in the one behind. And what waiting and watching and cruel pangs of suspense for them that couldn't have even the peace of certainty! And I was one of those.

The days crept on, and got bright again; no June days ever stretched themselves to half such length; there was perfect stillness in the house; it seemed to me that I counted every tick of the clock. In the evenings the neighbours used to drop in and sit mumbling over their fearful memories till the flesh crawled on my bones. Father, then, he wanted cheer, and he'd get me to sing "Caller Herrin." Once I'd sung the first part, but as I reached the lines—

"When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamt ye aught o' our pair fellows,
Darklin' as they face the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows!"—

As I reached those lines, my voice trembled so's to shake the tears out of my eyes, and Jim Jordan took it up himself and sung it through for me. He was always a kindly fellow, and he knew a little how the land lay between me and Dan.

"When I was down in the Georges," said Jim Jordan—

"You? When was you down there?" asked father.

"Well, once I was. There's worse places."

"Can't tell me nothing about the Georges," said father. "'T a'n't the rivers of Damascus exactly, but 't a'n't the Marlistrom neither."

"Ever ben there, Cap'n?"

"A few. Spent more nights under cover roundabouts than Georgie 'll have white hairs in her head—for all she's washing the colour out of her eyes now."

You see, father knew I set store by my hair—

"Wash the red from her cheek and the light from her look, and she'll still have the queen's own tread," said Jim.

"If Lucy Curry 'd been here you'd wish your cake was dough," says father.

"I'll risk it," says Jim. "Lucy knows who's second choice, as well as if you told her."

"But what about the Georges, Jim?" I said; for, though I hated to hear, I could listen to nothing else.

"Georges? Oh, not much. Just like any other place."

"But what do you do down there?"

"Do? Why, we fish—in the pleasant weather."

"And when it's not pleasant?"

"Oh, then we make things taut, hoist forest, clap the helm into the lee becket, and go below and amuse ourselves."

"How?" I asked, as if I hadn't heard it all a hundred times.

"One way 'n' other. Pipes, and mugs, if it a'n't too rough; and if it is, we just snooze till it gets smooth."

"Why, Jim—how do you know when that is?"

"Well, you can judge—if the pipe falls out of your pocket and don't light on the ceiling."

"And who's on deck?"

"Ther's a one on deck. There's no danger, no trouble, no nothing. Can't drive ashore, if you want to try: hundred miles off in the first place. Hatches are closed, she's light as a cork, rolls over and over just like any other log in the water, and there can't a drop get into her, if she turns bottom-side up."

"But she never can right herself!"

"Can't she? You just try her. Why, I've known her to keel over and rake bottom, and bring up the weed on the topmast. I tell you now! there was one time we know'd she'd turned a somerset, pretty well. Why? Because, when it cleared and we come up, there was her two masts broke short off!"

And Jim went home thinking he'd given me a night's sleep. But it was cold comfort; the Georges seemed to me a worse place than the Heilgate. And mother she kept murmuring—

"He layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters, His pavilion round about Him is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." And I knew by that she thought it pretty bad.

So the days went in clouds and wind. The owners of the Feather 'd been looking for her a month and more, and there were strange kind of rumors afloat; and nobody mentioned Dan's name, unless they tripped. I went glowing like a wild thing. I knew I'd never see Dan now nor hear his voice again, but I hated the Lord that had done it, and I made my heart like the nether millstone. I used to try and get out of folks' sight; and roaming about the back-streets one day, as the snow went off, I stumbled on Miss Catharine. "Old Miss Catharine" everybody called her, though she was but a pauper, and had black blood in her veins. Eighty years had withered her—a little woman
at best, and now bent so that her head and shoulders hung forward and she couldn't lift them, and she never saw the sky Her face to the ground as no beast's face is turned even, she walked with a cane, and fixing it every few steps she would throw herself back, and so get a glimpse of her way and go on. I looked after her, and for the first time in weeks my heart ached for somebody beside myself. The next day mother sent me with a dish to Miss Catharine's room, and I went in and sat down. I didn't like her at first; she'd got a way of looking sidelong that gave her an evil air; but soon she tilted herself backward, and I saw her face —such a happy one!

"What's the matter of ye, honey?" said she.
"D' ye read your Bible?"
Read my Bible!

"Is that what makes you happy, Miss Catharine?" I asked.

"Well, I can't read much myself, I don't know the letters," says she; "but I've got the blessed promises in here.""Do you want me to read to you?"

"No, not to-day. Next time you come, maybe."

So I sat awhile and listened to her humming voice, and we fell to talking about mother's ailments, and she said how fine it would be, if we could only afford to take mother to Bethesda.

"There's no angel there now," said I.

"I know it, dear; but then there might be, you know. At any rate, there's always the living waters running to make us whole: I often think of that."

And what else do you think of, Miss Catharine?"

"Me?" said she. "Oh, I ain't got no husband and no child to think about and hope for, and so I think of myself and what I should like, honey. And sometimes I remember them vassies—here! you read 'm now—Luke xiii. 11."

"So I read.

"Ay, honey, I see that all as if it was me. And I think, as I'm setting here, what if the latch should lift, and the gracious Stranger should come in, and he should look down upon me with His heavenly eyes, and He should smile, and lay his hands on my head—and I say to myself, 'Lord I am not worthy'—and He says, 'Miss Catharine, thou art loosed from thine infirmity'. And the latch lifts, as I think, and I wait—but it's not him."

Well, when I went out of that place I wasn't the same girl that had gone in. My will gave way; I came home and took up my burden and was in peace. Still I couldn't help my thoughts, and they ran perpetually to the sea. I hadn't need to go up on the house-top, for I didn't shut my eyes but there it stretched before me. I stirred about the rooms and tried to make them glad once more; but I was thin and blanched as if I'd risen from a fever. Father said it was the salt air I wanted; and one day he was going out for frost-fish, and he took me with him, and left me and my basket on the sands while he was away. It was this side of the South Breaker that he put me out, but I walked there; and where the surf was breaking in the light, I went and sat down and looked over it. I could do that now.

There was the Cape sparkling miles and miles across the way, unconcerned that he whose firm foot had rung last on its flints should ring there no more; there was the beautiful town lying large and warm along the river; here gay craft went darting about like gulls, and there up the channel sped a larger one, with all her canvas flashing in the sun, and shivering a little sprite sail in the shadow, as she went; and fawning in upon my feet came the foam from the South Breaker, that still perhaps cradled Faith and Gabriel. But as I looked, my eye fell, and there came the sea-scenes again—other scenes than this, coves and corners of other coasts, sky-girt regions of other waters. The air was soft, that April day, and I thought of the summer calms; and with that rose long sheets of stillness, far out from any strand, purple beneath the noon; fields slipping close in shore; long sleepy swells that hid the light in their hollows, and came creaming along the cliffs. And if upon these broke suddenly a wild glimpse of some storm careering over a merciless mid-ocean, of a dear dead face tossing up on the surge and snatched back again into the depths, of sand wastes rushing to tear themselves to fleeces above clear shallows and turbid sand-bars—they melted and were lost in peaceful glimmers of the moon on distant flying foam wreaths, in solemn midnight tides, chanting under hushed heavens, in twilight stretches kissing twilight slopes, in rosy morning waves flocking up the singing shores. And sitting so, with my lids still fallen, I heard a quick step on the beach, and a voice that said, "Georgie!" And I looked, and a figure, red-shirted, towered beside me, and a face, brown and bearded and tender, bent above me.

"Oh! it was Dan!

MOTHERLESS.
Through the mists of early morn
While all around was gloom,
An orphan came from a troubled couch,
To weep at a parent's tomb.

A violet grew on the grave
Its silent watch to keep;
The dew-drops moisten'd that cherished flower,
And it seemed with her to weep.

But the heavenly sun at length
Burst through the clouds above;
Its beams in the dew-drops sparkled now,
They were changed to tears of love.

And back to the orphan's heart
Came a thought that gave it rest;
The chastening hand that had cruel seemed,
With fervency she blessed.

On the stone her quivering lips
Imprinted a gentle kiss;
For though in the world she struggled on,
Her mother was now in bliss.

E. S.
THE CAMARGUE.

25th of May.

At the mouth of the Rhone extends a region celebrated throughout the south of France for the wildness of its appearance. It has not always been so abandoned: fine cities were once there; Saintes-Maries and Aigue-Mortes long enjoyed the prosperity of sea-ports; in time, however, the inundations of the Rhone have changed the condition of the country, and ruined at the same time its agriculture, its commerce, and its activity. The great river flows from the Alps loaded with various kinds of débris, which it has carried through the placid waters of Lake Leman and the Gulf of Dauphiny to heap up on the shore of the Mediterranean a vast detritus of animal and vegetable decomposition. The thick mud which borders the delta of the Rhone produces the richest vegetation—fields of golden grain, green meadows—trees with velvety fruit; whilst in the interior of the island the sight is one to sadden the eye. An immense marsh stretches before you; the deep stagnant Lake of Valcarres occupies the centre, and on a few sandy landes the dark pine woods break the half-liquid plain. During the winter the lakes and ponds, swelled by the rains, inundate the country, whilst in summer they infect it with malaria. Stones and pebbles are unknown; the smallest flowers have a different aspect to those of other countries. It seems rather to assimilate to Africa and the borders of the Nile than to France; the ibis, pelican, and flamingo resorting to its marshes.

Near to the sea the Camargue takes quite another aspect; the Mediterranean seems disputing with the Rhone whether it shall bury it; gliding among the pines, it decorates their resinous trunks with sea-weed; evaporating on the sand, it traces fantastic patterns with its saline efflorescence, embellishing the dew of the meadows with crystal pearls. This is, in a word, the kingdom of salt: the air, water, plains, soil, and canals are all impregnated with it. The principal produce of these savannas are reeds and bulrushes; they are excellent food for cattle, form thatch for the cottages and covers to defend the heaps of salt from the rain; for the salt-season brings life and activity into these uncultivated lands every summer, furnishing as they do the best salt in France.

The property is worthy of the country; they seem made for bold and patient struggling. Sometimes their work is to tame the wild cattle which roam over the plains; sometimes to reap the salt harvest from the emanations of an unhealthy soil. Mosquitoes, thirsting for blood; multitudes of yellow grasshoppers, birds of the marshes silent as death, venomous reptiles rolling in the mud, constantly recall to the inhabitant the forces of nature that weigh upon him, and which his honour requires him to oppose with invincible courage. Here feed the wild cattle, buried up to their necks in reeds; there gallop untamed horses, their manes flying in disorder, over a land hardened with salt. It is strange that whilst the race of cattle inhabiting the Camargue are all black as ebony, the horses are, on the contrary, perfectly white, and are said to be of a race originally brought from Africa by the Arabs, in their frequent invasions of this part of France.

Having thus described this singular tract of country, which invites few travellers, we will now speak of some of its superstitions and amusements.

Tradition tells us that Mary Salome, the Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalene, persecuted by the Jews, after the crucifixion of Christ, embarked in a leaky boat, crossed the sea, and landed in the Camargue, at the mouth of the Rhone. Mary Magdalene went into the desert of La Sainte-Beaume to weep for her sins, whilst the other two Marys preached Christianity to the people, and built an oratory by the sea-shore, where they were buried. A Christian prince, in order to preserve their ashes from profanation, built over their little chapel a church, which he fortified and surrounded with thick ramparts. This church (the first ever built in Gaul) is that of Saintes-Maries, and in a side-chapel beyond the choir a casket contains the bones of the saints. On the twenty-fifth of May in each year, pilgrims go from all parts to worship these holy relics, which on that anniversary only are placed on the altar. The people assure you that it is sufficient to touch the holy casket with a believing heart, in order to be cured of every disease and to have all your prayers heard. It will therefore be easily understood that from every part of the Camargue, paralytic and feverish patients crowd to Saintes-Maries and recover health, whilst the women and young girls pray there for their children and lovers.

On this day, then, the village presents a picturesque spectacle, very unusual in its monotonous everyday life. Many pilgrims who arrive on the previous evening are encamped on the shore: others have made a temporary shelter under the ramparts; whilst those who come in a waggon establish it and themselves in the place of the town. A few fishermen from the Lake of Valcarres have spread their white tents on an area near the church, and through the rents in the cloth you see a poor, little, rickety family, waiting for health and strength from the saints. Not far from them are the ragged Gitano, with their bronze complexion, and crisped hair, seizing
on a little corner of ground on which to fix their kettle—the only possession of this wandering people; whilst the sharp wretched cry of a cripple, half concealed by a ragged coverlet, marks the establishment of a poor lame child at the end of its journey. The salt makers, whose existence is of the most miserable kind from the maladies which infest the neighbourhood of the marshes, are not wanting in these groups: thin and pale, they tremble in the sun whilst chanting beforehand the psalm they intend to sing in the church. Yellow, tough-looking, old custom-house officers, without teeth and hair, wander through the streets waiting for the favourable moment to ask of the saints a cure for the sciatica which torments them. There also are peasants from some of the most distant villages of Provence and Bas-Languedoc: the one wearing the broad-brimmed felt hat of Montpelier, the other the cagnotte of the Cevennes, with the short frock of Nîmes, or the coarse cloth coat of Castres; the women show the best outside the coquettish hat of Nice, but the larger number adorned with the close-fitting corset and the ribbons of the daughters of Arles.

But the town is not only visited on this occasion by the sick, transforming it into one vast hospital: there is also a lively coquetish population; who bring to them joy and pleasure; namely, the young people who come from the villages on the other side of the Rhone; the hawkers and pedlars who wander through the streets offering their varied wares of medals, wax-lights, and chaplets to the devotees; toys and trinkets to the girls and boys.

As soon as the bell rings for mass, all hasten as fast as they are able, wax-light in hand, to the church. The chains by which the casket is suspended are suddenly unrolled, the wished-for moment has arrived, and turn by turn the poor invalids, impotent children, and timid girls touch the casket, amidst mingled sounds of “Holy Marys! hear my prayer!” “Holy Marys! cure my son!” “Holy Marys! accept my vow, assist us, protect us.” Hundreds of ex-voto offerings are suspended: a favourite one is a shell, called in the country the Madonna’s ear, from its form: into this shell if you whisper your prayer, it is sure to be heard. Outside the church are two large yew trees: on the one the pilgrims hang their wax-lights to burn out; on the other are numbers of scapularies which have been blessed on the altar, made of black cloth and embroidered with white in a rude figure of the two Marys, which the pilgrims buy to wear as a talisman round their necks. As evening draws on, the people, loaded with chaplets and medals, return home: the gay young girls and men remain dancing in the open air.

Another great event in the peaceful life of the Camargue are the “courses des taureaux”; a game somewhat similar to the bull-fights of Spain, but by no means so barbarous: at these games are arranged almost all the marriages in the district, for thither the young men go to choose their lovers. The chief actor is the gardien, the real king of the Camargue: he has during the year to watch over and tame the wild cattle, which he accomplishes with the help of the most peaceful animal, whose wooden collar carries a large bell. An iron trident is the only arm which the gardien carries. Mounted all day on his white horse, sleeping under the starry sky, a bandkerchief tied over his immense felt hat, dressed in skins, the athlete recalls the wild horsemen of the South American pampas. The gardians love their independent rough life; sometimes boldly forcing their trembling horses through the marshes, sometimes passing like lightning through a glade of the pine forest, surrounded by a black herd, who follow them with their bellows, and by whom they are known and feared.

Aigues-Mortes which is the scene of these courses may be considered the capital of the Camargue; it is isolated in the midst of a marshy plain, intersected with canals. Advancing but one approach to the town on a raised chaussee, which is spanned by an ancient tower. Its walls and gates are in perfect preservation, and give a better idea than any other of a feudal town in the thirteenth century: they were built by Philip the Bold, after the plan of those of Damietta. Pale, melancholy, and ravaged by fever, the inhabitants curt in their features, and reflection of the green monotonous marshes which surround them. One single diversion rouses them from their habitual torpor, which suddenly changes, when the courses des taureaux begin; under the hot summer sun all awake joyfully. The girls dress themselves gayly: the young men assemble in the square. Carriages of every form are advancing towards the ram parts over the chassée: the peasants have left their farms at dawn in their holiday clothes, and arrive in tumultuous groups at the city gates, waiting for some who are behindhand. As far as the eye can reach over the sandy lande may be distinguished black specks, which are the two wheeled little cars, called topas in the country, and are the carriages of the better class: they are loaded with women and children, the old horses trotting over the sandy shore of the marsh; whilst their brisker offspring, mounted by the gardians, leap over the reeds with the speed of an arrow.

The circus is marked out by a mass of tuns, wine presses, wagons, &c., each of which is occupied by numerous spectators, and having but one point of egress through which the bull enters and departs. The peasants are so attached to these animals that whatever happens they take their part: if a gardian be wounded he is unskilful, he has deserved it, and they ridicule instead of pitying him; but if he save his life, he seriously injures the beast which threatens him, there is a general cry of indignation: “Poor creature! what barbarity!” As soon as the hautboys sound, a gardian takes his place in the centre of the circus, waving his scarlet sash like a standard in the air, and in the midst of tumultuous applause if he be known as a
man of courage and skill. Blinded by fury, the bull generously rushes at once on his adversary, who awaits the shock at the extremity of the arena. No one dare breathe; but the gardian so exactly calculates the moment when the animal will reach him, that without changing his place he takes hold with his left hand of the horn which is lowered to toss him, and resting strongly upon it, seizes one of the legs in his right, and throws the animal all his length on the ground. The enthusiasm of the spectators know no bounds : clapping of hands and frantic hurrahs interrupt the sport for a quarter of an hour. That bull is led off conquered, and another takes his place.

The scene varies with each course. The next that enters is adorned all over with rosettes of ribbon. The two combatants are face to face in the lists, immovable, and as if nailed to the ground. The bull fixes his burning eyes on his adversary, who, with his supple body and light foot, ready to follow the slightest movement, this time takes the offensive, and uttering a wild cry darts towards the animal before he is prepared, and tears the cockade from his forehead. "Bravo!" cry the crowd, and every eye in the circle bends forwards curiously, to see which fair girl will be the recipient of the trophy; more than one heart flutters itself that it deserves the honour: the ribbon is thrown, and carefully pinned on the breast and then one by one all must be torn from the bull. Advancing, retiring, jumping, the gardians seem to trifle with danger, as if on a spring-board: he bounds from the soil of the arena, and every time the spectators cry, "He is killed!" but he replies by throwing fresh cockades to his lover: at length the moment comes when, despoiled of all his ribbons, the bull finds himself black and unadorned as in his native marsh: he has been conquered, and is led away, whilst everyone descends into the arena to applaud and admire the conqueror.

Another favourite meeting takes place at the end of spring, and is denominated the muselade; an operation which consists in placing a muzzle on the nose of the calves to prevent their sucking, and yet leaves them the power of feeding in the marshes; it is, in fact, a new kind of weaning. The place chosen for the muselade forms an immense circle of sand between the pine forest of Sauvage and the sea. Sprinkled by the waves which, blown by the mistral, spread over the land, a large herd of cattle stand watched by their gardians on horseback; in the middle crowd the calves, the heroes of the day, seeming to comprehend the danger which menaces them, and, pressing anxiously against their mothers' sides; some of them, already strong and well grown, gaze with a savage eye on the multitude, scattered on the edges of the forest. From the previous evening whole families have encamped here: tents arranged in circles, and waggons in a line, form a barrier, behind which they can shelter themselves in case of accident. The bold gardian gallops towards the black, savage troop he commands, with a red handkerchief tied over his head, as if to brave their anger; a white flowing blouse, and his legs closely encased in gaiters; keeping a firm seat in his saddle, and carrying a trident in his hand. With his eye he commands the furious bulls, and, quick as lightning, slightly touching one of the calves with his trident, separates it from the troop; whilst the other gardians, standing in the middle of the circle, throw it on the sand, by seizing the bulging horns, and fix it on the muzzle. As soon as this is done the animal shakes its head thus strangely imprisoned, and flies to the pine forest, where its lowing mother awaits it with haggard eyes. Some even follow their young into the circle, lick them tenderly, and threaten with their horns the gardians who are waiting.

More dangerous, but equally popular, are the ferrades; when the calves have to be branded with their owners' marks. The circle, as usual, is formed by the carriages, whilst a burning brazier and branding irons are the central objects. The gardians, themselves, look anxious; no music is heard; instead of the joyous spectacle of the course, it is a serious piece of work for which they must summon all their presence of mind. Armed with their tridents, a few old men watch around the herd to keep order: the others dash in and endeavour to separate the young animals; but when driven into the arena they recover their courage, and furious and foaming rush against their gardians, who are trying to throw them down. It is a real mêlée: the heavy bodies of the bulls and the lighter ones of their keepers are rolled in the dust; the dull roars of the former mingle with the sharp cries of the latter, whilst the call for "les fers, les fers," every minute, announces the overthrow of a fresh animal. After two or three hours passed in this desperate struggle, the master announces that the ferrade is ended; the wounded animals have fled towards the pine forest, bearing for ever, graven in their smoking flesh, their master's initials. A few are still left, which are considered too strong to be marked without danger, but the most skilful of the gardians sets himself to the task: the trident in one hand, the branding iron in the other, he separates one from the herd, and pursues it à l'outrance. The horse, perfectly understanding its part, manoeuvres without direction from reins, voice, or spur; his wild nature loves this animated chase; he sees an enemy his master would conquer, and together they make but one being. At length the gardian strikes the trident against the animal's shoulder, throws him down, holds him there with one hand and applies the irons with the other—a bold proceeding, which calls forth loud approbation from the spectators.

Then come the preparations for returning: the mules and asses are harnessed to the carts, the women tie up their petticoats, the men grasp their walking-sticks, the young girls are crowded into the tapis, the children into the asses' panniers, and all set off home. These caravans
offer a singular spectacle, guiding their steps on all sides in the midst of immense plains and pine forests, where, without a single path, the practised eye of the peasant, finds certain landmarks amidst the reeds and heather.

Attached as the people of the Camargue are to their animals, it will not be so surprising that they make them share in their marriage festivities. When the merry bells are ringing for the approach of the wedding, groups of peasants line the edge of the marsh speculating on the point whether the husband will for once rise above his rank and wear a black hat; but here he comes, mounted on his horse, which, more spirited than ever, neighs joyously, with a red handkerchief, as usual, tied over his broad brim, and scarlet scarf rolled round his waist. Then comes the car of the bride's father, covered with new cloth; in it are two chairs, on each of which the old man and woman are seated grave and upright; the bride standing beside her father. This custom of not sitting as she goes to church is to show that she is not elevated by her prosperity and knows how to endure fatigue. The whole herd of the bridgroom, calves, cows, heifers, and bulls, escort the car with their regular tread; on the other side the tame animals belonging to the bride form a trembling column: the timid pet lamb, the home-loving stork, the cat, and the old blind horse. This custom of bringing all the animals which have shared the life of the fiancés is one of patriarchal simplicity. In the towns they boast of the train of carriages, the bride's dress, and number of guests. In the Camargue they know but of the escort of cattle. No firing of pistols, grand provisions, dances, or fêtes, on these humble steps; but friends accompany them, perhaps more faithful and devoted than men.

Having reached Saintes-Maries the bridgroom jumps from his horse, and, drawing a long line on the ground, assembles his herd on the one side, and his bride's on the other: he approaches his bride, saying, "Doumaiselette," pointing to her part; "the moment of farewell has come." The bridgroom, jumping lightly out of the car, and drawing a large piece of bread from her pocket, crumbles it among her favourites; then, unable to control her tears, she enters the church, leaning on her father's arm. After the service is over, the bridgroom mounts his horse, takes his bride "en croupe," and rallying his herd with his voice, sets off at a gallop to reach his home in the evening.

GOOD FRIDAY — THE CHRISTIAN IN VIEW OF THE CROSS.

Dear Lord! thy sad, thy broken-hearted cry, 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!'

Pierces my inmost soul; I feel that I have sinned those hateful sins which made thee die—

Pierces my inmost soul; I feel that I have sinned those hateful sins which made thee die—

I hear Thy voice above the clamorous din Of worldly pomp and wealth, of strife and sin:

It nerves my soul fresh conflicts to begin With those most deadly foes, the foes within; To quell the evil thought to evil kin; To leave the cross and strive the crown to win.

Then, shouldst Thou keenly smite or gently spare, Teach me to yield Thee all, most dear, most fair; Teach me the very cross Thou giv'st to bear, Nor weakly murmur, 'Lay Thy hand not there! Another trial or another care, Some other danger, would I bravely dare.'

I'll count my sorrows nought while Thou art nigh, To treasure up each tear, to soothe each sigh: While unforsaken on Thy breast I lie, Grief but for time, joy to eternity.

Thou has endured, that I might never cry, 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!'

THE OVER-WROUGHT MIND.

BY MRS. ADOT.

Bards, sages, and moralists daily are found The various evils of sloth to expound; They speak of the mind languid, listless, and void, Of talents unused, and of time unemployed. I blame not their zeal—I have frequently shown How much my opinion concurs with their own: My theme is just now of a different kind, I speak of the ills of an Over-wrought Mind.

I speak of the highly-toned mind, that is fraught With all the rich treasures of study and thought, Whose owner, alas! is too frequently prone To centre his powers on one subject alone. The earth's secret treasures he brings to our eyes, Or tracks the bright stars in their course through the skies; In rest or in pastime no joy can he find, Still adding fresh stores to his Over-wrought Mind.

But Nature, though slow in asserting her cause, Avenges the careless contempt of her laws; She waits for a season, but strikes down at length The strong man who gloried too much in his strength; The knowledge he laboured so hard to attain— Can it still the wild pulse? can it cool the hot brain? No: only to Death is the mission assigned Of lifting the weight from an Over-wrought Mind.

Ye bondmen of science, how steep is your road! Why shun ye the bounties that Heaven has bestowed? What pleasure the beauties of Nature impart! How wondrous and vast are the triumphs of Art! In Man's genial accents, and Woman's kind looks, In travel's sweet changes, in music, in books, What potent, yet innocent spells you might find, To lighten the weight of an Over-wrought Mind.

Why burden the mind with superfluous wealth, At the perilous cost of its peace and its health? Arouse ye! the fetters that hold you so fast By earnest resolve may be severed at last; Come forth! take the blessings that Providence sends; Seek cheerful communion with kindred and friends: In simple enjoyments and services kind The cure is best found for an Over-wrought Mind.
History is, or should be, the faithful record of the past; it holds up to the gaze of the living the actions of those who have preceded us; hence, it has always held a high rank in the republic of letters. Tacitus, Sallust, Hesiod, Xenophon, Machiavelli, Clarendon, and Burnett will always be read with great attention by the scholar, statesman, and political economist.

The vast libraries of Europe offer great inducements to prosecute this branch of study. Rare manuscripts, moth-eaten tomes, quaint drawings, and old pamphlets are treasures whence the diligent student extracts the gold and rejects the dross. But in the United States such collections do not exist, or are hampered with such restrictions that they are not within the reach of all. A stray memoir is occasionally seen, written by one of the actors of the revolution; but these are scarce, and mostly collected by private gentlemen; hence, the historian is sometimes at a loss for his materials. Two names, however, are now of world-wide repute—George Bancroft and W. H. Prescott.

W. H. Prescott was the son of W. Prescott, a distinguished lawyer, and was born at Salem, May fourth, 1796. At the age of twelve his father removed to Boston, and young William was placed at the academy of Mr. Gardiner, who had been a pupil of Dr. Parr; whence he was transferred to Harvard College, where he graduated in 1811. While at the University one of his fellow-students, in sport, threw a crust of bread at him, which lodged in the eye, thus depriving him almost entirely of the use of that organ, and excessive study brought on a rheumatic inflammation in the other, which made it nearly useless. For years this was the situation of the great author. After a considerable time he was enabled to use the eye partially. He crossed the Atlantic, and visited the most celebrated oculists, but could obtain no relief. He commenced the study of the law, but was obliged to relinquish it in consequence of his defective sight, and he resolved, in 1819, to devote himself to literature. This was then a great undertaking; the communication with Europe was comparatively small; Leipsic and Brussels had not yet furnished their cheap reprints; books were extremely dear, and such was the case for several years. But Mr. Prescott was not to be turned aside from his purpose. He instantly began the study of French and Italian literature; and projected a life of Molibíre and a history of Italian literature; both of which he was compelled to abandon, as they demanded extensive research. The first, however, of some of his labours appeared in essays "On the Italian Narrative Poetry," "Poetry and Romance of the Italians," and "Moilere," in the "North American Review." These were subsequently collected in a volume, and are published uniformly with his other works.

Undoubtedly, the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella was the most glorious period of Spanish history. The Moors had been driven out of the Peninsula, the New World opened to Europe; the best editions of the Holy Scriptures had been printed; commerce, arts, and manufactures flourished. It is an era which the Spaniard considers with pride, and the scholar with admiration. As yet no one had penetrated the dense mass of materials which were scattered on all sides, for, though ("Don Quixote" alone excepted) the Spanish authors have rarely been presented to the public in an English dress, they would amply repay a patient perusal. Some of the rough soldiers, who had fought hand to hand with the Indians, in their hours of leisure took up the pen, and left graphic narratives of what they had done, seen, and suffered. But these required careful sifting before they could be used. The laborious missionary, who, with crucifix and breviary, crossed the deserts and vast rivers of Mexico and Peru, jotted down the various incidents of his eventful journey. Sometimes these were printed, but as frequently they existed only in manuscript; nor were they all together. A few leaves were in one convent in Estremadura, the remainder in Andalusia. Some were concealed in family archives, and private and national jealousy combined in not permitting them to be examined, and least of all by an American. Such were but a few of the obstacles to be surmounted, but Mr. Prescott was eventually successful. Ten years were passed in the most laborious investigations. In 1837 a few copies of "Ferdinand and Isabella" were privately printed, and shown to discerning friends, who expressed their approbation, and encouraged the author, and the work finally appeared in London and Boston towards the close of 1837. The anticipations of the judicious critics were fully realized. The saecus on both sides of the Atlantic hailed it as a literary treasure, and were loud in their applause. The English reviews, in a spirit of rare liberality published the most complimentary notices, and the most eminent scholar in Spain pronounced it "one of the most successful historical productions of our time." Nor were these commendations limited to barren praise. The work was translated into the chief European languages, and the author elected a member of the Historical Society of Madrid.

Stimulated by this success, the indefatigable student proceeded to make further researches, and projected the "Conquest of Mexico." This differed widely from "Ferdinand and Isabella." The subject was much more alluring and of greater general interest. Every school-boy had heard of Cortez; the country itself was exceed.
ingly attractive, and the romantic career of Iturbide had given a fresh interest to the soil over which he held a temporary sceptre. The materials for this were copious, but undigested, and many Spanish scholars were not aware that such documents existed as were brought to light by the unwearied toil of Mr. Prescott. After the colonies had thrown off the yoke of the mother-country, all the official papers were considered of no value, and allowed to be used as wrapping-paper. As many of these as possible were collected and classified, the dates accurately determined, and the proper authorities consulted before the work was commenced. This gave a great value to many works, of which only a few copies were extant, and the Spanish and French book-sellers republished volumes concerning the early conquest, which at once met a prompt sale. The “Conquest of Mexico” was published in 1843, and the “Conquest of Peru” in 1847. Six years were devoted to the former, and four to the latter.

Such unintermitting toil demanded some relaxation, and in 1850 the learned writer visited Belgium, and there collected the materials for a “Life of Philip the Second;” three volumes of this only were published, for he did not live to finish it.

Having thus summarily disposed of the histories, as they came out, we will glance, for a moment, at their composition. But here Mr. Prescott shall tell his own story. The author himself could scarcely read at all, nor was he in the commencement of his labours so fortunate as to obtain an assistant who was acquainted with the Castilian idiom. Here it must be remembered that many of the ancient chroniclers scarcely observed the rules of grammar and orthography. The writer some time since translated one of Cervantes’ stories, and was sometimes at a loss to extract the full meaning of a sentence. Words and phrases which passed current in the sixteenth century are scarcely intelligible now. “I taught him, (my reader),” says Prescott, “to pronounce the Spanish in a manner suited, I suspect, much more to my ear than that of a Spaniard. And we began our wearisome journey through Mariana’s noble history. I cannot, even now, call to mind without a smile the tedious hours in which, seated under some old trees at my country residence, we pursued our slow and melancholy way over pages which afforded no glimmering of light to him, and from which the light came dimly struggling to me through a half intelligible vocabulary; but in a few weeks the light became stronger, and I was cheered by a consciousness of my own improvement. And when we had toiled our way through seven quarto I found I could understand the book when read about two thirds as fast as ordinary English.”

Thus was the beginning; the next difficulty was to transfer the matter to paper. The books and manuscripts were read till their contents were impressed on the memory; and a frame about the size of a quarto sheet of letter paper was crossed by as many brass wires as there were lines on the page, and a sheet of carbonated paper was pasted on the reverse side; the characters were then traced with an agate or ivory stylus on the sheet; these were again copied on paper with a very wide margin, and read over; corrections were made, and the whole copied a second time. Mr. Prescott was exceedingly solicitous about facts and dates, but did not care so much for style, though the most discriminating critic could scarcely find a dozen faults in as many pages. He is always impartial and often philosophical. Himself a Puritan and descended from ancestors who had sought a home in the wilds of America for conscience’ sake, he is yet extremely free from any tinge of bigotry or religious bitterness, and eulogizes the disinterested zeal and unworlthy piety of some of the Dominicans and Franciscans, who sought to evangelise the recently discovered countries. One sentence deserves to be written in letters of gold, and should be inscribed on every history: “It is impossible to estimate the actions of the fifteenth century by the lights and philosophy of the eighteenth.” There is also a new plan adopted in all these histories which, apart from their high literary merits, would make them of great value. Every author that could throw any light on the subject matter has been carefully consulted, and is quoted in the original at the foot of the page. At the close of every book there is a brief memoir of any annalist whose labours are worthy of such mention. The same plan can be remarked in Thiers’s “French Revolution,” but not to such an extent. It is a singular fact, that a copy of any of Prescott’s works can rarely be purchased except from a regular bookseller.

Mr. Prescott was exceedingly methodical and regular in the distribution of his time. He rose early, and walked five miles daily, preferring then to be alone, as he commonly reflected on the dictations made and authors heard the day before; five hours were devoted to literary pursuits, and two to listening to the works of some great novelist. Scott, Dumas, Dickens, or Sue were generally preferred. From the middle of November to the middle of June the great author resided at No. 55 Beacon street, Boston, where he had accumulated a large and valuable library, particularly on American history and in foreign languages. In summer he occasionally lived at Nahant, but during the last years of his life the hotter months were spent at Swampsnett. His books, however, accompanied him wherever he went, and his avocations were never changed.

His private character was unspotted and no one could escape the influence of his genial fascination. His voice was particularly musical and his conversation instructive and witty, but never pedantic. His general disposition was playful, but marked by a vein of seriousness. He was exceedingly liberal, and one tenth of his income was set aside for charitable purposes. He was tall and slender, with a florid complexion, and an exceedingly agreeable countenance. He
died of paralysis, on the twentieth of January, 1859.

One of his secretaries thus communicates his recollections of the personal character of his distinguished chief:

"Mr. Prescott's cheerfulness and amiability were truly admirable. He had a finely-wrought sensitive organisation. He was high-spirited, resolute, courageous, independent; was free from cant, or affectation of any sort; yet no annoyance, great or small, the most painful illness, or the most intolerable bore, could disturb his equanimity, or render him in the least degree sullen, fretful, or discourteous. He was always gay, good-humoured, and manly, most gentle and affectionate to his family, most kind and gracious to all around him. He carried his kindness of disposition not only into his public but also his private writings. In the hundreds of letters, many of them of the most confidential character, treating freely of other authors, and of a great variety of persons, which I wrote at his dictation, not a single unkind, harsh, or sneering expression occurs. He was totally free from the jealousy and envy so common among authors, and was always eager in conversation, as in print, to point out the merits of the great contemporary historians, whom many men, in his position, would have looked upon as rivals to be dreaded and detested."

Mr. Prescott's career was marked by great prosperity. Unassisted, he had fought his own way to the pinnacle of fame, and won a high place in the temple of letters.

THE TWO HUNTING EXCURSIONS.*

THE DOCTOR'S HALLUCINATIONS.

In accordance with the Doctor's suggestion, we repaired to a small private room in a second-class but excellently well-kept restaurant. Physicians are good judges in such matters, and on these points, at least, their experience is as safe a guide as their observation.

The dinner, at which iced champagne prevailed to the exclusion of the other wines (that was another of the Doctor's prescriptions), was drawing to a close. We were beginning to talk with our elbows upon the table, when the Doctor himself referred to our previous conversation on dreams and visions. Knowing that I kept a journal of my dreams, he asked me if I had classified them; which I had taken good care not to do, grand Dieu!

He spoke first of lucid dreams (clara somnia), in which the spirit retains complete control and exercise of all its powers of deduction and even of invention.

"It is well known," said he, "that poets have composed verses and mathematicians solved problems while under the influence of the class of dreams styled psychical, the soul being perfectly free while the senses are locked in sleep. Directly opposed to these are the hyperesthetic dreams, in which the senses alone roam free and unrestrained, as if taking advantage of the temporary absence of the lawful authority.

In the extensive class of hyperesthetic dreams are distinguished, first," said he, "the symptomatic, the peculiar character of which lies not in so much in their intensity as in their persistence. Hippocrates, and Galen after him, both in their day laid great stress upon this class, as furnishing an excellent diagnosis in cases of disease; hence their name, symptomatic. Dreams of this class, take notice, act by the law of contraries. If, my dear sir, during sleep you participate frequently in sumptuous dinners; if for three consecutive nights you dream of feasts, suppers, good cheer, and revelry, take warning; your habitual diet is insufficient or improper, or some of the digestive organs fulfill but poorly their functions. God be praised! I think that neither you nor I will dream this night of Pantagruelic feasts. To your health—and to my own!"

And he held out his glass to me.

"Your symptomatic dreams, Doctor, resemble a mirage in a barren, sandy desert, which presents visions of cooling waters and shady groves to the poor wanderer dying from thirst and heat."

"Do not confound things, my dear friend; the mirage manifests itself only to waking eyes; that is an hallucination, not a dream, and before touching upon hallucinations, allow me to resume my theory of dreams. Following close upon the symptomatic come the symplogiques: disordered dreams, in which the senses and the imagination clash, and various dramas commingle into one; complicated, hideous dreams, without head or tail, in which nightmare claims a legitimate place. But you are right. Away with all these high sounding terms, of which the Greeks, to whom we owe them, themselves understood not a jot! The result of my own practical observations," continued he, "is, that in dreams man divides himself in two; that is, the material and the immaterial of man become dissociated;"
The body and the soul have power to separate, and reunite in conditions entirely different from those of their normal state."

"Bravo! Doctor," cried I, "you are recognizing my system of the Second Life!"

"If it is a system," replied he, smiling, "it may be as destitute of common sense as my theory. But advocate your Second Life, and even a third, if you choose; I myself am far from dissenting from it, although an orthodox member of the Academy of Medicine."

The dear Doctor sipped delicately the wine I had just poured out for him, commended silently with his own reflections a few moments, then smiled again, and said:

"Since we are returned to earth, in exchange for your 'Two Hunting Excursions,' I will relate two strange incidents of my youth, which, I confidently believe, with a little embellishment, would furnish a couple of curious chapters for your journal. You are at liberty to appropriate them, and class them as you see fit."

And he entered at once upon Chapter First.

"The most intrepid traveler," said he, "never performed a journey over a route more venturous, more strange, more unstable, than the one I traversed on a certain day. Yes, I once traced my way above a human throng; a dense, compact, animated mass, on the top of which I trod as upon a floor; a true mosaic of living heads, grimacing, cursing, raving, storming, and yelling heads, from each of which gleamed eyes rolling in the most terrific manner. On such a road the most skilful balancer could not have taken two steps without tripping; for, far above the heads, projected numberless arms, stiff and firm, terminated by closed fists, very similar in their movements to the workings of the tentacles of the gasteropode, or rather to the numerous members with which hideous polyopes are armed. If, being a poet, you prefer mythological comparisons, imagine a thousand or twelve hundred heads of Medusa with their serpent hair."

"Notwithstanding those heads, arms, fists, and eyes, all threatening me at once," continued my learned friend, "I pursued my way, and in an upright position! My feet sunk into the massy tufts of hair, gilded over the bowed heads, tread rough-shot over the angular projections of shoulders, and, wonderful to relate, I, whose nature is not in the slightest degree akin to that of the lion, felt not for an instant the fear of danger, not even thought of the injury I might be inflicting upon others. Tell me now, does not that very much resemble a dream?"

"Was it not one?"

"No; in the contact of my feet with those head and shoulders, everything was real; and I walked over them without a moment's thought, as easily as over a rather rugged and uneven piece of ground; that was all."

"What then, Doctor, inspired you with so much audacity?"

"Fear, my friend, fear, which sometimes makes children of heroes. I made my way over that perilous route with but one thought, that of flight; not flight from evil or danger, but from a simple emotion."

"I was at that time a student of medicine; all my studies were progressing finely, I venture to assert; but at the science of the operating-room I not only rebelled, I revolted. Twenty times, yes, a hundred times had I attempted to nerve myself to witness some slight operation, but in vain. This chicken-heartedness bade fair to ruin all my future prospects."

"One morning, as I was attending the course at the Hospital of Charity, our illustrious professor announced for the next day an amputation upon Number Seventeen, with a new apparatus. Number Seventeen was a small man, with a hard, rough cast of countenance. His physiognomy excited within me no tender emotions; on the contrary, its very unprepossessing aspect seemed to adapt him peculiarly to my purpose."

"I arose at break of day, determined to stand firm this time; to be present at the operation, and not only place myself in such a position as to witness distinctly the whole process, but also to render escape from it impossible; and I was in a fair way to keep good my resolution."

"The amphitheatre of the Charity was built in the form of a large funnel, the seats rising in rows one above the other from the bottom to the top of its circumference. I descended to the foot of the funnel. When I found myself face to face with the operating-table, which I nearly touched, I took a seat upon the narrow bench toward which, from high to low, converged all the seats of the amphitheatre, soon filled with students drawn there by the announcement of the operation with the new apparatus."

"Not a vacant seat remained; the last comers were compelled to mount one another's shoulders to gain seats, for want of better, in the embrasures of the windows; the doors were obstructed by a triple rank of spectators, like the entrance to the orchestre of our theatres on the occasion of a grand representation. And I, literally sunk, submerged in the lowest depths of the funnel, like Cain in the lowest circle of Dante's hell, was fortifying myself, my brow covered with perspiration, to commence at last my course on human suffering."

"A little door opened opposite me. Preceded by the hospital surgeons, like a consul by his lictors, the Professor entered amid a storm of applause. He spoke a few words upon the operation to be performed, upon the merits and advantages of the new apparatus, and exhibited his instruments with a clear and rapid explanation of each; then the hospital attendants brought in the unfortunate Number Seventeen, enveloped in his sombre grey coat, the uniform of the institution. At first sight of the patient, I felt a trembling creep over me, yet I did not lose courage. But that countenance, which the day before had excited in me only a feeling of antipathy, became exalted in my eyes as at the approach of martyrdom. While they were stripping him of his only garment, the poor man cast over that whole assembly a look so full
of pitiful resignation, that I felt as if the knife prepared for him had just been plunged into my own bosom. They stretched him upon a narrow mattress—they bound him hand and foot.

"I saw no more; I had already commenced my terrible ascent through the rising rows of benches; a violent nervous shock had suddenly deadened within me all my powers of intelligence, and given an incredible impetus to those of locomotion. A blind force led me on, heedless of obstacles; I would have faced unhesitatingly a battery of cannon; I no longer saw clearly; I thought I was traversing a phantasimagorian land, and that some enchanter had strewn it thick with grimacing heads and furiously gesticulating arms.

"Thus I accomplished that terrible escalade; thus I travelled intrepidly over that living mass, rife with dangerous shoals, and, as I found to my cost on regaining the street and recovering my senses, with fist blows which could inflict serious injuries. The next day my body and limbs were black and blue with bruises.

"Such, my dear friend, is a faithful recital of my Odyssey through the grand amphitheatre of the Hospital of Charity, in Paris. For any enlightenment upon the exciting causes of that unusual mode of travelling, see "Recherches sur les Hallucinations," by Szafkowski, and above all, the works of the learned Alfred Maury."

"Dear Doctor, I prefer to hear your Chapter Second."

"A la bonne heure!" said he, "another glass of wine to drown the recollection of the amphitheatre of the Hospital of Charity and poor Number Seventeen."

Then, after a moment's silence:

"This time the scene is very foreign to a hospital; it is my turn to transport you into fairy-land; into scenes voluptuous and even a little dissolute; strange, perhaps, on the part of a grave medical practitioner like myself—but are we not in a private room? Our hostess will know nothing of it; besides, I shall be very brief in my description, in order not to tax too long either your modesty or my own."

This introduction to Chapter Second excited my curiosity. The Doctor drained his glass, filled it anew himself in a fit of abstraction, and raised it to the level of his eye:

"For both of us, be it understood, this day shall be consecrated entirely to youthful remembrances," he resumed. "My youth, whenever I evoke it, seems to come to me in a direct line from Villemomble, Paris, where my father once owned a country residence. I was staying at Villemomble; one day I was botanizing in the fine woods in the neighbourhood, when suddenly the air seemed to be agitated before my eyes in little globules precisely like those which ascend from the bottom of this glass, except that, instead of ascending they descended; they came down in showers like fine rain, and every drop was a little granulated pearl, of a transparent yellow. This yellow tint gradually increased in brilliancy and intensity; soon, as if warmed to life by the influence of the summer sun which pervaded the atmosphere of the woods, the globules began to vibrate, to oscillate, and finally to fly about the ether and thither, pell-mell, like swarms of gnats. Then succeeded a general explosion; each globule burst in a flame and scattered its brilliant atoms around, and every object in the woods, animate and inanimate, became instantly coated with the gilded particles. All nature seemed decked in gold: gold glittered upon the foliage of every shrub and tree, upon every pebble and herb beneath my feet; every flower was a ranunculus; the birds had golden eyes and golden plumes; the flies and insects seemed transformed into flying pepites. You might well believe the mines of California and Australia had been embowered from the earth.

It was, in fine, a complete El Dorado."

"A few steps from me stood an immense tree, distinguished from the others by bearing huge pods, nearly all of which hung to the ground. I approached the tree and opened one of the pods, and upon its satin lining I found, to my great astonishment, separated from one another by a slight partition, and nicely arranged in rows and folded together like haricots in their capsules, I found, I say,—I give you a hundred times to guess it in—women, my dear friend, young, charming, enchanting!"

"What! women in pods?"

"Yes; and blondes, understand, or more than blondes, since their hair was composed of threads of pure gold. Thus, in the country to which I was suddenly transported, the women grew upon trees, leguminous trees of course, and better still, no need to take the trouble to shell them. Amazed, confounded, I started back almost affrighted at this newly discovered wonder, when all the pods which reached to the ground opened spontaneously, by desiccation, as we botanists say; the lovely fruits of this enchanted tree detached themselves from their envelopes and sprang to the right and left, bounding and flying like the seeds of the balsam when its capsule bursts. An army of forest nymphs surrounded me, all in a costume which mythological customs and the excessive heat of the place alone could authorize. Linking hands, some arranged themselves in groups and attitudes worthy of antique statuary, true tableaux vivants, set in genuine golden frames; others performed dances before me which the chief master of the ballet would not be ashamed to own. Never before had I witnessed such a fête. But enough of these details."

"Why, Doctor? why? However, you will not deny this time that it is a dream you have been relating?"

"A dream? No; but a case of poisoning."

I started in my seat.

"Poisoning? What do you say? how? In the woods when you were botanizing?"

"Exactly. But we will go back a little. In imitation of our skilful novelists, and imperial solicitors in their pleas to the court, I first established my case, holding your curiosity in suspense for the final stroke."
"Now, in order to understand the cause of the principal, and indeed the only event of Chapter Second, it is necessary to return to Chapter First, as you will perceive. But let us drink! The narrator, as well as the orator, is entitled to his glass of sweetened water, and champagne can, I find be substituted for it with very good advantage."

The narrating poured a third bottle; I filled the doctor's glass, and he continued: "After my famous affair with Number Seventeen at the amphitheatre of the Charity, my mind became much interested on the subject of hallucinations; consequently, when my term of studies drew to a close, I chose, as the subject of my thesis, the hallucinations essentially induced by the ingestion of certain vegetable substances. I treated the subject logically, therapeutically, and philosophically. Now listen. The narcissic acts first upon the senses, and they in turn upon the imagination; the imagination, violently excited, communicates back to the physical frame the shock it has received from it; action and reaction intoxicate and react upon you understand; then there is established between the two a sort of understanding, harmony, equilibrium; order out of disorder. The eyes, partaking of the hallucination, behold outwardly, in their highly susceptible state, only what exists in the mind in its illusion; hence the visions, apparitions, pleasant or frightful—those still-life deceptions which mislead you. But I am repeating my thesis to you, my dear friend, when I only meant to say—what was I going to say?"

he resumed, placing his glass upon the table after emptying it at a single draught, and filling it anew, all by the way of abstraction, of course. "Ah! I have it now! Eh bien, mon cher docteur, you are not content with observation and theory, I experimented upon myself. I ate opium, stramonium, mandragora, and hasheesh; I experienced the effects of those powerful anaesthetics, those mysterious fairies which open the doors of an unknown paradise or a frightful hell."

"When I was on the point of substantiating my theory of narcotics before the faculty, there remained for my personal experiment only the hyosciamus; that dark plant with bristly leaves, yellow flowers, and purple veins—a plant too much culminated, according to my opinion, for if it makes us pay a little dear for the banquet it spreads before us, the festivities are splendid and perfect in all their arrangements."

"The hyosciamus, the one untired object of my narcotic experiments, I luckily found in the woods of Villemomble. From my pure love of art I nibbled its leaves, its stalks, its roots—with all needful precaution, of course! I knew with what a deadly poison I had to deal. A quarter of an hour afterwards I was a prey to berlue—to berlue-Danacé!—that is the name given to it by the famous Boissier Sauvage—or Savage. After my vision of the leguminous women, I was attacked with a violent cephalalgia—that devils cephalalgia, I believe I have it yet."

The doctor carried his hand to his head and looked for the bottle, already three quarters exhausted, but I had removed it. It was very evident that iced champagne was not so harmless to him as he had imagined. Nevertheless, he continued his recital, interspersing it with reflections somewhat vague. "When I returned to Villemomble, my lovely hours, suddenly transformed into old hags covered with tinsel and foil, followed me to the suburbs of the village, heaping upon me all sorts of indignities and blasphemies."

"Finally," continued the dear doctor, whose tongue was getting thicker and thicker every moment, "fortunately my head kept clear. I ordered two grains of lemonade—no, two grains of an emetic in a pint of lemonade;" then interrupting himself: "But what right have you with two heads?" said he. "The next morning I could see nothing but yellow, deep yellow; the day after light yellow, the colour of this champagne. Hold! where is the bottle?"

"Doctor, we have drank enough."

"Perhaps you are right." He looked at his empty glass, then turned toward me: "Always distrust champagne wine, my dear friend; that, also, is an hallucination!"

And my learned doctor sunk into a profound sleep.

OBSERVATIONS ON HORSEBACK.

SERPENT FASCINATION—EXPERIMENTS—SPIRITUALISM.

The power of serpents to charm the smaller classes of animals, which they capture for food, has long been held as an undoubted fact. It has long been believed that they could fascinate the larger orders of animals, so as to bring them within range of their deadly fangs; and that even the intellect of man is not exempt from their influence. The common theory upon this subject gives to the serpent, having the power of fascination, an ability to gain the attention of its victims, to paralyze them as if by an electrical influence, and to attract them toward itself as if by magnetism.

Birds, more generally, are supposed to be the victims of these charms. They have been seen moving around serpents in such a manner as to indicate, in the opinion of the observers, that they were under the power of fascination. The testimony upon this point describes the bird as moving in a circle, or a semicircle, around the serpent. If upon the ground, they run, with extended wings, gradually narrowing their circle..."
of motion, but never stopping for an instant, till within a foot or two of the serpent. Then, as if conscious of their peril, and just at the moment they are about to be seized, they fling themselves backward on the wing, so as to be out of the reach of their terrible enemy. The birds, thus escaping for the moment from the survey of the foe from their distant position. This seems to be a fatal dallying with danger. The serpent’s eye, quick as the lightning’s flash, again darts its mysterious magic into theirs; and again and again they advance and recede, as if drawn irresistibly toward the point which has become the all-absorbing centre of attraction. If the serpent is upon a tree, the bird flutters around it, advancing and retreating as when upon the ground.

The popular interpretation of these movements of the birds is this: the serpent establishes a connection between itself and them, by which it controls their wills, and draws them within its reach. In accomplishing this object, it does not go in pursuit of them, but lies in coil, with head erect, awaiting their approach. It appears, however, that the serpent’s power has its well-defined limits, and its own peculiar philosophical phenomena.

If the movements of birds toward it are due to the attractive powers employed by the serpent, then the law of attraction in this case, is a positive reversion of the laws of magnetic attraction. The attractive power of the magnet is greatest, when the body acted upon is in contact with it, and it loses its force in proportion to the distance to which that body may be removed. That is to say, it requires more force to remove a piece of iron, when in contact with a magnet, than is required for its removal, when at a distance of several inches from it. But such is not the case with the serpent’s power of attraction. In the supposed fascination, the birds, though unable, while at the distance of ten or a dozen feet, to resist its attractive powers, are able, nevertheless, at the last moment, when the devourer is in the act of striking, to break the charm, and, by a reverse movement, to fling themselves instantly out of danger’s way. Thus it appears, that when the birds are at a distance the serpent can draw them within its reach; but that, when they come in close contact, its attractive power is lost, and they can retreat without hindrance.

Such is the theory of fascination, as based upon occurrences that have been witnessed by many observers. Its philosophical defects may be inferred from the hints already given; but whether such transactions prove that serpents possess the power of fascination, or that the observers have been mistaken in their deductions, will be better understood, when a case is stated which was witnessed by myself.

Business led me to cross the Chilhowee Mountain, in Tennessee, on the twenty-seventh of June, 1857. When near Montdelle Springs, two birds were noticed, at a couple of rods’ distance from the road, which were acting in a manner new and strange to me. They were in an open space, near the stump of a fallen tree, but did not take flight at my approach, as, under ordinary circumstances, they would have done. On reaching a point opposite to them, it was noticed that they were the brown mocking-bird, or thrush, and that a very large black snake lay coiled at the side of the road. On seeing me, it suddenly began to uncoil itself, and move off as if to make its escape; the birds, at the same time, pausing a moment in their movements. But before it had stretched itself to more than half its length, they were again in motion, and flew at it in the most energetic manner. Instantly, the snake once more whirled itself into coil in its former position. The male bird then commenced to run and skip with great activity, in a semi-circle, the serpent being the centre, and gradually closed in until within a foot or two of its coils, when, with a sudden dart forward, the bird thrust its head toward that of the snake, and, in the same instant, threw itself backward, alighting on the ground at the distance of about ten feet. Before the male had closed this feat, the female had commenced a similar set of actions. All the movements of the birds were made with extended wings, as if ready to fly in a moment. By the time the female had thrown itself back from the snake, the male was in position again, repeating the same movements. This movement of the male at that time my horse had carried me some four or five rods into a thicket of bushes, whether my hand had guided him, and where I dismounted and secured him. All this took place in a minute or two; and as only an indistinct view had been gained of the action of the birds in passing, a favourable position for observation was taken, so that all that occurred could be noted. The first movement of the male bird, in thrusting its head forward into close contact with the snake, impressed me with the conviction that a case of the so-called fascination was enacting before me, and I determined to observe it in a philosophical manner.

It was half-past one o’clock p.m. The birds were still eagerly at work, when I turned my eye upon them, after the interruption of hitching my horse. They were panting, as if greatly fatigued by long exertion, but manifested not the least disposition to remit their efforts. If not fascinated, they were at least so earnestly enlisted in the affair on hand, as to disregard every thing else around them. The snake lay in its coil, with head erect and drawn back, so as to be in the best possible position to strike and seize the birds as they advanced. The many convolutions of its lengthened body moved in graceful curves, as its glittering head followed their motions. Its eye sparkled in the sunlight like the polished diamond, while its movements gave to its ever-shifting scales the brilliant hues of the rainbow. Again and again, as the birds approached, it would strike at them, with open mouth, exhibiting a malignity of disposition that portended death to them, had they been seized in its jaws.

A few minutes sufficed to show that a battle,
and not a scene of fascination, was presented before me. The birds, at each approach, struck the snake with their beaks, or with their talons, when, generally, but not always, it darted forward at them, only to find that it was aiming at a movable target. This can be easily explained. The snake, in striking, could never project itself more than about two-thirds of its length, but its defence was made with determined courage. Its position by the stomp protected it in the rear, so that the birds could only approach it in the front. They were as adroit in their attacks as it was resolute in its defence. In attempting to seize them, it could not curve to either side, after starting, so as to follow their motions, but invariably shot forward, in a straight line, to the point they occupied when it made its spring. The birds, in advancing to the attack, by a circular movement, were certain of being away from the spot at which it aimed, and when its teeth smashed together, where it expected its prey, it had nothing in its grasp.

At length, however, thew, I reached the spot, about twenty-five minutes by the watch. Once or twice during the contest, the reptile made a movement to escape up the hillside, but the birds, as at its first attempt, immediately brought it into position again. At last, seeming to despair of success in securing a dinner in that locality, it directed onward toward a grove of trees and bushes, or turned to the right or left. The birds swept after it, pecking, scratching, and striking it with their wings, as if inspired with the consciousness that victory was theirs.

At this moment I rushed forward, and, after some difficulty, killed the snake and cut it open. There was not a particle of food from one end to the other of the intestinal canal. It must, therefore, have been hungry; and if it possessed the faculty of charming, it would undoubtedly have employed its powers on such a delicacy as these birds.

When the dissection of the snake was finished, it was apparent that it had never been asleep when its young were in the nest; and, doubtless, the conflict which had just terminated, had been waged for the protection of their offspring. Less active birds, venturing as close as they did to their enemy, must have been captured.

Remaining most of the summer in the mountains of North-Carolina, frequent opportunities were afforded of inquiring of hunters and others, what they knew about birds being charmed by serpents. All believed in the theory of fascination, and several had witnessed encounters such as I have described; but none had ever seen the snake seize the bird. They had looked on until the bird, as they supposed, was attempting to thrust its head, under the influence of the charm, into the serpent's mouth, when they had rushed forward and killed the serpent to save the bird from destruction. In all the inquiries made, no instance has been related where there was any more evidence of fascination than in the one observed by myself. In all cases, however, there was a singular uniformity in the descriptions of the manner in which the birds fluttered around the snakes. So nearly did their accounts correspond with what I had witnessed, that I was convinced of the truthfulness of their statements.

A few additional facts, having an important bearing upon the subject of fascination, came under my own notice during 1859. In the summer of that year, some amusing incidents led me to secure a number of serpents of different species; and, amongst them, a couple of fine specimens of the rattlesnake. This serpent is somewhat sluggish in its movements, and, unlike many other species of its order, it is not an active climber. While many of the others can with ease ascend bushes, trees, and precipices, to rob the nests of birds of their eggs or young ones, the rattlesnake, less agile, has to find its prey in a more limited range. For this reason, it has been supposed that the rattlesnake must possess the power of fascination; otherwise, it could not secure, as it does, such active animals as mice, rats, squirrels, rabbits, and birds, as has been plausibly asserted, this serpent, assuredly, will not use poisoned food; will not first strike the animals it designs to eat; and then, some of these animals are combatants of no trifling power, and could easily kill the snake or escape from it; so that, unless the rattlesnake is endowed with the faculty of fascination, it is aversed it could not possibly capture the food upon which it subsists.

The opinion that venomous serpents do not eat the animals they kill by the poison of their fangs, like many other popular notions, turns out to be an error. This I know from my own personal observation; and for the satisfaction of naturalists some particulars are given. My specimens were placed in a box, covered with glass, and having a wooden lid secured by lock and key. A few small holes, for ventilation, were made in the sides of the box, but too small to allow the escape of even a mouse. Birds, when put into the box, in the division including the rattlesnake, would often stay around and over it, for hours, unmolested; but, at length, when in a favourable position, the snake would strike the fatal blow, and death ensue in a few minutes. One instance, only, need be noticed: a half-grown bird, when struck, at once commenced screaming, with wings outstretched, and, turning round once or twice, seemed to droop andicken rapidly. In three or four minutes from the moment it was bitten it fell forward toward the mouth of the rattlesnake and expired. The movements of this bird were in accordance with such actions as have been observed, in cases where fascination alone was supposed to be employed. In this case, the charm was fatal one, truly, being nothing less than the poison of the serpent coursing through its veins.

The birds placed in the box were not swallowed by the rattlesnake, seemingly, as it afterwards appeared, because it would not encumber its jaws, so as to be unprepared for defence, while the human eye rested upon it,
Observations on Horseback.

In experimenting on the non-venomous species, it was found that they, also, would not take their food when any person was present; but that, when alone and secure, they would eat ravenously; one of them, the common bull-snake, having eaten nine young birds in a few hours. Profiting by this discovery, a rat, two-thirds grown, was thrown to the rattlesnake, when it immediately struck it twice. The victim soon exhibited signs of dying, and the box was closed and locked. Upon examination, fifteen minutes afterwards, the rat had been swallowed, and the serpent's thickness proportionally increased.

By this experiment, and others similar, it was ascertained, that the rattlesnake does eat food which has been poisoned by its own venom; and that it is probable that it always captures its victims by striking them, as, unconscious of danger, they pass its place of concealment; the poison of its fangs being a much more efficient agency than the fascination of its eyes.

It may be remarked, in explanation, that although the poison of serpents, infused into the veins and arteries, is always fatal to the smaller animals, yet it may be received into the stomach without injury, as it is easily digested, and exerts no prejudicial influence upon the system. In the smaller animals, killed by the bite of the snake, no inflammation, no swelling of the body takes place, as in the case of the larger animals, for the reason that the extinction of life occurs too soon to allow of any such effects.

If, then, the venomous serpents eat the food killed by their own poison, and the non-venomous species eat, climb almost everywhere that birds build their nests, where is the necessity of any of these reptiles being endowed with the powers of fascination? They possess the means of attack and defence, independent of the power of charming, in a degree fully equal to the necessities of their existence, and, in this respect, are better than any of the other orders in the animal kingdom. Why, then, should they be given such an advantage as fascination would confer, over the other orders of the irrational creatures? But we need not prolong our remarks on these topics; another claiming some attention in this connection.

It is well known that modern spiritualism has received much advantage from the common belief in serpent-fascination. The truth or falsity of this belief is, therefore, a question of considerable importance. How far the credibility of spiritualism and its allied delusions are affected by the discoveries noted in this article, is left to the decision of the reader. It may be said, however, that the discoveries cast upon the theory of fascination, to justify appeals to it in support of any systems of doctrine or belief.

One subject only need be examined, to enable the reader to comprehend how it is, that so much self-deception exists in relation to questions involving the action of the mental faculties. It is believed, by many, of a certain school of theology, that affinities exist, between individuals, which exert an attractive force, independent of the will of the subject acted upon. This theory is based on the belief, that all persons are surrounded by an emanation, or adumbration, of their moral natures, which has an attractive or repellant force upon those coming within its influence; that some are surrounded by this moral atmosphere to an extent, or in a degree of force, far exceeding others of the same moral type; that this attraction resembles the chemical affinities which combine, into one crystalline mass, the atoms of pure quartz, or those of the diamond—like attracting like; that, among mankind, the pure, the good, the true, attract each other with a force corresponding to the degrees of strength of moral character possessed by each: the weaker being attracted by the stronger, while those of an opposite character are repelled with equal force; and that this influence is invariant in its character, the good never attracting the bad, nor the bad the good.

Take an example: A lady of much intelligence, during a discussion of the merits of the modern spiritualistic creeds, thus stated her own experience, as a reason for her belief in the theory of an emanation of moral influence surrounding all persons:

"I pass with a countenance where a social party are assembled. My eye surveys the group, and all are repellent. Not a single countenance comes to view with which I can be in sympathy. Instinctively I shrink into a retired spot, with chilling sensations paralyzing my heart. Presently, upon closer scrutiny, a pleasant face, overlooked in the first survey, is discovered. It indicates, unerringly, that the person belongs to the pure, the good, the true; and I am attracted, irresistibly, toward the spot, in the firm belief that an affinity exists between us. My expectations are realized, and pleasant sensations prevail over my soul. The pure, the good, and true are all combined in my new-made friend, while all others in the room are rejected. I feel the most keen antagonism to the impulses of my heart. I have no sympathy with them, am strongly repelled from them, and cannot approach them but with feelings of dread."

In the course of the discussion, this lady readily admitted such facts, when stated, as were fatal to her theory; but which, until their true bearing upon the question was pointed out, she had never thought of interpreting in a philosophical manner. This done, she frankly admitted her error, and wondered that she should ever have deceived herself. A single statement may serve to show why she so readily relinquished her opinions. She admitted that she had been once too much. She had concluded that character of those who had attracted her; and that, instead of belonging to the pure, the good, the true, they had afterward proved themselves to be the reverse. On the other hand, on better acquaintance with those who, at first, repelled her, as she imagined, they had often turned out to be persons of the most amiable dispositions and unquestioned moral excellence. The decisions, therefore, which she had at first made,
were the result of the action of her own mind, induced by the fanciful estimate she had formed from the personal appearance of the parties, severally, and not from any influence emanating from them and controlling the action of her mind. Had the latter been true—had her mind been controlled, involuntarily, by a moral atmosphere surrounding the persons she approached—then she could not have erred in her judgment; but as she did err, then the mistake originated in her own mind, and the whole theory she had embraced was evidently a piece of self-deception. Of this view, she became fully convinced; and the same results must follow, wherever the claims of spiritualism are subjected to the strict analysis of philosophical investigation.

Should any one be desirous of finding an example of the strongest character, of the extent to which men of reputed intelligence may suffer themselves to be duped, let him open the pages of the book of Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, on “Spirit Manifestations,” at page 295, and read what he inserts in reference to the “believing” visitors, at the establishment of Jonathan Koons, in Athens county, Ohio; and then let him look up the report of the self-constituted committee of “unbelievers,” who attended the manifestations of Koons some time afterward, and exploded the whole imposture, by seizing the illuminated “spirit hands” which played the musical instruments, &c., and found good-sized Hocking County girls attached to them. We should imagine that the gentlemen who so eloquently describe the proceedings, and attest their truthfulness so positively, must have felt themselves in no enviable position when the humbug was exploded. But more of this hereafter.

BRAZIL AND BRAZILIAN SOCIETY.

Translated from the “Revue des Deux Mondes,”

BY ASHER HALL.

CHAP. X.

RIO JANEIRO.

I had heard the imposing beauty of the roadstead of Rio Janeiro much vaunted; but accustomed by long experience to find, in most cases, the reality in perfect contrast with the pompous descriptions of travellers, I did not set much value upon the wonderful spectacle which had everywhere been promised me. At length I entered the roadstead on one of those bright mornings of the tropics, and, for the first time, perhaps, I found the picture excelled the description—so impossible is it for the exaggerations of man to contend against the exaggerations of nature. Imagine an immense basin, surrounded on all sides by a girdle of granitic mountains, covered with the richest vegetation ever dreamed of by man, and you will form a faint idea of the roadstead of Rio Janeiro. It must be added, however, that there is another roadstead still more beautiful, more majestic, namely, the roadstead of San Francisco.

In spite of the yellow fever, which, for the past few years, has established its quarters here, Rio Janeiro is the first city of South-America, both in commerce and population. It is to this point that almost the entire current of European emigration converges. Hence, the traveller finds himself jostled every moment by French, Germans, and Italians. I have been assured that the number of the former reached ten thousand. I think these figures exaggerated; but I can affirm that there are whole streets where nothing but French is spoken. It is here that are found those luxurious stores that give birth to all the requirements of the most refined civilization, and especially that retail trade in novelties in which the Parisian excels. Every branch of industry requiring taste and skill seems to fall exclusively to his lot. Clothing is the specialty of the Germans. The large commercial houses are kept by Portuguese. The Italians, as usual, reserve to themselves the departments of plaster images, hand-organs, and vermicelli.

Before this ever-increasing influx of foreigners, there is no custom, however invertebrate, that does not finally get broken in upon; consequently the old Portuguese peculiarities tend more and more to disappear. Gas has begun to take the place of oil-lamps, and the scaldos are relieved of a part of their work; unpaved streets are becoming more and more rare; here and there sidewalks are observable—of scanty proportions, it is true, for the circumstances will not admit of much width. As in all towns in warm countries, the streets are narrow, and it is an object to exclude the sun as much as possible. This sometimes gives rise to grave inconveniences. During the summer solstice, when avalanches of water come down into the city, the streets are changed into brooks, and the lower rooms are often invaded. Though this rainwater is far from being cold, it is necessary to avoid it. A German, who took a fancy to bathe in a stream that a rain had improvised before his door, having entered a venda, before chang-
ing his clothes, to relate his emotions, which reminded him of old Germany, was seized with chills on the following night, and expired the next day a victim of yellow fever.

**UNHEALTHINESS OF THE CITY.**

Will all the efforts that are being made to render the city healthy diminish the figures of mortality? I am afraid not. The belt of mountains that en circles the city forms a cup, as it were, at the bottom of which the sun’s action is added to the humid emanations of earth and sea. Besides, ever since the yellow fever visited the eastern coast, there seem to have remained germs of disease, which, according to the old inhabitants, did not exist previous to the advent of that terrible malady, and which cause fearful ravages among the unacclimated. I will first mention pulmonary phthisis, or consumption, which alone, according to the records of the Rio Janeiro hospitals, carries off a fifth part of the patients. The greater part of these are persons between twenty and thirty years of age, particularly among the Portuguese. Emigration affords us a key to the phenomenon. At this age the emigrant leaves his country to seek a fortune elsewhere; and Portugal sends the largest number of emigrants to Brazil. Some physicians attribute the predominance of this disease to the pressure of the liver upon the lung. Everyone knows that the liver acquires its volume under the influence of warm, moist climates. Without rejecting this explanation, I think the principal cause may be found in the immodesties too often committed by strangers at nightfall. The first hours of the night are fearful under the tropics. The sky being serene, the ground quickly cools, and sometimes the thermometer descends from one hundred and fifty degrees below zero. The effluvia that had risen into the atmosphere during the day rapidly descend and poison those who are so imprudent as to expose themselves.

**YELLOW FEVER.**

As for the yellow fever, it may be said its appearance is now only an accident; and of every three cases of the disease, there is generally but one that proves fatal, and that most frequently belongs to a person of the labouring class. A want of cleanliness, the poor food, and the immoderate population explain this result. It is most liable to attack Europeans, especially Portuguese, and most frequently expends its violence on young persons from fifteen to thirty years of age. We have given an explanation of this fact above. Below we give a list showing the nationality of those who died of yellow fever at Rio Janeiro from December first, 1856, to the thirty-first of May, 1857. By this table a pretty correct idea may be formed of the relative number of emigrants sent to Brazil by the different nations of Europe:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Nationality</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Portuguese</td>
<td>764</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>English</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italians</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germans</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Various nations</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brazilians</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slaves</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>1387</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It is seen that the Portuguese form more than half the whole number, the French one-tenth, and the Brazilians only one-seventeenth. Five-sixths of the number are young people. The number of females is only one hundred and thirty-four. The small number of female emigrants and the sedentary life of the Brazilians explain these numbers. The most dreaded month is March, either because the atmosphere is no longer purified by the electrical discharges that daily shot through the air in the preceding months, or because the miasmas brought on by the rainy season then reach their highest development. It may be added that the yellow fever only visits the towns upon the sea-shore, and does not attack the negroes. It has its principal seat in the stomach, and manifests itself by headache and intense heat. Cholera, on the contrary, which by many is confounded with this disease, breaks out either on the coast or in the interior. It selects negroes for its victims in preference to whites, has its seat in the intestines, and its special characteristic is the coldness of the nervous centres. The first thing to be done in both cases is to try to restore perspiration. *Infalible* remedies are not wanting. Everybody has his own. I knew a *mascate,* or peddler, who, not being very successful in disposing of his wares, one day improvised one of these heroic potions, and having provided himself with half a dozen certificates signed by Brazilian doctors, set out for Europe, expecting to obtain "the cross."

Without regard to these occasional epidemics, however, it must be observed that Europeans, and especially those lately arrived, have to keep constantly on their guard, if they would not become victims to one of those terrible maladies which the earth, the sun, the atmosphere, and moisture seem to rival each other in engendering. On my departure for southern lands, I only saw upon the ship’s deck young men with cheerful faces, full of life and vigour. On my return to Europe, I found many women clad in black. They were widows, and told me their misfortunes. Pneumonia, malignant fevers, and violent enteritis, caused by sudden chills or imprudent exposure, were the burden of their story. All their husbands had been workmen, and it is hard for these brave fellows to persuade themselves, in the ardor of their work, that they are in a country that is ungrateful to the artisan. This mortality contrasts painfully with the invariable health of the quiet fazendeiros, who, in their opulent dwellings, have nothing to fear from rain, sun, or fatigue.
ATTRACTIONS OF THE CITY — THE MUSEUM AND BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Once at Rio Janeiro, one is inclined to forget the unpleasant influences of the climate. The city presents aspects that cause the traveller to forget the new country that he finds himself, and remind him of the monumental wealth of European cities. It is true one sees few monuments in Brazilian cities. The conquistadores were soldiers of fortune and not artists, and the pursuit of gold and slaves absorbed all their attention. Nevertheless, there is at Rio an aqueduct that would compare with those left behind by the Romans, and a hospital that would be no discredit to London or Paris. Two other establishments also deserve attention — the Museum and the Botanical Gardens. Many of the European capitals might covet the Museum; yet it is far from representing the wealth of the country, or satisfying the curiosity of strangers. It is not an easy matter to make the complete collection of the arms, the costumes and ornaments, and the various utensils used by the Indian tribes before the arrival of the Portuguese; nor of specimens of all the wild animals that people the American forests, and samples of the different varieties of diamonds and precious stones, gold-bearing mines, and other minerals contained in the soil of this immense empire. It may be added that the founder of the Museum is the Baron d’Uba, whose name is so dear to the savans and artists who have visited the country.

The establishment of the Botanical Garden is due to the King Dom João VI. of Portugal. That unlucky prince sought to beguile the hours of his long exile in superintending and promoting the progress of this magnificent establishment, situated a short distance from the city. An omnibus runs regularly between the two points. The entrance is imposing, and fully accords with the majestic forests that surround it. It is bounded by an avenue, bordered with gigantic palms, whose branches seem to raise their thick fan-like foliage and clusters of fruit into the very clouds. In the side-alleys are found all the plants of the tropics remarkable for their beauty or the products obtained from them — comelias, tea shrubs, cacao trees, pears, nutmeg, vanillas, cinchonas, bananas, cocoas, ilianas, orchids, &c. Some trees bear fruit of extraordinary size. It is fortunate that La Fontaine did not know of this garden. If he had seen the enormous cocoa-nuts, and calabashes still more gigantic, proudly swinging in the air in response to the fresh ocean-breeze, and threatening the heads of the promenaders, Garo could not have made his admirable reflections upon the acorn, and we should have been deprived of one of the most charming fables of the immortal story-teller.

THE EMPEROR.

The palace of the Emperor presents the aspect of a barracks or a hospital. Such at least, is the effect it produces on strangers who do not know its character. It is the ancient residence of the Viceroys of Rio Janeiro, and the royal family remain there only a small portion of the time. They pass the summer in the charming villa of Petrópolis, situated on the hills that surround the bay; and in winter, in the magnificent residence at St. Christopher, a short distance from the capital. The Emperor visits the city only upon important occasions. He is a man of large figure and very fine appearance. He is a German on his mother’s side, who was an Austrian archduchess, and there is nothing in his physiognomy that indicates his Portuguese origin; form, features, and manners all announce a Germanic nature. His broad, high forehead bespeaks great intelligence, and his mild eye a sincere and generous heart. His tastes are those of a savan. A Latin library, which he daily enriches with the best works in French, English, and German, forms his principal and favourite distraction. Books and the sciences are equally familiar to him. All foreigners who visit him are unanimous in acknowledging his great learning and superior intellect. It is a noteworthy fact that in Europe it is not generally princes, who take the lead in progress. In the New World, if a revolution breaks out, it is because the ruler advances too rapidly, and the country refuses to keep pace with him.

THE PRESS.

It is not uninteresting, in this connection, to cast an eye upon the Brazilian press. When the first insurrection broke out at Pernambuco, in 1817, it was necessary to have recourse to the French and English soldiers in the harbour in order to get the proclamations printed. Since then, it would seem, the Brazilians have made up for lost time, for at the present day the Brazilian newspapers exceed in size many of the journals of the continent. Unfortunately, however, whoever glances over one of those sheets is soon compelled to see that he is amid an infant society, whose elements have not yet been regularly classified. The Diario, or daily, besides an account of the sittings of the Congress, contains little but insignificant correspondence, pieces of verse, etc., and a mass of advertisements of all kinds, which the skilfully graduated rates place within the reach of every purse. If it is desired to give prominence to a leilão (auction) or to a newly-established depot of the fashions, the advertisement is surrounded with a border, printed in large type, surmounted with an immense attencão (attention)! If the advertisement comes from the domain of shopkeepers and merchants, a more feeble one does not suffice; recourse is had to the superlative muita attencão (particular attention)! with a flowered border. Upon important occasions, borders, large type, and the attencão are abandoned, and lithography is resorted to. In fact, nothing is so effective to seduce the reader as to speak to his eyes. If he sees a villa surrounded by palm trees, he knows that a
country seat is for sale. If he wishes to replenish his stables, he glances at the third page to see if some horse or mule is not pawing the ground in impatience for a purchaser. The last columns, and the most numerous of all, are consecrated to the purchase and sale of negroes. Thus the same journals that, as M. Ribeyrolles forcibly expresses it, "sometimes lament upon their first page over the sacred misfortunes of Poland and Italy," end by advertisements addressed to slave-dealers.

EDUCATION.

Several attempts have been made to establish French journals at Rio Janeiro, and even at Petropolis, the summer residence of the court and the wealthy denizens of the capital; but there is a serious obstacle to the success of these journals; it is impossible for them to approach questions of general interest. In Brazil, all discussion soon degenerates into personal debate. The true remedy for such a state of things, would be a better system of education, which is lamentably deficient. If Rio Janeiro, Bahia, Pernambuco, and São Paulo have for some years had schools of law and medicine, it must on the other hand be confessed, that the population of the interior are victims of the most deplorable ignorance. The fault, to speak the truth, is not altogether that of the inhabitants. Previous to their independence, it was to a certain extent forbidden them to instruct themselves in their native land. The young people who desired to obtain an education were compelled to cross the sea and obtain their degrees at Coimbra. This condition of affairs has left sad traces among Brazilian families that were in the very best position for introducing new customs into the country. If you ask a fazendeiro if he is not going to improve his son's mind by instruction, he will frankly tell you that in order to plant coffee and make sugar, his children have no need to know more than himself. Hence, scarcely any, except the few families that frequent the court, or a small number of the wealthy merchants of large towns consent to send their sons to Europe.*

BRAZILIAN APATHY.

In the early part of my stay at Rio Janeiro, I thought the example of the French would cause the Brazilians to wake out of their apathy, and give them the taste of exterior life. I was not long in becoming disabused. The Brazilian takes his meals, smokes or plays in his rooms. The theatre might be a place of réunion, but originality is here absolutely wanting. The pieces are nearly all taken from the French repertory, and most of the artists come from Paris.

A MILITARY REVIEW.

The Brazilians have no peculiar feature except the processions and public ceremonies. I select for an example a review of the national guard. On the seventh of September, 1859, the anniversary of independence, every body was in line at Rio Janeiro when I arrived, and all things passed off very well, with the exception of the bursting of a piece of artillery. Nobody, however, seemed to be surprised, as if these little accidents were only a part of the programme. The whites, much more numerous than at Bahia, bore themselves irreprensibly. It is impossible to say as much of most of the mulattoes and free blacks. Behind the ranks followed a troop of negroes whom I at first took for simple spectators. I soon saw that their presence was due to another cause. When the signal to break ranks was given, each of these blacks approached his master in uniform, who handed him his musket, sabre, cartridge-box, cap, etc. A number of the mulattoes and negroes even took off their shoes. Those who had no slaves requested their more fortunate friends to lend them the shoulders of their servants, and the poor Africans were soon banded, under the weight of half a dozen equipments each. As for the brave defenders of the nation, thus relieved, they went to rest from the fatigue of the neighbourmg vendas, where they told over the exploits of the morning, interrupting themselves from time to time to sing a patriotic song.

MILITARY ELEMENTS—GASIBALDI.

The Brazilian is no soldier. It cannot be said, however, that military elements are wanting in this immense empire. Far from it. If you continue southward you will soon encounter the sturdy people of Saint Paul, Saint Catharine, and Rio Grande de Sul, who rival the terrible Grischot of the Banda Oriental, and who may be considered the finest horsemen in the world. It was in this rude school that Garabaldi commenced his career. I saw a letter from the celebrated General, addressed to one of his old companions in arms, in which he regretted not having at his disposal a squadron of those centaurs of the wilderness to break the ranks of the Austrians.

CHAP. XI.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

One cannot remain long in Rio without being led to reflect upon the political and social future of the empire, of which this great city is to be the civilizing centre. Don Pedro I, gave Brazil a constitution strongly marked with the progressive spirit of the age, and which would ensure the prosperity of the empire, if it were possible
to rely upon the energy of the officials charged with administering the law. Unfortunately, in so vast an empire, without roads, and covered with impenetrable forests, strict government is almost impossible. On the other hand, among a mixture of races so different, a very high order of social habits cannot be expected. The towns upon the coast, constantly vivified by European contact, present every appearance of civilisation. An attentive eye can nevertheless detect through this exterior the signs of deep depravity. Looseness of manners seem so natural to the country, that the Creoles themselves confess the fault, and attribute it to the influence of the climate. Travellers repeat this excuse, and to-day, in the eyes of the respectable world, the warm climate of the equator is the cause of all irregularities of conduct between the tropics. These two facile conclusions ought to be rejected. Far from provoking the development of the passions, the extreme heat would rather tend to moderate them.

LICentiousness.

The principal cause of the licentious character of South American life has always seemed to me to lie in the system of slavery. What, in fact, is likely to happen with an opulent man, whose prejudices of caste keep him from every occupation, surrounded by a seraglio of two or three hundred negroes or women of colour? Shamelessness attains its extreme limits on the plantations of the interior, where, the slave being accounted only as an animal, the Creole has no one to recal him to a sense of human dignity. Such examples naturally bear their fruit. The negro, proud of imitating the white man’s vices, exceeds him in them, and transmits them to his children, of whom he is the only preceptor. The abhorrence of labour, and the scorn that would be visited upon one who descended to such an occupation, is the first lesson, and we might say the only one the Brazilian is taught from the time he leaves the cradle. The consequences may easily be imagined. The slave will work only under the rod of the feitor. As for the freed men, who wish to enjoy the privileges of the whites, they give themselves up to the most deplorable idleness.

Examples of Laziness and Pride.

A French traveller tells of a negro whom he had in his service, and who, being slightly unwell, he released from all duty, directing him to take some medicine. In the evening, upon inquiring as to the effects of the remedy, the sick man gravely replied that he was unable to follow his prescription, as the Indian Ferminio, who acted as servant to the caravan, had not been to the rancho, and he therefore could get no water. A small stream ran directly before the door. I regarded this anecdote as the best illustration of the prevalent disposition to idleness; but it was afterwards my fortune to witness an instance no less singular. A negress who had just received her freedom once chanced to be with us under the veranda of her former master. She was sitting upon her heels, waiting for her meal of feijão. A dog a little to her left annoying us with his whining, the fazendeiro asked her to turn it out. “Si, senhor,” she answered, rising, and turning to her right, she started, to my astonishment, toward the room where the negro servants were. Thinking she had misunderstood the request, I stepped to the dog, and with a kick sent him away. The fazendeiro, who was used to the subtleties of the negro code, did not seem at all disturbed at seeing the freedwoman move away from the animal. A moment after the negress returned, followed by two assistants of her own colour. Not seeing the dog, they supposed it had left of its own will, and all three returned to their places with the air of having done their duty.

Feudal Customs—Patronage.

In spite of the constitution of Don Pedro I., and notwithstanding the efforts of enlightened minds, one meets at every step with some old feudal custom imported by the conquistadores. As in ancient Rome, every citizen of the lower classes attaches himself to a wealthy person who can aid him in misfortune, and protect him in the troubles that occasionally happen between him and the law. Prudent parents often choose a patron for their children in advance, by selecting him for their godfather. This title is obligatory, and there is not an instance of a Brazilian ever having refused such an honour, in view of the responsibility it entails. Such, however, are the deviations of human prudence, that this custom, so moral in its principle, since it has no other object than that of placing the weak under the protection of the strong, often degenerates into scandalous abuse and crying injustice. If the protector is a person of some importance, his wishes are above the law, and his recommendation assures impunity to the malefactor. Justice, being powerless, has then only to shut her eyes and allow things to proceed.

A Haughty Old Man—a Malefactor Set Free.

A few years ago, an inhabitant of Rio Janeiro rendered himself culpable for some crime which I do not now recollect. The charge was a grave one, and condemnation inevitable. There remained for the criminal only one means of escaping either the gallows or the prison, and that was to obtain the influence of some powerful protector. Recollecting that the judge’s grandfather was his godfather, he sent his wife to inform him of his situation. “Tell my godson to be more careful hereafter, and that he shall be released tomorrow,” answered the old man without hesitation, and, taking his umbrella, he proceeded to visit his grandson. The request of an old man is not a prayer, but a command: as he had said, the request, exorbitant as it was,
encountered no opposition. Great, then, was his surprise, when, two days afterwards, the woman came and told him her husband was still in prison. Without allowing her time to finish her story, he left the room. Two days afterwards the judge was astonished to see his house visited by the notabilities of the city, dressed in full mourning. They had come, upon letters of invitation, to be present at his funeral! The master of the house was stupefied with surprise, and the wonder of the funeral guests was no less great. However, after a few words of explanation, and the establishment of his identity, the judge easily got rid of his visitors, making some apologies for a mystery of which he was himself the principal victim. He resolved to find out the authors of the trick, and bring them to punishment; but his efforts were useless. After all sorts of conjectures, he at last recollected the request of his grandfather, and his own forgetfulness, and thinking he now had a clue to the matter, he set out for his residence. He found him sitting in an easy chair, with a charuto, or cigar in his mouth, quietly waiting for his friend.

"Good-day, grandfather," said he.

The old man gazed at him without making any reply.

"I came to ask you, with all possible respect, if it was not by your direction that letters were sent a few days since to all my acquaintances, asking them to assist at my funeral?"

"Ah, filho de — —" instantly replied the irreconcilable old man, "you at last remember me! Are you not aware that a child who forgets his duty no longer exists to his parents? I will teach you good manners!" And seizing his cane, he darted at the unfortunate judge, who, anticipating some hostile demonstration, had not left the neighbourhood of the door. The same day the criminal was set at liberty.

**THE LAW OF THE WILDERNESS.**

In the interior, justice is administered in a still more expeditious manner. Every one there acts for himself. If he has a personal affair to settle with one of his neighbours, he conceals himself near the road by which his adversary is to pass, sends a ball through him as soon as he gets within easy range, and returns to his cabin as quietly as though he had shot an armadillo. The urubus soon cause all trace of the crime to disappear, by picking the victim to pieces and scattering his bones. It sometimes happens that the dead man has relatives or friends who determine to avenge him. Divining, with the instinct of a wild animal, the source from whence the fatal blow proceeded, they in turn ambush their victim, and soon invite the urubus to another feast. The law of the wilderness is always eye for eye, tooth for tooth, and blood for blood. Instead of one murder there are two. But people are not so particular in a country where slavery exists. Besides, murderers have charming euphemisms to justify their conduct: they tell you that it was necessary to appease the angry soul of their unfortunate relative; that society demanded justice; and that they have only sent the murderer before the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge.

**THE FREE NEGRO.**

The freed negro is not much more considered than the slave by that blind divinity called justice.* Nevertheless, the law gives him the right of voting at elections.

**ELECTIONS.**

Since we are upon the subject, the reader may be curious to know how elections are carried on in Brazil. A single example will suffice to give an idea of the political education of the great South American empire.

By the terms of the Brazilian Constitution, every free man who is not absolutely a beggar has the right, at certain periodical times, to cast into an urn, tastefully decorated with ribbons, a slip of folded paper. There, as everywhere else are found two parties classed under the denominations of Conservative and Opposition—the former earnestly defending the past, while the latter, with equal earnestness, talk of liberty and progress till at length they come into power, when they in turn defend the true ways of their predecessors with more zeal than even their former opponents. As everywhere else, too, the electoral multitude separates into camps, according as the word constitucio or opposition sounds best to their ears. In one of their elections, which I now forget, a ministerial candidate asked one of his friends, a rich planter of the province, to give him the votes of all the free men upon his estate. The rendering of such services is never refused among the cultivated classes in Brazil, where the old traditions of chivalry seem to have taken refuge, being gradually driven out of the Old World by the incessant march of revolutions. It was therefore agreed that all the people of the fazenda should be invited to a banquet a few days before the elections, and that they should be reminded of the day fixed for voting, their quality of free

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*An anecdote taken from the Correio Mercantil of the twenty-sixth of October, 1859, is to the point: "Are you exempt from military service?" inquired a fiscal in a menacing tone, of a poor black labourer at the arsenal of Rio Janeiro. The latter forthwith presented his papers, which dispelled all suspicion as to his character. While reading them, the official observed that the African, in his perplexity, had forgotten to take off his hat. "Ah! this is a little too much. A negro standing with his hat on! Take him away!" And the poor fellow was dragged to prison for his forgetfulness. After relating his sufferings, the negro added as a commentary: "Now, I am only a negro, who must take off my hat to everybody, and whom everybody has a right to abuse. When the elections come, I shall be a free citizen and a voter, and all the candidates will take off their hats to me, and ask me for my vote."
men, which gave them a right to approach the ribboned urn, and the name of the candidate whom they were to support.

THE POLITICAL BANQUET.

On the day appointed there was seen, at sunset, the strangest gathering of human figures that the wildest imagination of a fancy painter ever conceived—old negroes, who, having obtained their liberty upon the death of their former master, had rapidly degenerated into their native indolence; cacicazes with glossy hair and of a coppery complexion, calling themselves civilized because they wore pantaloons and drank cachaca; and lastly the hybrids, resulting from the mingling of all the races that have set their feet upon the soil of the New World, since the time of Pizarro and Cabral, to ravage it with bloody fury or fertilize it with their sweat. These bestial figures, these calloused hands, these feet, whose hornv skin defied the bite of serpents, these beards, as untrimmed as the forests from which they came, these strange accoutrements, the aspect of the place, the object of the meeting—all contributed to form an indescribable scene. Nobody was absent from the rendezvous. A banquet to the mountain guests was so rare a thing, and especially a banquet given by the master. Long tables had been prepared in the immense rooms where the coffee was stored. Hogs served up whole, as at feasts in the time of Suetonius, and feijão or beans, in immense earthen pots, and large calabashes of manioc, formed a splendid entertainment to these uncultivated natures. Large pitchers of cachaca were circulated from time to time. Hogs, beans, manioc, brandy, were all soon disposed of. The fazendeiro watched the hearty disposition of his guests, and when he thought the proper moment had come, he stationed himself in the midst of them, and in a few words explained the object of the meeting.

"My boys," said he, "I am here to ask a little favour of you. In a week you will go to vote. As you do not trouble yourselves much with politics, the name of the candidate is probably of little consequence to you. Therefore, if you will do me a service, you will vote for Senhor X——, who is my intimate friend, and to whom I have pledged my word in your name."

He had not yet finished speaking when most of his auditors cried out they would vote that very instant; that the senhor was their father, and that they would refuse nothing to a master like him. It was nine o'clock in the evening, and distant several leagues; yet it was difficult to make these people comprehend that the election was not to take place till the next week, and that a vote before that time would be illegal. They could not conceive why everything should not give way to their master, whose power had in their eyes no rival but that of the Emperor. The greater part of them at length relented themselves to finish emptying the pitchers; but the more intelligent profited by the opportunity to surround the planter, and make inquiries about the elections, instructing themselves about the proceedings, the candidates, voting, the constitution, the opposition, &c. The fazendeiro had plenty to do to answer all their questions.

A SHARP MULATTO.

One of these dwellers of the forest, with a patriarchal beard, made himself especially conspicuous by the warmth and originality of his dialogue. Placing himself in front of the senhor, he seized one of the buttons of his coat upon each new question, twisted it with his fingers till he was answered, and ended by detaching it. Several buttons had already disappeared, when a mulatto, whose name I think was Mascarenhas, out of patience at the man's questions and at the injury he was doing to his master's coat, resolutely approached him, pushed him aside with his elbow, and took his place. All kept silent to let him speak. "Senhor," said he, "you know my opinions; you know that I am a liberal, and that my political sympathies are with the opposition candidate. (This liberal candidate nevertheless owned five or six hundred slaves.) But you are my master, and I can refuse you nothing. Therefore, however opposite to my sentiments, I will keep my promise; for Mascarenhas is a man of honour. If your excellency will allow me, I will take upon me to refresh the memory of my comrades, who, for the most part, never having left the forest, may forget the day of election and the name of your candidate."

"How will you manage to remind them of it?" inquired the fazendeiro, charmed with the offer.

"In a very simple manner," answered the mulatto. "Let your excellency furnish me a hog, a sack of feijão, the same quantity of manioc, a keg of cachaca, and a little salt. I will collect all these men around me on the evening before the election, and while I am filling their stomachs, I will refresh their memories by reminding them of their promise to-night. I will take care that they do not leave me during the night, and the next day at dawn we will go to town together, where they will vote as one man."

The delighted fazendeiro called the superintendent of the plantation, ordered him to deliver to Mascarenhas the finest hog in the herd, and to place at his disposal every thing he needed—manioc, beans, salt, and cachaca. Our mulatto waited till his companions had gone away. At daybreak he selected in person the animal that best suited the nodding 10 mules with provisions, and leisurely made his way back to his dwelling. On the day of the election he presented himself early before the ministerial candidate.

"Senhor, I suppose my master has given you notice of my coming, together with the rest of my comrades, whom I promised to bring with me?"
“Certainly,” answered the candidate, “and I am glad to see you are a man of your word; but where are you companions?”

“Twy are waiting for me at the gate. I came ahead of them, because I had something to say to you. The opposition candidate, who had heard of my promise, and who also knew of my liberal sentiments, has secretly offered me a hundred milreis (fifty dollars) if I would vote for him; but Mascarenhas is a man of honour, and if your excellency will pay me those hundred milreis, which a poor man with a family like me cannot conscientiously refuse, I will bring you my men right away.”

“Here are your hundred milreis. Now make haste, lest those tricky liberals entice away your companions while you are absent.”

“Your excellency may be easy on that point,” answered the mulatto, carefully counting his milreis. “My comrades know only me and the senhor.” Then, putting the bills in his pocket, he proceeded forthwith to the house where the opposition candidate was.

“Senhor,” said he, addressing him, “you know my sympathy for you, and you also know the influence I possess over my neighbours. I have brought them here with the intention of voting for you. But I must tell you of one thing: my master has promised a hundred milreis if I made them vote in favour of your rival; but Mascarenhas is a man of honour. I refused the money, much as I needed it, knowing that you would not refuse to pay it to me. You know my position; such a sum is a fortune to a poor man with a family on his hands.”

“I expected as much of you. I had been informed how it was, but never felt uneasy about you. I have long known that you were a true patriot, devoted to the triumph of the liberals. Here are a hundred milreis; now hasten and bring your comrades. Those ministerial fellows are not so scrupulous but that they would lure your men away while you are here.”

Mascarenhas took this second bundle of bills, carefully counted them, placed them along with the others, went out, and—proceeded home. The next day the fazendeiro was raging, and would hear of nothing less than flogging Mascarenhas like a simple slave. He therefore despatched two stout steers with orders to bring him, dead or alive, and made everything ready for his punishment. The mulatto came without any hesitation, and with all the serenity of a quiet conscience and a well-filled stomach.

“You miserable rascal,” cried the master upon perceiving him, “you have cheated everybody, and kept your word with nobody! A good whipping shall teach you to play your tricks on me and my friends!”

“Your Excellency is wrong in being angry with me,” answered the culprit, with imperceptible sang-froid. “I have done my duty. Your friend gave me a hundred milreis in the hope that I would vote in his favour. The opposition candidate, who was my own, also gave me a hundred milreis on condition that I should give the votes to him. If I had voted for one, I should have betrayed the other, and you know Mascarenhas is a man of honour. There only remained one thing for me to do, and that was to remain neutral. Would your excellency have done differently if you had been in my place?”

The fazendeiro in question was a man very fond of wit, and could not help laughing at this strange logic. The matter ended here; but the senhor made up his mind that in future he would take his men to the poll himself, and that was to remain neutral. Would your excellency have done differently if you had been in my place?”

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

If we now cast a final glance upon the country taken as a whole, let us observe the results of the occupation of Brazil by the Portuguese race, what inferences are we to draw? It is painful for me to be severe upon a brave people, who have shown themselves for more than a century to be in the van-guard of the Latin races; but it is indeed hardly possible to eulogize the southern peninsula of the New World when compared with North America. What a difference, for example, between the railroads that streak the United States, and the picadas of the South-American forests! What a contrast between New York and Rio Janeiro! On the one hand, human activity is carried to its utmost limits; on the other, is seen the most superb indifference, the peoplecontenting themselves with producing a few hogheads of sugar, and a few arropes of coffee. Let not the influences of climate be invoked as an excuse. Louisiana is as enervating as Para, and the mouths of the Mississippi are as unhealthy as those of the Amazon. The causes lie deeper; they are to be found in the solid genius of the Portuguese—that mixture of Arabic fatality and Iberic asperity suited to the ages of chivalry, but incompatible with industry and science. As soon as the first fever of occupation was over, the conquistadores no longer thought of anything but to enjoy their promised land in peace. Their descendants went further. Abandoning the helmet of their stern ancestors for the sombrero of the planter, and their sword for the foite’s whip, they wrapped themselves in their hidalgos mantle, and left the conquered tribes to accumulate wealth for them. Disclaiming the tardy productions of the soil, so fertile under the tropics, they looked only for gold. To obtain a few ingots of this, they burnt forests, overturned the soil, exterminated Indian tribes, and condemned millions of negroes to slavery. They have as yet
opened neither highways nor canals.* Two of
the largest rivers of the world, the Maranhão or
Amazon, and the Paraná, which take their rise
near each other, and which form in their immense
triangle the great arteries of southern commerce,
are to day nearly what they were on the arrival
of Cabral. Up to within a few years, a few
Indian canoes alone furrowed their waters. If
you enter a village in the interior, you will find
churches and monasteries by dozens, but not a
single school-house. The inhabitants are obliged
to have recourse to London or New York for
the simplest engine, and for the smallest stretch
of railroad; yet iron is found in many places
upon the surface of the soil, and almost in a
native state. Finally, a thing almost impossible
to be believed, Norway sometimes furnishes
building timber for this country, which is the
richest in the world for woods of every descrip-
tion.

The repugnance to labour, the philosophical
indifference which the conquistadores always
professed in regard to comfort, cannot be
attributed to a want of energy; for no people
with which I am acquainted ever displayed in
the history of the world a greater amount of
boldness and stern activity, than that Celto-
Iberian race shut in between the mountains and
the sea. After rolling back the waves of Islam-
ism, finding themselves too constrained in their
narrow belt of country, they were the first to
brave the fearful mysteries of an unknown and
boundless ocean; and they explored the coasts of
Africa, passed around the stormy Cape, opened
the great route to the Indies, and established their merchants in Asia; while, on
the other hand, Cabral, pushing out to the
westward, found the continent that Columbus
had sought in vain. It was likewise a Portuguese,
Magellan, who, braving the rigours of the South
Pole, entered the Pacific by a new route, and
procured for his companions the glory of
navigating the sea and the earth in their entire
circumference, through parts hitherto closed to
science and human investigation. Such men
could not understand the new spirit. Listen
to their rich, sonorous idiom, so passionate in
singing the exploits of heroes or the canticles of
the saints; it becomes mute when you require a
scientific treatise or a work on practical indus-
try. It is the language of knights and not of
artizans. As the language, so is the nation.
Inheritors of the Roman world, and the last
personification of the middle ages, these men of
the sword saw in labour only the appanage of
serfs. Every innovation that infringed upon
that basis was a crime. They replied to the
Reformation by the Inquisition. While the
Anglo-Saxon races opened their ears to the
great voice of Luther, they placed themselves
under the patronage of Dominic and Loyola.
The two seeds have borne their fruit.

The future of Brazil, however, must not be
despaired of; and however slow the action of
ages upon human revolutions, a presentiment
may already be formed of the changes that
time is destined to work in that country. Two
things alone are wanting; the fecundating
breath of science, and a new infusion of the
ardent blood that flowed in the veins of the
early colonists. Steam and electricity are daily
supplying this void. The Yankees of the north,
who for years have been gazing with covetous
eyes upon the rich lands of the South, and
German immigration, which is daily increasing,
form a double current which soon, getting foot-
hold upon the continent, will compel the inhabi-
tants, under pain of sinking into insignificance,
to abandon their inertness, and openly accept
the two great conditions of life in modern times—
industry and free labour. We hasten to add
that this reproach of inertness applies only to
the old routine portion of the people, and to the
unenlightened inhabitants of the interior.
Those men who are at the head of the state,
or who, by their position, have acquired a just
influence over the destinies of their country, are
earnestly desirous of progress, and preach by
example. Industrial companies are forming in
all the great centres, and the interior provinces
are calling for railroads and steamboats. It is,
therefore, to be hoped that the same progress
daily imparted to the cidade by the steamers
that traverse the Atlantic, will soon be carried
by railways through the fazendas and villages in
the mountains, and that the rancho of the
mulatto will gradually disappear to give place to
the elegant dwelling of the enlightened colonist.

* Within a few years railroads have began to be
built. Rio Janeiro, Bahia, Pernambuco, and Sao
Paulo are now at the work. Rio Janeiro, especially,
thanks to European influence, and the efforts of a
few leading men like the Baron de Mauí, has
entered heartily upon the way of progress. At the
other extremity of the empire a Brazilian engineer,
M. Tavares de Mello Albuquerque, has established
a road through the provinces of Para, Maranhão
and Goyaz, after enduring fatigue that would have
made most European engineers recoil.
OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR C——,

News begins to be very slack, and Paris very dull for those whose friends are all gone, and who instead of a nice quiet gossip meet nothing on all sides but tantalizing hackneys, loaded with luggage, driving to the stations, and the happy faces inside, enjoying a foretaste of fields and groves. The sporting world left very excitingly; the victories of Gladiateur have roused us to enthusiasm; and the cordial manner in which John Bull feted him and his owner, has quite won our hearts, and has rendered the "entente cordiale" for the moment warmer than ever. The Frenchmen who were at Epsom, for the Derby, very much admired the pleasing face and amiable manners of the Prince of Wales; and his invitation to Mr. de la Grange has very much flattered them. They are surprised at his very simple way of appearing in public. There is certainly a great contrast when compared with the guard of honour that always attends the Heir of Imperial France.

The Emperor's messenger from Algiers was greeted by the Parisians with due enthusiasm, the streets through which he passed to the Tuileries were decorated with flags, and the public monuments were all illuminated; but then all that is official. The Empress and Prince went to Fontainebleau to meet him, where Her Majesty the Regent resigned the care of the empire into her august husband's hands, and no doubt received great compliments for her very clever way of governing. During his Majesty's visit to the province of Constantine he had a view of real Arabian life, and spent several hours under the tents of the great Semouls tribe, where a fête was given in his honour, by the chief Bouakas-ben-Gannah. He also accepted a dîne, offered by the people of the town. A dîne a la française composed of couscous sous (a stew of hard crushed corn mixed with piment), fowls and sheep dressed, and served whole. One of the last acts of the Empress before resigning power was to confer the order of the Légion d'Honneur on Rosa Bonheur, a rare distinction for a lady, who has not won it on the field of battle, or in a military hospital. But what enhanced the honour still more, was the graceful manner in which her Majesty went herself to Thomy, to the residence of Mlle. Bonheur, and gave the red ribbon to the surprised artist herself. Mlle. Bonheur is not only a great artist, but also the director of the school for drawing.

The Prince Napoleon is again put into the background: his oratorical liberality brought down the storm upon him from the Emperor, while in Africa, who wrote him a very uncourteous letter, which the "Moniteur" published. The Prince's speech at Ajaccio, when presiding at the inauguration of the statue, erected in the birth-place of Napoleon I., displeased his Majesty. His Imperial Highness, wounded at this public reprimand, sent in immediately his resignation of the offices Vice-President of the Privy Council, and President of the Imperial Commission for the Exhibition of 1867, which resignation was accepted. The day the Emperor's letter was published in the "Moniteur" the soldiers at Versailles and in Paris received orders to keep in their barracks all day long, and were all ready until eleven at night. Why? Did they fear a popular outbreak for the Prince? Goodness knows: what is certain is, that they needed not, for in spite of his liberalism he is not a favourite. We know too well what the opposition of a Prince on the steps of the throne is, to be caught by it. The Empress does not like him, not only because he is an enemy to the Pope's temporal power, but because she sees in him a rival to her son. They say that she was the cause of the Emperor's letter, having declared that if his Majesty did not openly reprimand the Prince she would renounce the grandeur of the throne, and retire into private life. Fancy what a public calamity! What should we have done—the Emperor absent, and we left alone to govern ourselves, and that for a whole fortnight! She was very near losing her tête noire the other day; the Prince having been thrown out of his carriage, while driving down the Champs Elysées; happily he was only bruised, but no bones broken. The old soldiers of the first empire are gradually dying off. Marshal Magnan was carried to his last home the other day. The funeral was very magnificent in military display; and after the religious ceremony, the body was conveyed to St. Germain, to be interred in the family tomb, attended by an escort of soldiers.

It was a false alarm! I gave you last month about short dresses; it did not take. The only economy of stuff permitted is in the tops of the dresses; not in the bottoms, trains being longer than ever; as for the bodies, gentlemen say, that for the little that is left in ladies' evening dresses now, they might be suppressed altogether, but then men are so médisants—don't believe them. They also affirm that ladies in high-life are as much, if not more delighted with the amiable Theresa's songs and gestures as the frequenters of the "cafe chantant," a poor proof of ladies' taste and delicacy in this most civilized city in the world. At a soirée, a little while ago, given by a very rich fashionable lady, Mlle. Theresa was engaged to attend for the amusement of our most delicate beauties. Theresa sang a song fit to be heard; the ladies were very much disappointed; and the mistress of the house protested. "Sing us something gaieté, something to make us laugh," said she to Theresa; "something plus piquant." "The police forbids it," answered Theresa. "There is Monsieur le Préfet de Police, ask his permission, and I will sing you anything you like." The Préfet who was at the soirée accorded permission; and Theresa, with gestures and voice, gave full vent to her indecent vulgarity, until the men even were
scandalized, but the ladies laughed and encored with delight. Never was Theresa more fully appreciated. Well, every one amuses himself according to his taste, as M. Gagne, \textit{per exemple}. The universal and supernatural candidate in the last elections, who made his appearance again before the public the other day, by writing a \textit{pendant} to the \textit{Supplice d'une femme}, a universal piece, he says, and which he calls \textit{The Supplice d'un mari}. In his conclusion, he asks for the pain of death, as a just punishment for all infidels to marriage faith. A writer pretends that if such a law was made, the executioner would never find time enough to fulfil his task. But that writer is an inveterate old bachelor, so we must not put implicit reliance on all he says on that subject: \textit{entre nous}, celibacy does make men so tart.

You will be glad to hear that the children of La Pomeraisa's victim (Madame de Fau) are in a fair way of getting nearly, if not all, the 550,000 francs insured on their mother's head. M. Lachaud, Madame de la Pomeraisa's counsellor, asks for the return of the 18,000 francs paid by her husband out of her property (unknown to her to the companies. She does not ask it of the companies, but of the children, should they get the 550,000 francs. M. Lachaud would not satisfy the curious as to what had become of Madame de la Pomeraisa: all he would say was that she remained worthy of respect and sympathy. I do not think that the Countess Civry is so near getting a few of her father's diamonds as she could wish. The magistrates appear to be reluctant in rendering judgment, and have postponed the action against me until I leave my house at the Duke of Brunswick will compromise. It will be rather a funny thing if his Highness sees himself condemned to maintain eight children, whose father is living, whose mother he will not own as his child, and that in a country where no illegitimate child has a right to demand support from his father!

M. A. Second, of the Grand Journal, pretends to be no believer in spiritualism, yet he relates a very extraordinary adventure of a M. Bach (professor of music), whose son on the 4th of May last bought at a sale a very curious, antique spinet, which he immediately made a present of to his father. M. Bach, delighted, spent the rest of the day admiring the instrument, and examined it so minutely that he at last found a date inscribed on it. It had been made at Rome in 1654—no wonder, then, when asleep at night, that he dreamt of his spinet. In the middle of his slumbers he saw a man with a long beard, and dressed in the costume of Bach's time, "I have done," said the vision, "the spinet that you now possess belonged once to me. It was with that that I used to amuse my young master, Henry III., when he was gloomy. He composed an air, and words, in memory of a certain lady he had fallen in love with in a hunting-party, and whom they had shot up in a convent, where she had died. When the king was well he used to hum the tune, and I then accompanied him on my spinet. Listen!" The vision seated himself at the instrument, and played a soft, melodious air. Bach awoke from emotion, and was in tears. He arose and looked at his watch; it was two o'clock, and, returning to his bed, he was soon asleep again. In the morning, when he awoke, judge his surprise seeing on his bed a page of music, covered with the tiniest writing possible, under small notes! They were verses written in an old-fashioned style, and the music was the air the vision had sung to him. M. Bach never composed a verse in his life, or has he the least idea of the rules of prosody? M. Second adds: "The (Journal de l'Etoile) says that Henri III. fell desperately in love with Marie de Clèves, Marquise d'Isles, who died in the bloom of womanhood, in a convent, some think of poison, and that an Italian named Baltazarini came to France at that epoch, and was a great favourite of the King. Can it be the \textit{esprit} of Baltazarini who wrote the verses?" asks M. Second. For my own part I should be more inclined to think that it was the \textit{esprit} of M. Second; but then I am very incredulous in spiritualism. However, if you are curious to see verses and music thus mysteriously handed down to posterity, they are published by Lecomte, Boulevard Poissonnière, No. 27, Paris. Some pretend that M. Bach wrote both music and verses, while in a state of somnambulism, though he declares that he is not \textit{somnambule}. I leave the solution to wiser heads than mine.

Among the numerous hunting weapons belonging to the late Jules Gérard, and given to him by most of the sovereigns of Europe (weapons that were sold by public auction the other day), was a rifle (a present from the Duke d'Aumale) which was marked by the teeth of a lioness with which the intrepid lion-killer had had to struggle hand to hand.

But talk of sales, never have we had so many auctions of pictures, china, and curiosities as this year. There is now a collection of autographs on sale, containing 1,263 letters, amongst which is one written by Louis Phillipe to a General, which is rather curious:

"I have seen X——. He is a nullity that cannot be raised to power. I have had several ministers without portefeuille; but he would be a portefeuille without a minister."

The not is not bad for the old King. Nor is the following either from the Emperor:

A Mayor had asked and obtained an audience with his Majesty, in order to show him and to explain to him some invention. He had studied and knew his speech by heart; but the Emperor's presence so bewildered the poor man, that it was impossible to master his emotion; nor could he remember one word. The Emperor, seeing his confusion, smiled and said: "If I embarrass you, Monsieur le Maire, I will go away."

We have had quite a new sight in Paris, and not a very agreeable one for those who cannot walk far. The other morning all the cabmen announced to their employers that without their
Leaves for the Little Ones.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

LITTLE MIKEY.

B Y M INNIE W. M A Y.

There was a little new scholar at the district school that winter. His life had come up to its eighth year, though he did not look so old; his face was so pinched and thin, and his carefully-patched garments hung loosely upon his small limbs. He kept aloof from all the scholars, and they seemed also to shun him. He took his place quietly in the morning, and did not once leave it, except for recitation, till school was over. All through the long morning he sat watching the sports of his schoolfellows, and Charlie Harper had often noticed that he never replied, only by a little quiver of his small mouth, when the boys would taunt him with being a drunkard's child, and a little Paddy. Charlie's mother told him one morning, as he was starting for school, to keep his eyes open that day, and see if he could not do some good, kind act, that would leave an influence upon some of his mates, as well as himself; but Charles kept it in mind as he walked on, with his satchel on his arm, and along with the thought flashed the remembrance of the child, Mikey O'Connel. He looked off at the end of the long lane where there were few foot-prints, except the little ones that Mikey's feet had made, to the small, low house, that had stood tenantless for a long time.

It was so old and ruinous, and he knew the people who lived there must be very poor, and he felt grieved in his childish heart that he had neglected the forlorn little scholar so long. He was already in his place when Charles entered the school-room, sitting by himself, as he always did, and Charles went up to him a little timidly, hardly knowing what to say to open an acquaintance.

"Wont you come out at noon upon the ice? I have a pair of new skates, and a sledge all painted green; you may use them both, if you like."

A pleased, happy look, came into those great, sad eyes, and the thin face lighted up all over.

"Thank you," he whispered softly, but very heartily. "I should like to ride on your sledge. I never learned to skate. But maybe if I come out, the boys will plague me." The old look coming back into his face.

"No, they shall not!" exclaimed Charles, manfully—"I won't let them. And say, Mikey, don't you want me to come over and set with you?"

"Oh, if you only would!" with an eager, wistful look in his face. "The other boys just take their books, and set away, and it makes me feel as if I couldn't come any more. But mother wants me to learn so bad, and cheers me up; so I tries to forget it."
Just then the teacher came, and Charles went to his seat. It was at the other end of the long row. He picked up his books, and went up to the teacher's desk a little reluctantly, and as the tall man bent to hear what his pupil had to say, Charles whispered—

"Please, sir, may I sit in the end of the seat, near Mikey O'Connel? I will be very quiet. The other boys do not like to sit near him, and it makes him feel bad."

The teacher glanced towards Mikey. He was looking at him with wistful eyes, that told how much he was interested, but it was the answer to Charles's request. He was a kind-hearted man; he patted Charles's head, and said, "Surely, Mikey's happy face repaid him for all he had lost in their friendship. When school was over for the morning, he drew the satchel from under his bench, and taking from it the nice cold bread and ham, the piece of cake and pie that his mother had placed there for him, he moved a little nearer Mikey, and said—"

"Let's eat our dinner in a hurry, and then go out and slide. Where is your satchel?"

A crimson flush shot up into Mikey's forehead, but he did not speak. Charles asked him in a low voice, a moment, then with childish eagerness, reminded him of his dinner. Mikey turned his head away, and drew from his pocket a small cruet of dry bread, which he tried to conceal from Charles.

"Is that all the dinner you've got?" he asked, "I don't think so."

"No, indeed; you eat it, if you can." Charles answered.

"Oh, isn't it good?" he said, devours it eagerly. "Are you willing I should carry this little piece to mother?"

"Yes, if you wish to; but doesn't she have cake?" asked Charles bluntly.

"No, not now," sighed the boy. "But I am all ready to go and slide," changing the subject hastily.

Charles put his satchel back in its place, and drawing on his warm mittens, and tying his cap over his ears, stood waiting for Mikey.

"Haven't you got any mittens?" he asked, looking at the little bare hands, that were placing the odd cap upon the top of his head.

"No, I haven't," he answered, quickly; "but I do not need them; I'm tough."

"Why, I should think your hands would ache dreadfully these cold mornings."

"They do, sometimes," was the quiet reply.

"Well, you take mine, and I'll go get my sister Susan's. She is two years older than I, and her hand is just as big!" and before Mikey could say a word, Charles was gone. He talked to his sister in a whisper, telling her about poor little Mikey's crust of bread, his bare hands and ears, and Susan's kind heart was touched.

"I was going out with the girls to slide," she said, "without a shadow of disappointment in her tones, "but I had rather you should take Mikey, and have my mittens." She plunged her hand into her pocket, and took out a pair of nice white mittens, which she put in Charles's hand.

"And stop, Charlie; Mikey's ears must be almost froze. There's my little woollen scarf hanging on the peg under the shelf; you go and get it, and tie it over his ears. He might keep it, for I do not need it, and mother wouldn't care, I am quite sure."

Charles was delighted with his sister's generosity, and it was amusing to watch the kindness with which he tied the short, warm scarf beneath Mikey's peaked chin, and pulled his cap down hard, to keep it on.

"There, isn't that nice, Mikey?" he asked, viewing his companion quite proudly.

"Why, I should think it was summer!" was the pleased reply; and Mikey rubbed his hands over his badeded ears with great satisfaction.

Charles was very attentive to his new friend that day, and tried to shield him from the thoughtless remarks of his companions, who, in a mischief-loving spirit, would call after him, as he dashed down the hill upon the pretty green sledge.

"Go it, Paddy! See Pat, now, how he goes! Look out, little O'Connel, or you'll lose your breath!"

But Mikey did not mind it much. He was enjoying it vastly, and it seemed as if he had never learned his lessons so easily as he did that afternoon. His step was light and his face bright, as he bade Charles good night, and started to run down the lane, fast as he could make his way through the deep un trodden snow, and in a few minutes he was lifting the worn latch of the old tumble-down house.

The room was dark and dingy, just a glimmer of fire upon the broken hearth, and by its side his mother was sewing busily, while upon a low bed in the corner his father was lying in a deep sleep. Mikey's face clouded as he glanced at the sleeper, and he crept softly to his mother's side.

"Has he been off again? Did he find the money?"

Mrs. O'Connel replied by a sad nod of assent.

"Oh, isn't that too bad! Did he take the whole?"

Another mournful nod was the answer.

Mikey had brought home two shillings the evening before; the pay for some work his mother had been doing, and they had carefully hidden it away, lest the intemperate father should spend
is for drink. He had searched diligently for it after Mikey had gone to school, and by fierce threats had forced his wife to make known the hiding place.

She tried to retain a part of it, for they had little fuel or food, but he had taken the whole, gone off to the village tavern, and an hour before Mikey, had come staggering home.

"I have had a good time to-day, mother," he whispered. "See here," and he pulled the scarf from his neck, "Charlie Harper gave me this, and I've got a piece of cake for you. He gave me lots of good dinner, and came over and sat with me; then he let me slide on his sledge between schools. Oh, I did have nice rides! He is the best boy I ever met, Why, mother, you're crying! Aren't you glad?"

The poor mother only put her arm about her little boy, and drew him close to her and kissed him very tenderly, while the tears dropped upon his curly head.

"Yes, mother is very glad for her little boy. It is nice cake, but you eat it."

"No, mother I brought it for you," and the mother saw how much it would please her generous son, so she ate it all.

"Did the boys call you names to-day?" she asked, sadly, though she was very glad to see her boy happy.

"Not much, and I did not mind it if they did, 'cause Charlie took my part."

Charles went home and told his good, kind mother all about little Mikey, and what he had done for him, and she kissed him and called him her darling boy, and Charles felt very happy that night, and as if he had not kept his eyes open in vain. He went to sleep in his nice warm bed after eating his good supper, but Mikey only had a little meal porridge, his mother stirred upon the coals, and he crept off to his hard pallet, hungry and cold. But he did not complain. Visions of smooth, slippery hills, and sledges all painted green, and merry, laughing school boys went dancing through his dreams, and the great round moon came up and looked into the windows of the old brown house and fell directly across Mikey's face, and his mother saw, as she stood looking at him, he was smiling in his sleep.

Charles proved a true friend to Mikey, and gradually his mates came to take an interest in the forlorn little scholar, and through his influence Mikey was made a happy boy. Charlie did not realize the amount of good he had accomplished, something to outlast his life even, and go on widening in influence through successive generations. He had helped and encouraged Mikey. Perhaps if he had not, the child might have become weary of trying and sunk down, making just such a man as his father had been, and causing more evil than good.

So, little children, do not be discouraged because you do not seem to be doing much good, and earning a great name; perhaps, after all, you are like Charlie, casting an influence in the right way that will last long after you are dead.

MEMS OF THE MONTH.

The weather is lovely, and it is exceedingly tantalizing for those who must remain in town until later in the year, though they will at least have the satisfaction of enjoying their holidays when others are thinking of returning to their labours. In this case is Your Bohemian, who even now is not at all inclined to furnish this communication, but who feels that he should uncommonly like to be idling at the sea-side before the days begin to draw in. In lieu of being out of town there is no more charming resort in London, on these summer mornings, than Kensington Gardens, where it is our delight to walk, on our way to the City, through a delightful avenue of pinks—out-Rimmelings Rothamell in their perfume—at an hour when we can almost fancy ourselves "monarch of all we survey," since "our right there is none to dispute;" unless, indeed, we should pluck the flowers, as some senseless youth did the other day, who was very properly made to pay for his amusement in addition to the amount of his depredation. We recommend this promenade in opposition to the Crystal Palace rose-shows and Cremorne suppers, though both these gardens are "more beautiful than ever," if we are to believe the daily advertisements, and weown to having visited Cremorne on the Derby night, when we found ourselves in very good, though mixed, company. Hyde Park, at this season, with its Rotten Row, Regent's Park, and the Zoological Gardens, where, on Sunday afternoons, are congregated "la crème de la crème," and out-door amusements generally are more to our taste than the thousand-and-one attractions announced in the newspapers, from the Handel Festival with nearly 4,000 performers, to Madame Tussaud's, where is exhibited "a full-length portrait-model of John Wilkes Booth, taken from a likeness presented by himself to Mrs. Straton, wife of General Tom Thumb."

Croquet and Claret-cup are in the ascendant; and while we are glad to perceive that eriotine is not being carried to such a length—or rather breadth—this season, we should inform the fair sex that the "lawn dress" is the name of the ladies' new costume for the croquet-ground. It is similar to the Bloomer costume, and is considered very appropriate when playing the game.

The birth of a Prince is the most gratifying event we can record on the present occasion; and we should note the return of her Majesty from Scotland (the 20th of June was the twenty-eighth anniversary of her accession to
the throne); and that of the Emperor from Algeria.

There has been an accident at the Grosvenor Hotel, attended with fatal consequences, owing to the beam that suspended the "lift" which conveys people up to the different floors having given way. Some time ago Your Bohemian was sent up by means of the same "lift," and, when he thought he was about to be shown into an apartment, he felt himself gradually moving upwards, and, not having been warned beforehand, it was rather startling, and he was glad to come down independent of it. The porter and a courier we see have died from the injuries they received, but the others escaped.

Whilst on the subject of hotels we may state that the Langham has been duly opened; and we have been informed that it is impossible for the casual visitor to get accommodated either there or at the Charing Cross Hotel. There are seven hundred rooms in the Langham.

So Edwin James, Q.C., who made himself so notorious in this country, and of whom we heard not long ago as performing the part of Friar Lawrence in New York, has been charged with conspiring to defraud; and the Hon. R. Bethell, eldest son of the Lord Chancellor, having been recently proclaimed a outlaw, was arrested on the race-course at Ascot, and the same evening lodged in Reading gaol. He has since passed through the court.

Matthews, the cabman, has, we perceive, at last settled with his creditors, and is free from the fangs of the law. Of the three hundred pounds awarded to him for his part in the apprehension and conviction of Muller, it is stated that fifty pounds have been allowed him, and a final dividend of 5s. in the pound awarded to the creditors.

Intelligence has been received of the death of the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Jacobson is to be his successor); and we have to deplore the loss of Mr. Charles Waterton, the distinguished naturalist and traveller, whose ride on the back of a cayman, or crocodile, caused quite a sensation at the time; and an account of which will be found in his "Wanderings in South America." We possess a little volume (published 1829), which contains these wanderings in a condensed form, and in which the cayman episode has furnished the subject for an illustration, from the humorous pencil of George Cruikshank. We have further to chronicle the death of the father of the heroic Grace Darling, and the mother of the distinguished African explorer Dr. Livingstone, both at an advanced age. In the world of literature and science we have lost Sir Lascelles Wraxhall, Mr. George Wingrove Cooke, formerly the Times special correspondent in China, and Sir John Lubbock, F.R.S., the father of the President of the Ethnological Society. The mercantile world has sustained a loss in the death of Mr. Drummond, the head of the firm at Charing Cross, and in that of Mr. Richard Thornton, the well known "Dickey" Thornton of Lloyd's. A distinguished party visited the Great Eastern the other day, on the invitation of the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable Company, to view the cable coiled in the hold of the vessel, previous to her departure, on which occasion it is worthy of note, that the American minister in replying to the toast of "Success to the Cable, (with which his name had been coupled by the Duke of Somerset), stated that he knew peace was the desire of England, that it was equally the desire of the United States, and the American people having just come through the trial of war, were determined to remain at peace.

"The Day of Rest" makes its appearance as a monthly serial; the tale of the "Hidden Sin" is continued, and we believe that Mr. Friiswell is no longer Editor. The Messrs. Routledge have published a cheap edition of Bulwer Lytton's "Strange Story" from "All the Year Round;" and Bradbury and Evans have issued in a cheap form Shirley Brooks' "Silver Cord," which appeared originally in "Once a Week," where it was illustrated by John Tenniel. "The Mariner's Compass" has been published by the Messrs. Maxwell as a novel. The second volume of the "Autographic Mirror" is completed; the two volumes if bound in one will not make too cumbersome a volume as far as thickness is concerned; though its size has otherwise been considered awkward, and consequently it makes its appearance on the first of the month reduced to more convenient dimensions, and is to be published weekly at sixpence.

The library of the late Gilbert Abbott a Bekett has recently been disposed of by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson.

It should be borne in mind that the Royal Academy is now open in the evening, from half-past seven until half-past ten, at the reduced charge of 6d.

At a conversazione, recently given by the Society of Arts, at the South Kensington Museum, there was a large gathering of celebrities, and the evening was spent very agreeably in listening to the music provided for their entertainment, and, in inspecting the highly-interesting collection of miniatures, now on view at "the boiler's," which are an important addition to the many attractions the building contains.

We were present on the first night of Brother Sam, of which the first act was the best; but the other two have been worked up since. Compton is as quaint as usual. We think that the idioms of Brother Sam need not have been kept up by the actor as the curtain fell; when he appropriated unto himself a bouquet, instead of handing it to Miss Nelly Moore, whose ladylike agreeable performance added considerably to the interest of the piece.

Mr. John E. Owens, the celebrated American comedian, is about to appear at the Adelphi in an eccentric part, in a piece called "The People's Lawyer," which, though it may provide the debattant with a good character, is worthless as a literary composition; and in that it resembles a piece in which the late Mr. Josh Clibbee appeared.

"Geraldine," in which cursing was an important element this time on the part of the Father.
Our Library Table.

The Province of Reason in Religion.\(^*\)
By the Rev. J. K. Craig, Oxon, incumbent of St. John Baptist, Burley, New Forest. (London: Simkin, Marshall, and Co.)—This is a poem of a most remarkable character. The soundness of its logic, the deep erudition and varied attainments displayed in its allusions, and the piety of its sentiments, alike mark its originality and its claim to notice. The poem is in ten sections, and is written in a metre which is most difficult to write well. The intricate stanzas of some of the Elizabethan poets, appear to have served as the author's model, and like those poets he has most successfully met the exigencies of rhyme and argument. The first section demonstrates the agreement of reason and religion in proving the formation of the world by a Divine Architect. The line, "Consummate skill this glorious universe hath planned," is the keynote of this section. And, in the demonstration of Nature's evidence of her Creator, we come on this stanza—

"Creation be thy primer truth unto,
It is a full one; read it night and morn.
The bending flow'rf, of every form and hue;
The huge oak, product from the cupped acorn;"

\(^*\) The Editor accepts the merits of this poem upon the evidence of a valued contributor.

The creatures in the sea;
Two hundred-thousand kinds of plant
This earthly sphere's bright face adorn,
And doubly fold—fly, beetle, ant,
Aren't in their blooms and foliage born,
While over its thousand hills all behemoth run free:
which has a poetical condensation in it worthy of high praise. The finish of this section is the illustration that as the mind, dwelling on the works of the classic philosophers, fills with admiration of the writers; so the human intellect, musing on the works of Nature, fills with awe and love in its memory of Nature's Author and Creator. The second section proves the unity of the Deity, and shoos that "All ages unity confess," as seen from the Mahometan Koran, the Jewish Targums, and the Eastern Shasters. The third and fourth sections discourse of the Divine Law and of the Divinity, taking the form of mortality, and speak with due awe and gratitude of this last great mystery. The fifth section treats of the Biblical Truth, and is a logical and successful answer to the "Essayists and Reviewers," also in one stanza deservedly disposing of Rénan. From this section we make the following quotation:

"I think the secret of true peace of mind
In heavenly testimony, is to see
The proper mean between submission blind
And oral, visual, sensual, certainty."
Amusements of the Month.

In this humanity
'‘We walk by faith and not by sight.'
Behold the plan; contented be.
Yet what is faith? what is its right
Provision, province, agency?
To all true peace and joy this wisdom is the key.''

The sixth section is directed against, in the words of the poem, a "cheerless view of life," and is remarkable for the condemnation it passes upon dancing and dancers. While insisting on the benefits of a happy frame of mind, and intellectual recreation, the author is most severe on the

"Life which millions are content
To lead—the vain, the light, the gay,"

and points in vivid colours the joys of life born of the due exercise of the heart and mind. With the seventh section of the poem we come to a subject of mysterious solemnity. It is the speculation on the unanswerable questions as to the resurrection of the dead, and the probability of individual existences in heaven—a theme too awful to be rashly dealt with, and to which we will apply Mr. Craig's words—

"I will not antecede futurity
With gaze irreverential.''

The eighth section discourses on what shall be the "heaven of heavens," alluding to those who think that "this earth passed through the fire" shall be the scene of future happiness for eternity, and giving the author's reasons for not adopting this view, and reviewing the different ideas that have taken possession of men's minds of the place of the eternal world. There is in this section a solemnity of spirit and a richness of imagination and illustration which demand especial admiration. The section concludes thus—

"For that last change prepare: it cometh not
Of trivial need; a burning universe
Must have most grave occasion: every spot
Or taint of ill in it, or cause of curse,
Its end is to destroy.
Clean must the heart be that would have,
In sin-unsullied worlds, its lot,
Let a concluding section crave
Chief notice while its verse in what
A right preparing is its fairest aims employ."

The ninth section treats of the graces that befit the Christian character. In words of poetry and vigour the author descants on those virtues and holinesses which must aid the soul to look calmly on futurity. The tenth section sums the spirit of the poem, and in especial treats of holiness of spirit and life. The poem concludes with the stanzas—

"Life's journey through, assuring confidence
Shall banish fears of death, rich goodness this
And in that conflict's worse Benevolence
Supreme shall dreads dispel and views of bliss,
In visions bright portray.
Yet shall that bliss thereof as prove
Such as no feebleness of sense
Could compass until death remove
The mind's ring diomess, and far hence
To things unseen, unheard, unreachable in thought convey."

"All hail the end! whate'er it be, all hail!
All thanks for gifts innumerous the while!
All praise for all we know while yet a vail
The Perfect hides! all penitence that vile
Blind-hearted such our sight
The day of earth shall one day set,
And though already oft beguile
Its lowest hours bright forethought yet
Its eventide the sweetest smile
Shall wear because it shines with everlasting light."

We have seldom met with so vigorous a poem in its condensation of thought, or so richly-dowered a book in its varied and learned allusion. We can earnestly recommend its perusal to all who desire to study a reverent commentary on the most solemn truths. W. R.

Amusements of the Month.

We must notice the production of the new tragedy, "Geraldine," at

The Adelphi.

In it a beautiful heiress, in the absence of her betrothed, becomes a hunchback. She dreads meeting her lover's eyes, and offers to annul the marriage contract. Her lover refuses, and the wedding takes place. A plotting priest persuades the wife that her sister is loved by her husband. This belief is encouraged by the knowledge of her own deformity and her sister's beauty. She resolves to murder her sister, but relents; and commits suicide. The play seems to be generally pronounced heavy, though it affords scope for Miss Bateman's fine acting as the heroine. Miss Clara Denvil plays the sister well. Mr. Bate-

The Strand

Mr. Burnand's burlesque, "Windsor Castle" (founded on Ainsworth's romance), is full of the puns and humour which characterise its author. The music is especially good and sparkling.

We must notice an Entertainment, "Comic Sketches," by Mr. Robert Percy, given at

The Myddelton Hall.

Islington, on the 8th June, in aid of a popular charity. The object and style of the performance were alike excellent. W. R.
THE LADIES' PAGE.

D'OYLEY, IN CROCHET.

MATERIALS.—Boer's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 24, of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby.

12 c join in a round.
1st round.—24 d in the round.
2nd.—4 d on 4 ds of the last round, 10 c, 1 d into the same stitch as the 4th d; repeat 5 times more.
3rd.—3 d on the 1st 3 ds of last round, miss 1 (7 d, 2 c, 7 d) in the loop of 10 c, miss 1, × 3 more times.
4th.—1 s on the 2nd d of last round, 2 c, miss 1, 1 s on the next, × 3 c, miss 1, 1 s on the next, 2 c, × 3 c, miss 1, 1 s in the 2 c at the point, 4 c, 1 s in the same 2 c, × 3 c, miss 1, 1 s in the next, repeat 3 times more from × 2 c, miss 1, repeat 5 times more.

This finishes the star in the centre.
5th.—1 d in the 1st point of the star, 1 7 c, × 1 d in the next point, 1 7 c; repeat from × 4 times more.
6th.—1 d in each c of the last round.
7th.—6 c, × 2, 1 1 into the next; 3 c repeat all round from ×.
8th.—1 d into each stitch of the last round.
9th.—6 d on 6 ds of last round, 10 c, join in a round; 19 d into the round; join first and last d of the round; repeat all round, joining 3rd d of the eyelet you are making to the 15th d of the last eyelet; join the first and last eyelet with a needle and thread.
10th.—1 d, × in the 10th stitch of the 1st eyelet, 8 c, 1 d in the 10th stitch of the next eyelet; repeat all round.
11th.—1 d in each stitch of last round.
12th.—Like the 11th.

CROCHET FLOWERS.—HEARTSEASE.

Five petals are required for each flower, with a wire in the edge.

VIOLET PETALS.—Make a chain of seven stitches, with a deep shade of violet Berlin wool, split; break off the wool after fastening it at the last loop; make a loop on the crochet needle with the same wool, and work a long stitch in each stitch of the chain, putting three stitches in the top loop, and working the second side as the first; fasten the wool at the last stitch, break it off, twist the wires together, and cut off one of them. This completes one petal. Another must be worked exactly like it. These petals form the back of the flower. The yellow petals require to be made of different sizes—one large and two small.

LARGE YELLOW PETAL.—Make a chain of seven stitches in violet wool, not split, or in a deep shade of yellow; break off the wool, make a loop on the crochet needle with yellow wool, split; work two stitches in double crochet on the first two loops of the chain, then work eleven long stitches, putting three stitches in the top loop, and two stitches of double crochet in the last two loops, as at the beginning. The next row must be worked in double crochet, one stitch in each loop, with a lighter shade of yellow.

For the small yellow petals, make a chain of six stitches, as the last, and work round the chain; the first and last stitches in double crochet, and all the others in long stitches, still putting three stitches in the top loop; fasten the five petals together by twisting the wires, and cover the stem with a light shade of green wool, split—crossing it first in the centre of the flower, to form the heart.

LEAF.—The leaves require a chain of 9 stitches for each, in rather a light, but pretty shade of green.
wool, not split; fasten off the wool, and, with a
darker shade of colour, also unsplit, work a long
stitch in last loop, with three stitches in the top
loop. A wire must be worked in the edge of
each, leaving a small bit at the end for a stalk.
A pretty little bud may be made, by cutting
five or six bits of yellow split wool, and three or
four bits of violet, about an inch long; place
them all across a wire, which must then be
turned down, and twisted very tightly; fold
down the ends of the wool, and fasten them
about a quarter of an inch down the wire, by
twisting some green split wool round, cut off
the ends of wool, and cover the stem in the same
way. By twisting the bud a little you will give
it a variegated appearance.

THE CONFEDERATE EXILE.

BY WILLIAM READE.

O! my Virginia, thou art fallen low
Beneath the victor’s heavy, heavy hand;
Seldom have nations reeled beneath a blow
Equal to thy fate, loved and blest land!
The Northern flags are flaunting in thy face,
The Northern tents are covering thy soil,
The Northern guns have swept away thy race,
The Northern legions swoop upon their spoil.

Yet the four years just past may swell thy pride,
For thou hast drawn the eyes of all the world,
Beholding how, as all thy heroes died,
The Northern arms were fiercely backward hurled.
Beholding how, with foes ten to one,
Shut in from aid and under Famine’s wing,
Such deeds of gallantry thy sons have done
As to their memory shall for ever cling.

O! my Virginia, vain thy children’s blood,
Though poured out like water cheerily and free;
In vain the courage that all odds withstood,
In vain the genius and the heart of Lee,
In vain the chivalry that never stained
Its name with Northern outrage—or the roll
Of deeds of fire, and passions worst unchained—
A list of wrongs that harrow up the soul!

Yet, my Virginia, one thing wert thou spared,
Thy sister Carolina’s awful woe;
Worse than full battle-fields. And she despair’d
More, than had streams of blood been doomed to flow
Throughout her fruitful lands, for she hath seen
Her fairest doomed by hundreds to the fate—
Far worse than death; and by it she hath been
Taught even more than thou—unawakening hate.

Of Northern despots. Yet, alas! she weeps
In unavailing sorrow o’er her wrongs;
To them there clings the woe that never sleeps:
They “turn the blood to flame.” To them belongs

The wrath that makes men wolves. And still the hour
May come for retribution. But till then
She can but slowly gather up her power,
And for her women’s memories arm her men.

O! my Virginia! O! my Southern Queen!
In spite of hate and greed and cunning lie,
And slander’s foul speech—thou, as thou hast been,
Shall be remembered as the years go by,
With honour for thy deeds; thy hero-band
Of chieftains shall achieve their just renown,
Thy army, warring only for its land,
Shall gain the truth that sweeps all falsehood down.

Thou hast been conquered. But the wreath is thine,
Since thou hast so resisted; aye, and crushed
Thy mighty foe, who now, with every sign
Of joy, o’er-rides thee with new come flushed.
Wait, wait, O! patria. In the deep of time
There may be consolation left for thee,
Such as shall well befit the noble clime
That whate’er lost has yet retained a Lee.

DREAMING.

BY CHARLES KENDAL.

There is a white spot in each mortal’s life,
Which ever, by God’s mercy, spreads itself
O’er the black mist that hides the dread to be,
And brightens all the prospect for the nonce;
Some sweet and pleasant memory,
That shines out, like the sun in winter skies,
In that most dull and unenlightened blank,
That stands for living with so many a man.
And what a fairyland of dear delight
Do we construct upon so frail a base!
A palace of enchantment, ever new,
That, tottering ever builds itself again,
And spreads long vistas of bright-glimmering hope
Before our aching eyes, till we are faint
To banish every lingering of gloom,
And give ourselves up to the magic haze
Of dream-born fancies, that does veil us in
From all the caring miseries without.
How should we sadly, wearily plod on
In one eternal, hopeless round of toil,
(That in itself has no such noble aim
As to allay the thirst for better things,
Which is the portion of all ardent souls)
If we were not sustained by such delight!
It is a heaven-gift to men, this power
Of weaving round the bare, rough cliffs of life
An iris-tinted web of fancy;
And as such is most freely given to all,
Who are not lost beyond all power to save.
By this, above all other of his means,
Does God vouchsafe to our most gross, dull eyes
Some faint celestial glimpses, now and then,
When, momently unloading all our cares,
Like Mahmound’s coffin in the Arab mosque,
That hovers, weirdly, betwixt heaven and earth,
We hang suspended on the wings of dreams,
Between past memories and future hopes.
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress of white lama or alpaca, ornamented at the bottom of the skirt with bars of mauve silk, cut to a point at each end, and crossed by a mauve bias-piece of the same silk; white muslin body. Jacket to match the skirt. English hat of fine Tuscan, ornamented all round with mauve hearts-ease, and behind with a cascade of ribbon loops, from which long ends hang down the back.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of Algerian gauze, of a white ground, with small green stripes, bound at the edge of the skirt with a green ribbon. Body composed of a very low corset, crossed by a handsome green silk ribbon embroidered with groups of flowers, which forms an epaulet on the top of the sleeves, belonging to a white under-body with Swiss plaits, and falls in long ends on the skirt. A Yack lace shawl. Coquille bonnet, of green crape, veiled at the edge of the front with a white tulle scarf, tying near the strings. Behind a group of Bengal roses, as a cache peigne, over a cascade of tulle, inside the same flowers. Rays are just now the rage in every material, and are really pretty in effect, but especially so in gauze or muslin. Bodies demi-high behind, and decolleté and square before, are much worn over Swiss chenissettes, as in the corset body we have just described, and which when made in either black or coloured silk is charmingly effective. Round waists continue in favour; and for the interior, the Figaro vest is as much worn as ever. Made without sleeves in bright coloured silk, or of black lace, it has a very pretty and coquetish air, and makes a simple white or muslin toilet look dressy. They are often very beautifully embroidered round the edge, in which case the material is of cashmere, or tissus lined with silk. In this case the skirt should be of the same stuff, or of the same shade as the lining, and embroidered at bottom. The half corsages with Swiss plaits are chiefly worn by young persons. Sleeves are nearly all semi-tight with a small jockey or other ornament at the top. In lingerie there is nothing very new. Linen collars and cuffs to match are worn with every description of house and walking dress. The most fashionable collar has the corners turned down, and is edged with narrow valenciennes. Of assorted sleeves those with pointed cuffs, zebras, as we call it, with alternate bands of linen and embroidered muslin, are most in vogue. Waist-bands continue to be worn, but the buckle and clasps are much more reasonable in appearance. I have seen some very pretty robes of rayed gauze, intended for summer balls; one was striped with Mexican blue, and ornamented down the seams, and at the bottom of the skirt with a light chintz ruche of taffety, the colour of the rays. This ruche was sprinkled with little pearls of straw. The corsage high, and ornamented with a chinky ruche, simulating and tracing before and behind the appearance of a corset, finished with a short basque, surrounded by the same ruching. The sleeves are nearly tight, and are garnished with an epaulet to match the basque.

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A N S W E R S T O C O R R E S P O N D E N T S.

Poetry accepted, with thanks.—"Useful;" "An Evening Song;" Declined, with thanks.—"A Summer Shower;" "Sylvia's Thoughts;" "The Lily;" "Three Wishes;" "Martyr Blossoms;" "A Ship went Sailing;"

Sandymount.—Our correspondent will perceive that we have published the lines she has sent us; and having done this for the sake of the promise there is in them, we will do more, and counsel her to be more modest in her estimate of her productions.

A young author who sends us the first-fruits of her poetic musings, and, apparently in all earnestness, talks of Tennyson in one breath with herself, has forgotten the thirty years of culture and study which the Poet Laureate has given to his inspired art, and in imitation of which we advise her to read the poetry of the best authors, instead of writing her own.

Prose received, but not read.—"The Claverings of Midhurst;" "Boldieu;" "Zit;" "Who did it?"

We have read "Lord Clareford," and regret to think it not suited to our pages.

* * Books, Music, &c., for notice or review, must be forwarded by the 10th of the month, to appear in the following number.

All MSS. will be returned on the receipt of stamps for the purpose.

London: Printed by Rogerson and Tuxford, 246, Strand.
THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

By the Author of "A Few out of Thousands."

CHAP. XXIV.

In the course of the same day, Colonel Tarragon came again to bid his sister farewell. Lady Laura was dressing to go out, when he came; and being in attendance on her, I asked her to convey my best wishes to her brother—deceptive I admit, on my part; love teaches deceit, as a first lesson. The want of agitation or emotion with which I heard his message delivered evidently greatly amazed my stepmother. She shot a glance of triumph at me as she left the room. I knew well her thought—Vincent at any rate would be removed out of my sphere. I fear, at that time, Lady Laura, to gratify her vindictive feeling, would have cheerfully parted with half-a-dozen brothers.

I heard that Colonel Tarragon was to leave town that night, en route for his regiment; but Mrs. Martin delivered to me, privately, a small three-cornered note, which contained three lines, whose fervour almost made up for their brevity.

"MY OWN BEST LOVE,"—

"Above all, be not faint-hearted; trust in me; love me but one-third as well as I idolise you, and believe firmly in the truth of"

"V. T."

Any girl who has loved will easily credit that I committed these lines immediately to my memory, to be conned over and considered, when afterwards doubts intruded and fears predominated.

Strange thoughts would from time to time intrude even in the first halcyon days of requited love. I began now to tax my memory, for the first time, as to what was Vincent's own belief in higher matters. I could not for my life recollect one observation that ever had reference to his religious opinions, or that gave evidence of his principles being founded on a firmer, surer code, than that of human honour.

My reason gave me no satisfactory answer, and I strove to silence inquiry by giving my lover credit for not obtruding matters of sanctity in a circle so frivolous as that of Lady Laura's drawing-room. "Doubtless," I said, "he has too much reverence for religion, to bring his faith forward for scoffers to sneer at." It was one of my own worst of grievances, that religious observances of any kind seemed utterly banished from my father's house; and I was obliged to keep a watch over myself, lest I too, should be betrayed into laxity in those duties which at Miss Norman's I had justly been taught were of the highest importance.

I had Sundays, however, generally to myself, at least the evenings for reading and reflection; for Mr. Castlebrook and Lady Laura were always at the select parties held at Carlton House on that day. In the mornings I invariably attended divine service, though my step-mother at first tried to interfere with this practice. Yet as I was home in time to attend on her before her four o'clock drive, she gradually ceased opposition, which she knew was availing; for, willing enough to concede anything of no moment, I had the merit, or the obstinacy, which ever the reader pleases, of being inflexible in the right, and from my earliest youth I had been accustomed to regard Sunday as a sacred day for rest, prayer, and thought. Indeed I will do my contemporaries the justice to say that those who were disinclined to religious observances contented themselves with neglecting the Sunday without endeavouring (as in the present day) to ignore it as a divine institution. Without desiring the rigour of a Puritan Sabbath, and conceding that the law of Moses is to us perhaps no more binding with regard to the seventh day than many of the burdens of the ceremonial law imposed on the Jewish race; I yet freely state that I should deeply regret to see the laxity of a continental Sunday prevail in England. Besides, it seems to me that in rejecting the fourth commandment we might as reasonably refuse to abide by the divine authority of the other nine, which as a code of duty and moral obligations none will refuse to accept. If therefore we should say the sixth commandment is not binding on Gentiles, what restraint have we against killing or slaying ad libitum? Christ accepted these laws, and why should we refuse? He impressed on the Jews that charity and
The Commoner's Daughter.

humanity were not to be sacrificed to the letter of the law; that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath"—an aphorism which has certainly been twisted out of all shape to suit the views of the Anti-Sabbatarian; but which was simply meant to unite those duties which the Pharisee would have evaded by acting according to the letter, and not according to the spirit. Let the working-men have their gardens to walk in; their galleries if they want them; their Crystal Palaces—surely as lawful for the workman and his wife and children, as for shareholders—only let us have warranty that leisure will not degenerate into licence, and that the man who will not listen to sermons in churches, has perceptions sufficiently awakened to find them in stones and "good in everything."

But this is grave matter for such frivolous memoirs, and I must proceed with my own story, which, though I knew it not, was fast hastening to a crisis.

The storm broke presently over my head in perfect fury, on the morning after Colonel Tarragon's departure.

After breakfast, taken by my father in foreboding silence, Mr. Castlebrook desired in a voice of authority that I would follow him to the library. I rose to obey him with a heart beating with alarm, though my father, in fact, did not seem angry, only grave and embarrassed. Something, evidently, was on his mind. He was not long in commencing his explanation.

"Isabella, there is a subject on which I have long desired to speak to you. I cannot reproach you with any misconduct since your return home; you have, I am bound in strict justice to admit, been obedient and conciliating—qualities of temper which lead me to infer that you will no doubt be happy in a home of your own. You have usually grown up beyond my hopes; but every girl is well acquainted with her own charms, and certainly you have been approved of by the select few who visit here. That is all very well; but you have no fortune, and it will be utterly out of my power to give you any portion, or provide for you at my death. Even my wife has no jointure settled on her; and I hope you have sense enough to see, that mere beauty may hang on your hands and mine undisposed of, till too late. I have therefore, under these peculiar circumstances," said my father, "accepted the proposals of Lord Dornington, a worthy Peer to whom I have observed you have listened with complacency, and who, Lady Laura assures me, is viewed by you with preference. He is anxious to have the affair brought to a conclusion. You will therefore immediately make preparations for your marriage. As for money, it must, I suppose, be found somehow; but for heaven's sake do with as little as you can."

There was a pause, broken at last by my own parched lips—parched by terror and amazement.

"I shall require nothing, sir, for the purpose you have named."

His brow clouded like a brooding thunderstorm.

"How! girl? You will not dare disobey! What do you mean?"

"Only that my marriage with Lord Dornington is now and for ever entirely out of the question."

"Wretch!"—Mr. Castlebrook when angered was not particular to an epithet—"fool! would you annihilate your own hopes of fortune?"

"I would rather, oh much rather, work to gain my own bread, than marry against my own inclinations."

At this minute Lady Laura's bell sounded what I knew to be a summons for me. I wished to terminate a painful contention. I rose.

"Let me say, father, once for all, I will not marry any one whom my heart and my judgment cannot approve."

"Romantic stuff! I will not hear it."

"I must go now, Lady Laura wants me."

"Stay here if you please; this matter is not to be glossed over so easily."

A knock came to the door.

"Plague on everybody! come in and be—hanged," said Mr. Castlebrook, substituting the last word, evidently with a vast effort of forbearance.

Hannah the housemaid, on this, entered hesitatingly.

"Please, Miss Castlebrook, my lady begs you will go to her directly."

"Tell your lady, Miss Castlebrook cannot come," said her master with a voice of thunder to the frightened housemaid—the same woman whose services were declined as femme de chambre, because of her awkwardness, and propensity to sup off unsavoury-smelling condiments.

"Hannah, I am engaged particularly. Will you ask Mrs. Martin to go up to Lady Laura this morning?"

"Mrs. Martin, miss, is ill a bed," said Hannah, aspiring violently in her terror at Mr. Castlebrook.

"Deuce take all the women—then go yourself," said my father, slamming his fist on the table in violent irritation.

And Hannah, in a dismay that might have provoked a smile, had I been in the least disposed to mirth, bolted out of the room.

On such trifles do our destinies depend! Hannah the housemaid, knowing how much Lady Laura disliked her services, betook her of recommending herself by a little judicious gossip. It was she who on the previous morning had let in Colonel Tarragon, during the absence of the man-servant, and had shown him to the drawing-room. Some curiosity had, no doubt, induced the inquisitive domestic to apply to ways and means known best to herself to witness our interview; but the result, with which only I have to do here, was a full particular account, garnished plentifully with fanciful adornments, of what we said and what we did on that occasion. The consequences, perhaps, Hannah had not quite anticipated. Her lady said little; but when she was dressed, she sent the girl to
desire Mr. Castlebrook would go to her dressing room immediately.

On our parts a stormy interview was just coming to a close, when Hannah, pale and hurried, made this announcement. My father, incensed beyond control at my firmness, now became alarmed; for Lady Laura, whose accouchement was expected in a few months, between her own impiunities and health not really strong was often subject to dangerous attacks of spasms. He left me abruptly, a terrible oath on his lips, and ascended the principal staircase to his wife's room.

I remained mechanically in the library, and was absorbed in painful thought, when a peal from Lady Laura's bell vibrated through the house. Hannah could not have been far off, for she rushed in. "Oh, goodness, miss, forgive me! I didn't mean for to say any harm. I'm sure I didn't know as there was any—and a handsome young gentleman as give me half a sovereign which the colour of my lady's money I never see yet. Oh, miss, I wouldn't for twenty gold sovereigns have done it; but my lady was so cross, I did it, like, to pacificate her!"

I hastily passed the girl, and went up-stairs. As I knocked at the door of Lady Laura's apartment, I heard my father's voice loud in stormy anger. "Come in"—and I entered.

My stepmother was sitting in her usual chair; but Mr. Castlebrook was pacing up and down the room, biting the end of a riding-whip which he carried in his hand. His hat had been dashed down on the floor. At sight of me his wife burst out into vituperation.

"There is the base, ungrateful creature, Mr. Castlebrook, who has abused my kindness, my confidence, by intriguing with my foolish brother!"

"So, madam, this precious discovery accounts for your refusal of a nobleman, a man of family and fortune sufficient, me thinks, for your pretensions!"

She took up the theme.

"After this commend me to your amiable people—hypocrites all! turning round so meekly one cheek when the other is smitten—and all for purposes of their own!"

"How dare you presume to put me to the expense of that cursed drawing-room? You knew you were introduced as the intended wife of Lord Dornington?"

"And to admit his attentions so palpably!" screamed, rather than said, Lady Laura—"while at the same time you were entangling poor dear Sally Vincent into an engagement!"

"Madam"—when I could get in a word—"Colonel Tarragon, unasked, sought my affection. I am not—"

"You are all that is vile! But what could your father expect?—bad blood—bad blood! Your mother was a murderess!"

Oh! if a look could have slain, should I not have been one too at that moment? At that cruel, cruel speech, I clasped my hands till the blood nearly burst through my finger-nails in the efforts I made for self-control.

"My—my—mother is an angel; and you are—"a—"

"Go on—go on!" biting her lips and stamping her foot. "Do not mince the word, pray; I often hear it"—a glance at her husband. "Devil!—that is your word! Delightful language for the elevation of the pious Miss Norman—the friend of that saint and martyr—Miss Liscombe!"

"Oh, woman—if you are woman! cease taunts and threats, madam, pray! How can I have erred so deeply? We can wait."

"No more of this folly! I'll have no brawling from women's tongues, distracting one. A card of invitation, Miss Castlebrook, has been sent from Carlton House; you will be presented to the Regent as the future wife of Lord Dornington; or—you may leave my house, as your detested mother was sent from her father's, to expiate your disobedience and disgrace in poverty and solitude!"

"I will not enter society on these terms!" My anger rose fast, faster than I could check it: an avalanche of passion flooded my soul; I knew not what I said or did. My eyes flashed fire. I raised my voice as one with authority: "My mother was too good for so hard and cruel a man! And the wife you have chosen to fill her place is not worthy to have kissed the dust from her feet! You are both alike wicked—wicked, I tell you! And—and—oh, my God! my God! save me from them—from myself!"

Lady Laura was close to me, for she had risen. She stretched forth her hand, and in one instant I was felled to the ground, only for an instant. I was on my feet directly—on my feet, conscious but of one thing—that Mr. Castlebrook, by the application of his riding-whip across my shoulders—covered only by a thin scarf (high-bodied dresses being then unknown), had in a second of time lacerated the flesh, till blood and a sickening faintness followed; but, stinging as was even the physical pain, the wounds were not so grievous as those inflicted on my soul by this action.

Personal chastisement! and from the hand of a man—that man my father—the being who had given me life, to whom my duty and obedience were due! Personal chastisement! Oh, it is deep, deep degradation to a woman! In that hour of agony I did not believe I could survive it—only, death does not come at our demand; else, how many souls would be left on earth!"

"Go to your own room, and dare not come from thence till you have made submission!"

I had bruised my temple severely in my fall, and the blood had started from my nostrils; it was necessary, indeed, to seek some refuge—ere I did so I turned to Lady Laura: "I trust, madam, when you yourself become a mother, you will better understand the affection which I can never forget is due to a parent's memory!"

She was still quivering with rage, and my father, after his last speech, had seized his hat,
and, with the whip in his hand with which he had scourged his own child, left the room, and directly after the house.

I entered my own chamber, visited once by the penitent Hannah to whom I refused admittance. I washed the traces of blood from my face and shoulders, and, maimed in heart and person, I covered my face with my hands, and rested thus some time. But I could not dismiss the storm of shame and resentment which had been roused in my naturally passionate nature. I rose up presently, and paced up and down my room: "Oh, Vincent, why are you not here to take me from this cruel, cruel house?" Then I thought, had he been near, they would not have dared so to act. "I can never again meet them," I said at last. "My father himself desired I would quit his house! I will, I will! No home—none for me! But I will not crouch meanly for the mere bread I eat, nor sell myself for a slave—nay, worse! Father, farewell! You may yet repent your deed!"

It was easily resolved to go—but whither? and the means? I had no regular allowance of pocket-money: when I was compelled, I asked my father for it, and received a pittance, generally accompanied with such frowns, and often oaths, that I never asked till I could not help it. I now examined my purse—there was exactly a sovereign and a half in it, and I had few jewels. All I possessed, however, I placed in my pocket, and selecting a plain dark dress, I put on a simple straw hat and veil, with a cloth pelisse, and then watching my opportunity, I glided down-stairs, and opening the hall-door, I was in the street before anyone in the house had observed me. In putting into execution this rash scheme, I had not the slightest notion where to go, or what to do. The thought of Benovole first occurred to me; and, could I find him, I was sure he would extend shelter to me, and give his advice for the future; but I knew not how to ascertain his abode, or if even he was in London. In those days the state of the Continent was so disturbed, that the return of those who went thither was at best uncertain. I paused, but I was in fear of every moment, meeting some one who knew me. At last a thought occurred.

A very short time previously, the Londoners had been excited by the Princess Charlotte’s escape from Warwick-house, on an occasion when she deemed her father harsh and tyrannical. I remembered the royal young lady’s proceedings, and beckoned a coach from a stand nearly opposite to me. My call was instantly responded to, and in another moment I was safe from observation.

"Where to, miss?" said the man, civilly, touching his hat.

I had not thought of that. What was my aim? There was a shop in Oxford-street where Benovole’s musical compositions were published—they might tell me there where he resided.

"Drive me to Minim’s, Oxford-street."
where you want to go? London streets is bad for a young creature like you. Let me see you home, miss.”

“Home,” said I, absently, “I have none.”

“Lord help ye! that’s a bad thing to have to say, and you so young a lady. But I have a girl of my own, and—bless us! I hope, miss, you ain’t going to faint again.”

“No; I am weak, and—I cannot, I think, go this evening where I intended; it will be too late. You seem a kind, honest person; will you tell me where I can get a lodging—a poor one will do, if it be only respectable.”

“Well, miss, I dare say I can: I have a room to let myself; but you don’t seem to be much used to poor places, and I am only a widder who takes in washing and has a mangle. But my Betsy is at home just now, out of place, and she knows something, she do, of fine folks’ ways—so”—

I eagerly assured her that any accommodation would do, if it were only clean and decent. Had I known London better, I might have hesitated at the offer; but the poor woman’s hard features and homely dress spoke of poverty, but had no trace of anything worse.

“Well, then,” she said, “come with me, miss; its up a court, but perhaps you won’t mind that.”

We trudged on, and, at last, taking me up a close but clean-flagged court, my conductress knocked at the door of a one-storied house, and it was quickly opened by a young woman, who cried out—“Why, mother, for sure, I thought you was lost!”

“No; here I am, safe and sound. Come in, miss. Betsy, my dear, get a light.”

There was a cozy fire, and a small tea-kettle was singing with all its might, on a bright black hob.

“Yes, mother, directly,” was the cheerful answer, in a voice whose accents seemed strangely familiar to my ear. In a minute the ‘dip’ was kindled, and placed on the table. I had dropped into a seat, weary and heart-sick, and taking off my hat, one of the strings got knotted in my hair. The girl came civilly forward to assist me, and the light, such as it was, fell full on my face.

“My goodness gracious alive, mother! Why it is—it is a— it is thought, grown into a grown-up young lady! Miss, don’t you know me, Miss Castlebr—ok! Oh! this is prime. Why, mother, you ve heard me talk of Miss, over and over again. And—Well, to think how fortunate I should be at home.”

“Betsy—my dear good Betsy! Thank God! I have found a friend at last.”

Yes, Betsy it was—Nemesis, Betsy—a trifle thicker and broader, but the same good-tempered creature, unheeding trouble or difficulty.

She ran to a corner, from whence she dragged forth a large black cat, whose identity with my old pet kitten “Tootsey” was only to be discovered by his collar and silver bells, the former neatly pieced, for he had greatly outgrown his original size. I stroked and petted the cat; but I am bound to confess that he did not evince the slightest personal interest in me.

“But, miss, how is it you are from home?”

“I will tell you that to-morrow, dear, kind Betsy. If I can have a cup of tea, it will be all I shall require to-night, and will you show me to my room?”

These poor people had true delicacy: they asked me no more questions; and presently a cup of excellent tea, and some toast, with an egg, were served in very humble potter’s ware; but all neat and spotlessly clean, as I found my bed-room to be, though the sheets were unbleached, and the coverlid a coarse rag.

But I thought little of such things. When I was alone, I breathed a fervent thanksgiving that I had found shelter beneath a honest roof; and with the protection of “Tootsey,” whom Betsy had insisted in domiciling in my room, lest there should be mice, I speedily lost in a second, but sweeter oblivion, all memory of wrongs, of friends and foes.

THE USELESS.

BY MRS. ARBY.

—

“No one is useless in this world, who lightens the burden of it to any one else.”

“Our Mutual Friend.”

—

The Useless! How truly I feel for their lot! How dull and insipid a scene it discloses! How same must the sky be, that clouds shadow not! How tedious the way that lies all among roses!

No wonder that oft, as they languidly pass,
Along the smooth road of their sunny existence,
They long with the workers and doers to class,
Who struggle and toil in the world at a distance.

I pity their case; yet to me it appears,
That none need complain of their useless condition:
Whatever our talent, whatever our years,
We all have a duty, we all have a mission.

To the children of influence Providence sends
A gift truly precious—the dear gift of leisure;
You may solace the hours of your neighbours and friends,
Assuaging each trouble, enhancing each pleasure.

You may kindly encourage the lowly of heart;
You may speak consolation and peace to the grieving,
And daily enjoy all the good you impart,
Since giving is ever more blest than receiving.

O’er Time’s lagging course it is futile to mourn;
This truth I maintain, and will ever declare it—
The burden of life may be easily borne,
If we only enable another to bear it!”
WILD FLOWERS.

BY THE LATE JOHN D. CARTWRIGHT, ESQ.

Flowers of the field, fair children of Spring,
Heavenward struggling thro' sunshine and rain,
Sweet are the memories each of ye bring,
Flowers of the meadow, hedgerow, and lane.

I've plucked ye in childhood, brimfull of dew,
I've wandered by meadow and moorland to find
The bank where the earliest primrose grew,
And sweet violets perfumed the wind.

I've culled ye in sorrow, sadness, and pain,
Wept o'er the poor friends I never see more;
Have plucked ye alone from meadow and lane,
Where Sissy and I oft had plucked ye before.

The violet closed when Lilian died,
And all that morn the primrose had a tear;
A March wind thru' the budding chestnuts sighed,
Chanting low music sweet and sad to hear.

I strewed her grave with the flowers that grew
On the meadow-banks she loved so well;
With cowslip, anemone, orchis, and rue,
Wood-flower and lea-flower, lily and bell.

O me! How sad, in blooming summer fields,
To miss the voice and thoughts of those we love;
Who with us shared the joy such summer yields,
And watched the silver clouds floating above!

To hear the murmur of eternal rills,
And listen to the song of blithesome birds
Piping of love! To watch on western hills
The red light fade away, and miss the words

That fill'd our hearts with joy! To tread alone
The woodland paths we have together trod,
And know the life that bent it love has flown
For evermore from these fair fields of God!

Flowers of the field, fair children of Spring,
Heavenward struggling thro' sunshine and rain!
Sweet are the memories each of ye bring,
Flowers of the meadow, hedgerow, and lane!

There's an open glade in the deep dark wood,
Where clustering fox-gloves bud and blow;
Where the tawny thrush and the blackbirds brood,
And the wild bees murmur to and fro.

There's a blue-bell bank, and a cowslip dell;
A stream all grown with forget-me-nots blue,
Flowing to a mere where the lilies dwell,
And lake-flowers bloom with a golden hue.

There's briony wild, and the bindweed frail,
Narcissus and speedwell, the rose and vine,
There's night-shade blue, the meadow-sweet pale,
And the dancing buds of the eglantine.

STANZAS.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

"Les jours et les années sont des traits que la mort nous lance."—ALPHONSE KARR.

Oh! Time! what'er thy flight,
Whether thy wing be bright
With hope's glad sunny beam,
Or drooping, heavy, low,
With earth's dull care and woe,
Still thou art but the stream
Whose resistless rapid wave
Bears life's bark on to the grave.

Life! though thy years be full
Of all things beautiful—
Health, gladness, friendship, love—
Thy days of summer bliss,
Or wintry bitterness,
Yet silently remove
The low'd chains whose links, we trust,
Long will brave time's waste and rust.

Oh hours! that pass us by
Still scat'ring as ye fly
Such precious, wondrous things!
What are ye, days, months, years,
Your changes, hopes and fears,
But arrows that death flings
With kind hand, that we may be
Gather'd to eternity!
A FORTNIGHT'S BOTANIZING IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

How beautiful the Alps looked, with the hues of evening upon them, as we drove from the railway-station at Thun to the Bellevue Hotel! and how refreshing a sight was the blue water of the deep Aar, over which we passed! I had had the rare luck of finding some cousins of mine bent on a botanizing excursion, and I easily persuaded them that Switzerland was not too exciting a journey for their intelligent children; and thus we formed one party.

We had no time to look about, the first evening of our arrival; for ere we had taken the meal of tea and eggs, which we so much needed, darkness had fallen on the lovely landscape; but we were as yet early in the morning, and ere I had completed my toilette, Janet and Sarah begged admission, anxious for me to forward a scheme which they had planned.

"Those two great brown mountains near us are the Niesen and the Stockhorn," they said; "the white Alps are much further off. The femme de chambre says the people here are very friendly, so we may safely run about alone. Please help us to persuade papa and mamma to let us run across to the Stockhorn by ourselves."

Mr. Grey assured his adventurous children that, near as the mountain appeared, it was probably two or even three miles distant; too far for little girls to wander alone; but, he said, if they would wait patiently till after breakfast, we would all go there together, and commence our collection of Swiss plants.

We paused in the town, to fit ourselves with Swiss shoes, tying high over the instep, and thus affording great support to the foot while leaving it sufficient play; then crossing the bridge over the Aar, we entered on a sandy plain, used by the troops for military exercises. The children were delighted with the beauty of the Salvia growing on the roadsides, its blooms as large and its colour as intense as in our favourite blue Salvia of the greenhouse, though of lower stature; and we were well pleased with so handsome a specimen to begin our Hortus siccus. The common Centaury was there too, thriving the best where here and there a few low bushes were clustered together; its numerous rose-coloured stars, with the fine golden stamens, looking the picture of cheerful contentment.

Among the scanty herbage grew a dwarf-variety of the Campanula glomerata: it was almost stemless, and the cluster of large upright bells seemed to rise from the root. Beyond, where the ground was less hard and parched, the elegant Campanula rapunculus shook its mute bells in every breeze: this was our first introduction to it; but afterwards we recognized it in every grove-border we examined in the Oberland. It has larger flowers than the "Blue Bell of Scotland," and they are of a delicate lilac; the stems, though scarcely less frail, grow to a greater height. On, on we went, till Mrs. Grey stopped breathless suddenly, convinced that she could not reach the mountain on foot that day. We paused to look at the landscape behind. We must have walked two miles, yet we neither seemed nearer to the Stockhorn, nor further from the Dome Church at Thun, than when we had just passed the Aar. It was our first experience of the apparent proximity of objects which the very clear atmosphere gives; and while the mother and children sat down on some stones to rest, my cousin and I again pressed forward in the vain hope of reaching the mountain, still seven miles distant. We did succeed in reaching a thick and extensive wood, and we agreed to rest there in the shade, and seek treasures for our vasaulum, before attempting the ascent of the mountain. We had seen in the distant view, that the foot of the Stockhorn was clothed with trees, and we had no doubt at all that those trees and this wood were identical.

"You may go and explore a little, while I rest," I said. "When you return with a report of the road, I will decide whether I have still strength to climb."

Meanwhile, I did a little quiet botanizing. The broad leaves of the lily-of-the-valley were there in abundance; the berries plentiful, where the fragrant flowers had been, and already assuming a red tinge. Another plant of similar habit grew in large plots; two broad leaves springing from about the centre of the stem, and surmounted by a spike of small scentless star-shaped flowers; the corolla cut into six segments, and the six stamens, together with the linear venation of the leaves, proving its relationship to our old favourite. I found afterwards that the plant was called Convallaria bifolia. Another plant, with leaves of similar venation and irregular flowers, grew singly under the beech trees. There were many blossoms on the spike, two upper white petals forming a kind of hood, and concealing the germen, upon which the parts of fructification were situated. It was of stately growth; but the peculiarity of the germen proved it to belong to the orchideous group, and I had decided it to be the Epipactus grandiflora, before Mr. Grey returned.

"Do come down into the very loveliest valley I ever saw," was his greeting.

"Valley! I thought we were upon the foot of a mountain."

He laughed.

"The mountain is still miles off, and you
have walked far enough. The valley is attainable. Try it."

He led me down a steep and difficult descent, and across a gurgling brook: the trees no longer overshadowed the herbage, and the display of flowers was continuous. I gathered a handful of the spikes of the Pyrola rotundifolia, its white wax-like bells reminding me of those of the lily-of-the-valley, while the cluster of round glossy leaves near the root made it easy of recognition. A few belated blooms of the purple Scilla bifolia were there, contrasting well with the white Pyrola; and there were butterfly orchises, fragrant as in our English fields, and the crimson marsh Lousewort, and most attractive of all, feathery tufts of the highly scented Dianthus plumosa. The blossoms of this elegant wild pink are of a delicate lilac, the petals torn and jagged like those of the ragged-robin. The Dianthus armeria, or wild clove, we found on the rocky banks between the brook and the wood, and while climbing in pursuit of it we regained the shelter of the trees. Here we roamed awhile, cutting spikes of the variegated Epipactis latifolia, clusters of the Pulmonaria officinalis, with its spotted leaves, so familiar as a denizen of old-fashioned gardens and shrubberies. In the highest part of the wood, under the beech trees we found a lesser Pyrola: both the leaves and the petals were pointed in this species, and the latter were tinged with green. It was the Pyrola secunda, an inhabitant of our Scotch woods, as well as of these lovely Swiss ones. Near it grew abundance of the herb Paris, or true-love, its quartette of leaves surmounted by a large ominous-looking berry, like a black cherry. Emerging from the wood, we passed through some brush wood, amongst which the stately spikes of the crimson Epilobium angustifolium, and those of the blue Aconitum napelius, or Monkshood, were towering: branches of these completed our collection, and we returned home well pleased with our first day’s harvest.

The morrow was as glorious as that first day had been, but we were no longer rauquish about distances, or over-confident of our walking powers; so we were glad to avail ourselves of the aid of the steam-boat, and were soon steaming along the lovely Lake of Thun.

We greatly enjoyed the views on every side, the hills with their chateaux and villages, their woods and meadows, all mirrored in the calm waters of the lake, while the tinkling of the golat-bells gave life to the quiet scene. On reaching the other end of the lake, we were sorry to have to exchange the boat for a rickety carriage; but the beauty of Interlaken, with its picturesque houses, and mills, and waterfalls, made us forget our regrets; and as we entered the valley of Lauterbrunnen we had no thought but of exulting admiration. It is fitly termed the "valley of many streams," for waterfalls gush from the rocks on either hand every few hundred yards. The road was half-formed of bridges under which brawling waters dashed to join the rapid stream which bounded along, over rock and boulder, fed by the glaciers of the mountains, and hurrying in mad haste along the centre of the valley, to pour its waters into the lake. On either side, the hills rose high and precipitous, the exposed surface of the rocks showing clearly-defined strata, some level and regular as a pile of books upon a table, and some tossed into every variety of confused angle. Masses of rock rose by the wayside, adorned with all manner of flowers, and the Voltaire seemed to think us the most tiresome party he had ever had to deal with, so often did we require him to check the mad career of his horses, that we might descend from the carriage and collect the flowers. Here was the Saxifrages naumoides, with its yellow starlike blossoms all spotted with crimson; and a tall cream-coloured Sedum, with powdery serrated overlapping leaves, and large handsome clusters of flowers. The cruciform blossoms of the innocent Lepidium alpinum bloomed on those isolated rocks, and the two Aspleniums, Ruta muraria and Trichomanes, were there too. When we came in sight of the Pfeiffer, sitting like the wonderful Staubbach, we dismissed our carriage, and established ourselves, with our basket of refreshments, in a little wood under the rocks from which the cascade falls. It was scarcely noon, so the sun had not left that side of the valley, but still looked upon the sheet of foam, painting it with rainbow colours. Near the waterfall, and within reach of its spray, a quantity of the Impatiens noli me tangere, or Touch-me-not, was growing. The pairs of yellow flowers, with their long spurs and crimson dots, are shaped much like those of their near relations the single balsams of cottage windows: but in the wild species the flower-stalk is long and slender, and the stem repeatedly branched, so that it has none of the stiffness of the cultivated plant. The name "Touch-me-not" is given because of the ease with which the ripe seed-pods explode, if touched ever so lightly; a peculiarity of habit which afforded great amusement to the children. The plant is of a very perishable nature, and of all the specimens which we gathered that day only the one which Mrs. Grey placed within the pages of her sketch-book was fit for the herbarium: all the rest not only turned black, but withered up out of all shape. Rambling about amid brushwood and pasture we found the handsome labiate flowers of the Melittis melissophyllum, cream-coloured and blotched with rose; and a beautiful yellow species of Monkshood, more irregular and graceful in its manner of growth than its stately brother; but, at the same time, more poisonous. A gun was fired in the distance by some chamois hunter, and the echoes rang from rock to rock, repeated and again repeated more and more faintly, until we could have imagined it a running fire from a retreating body of insurgents. A lad with a long horn played the "Rane des Vaches" for our edification, and the prolonged note sounded very plaintive in its echoes.
English tourists cannot fail to be reminded by it of the inexhaustible fun and wit of poor Albert Smith: "A simple thing, but it pleases!"

As we returned along the lake, the beauty of the landscape was enhanced by the rays of the setting sun, shedding a golden glory on the lake and its western banks, while the eastern were plunged into deeper shade. A few minutes more and that glory had faded; the Bridgroom Sun had run his course, and was sinking to rest, leaving a rosy blush upon the white-robed mountains, where his last kiss had rested.

The third day was dedicated to the Niesen. No longer deceived by the clear atmosphere we prepared for a distant excursion, and travelled to the mountain's foot in a carriage. The road thither passed by the side of a kind of delta, formed by the embouchure of the river Kander. From the carriage I noted a very peculiar-looking flower, and eagerly called a halt. At first sight it was like a white scabious, tinted with pink; but on closer examination I found that it was an umbelliferous plant, the numerous florets on stalks so short that they were imperceptible from above, and the large sepals of the involucrure coloured with pink, and protruding beyond the cluster of florets; so that it seemed like a composite fighter, white centre and bluish-crimson circumference. This was the rare Astrantia major, a great treasure, and I was very triumphant over my discovery.

We commenced the ascent of the mountain very bravely, asking no aid but that of our alpenstocks for the first part of the journey. The ground was very swampy in places, and the white Pinguicula alpina, the Pedicularis palustris, the Primula farinosa, the wood Equisetum, and the frail blossoms of the trailing cranberry adorned the emerald patches round the springs.

The upward road became steep, but was still wooded; and, as from time to time we halted to take breath, the views became more and more charming. A little translucent pool seemed to nourish mosses beyond measure; but when Mr. Grey took some of the submerged moss in his hand, it slipped through his fingers, as if it were a handful of minute fishes. He then had recourse to a little tin which he carried in his vasaulum: the weed caught in this, and then, spread on paper, proved to be one of those exquisite fresh-water algae, which look like strings of tiny beads, or, under the microscope, of hairy balls; its hue was olive-green shading to purple, and its scientific name takes up more room than the plant itself would do, Batrochosprium moniliforme. Another such plant we secured in a similar situation: it looked like a pale-green film; but when spread exhibited threads and branches formed of most delicate articulations; this was the Drapanaldea glomerata. Higher still we came upon a stunted wood, where the dwarf willow (Salix reticulata) covered the ground, mingling its branches with the miniature evergreen Polygala chamebuxus, the summits of which were adorned with abundance of bloom. The flowers of this plant are peculiar: two of the sepals, or calyx leaves, are coloured, and resemble wings; so that, at first sight, you take it for a papilionaceous flower. In the evergreen species these wings are orange, while the three petals are white. The peculiarity is less remarkable in our wild polygala, because both the wings and petals are purple. Beyond the wood grew the mountain cudweed in abundance, its male and female flowers on different plants; the former beautifully tinged with pink, with which the deep blue heads of the Phyteuma glomerata formed a lovely contrast.

Mrs. Grey and the children took up their post on some heaps of branches lying near, unable for further climbing, and my cousin and I continued the ascent. Here and there we came on plots of low verdure, where exquisite Alpine plants of minute size were blooming. Mr. Grey cut a sod cut, covered with the pink blooms of the moss campion, and he added to that lovely specimen of our familiar friend the Gentiana acaulis, and the equally brilliant Gentiana verna. There, trembling in the mountain-breeze, were the frail clusters of the lilac primula, and those of the sister-plant, the yellow Auricula. I was glad now to leave the collecting to him, as I needed all my own powers to continue the ascent over the steep, stony mountainside, and I should often have fallen but for his aid. But the view from the summit repaid all the labour of the ascent. To the back the giant Alps stood in a semicircle, peak towering above peak; while before us lay the richly-varied hill and dale of the Oberland, the Lakes of Thun and Brienz, reposing in the lap of dark woods, and mirroring many a picturesque hamlet and mansion. The only addition which we made to our group of plants in returning was the Spiraea salicifolia, which we found growing freely, in little groves at the mountain's foot, every bush covered with the corymbs of roseaceous blooms, and presenting a very gay appearance.

We had endured a falling snow in our expedition to the Niesen, that we resolved to keep in the immediate neighbourhood of Thun on the Saturday, limiting our ambition to a visit to a beautiful waterfall called the "Cholera chute," which we were assured was but half a mile distant, yet so difficult of approach that few tourists could ever attain a sight of it. Passing through the hotel pleasure-grounds, calling as we went the wild pinks ringing the border of the forest, we entered a wood forming part of the grounds of a neighbouring chateau. Here we found quantities of the Astragalus glabra, or wild liquorice, and the children soon showed their preference for the sweet-flavoured stems rather than the clusters of cream-coloured papilionaceous flowers. Further on, the path lay through rich meadows, and gradually led us to the margin of a brawling stream, there ceasing altogether. This we understood to be the point at which the enterprise of most tourists gave way, and indeed further efforts seemed puzzling enough. The roar of water testified the proximity of the Châte, but rocks of immense height shut in the
stream on the near side, and the boulders, against
which the waters dashed and foamed, were too
far apart to serve well as stepping-stones. Still
we resolved to try, and by dint of some daring
arrows we reached the other side, and scram-
bled 40 yards nearer to the Châte. But, alas!
here the rocks forbade further progress, only now
they allowed a passage on the other side. We
must cross again; and I was the more ready to
do so, seeing rare plants growing on the oppo-
site rocks. But this time I was not lucky: a
slippery stone played me false, and I found my-
self in two feet of water! My feet being now
beyond further danger, I walked backwards and
forwards at pleasure, securing abundance of the
rosemary-leaved willow-herb, with its delicate
pink blossoms, and beautiful plants of orange
saxifrage, and enjoying to the full the rare sight
of the splendid waterfall. The good-natured
femme-de-chambre brought me white lily leaves
steeped in brandy; to apply to my bruised ankle;
but I quieted the solicitude of my cousins by the
assurance that the repose of the Sunday
would entirely cure it.

When Mr. Grey and the children returned
from a stroll on the Sunday evening, they
were eager to relate a story they had picked
up from some French-speaking peasants. The
substance of it was, that a certain St. Beatus,
armed with a divine commission to evangel-
ize the people, had taken up his abode, once
upon a time, in a cave among the rocks, to
the left of the lake. Finding that a dragon was
already in possession of this cave, the Saint
wrote him a civil, but somewhat peremptory let-
ter, requiring him to quit the neighbourhood,
and the obliging dragon at once acquiesced.
The saint was fed by miracle: a fountain of
water bubbled up in the cave on purpose for
him, and he sailed hither and thither on the
lake in a boat formed of his own mantle.

“Do let us go to the cave to-morrow!” ex-
claimed the children; “a boat will take us to
the Nez, and the cave is very near; it will be a
easy excuse for cousin’s lame ankle.”

I assured them that my ankle would be quite
fit for regular service by the morrow; but as we
might just as well seek flowers amongst the
rocks and woods of the promontory called the
Nez as elsewhere, it was resolved to humour the
children’s fancy, and go there the next day.
But, alas! the morning brought a thick fog,
rain followed, and the lake looked dark and
ruffled: the children cried outright; but when
at noon the weather cleared, they again became
cheerful. Judging from experience of English
weather we thought the change promising, and
sent to engage the boat. Some time was ex-
pended in preparations, but all was ready at
last, and the rowers pulled along the lake.
Wind and stream were both against us, and the
latter was very strong, owing to the rain having
swollen the mountain torrents. Thus it hap-
pened that four hours were expended on what
generally occupies only two, and it was 5
o’clock when we landed on the Nez. We spread
provisions on a rock and proceeded to dine;
but a slight shower startled us, and fearing more
rain we took shelter under the awning of the
boat. All being bright and clear again, we
rambled up and down, enjoying the beauty of
the scene, listening to the splash of the water,
and seeking wild-flowers. The Geranium san-
guineum was growing luxuriantly from crevices
in the rocks, displaying its round crimson blos-
som in profusion; the golden stars of the Alpine
hawkweed mingled among these, and above
them flourished the much-coveted Alpine rose,
Rhododendron hirsutum, which, being generally
found at greater elevations, is worn in hat or
cap by tourists, as a testimonial of good climb-
ing.

“But where is the cave?” asked the children;
and we all took up the query—“ Where is the
cave?”

We plunged deeper into the wood to seek it,
taking paths the steep nature of which showed
that we were progressing toward the high ground.
We found two rare and lovely plants—the Cy-
clamen, with its variegated leaves, and the
chordeous wonder, the Lady’s Slipper (Cirrhipedium
colceolae). Still seeking at once the cave and
the flowers, we came upon thriving plants of
Alchemilla alpina, its silver-lined leaves quite
eclosing in beauty the panicles of insignificant
greenish flowers. There were abundance of
hepatica leaves, but the pink and blue flowers
had faded long ago, almost as early as they had
disappeared from our gardens. Still we found
no cave.

At last we decided upon a plan which we
ought to have adopted at first, viz., to procure a
guide. For this purpose Mr. Grey returned
to the banks of the lake to borrow a boy from a
chalet there, and we refreshed ourselves with
the noble blackberries now clustering thickly
upon the straggling brambles. In due time we
started afresh, having been informed by our
young guide that we were “only half-an-hour”
from the cave. We pushed forward vigorously,
I following close upon the guide that I might
more easily perform my office of interpreter.
Up, up, along the steep path; then down again,
over stony ground, where a precipice only inter-
vened between us and the deep waters of the
lake; into the woods again; through swampy
ground, where the thick foliage made it too
dark to allow us to pick our steps: still on, on,
but no cave.

Mr. Grey grew uneasy—“ How far is it now,
Esther?”

“ Only half-an-hour,” was our guide’s reply.

Still pursuing our route as rapidly as possible,
we became aware that the light was waning, and
a peal of distant thunder brought us to a sud-
den halt. The boy still said the cave was half-
hour’s walk off; so we agreed to give up the
pursuit, and return with all speed to the boat,
hoping so to escape a wetting. We ran along
the stony path, ever urged forward by Mr.
Grey, who brought up the rear, with the cry
“Run, run, for the rain is coming!” And it
did come, in an even, down, tremendous pour;
but we had almost reached the boat, and we re-
joyed in the shelter afforded by the awning. Alas! we soon wished for any amount of rain rather than that awning!

The evening was closing in, and the boatmen assured us that no time ought to be lost in returning to Thun; so they pushed off, and we all congratulated ourselves that we should now have both wind and current in our favour. Darkness came on rapidly, and still the lightning flashed, and the rain poured down. We had proceeded a mile-and-a-half, or thereabouts, when a sudden squall arose, and seizing the awning, spun our boat round like a teetotum—the terror of the children, the anguish of the mother on their account, and the solemn awe of all, engraved that hour of terror deep on each of our minds. In vain the boatmen tried to land us; the rocks were too steep to have permitted access even by daylight; and now it was simply impossible. Yet on no account dare they venture to round the next headland. At last they succeeded in finding the one poor landing-place which the banks afforded, and we sprang on shore with right thankful hearts, now wholly indifferent to the pouring rain. A light near, proceeding from the window of a chalet, had guided the boatmen to the landing, and we now hastened thither, crossing by a mere plank a deep chasm, through which a foaming torrent rushed to the lake. Enter the chalet, we found a mother and seven children seated around a table, each furnished with a spoon, with which they were securing their several shares of a bowl of water-soup which stood in the centre. None of them either moved or spoke, though we all warmed ourselves at their stove, consulted over our plans, and again and again went to the door to regard the weather. I approached the mother to inquire if it were possible for one of her boys to procure us any conveyance in the neighbourhood.

"There is no conveyance nearer than Thun, that is seven miles, and I cannot send a boy out in such a storm."

We felt that she was right—that we must struggle with our own difficulties. We were only distressed on account of the children. On leaving we apologized for dirtying her cottage, and I gave her the only coin I had about me, a 20-centime piece. She was astonished and delighted, and we amused ourselves with contrasting her manners with that of our own cottagers under similar circumstances. Imagine their disgust if a party of tourists soiled their clean floor and then presented twopenny! One of the boatmen offered himself as guide, and the other waited the conclusion of the storm to bring the boat round to Thun. At first we had only a goat-path by which to ascend the steep hill, and the rain rendered it so slippery that we often fell, and were sometimes constrained to creep awhile on our hands and knees. While thus proceeding a fairy-scene came upon my view. By the side of the path a little group of mossy stones formed a cave, the entrance to which was sheltered from the heavy rain by the overhanging stone forming the roof. Over this entrance a cobweb curtain was drawn, and tiny drops of moisture studded the gossamer network, each one reflecting rainbow hues from a glowworm's lamp which shone within. When we reached the first table-ground on the hillside, we came upon a bridle-road which traversed the edge of the precipice now bordering the lake. We went on cheerily now, for we could walk in pairs, and again entertain ourselves with conversation. All was dark, except when the vivid lightning showed for a moment the depth beneath and the fretted waters of the lake. Ever and anon an angry torrent sweeping from the mountains poured across the path, falling in an extempor cascade into the lake, and we were obliged to wade ankle-deep through the flooding waters. Of the many torrents that we thus crossed scarcely any were permanent: they were but the overflow of that night's drenching rain, an overflow doubtless often repeated. At last we reached a humble Wirtablatt and I asked for food, fire, and beds. They had, alas! no beds, and the only food they could offer was milk, and the coarse spirit drawn from cherries. But we got very acceptable aid, for the landlady's daughter came with a lantern, and offered to lead us to the town. Mrs. Grey, already fatigued beyond her powers, took the arm of this brave and kindly girl, while my cousin and the boatman each mounted one of the exhausted children on their backs; and thus we proceeded for the remaining four miles of the journey, reaching Thun at midnight, the precious vaiscum having been transferred to my charge, when Sarah took its place on her father's shoulders.

After the hardships of that excursion to the Cave of St. Beatus we were obliged to rest for a day or two, and we made our next outing by means of the steamboats plying on the sister lakes of Thun and Brienz. We were thus landed within a hundred yards of the beautiful cascade of the Giesbach. Here the water falls first over one shelving rock, and then over another, leaving hollows behind the cascades, where enterprising tourists can pass in and out. On the spray-splattered rocks we found the Asplenium viride in abundance, as well as its more wiry brother the Trichomanes. High and dry upon the same rocks was the lovely mountain Forget-me-not, whilst the grove at the summit was carpeted with the thick elastic tufts of Hallet's apples moss. We reclined on this natural couch, and peasant children brought us delicious Alpine strawberries, offering at the same time beautiful articles in carved wood for sale. We enjoyed our quiet excursion that day, for we were physically unfit for aught of enterprise.

Our last exploration in the lovely Oberland was the Valley of the Kander. With three horses to our carriage we started at five o'clock in the morning, traversing first a part of the road we had already seen on our expedition to the Niesen; but presently a turn to the right brought us amid new scenes, and by eight
We were bated and we got
breakfast for ourselves, and I never remember a
more delicious meal than was then spread before
us. Café-au-lait, fresh eggs in abundance,
fresh butter, rolls, and honey were all there, each
the very best of its kind. The drive through
the morning-air had given us hearty appetite,
and we did justice to the good cheer. For this
we were charged half-a-franc each! As we
proceeded up the valley, frequent hills required
much walking on our part, and gave us just the
opportunity for botanizing which we desired.
Here and there, on patches of ground among
rocks, we gathered splendid specimens of the
Gentiana campestris, the flowers fully twice the
size of those of the English plant; while from
the hilly groves, bordering the road at intervals,
branches of the graceful Campanula-like Gen-
tiana purpurea tempted us to climb and cull.
In similar places we found the mountain hare's
ear (Bupleurum ranunculoides), its tiny yellow
umbels seated on broad leafy involucres, which,
along with the prevailing yellowness of the
foliage, gave it the appearance of a spurge, and
rendered it perfect, as a contrast, for its neigh-
bours the blue and violet gentians. We drew
nearer and nearer to the foot of the true Alps,
and could now discern the greenish-white hue
of the glaciers; while the forests of tree-stumps
showed where falling avalanches had mown
down the stately trees as entirely as the scythe
cuts off the grass upon a lawn. The village of
Kandersteg is very small, and the little wooden
wirtshaus smelt like a great deal-box, and made
us feel like animated dolls in a giant's baby-
house. Having ordered our dinner, we made
for the mountains, alpenstocks in hand, if so be
that we might attain to the Gemmi Pass, and
look over into Italy. Oh the beauty of that
ascending path! the ice-fed torrent of the Kander
roaring by its side, and ever tempting a delay
to admire its frequent cascades. Here the
courted inmate of our petted ferneries—the
holly Polystichum—was growing in native ease.
We count every frond in the cultivated plant,
proud beyond measure when it becomes suffi-
ciently naturalized to grow four or five inches
high.

But here each plant had its circle of twenty
fronds, growing like a crown from the caudex,
the post. The slender little figure, so neatly draped in pretty blue merino; the glossy braids of brown hair, with no flower or jewel to decorate their profusion; the delicate complexion, soft brown eyes, and sweet flexible mouth are each graceful and winning; but glancing from her to the sisters who stand near her, you admit their advantages. Leonie, the tall, superb brunette, in her black lace dress, gleaming here and there with rich crimson knots of ribbon, her hair drooping low and crowned with crimson flowers, is Juno-like and bewildering in her regal beauty; while Lucy, the blonde, tall too, but exquisitely ethereal in her floating robes of white, with starry jasmine twisted in her short curls, is only second to Leonie in loveliness. Mamma, tall and dark, with worldliness written upon every feature of her handsome face, is in gala dress too, for to-night one of the crowning festivities of the season is waiting the arrival of the Misses Hammond, and Mrs. Hammond always accompanies her daughters. Nettie, of course, was invited, but Nettie don’t care much for parties, and has chosen to wait at home for papa; for papa, being a physician in full practice, has a fashion of popping in at all sorts of eccentric hours, and Nettie has noticed that he seems to relish his coffee or dinner more, when she hovers about him to pay personal attention to the sugar or salt question, to ask questions of the day’s duties, to pepper his dinner with ratling anecdotes of home, or sympathise with him over some newly discovered case of distress. Leonie and Lucy have declared it a horrid shame that she won’t go; her mother has added that Nettie has queer notions and sh: has had her own way in the matter.

As soon as the carriage rolls away with the party-goers, Nettie tiptoes the pretty sitting-room, and takes out her knitting, a pair of wonderful crimson and brown comforts for papa’s wrists. She has not long to knit; for by nine o’clock she hears the gig drive up, and tosses aside needles and wool, to fly down-stairs and greet her father.

“Come in the sitting-room, papa,” she cries, drawing him forward: “it is so nice and warm there, and I have told Martha to bring up your supper, so you won’t have to go down again.”

“Rest all out?” asks the doctor.

“Yes; gone to Mrs. Moseley’s, the large party, you know, that we had cards for last week.”

“Why didn’t you go?”

“Oh, I didn’t care for it. Three of us are enough, and where Leo and Lou are, they won’t miss me. Oh, father! Leo was superb to-night; she had her hair dressed in the new fashion, with crimson flowers all woven in among the braids, and drooping on the neck. She wore grandma’s diamonds too, and her dress was very becoming.”

“You should have gone; Martha can wait upon me.”

Yet, while he said it, the doctor knew that Martha’s fingers could never arrange a tray so temptingly, never wait upon him so thoughtfully and noiselessly, Martha’s voice make such music in his heart, or give him such a sense of rest after the day’s fatigue and anxiety.

“And now, papa, while you eat your supper, I want to read you a story Lou wrote to-day. One of her gems, with the prettiest song verses introduced. You are not too tired?”

The proud father was never too tired to admire Lucy’s graceful sketches; so the story was read and admired to Nettie’s full satisfaction.

“Ain’t it lovely?” she said, as she folded the papers. “I am so proud of Lucy! It is so nice when I hear strangers wondering who L. H. is, to think ‘That’s my sister,’ and to have such a delicious little mystery to unfold.”

“And now tell me what you have been doing all day?”

“All sorts of things. I helped Lou a little by copying her article for her, and I made the knots of Leo’s dress, and trimmed mamma’s gloves, and concocted that chicken-pie you are eating, and did a lot of odds and ends, nothing much.”

“Are you too tired to read me this article in the Lancet? My eyes are snow-dazzled, and I should like to hear what this fellow has to say—‘Disorders of the Eye’.”

“I am sure he recommends green spectacles for doctors who drive about on wintry snow. By the way, papa, do you suppose any doctor ever practises what he preaches?”

“I don’t know, dear, I’m sure; I should probably preach very loudly at any of my patients who drank such strong coffee as this in the evening, or who ate his eggs as I do mine, boiled to perfect bullets.”

“I am so glad you are not going out again,” said Nettie, as her father donned dressing-gown and slippers, and struck an attitude, peculiar to tired doctors, upon the sofa—“though,” she added thoughtfully, “it must pay for being tired, to comfort so many poor sick folks as you do.”

“And to have such a nice little girl to make one lazy,” said her father. You are right, Nettie; the power to soothe a sufferer, to comfort a mourner, to aid nature to restore or smooth the path to the grave, is a gift God sent, for which I give him humble and hearty thanks. I was sent for to-day to the C—— Hotel, to prescribe for a gentleman, a stranger here, who fell upon the ice, and has got an ugly compound fracture to keep him a prisoner for a long time. He is all alone, his family being in California, and I really think was more grateful for an hour’s chat than for all my bandages and splints.”

“I should say the chat was decidedly the most agreeable, poor fellow! Who is he?”

“You’ll find his card in my coat pocket. Not that—nor that—that’s it!”

“Leonard Williams! Why, papa, that’s Leonard Williams!”

“Well, dear?”

“But, papa, you remember Hattie Simpson—”

“Yes, dear,” said the bewildered doctor, looking at Nettie’s flushed cheeks.

“Who went to California three years ago,
with her father, and married John Coles. Well, her father married the widow of the great banker Willis Williams, and she wrote that Leonard, the only son, was coming here on his tour through the States. You must have heard Leo talk of it.

"Well, you know, dear, I don't hear Leo talk much. As she never comes down to breakfast and is out every evening, and as I am away all day, there is not much chance of her telling me the news. But I remember Hattie very well. So this is a connection of hers?"

"Why, papa, all the girls are crazy to see him. His father left him an immense fortune, and he is one of the most successful lawyers in San Francisco. Hattie describes him as about as near perfection as one of Lou's heroes."

"He's rather a fine-looking fellow, with large, frank eyes, that look straight at one, and he has a good, clear voice, too, as if he was ashamed of nothing he had to say. He's a hero! Well, he won't captivate a heroine just yet, Nettie, for his arm is in a bad way."

The long, able article was read and criticized, and quite a perceptible impression made upon the knitting before the doctor and Nettie concluded to seek their respective apartments, and if there had been one lingering regret on Nettie's mind for the brilliant party she had lost, her father's warm kiss and "God bless you, darling," quite drove it away.

The next morning, Leonard Williams was fully discussed at the breakfast-table. Leonie and Lucy were still dreaming of the conquests of the previous evening, but Mrs. Hammond decided that the invalid must be their guest. The doctor was only too glad to offer his hospitality to the stranger, and Mrs. Hammond fully appreciated the "chance" thrown in her way. Leonie and Lucy were much too fascinating for a resident in the house to leave the heart whole, and visions of the stranger's immense wealth danced in fascinating profusion through mamma's brain, as she dressed for the ride to the C—— Hotel to offer her motherly care to Leonard Williams.

He was up and dressed when the doctor entered the room; but there was a contraction of lip and brow, a deadly pallor and weary expression, that told of acute pain borne quietly. To say that he accepted the doctor's invitation gratefully, gives but a feeble idea of the glow in his cheek, the light in his eye, that expressed his pleasure. A home!

"We can all feel independent enough when we are well, doctor," he said, smiling; "but there is nothing like a twinge of pain to recall mother-love, or a good fit of sickness to bring out home memories. But I am afraid to tax your kindness so far. A stranger—"

"Not at all; the women folks have discovered an old friend. You may have heard Hattie Coles speak of the Hammonds."

"Speak of them! Haven't I bowed in spirit before Miss Leonie's picture, and admired even to Hattie's content the exquisite stories of Miss Lucy. And you are really Dr. Hammond."

"Really, and Mrs. Hammond is waiting in the parlour to add her invitation to mine, and to see that you have the proper number of pillows in the carriage."

The reception and first impressions of our hero are best put in his own words. In a pile of letters tied with ribbon, and tucked away in Mrs. Cole's work-table drawer, there is one which reads thus:—

"P———, Dec. 18.—

"Dear Hattie,—You were very anxious to have me write as soon as I had seen your dear friend Leonie Hammond, and tell you how she impressed me; so here goes for a long letter. First and foremost, you must go to mother for the details of a lucky fall I had, and the subsequent invitation to make Dr. Hammond's house my home; then, fancy me fairly domesticated, in a charming room, with that dear old gentleman to pay me daily visits, his stately wife to see that I have every comfort, and the young ladies flying in or out as the whim takes them. I have never been so sick or in a bed since I was a child, but appear daily in a charming crimson wrapper that suits my Spanish complexion to a nicety, and slippers that would make anybody lazy.

"But all this time you are waiting to hear of your friend. Hattie, she is bewildering: even your descriptions fall short of the reality, and your vignette portrait is a miserable libel. Such eyes!—now full of fire, now beaming with mirth, now melting with pathos. Such a queenly figure! such beautiful, rich tresses! such a sunny complexion! Well, words do her no justice. She is the most wonderfully beautiful woman I ever saw.

"Of Lucy I see but little; she is abstracted and self-contained, spends whole days shut up in the doctor's library, and seems to pass her whole time in dreaming out her new stories or poems, which are certainly worth the trouble.

"But, Hattie, why did you never tell me of the other one—Nettie, the household fairy, the wee, witching, graceful Cinderella to these lovely sisters? No, not Cinderella, for that heroine was neglected and abused, and Nettie just wraps round her warm heart the love of the whole family. While Leonie is riding, driving, dancing, skating, or sleeping, and Lucy is shut up in the library bewailing the sorrows of Aramina or creating a situation for Clementina, Nettie is the home fairy. She appears in the sitting-room daily, with delicious compounds which she informs me she has manufactured for my especial delight, though I notice there is always a duplicate dish for the doctor's dinner or supper. She comes in demurely, to sit down to great piles of white stuff which she gravelly states to be the 'week's mending,' and shoots a tiny glittering needle in and out, reducing long ends of thread to miserable inches in less time than it takes to tell it, her tongue all the while keeping up a merry rattle, or tracing out deeper thought as the whim takes her. The others are very gay, and dazzle me night after night by coming in to twist round before the pier glass as they are starting for a party, sometimes
Night Ascent of the Jungfrau.

NIGHT ASCENT OF THE JUNGFRAU.

BY AN AMERICAN.

A party of Englishmen, members of the Climbing Club, stopping in the Bernese Oberland, were about to attempt the ascent of the Jungfrau.

I am no great lover of the English. There may be some very amiable people among them in their own country; I have never been disposed to go there and search them out; but I have met them all over the rest of Europe; and everywhere, even in my dreams, protest I have found them stiff, ungracious, sullen, and unsociable, guarding themselves against all approach, like thistles or porcupines; therefore the idea of their Climbing Club, giving us another proof of the only kind of superiority I recognized in them over us, irritated me to the last extremity.

The English have planted their flag in each of the five divisions of the globe. The bubbling sea no sooner gives birth to a little chance island, than, before it becomes half consolidated, while it is yet only a mass of liquid mire, they plunge into it a tall pole surmounted by their leopard streamer; this same pole, this same streamer, must needs now decorate the snowy summits of the highest mountains on the globe, beginning with Switzerland. For this object was the Climbing Club organized; the Climbing Club the highest expression for their system of encroachment, now being carried to its crowning point.

In company with some fellow-tourists, I was at that time sojourning at Lauterbrunnen, in that valley where the Jungfrau rears its head thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-one feet high. From our inn, we could see it proudly overlook the whole northern chain of the Alps. It was constantly before my eyes, and its sight filled my soul with emotions lofty as its own proud summit.

Of my companions, some were artists, others botanists or mineralogists. All, every morning, dispersed according to their several tastes; I, from choice, remained behind, guarding the baggage, book in hand. Now, as this book was generally some guide to Switzerland, I might have been, though remaining stationary, better posted than they in all the beauties of the Bernese Oberland; but my attention was constantly diverted by the sight of the mountain.

One day, when we met at dinner, my companions, beginning, as usual, to rally me upon my quiet habits and indifference to Alpine explora-
tions, I made a proposition which struck them all with amazement. It was to bear away from the Climbing Club the honour of first scaling the Jungfrau. As the Englishmen were to arrive on the morrow, I proposed that, to forestall all competition, we should engage, that very day, all the guides in that section.

The idea appeared audacious, particularly as coming from me; nevertheless, it was unanimously adopted, and I was commissioned to recruit our escort.

Fortunately the head guide—the one who presided by right over all great expeditions of this kind—lived at Lauterbrunnen. I repaired to his house, but found only his wife and three sons, the latter already of an age to hunt the chamois. To these four I communicated my plans, and they agreed that as soon as the father should return, they would send him to my inn to perfect the arrangements.

Night came on, and, weary of watching for my guide, I threw myself upon my couch, leaving orders with the servant to awaken me as soon as he should come. Scarcely had I touched the bed, when a knock was heard at my door. It was he, and in him I recognized, to my great surprise, old Christian Roth, one of the most trusty of guides, and who had been strongly recommended to me by my particular friend Cyprian Fournier.

Christian Roth comprehended the situation at once. The English Climbers would arrive at Lauterbrunnen very early in the morning, probably with an escort engaged at either Unterseen or Interlaken; consequently, if we wished to precede them instead of following on their trail, there was not a moment to be lost. The moon was at its full, and as the night was magnificent, he believed it more favourable than the day for the ascent, in consequence of the greater solidity of the snow. Besides, we could provide ourselves with torches and lanterns as a safeguard against fog and clouds.

His advice was to start immediately, and I at once fell in with it, so great was my fear of seeing the Climbers bear off the honours before our very eyes.

In the greatest haste I knocked at the door of each of my companions; but sleep held enchained both eyes and ears. In vain I beat the door, cried, rung, turned the house topsy-turvy, all to no avail.

A thought—born of pride and temerity—entered my brain; it was, to steal a march, not only upon the Englishmen, but upon my Parisian friends also; to concentrate upon myself—myself alone, the glory and the perils of this great expedition.

Christian Roth had, with him, two experienced guides; these, with his three sons, were a sufficient number for the undertaking. We supplied ourselves with ferule, staffs, ropes, ladders, shoes à crampons, hooks, picks, and even fire-arms. Not that there was any danger from thieves in those altitudes—they are never met more than five or six hundred yards above the level of the sea—but as there was some risk of being severely handled by bears, we thought it prudent to be guarded on all sides.

We set out. Our horses carried us rapidly to and over the first declivities of the mountain. Here we were compelled to leave them, and we secured them to the jutting roots of an old pine tree, felled by an avalanche. For an hour we travelled over a gravelly soil, where vegetation existed only in the form of mosses, lichens, scattering gentians, and a sort of dwarf ranunculus. Stimulated by the pure and invigorating air of these high regions, I pursued my way with a firm step, enjoying also the pleasure of an herboration by moonlight. We were approaching the regions of eternal snow.

Who would believe it? Upon these heights, which know only one season, and that the inhospitable winter, where all vegetation is suspended, animals live. I saw there the chamois standing sentinel upon the inaccessible peaks; I also saw foxes in pursuit of poules de neige. Christian informed me that in the daytime we would meet even birds, not eagles, but pinsons de neige, chasing flies; and sometimes butterflies driven upward by the winds, half-benumbed and scarcely able to fly.

Some distance below, I had enjoyed the pleasure of a nocturnal herboration; here I participated in the excitement of a fox-chase, which, however, had nearly cost me dear. I know not whether I hit the game, but the detonation of my gun, although scarcely perceptible to the ear, produced such a concussion in the surrounding atmosphere as to cause the fall of an avalanche. This avalanche engulfed one of our guides. I was about to spring to his aid.

"No imprudence!" said Christian, with the most unconcerned air imaginable, at the same time interposing his arms before me. "It is not a heavy slide; he will probably come out of it."

He gave me to understand, however, that if the fellow did not succeed in extricating himself, the fact would greatly diminish the total of our expenses. Fortunately a few moments afterwards the man rejoined us, shaking from head to foot. Soon we arrived at the most arduous part of our enterprise. Sometimes there were moraines to be shunned or stones which propell'd by the waters of some invisible stream came tumbling down those heights we were with so much labour climbing; sometimes a torrent of muddy water barred our passage; the torrent leaped, a crevice in a glacier several feet in width would be our next obstacle.

My friend, Christian Roth, wishing, as a conscientious guide, to make the enterprise profitable in every possible way to me, placed a torch between the yawning sides of one of these crevices, and called me to admire its effect. From its depths a series of prisms were reflected in all imaginable shades of blue, while rays of the purest sea-green formed a border to the charm.
Ten years before, a member of the Climbing Club had lost his life in this same crevasse. The body was still there in a state of perfect preservation; I saw it distinctly; not ten paces from it Christian lowered his torch again; mechanically I stooped toward the opening, but instantly recoiled, shutting my eyes; a current of air, charged with sleet, came rushing up from the depths of the gulf; I did not doubt it was the dead Englishman whisking the snow up into my face.

Of what occurred afterward, I have only a confused recollection. I only know that they tossed up ropes, planted ladders, and that we continued to mount, mount, mount.

Yielding to a sensation of drowsiness, exhausted by fatigue, I would faint and rested myself upon a piece of granite; but Christian declared me a dead man if I stopped ten minutes. To substantiate his opinion, he instanced the fate of several former adventurers, who, having succeeded in reaching this same point, had succumbed to the cold, and now slept there to wake no more.

At this time he made me drink from his flask a liquor composed of equal quantities of brandy and vinegar; he also compelled me to eat some black bread, accompanied by a morsel of roast cheese, an indispensable viaticum to all Alpine climbers.

Then, supported on one side by his arm, on the other by my feebled staff, my feet, thanks to my shoes à crampons, bearing me firmly over the ice, closely sustained by my escort as by a living bulwark, for several minutes I marched, I ascended, or rather they helped me on, they hoisted me up; but the desire for sleep came over me again—my brain grew confused; the cry of the marmots, that last cry of life heard in the gulf, filled me. I took a call from those explorers who had gone before me, now sleeping in their snowy winding-sheets or icy tombs. I fancied I had already recognized their tombs in a number of stones ranged in a line in one of the valleys below.

This was too much; my strength and courage were exhausted, and willing to renounce the glory of being the first to tread the virgin summit of the Jungfrau, I was on the point of giving the signal for retreat, when, suddenly, through the blue vapours of the night, I perceived a human figure. Like me, it was toiling up the ascent to those snowy, immaculate heights. I thought of the Climbing Club!

My ardour was aroused; I quickened my pace; I outdistanced my guides; borne forward by supernatural strength, I cast aside my staff, and slid down the declivity with lightning speed; I flew over the heights with the rapidity of a racer. At last, with a single bound, I scaled the snowy peak and stood upon the culminating summit of the mountain. But what disappointment awaited me there!

That human form, which I had seen below, and supposed still far beneath me, was standing upright upon the plateau in an attitude of triumph and defiance. I approached—it was a woman—Lalagé! Lalagé! Ask me not yet who was Lalagé.*

"Ah!" said she in a tone of bitter raillery, 'not content with disputing with the Climbing Club the glory of first standing upon this summit, a feeling base in its conception, you have also, for the gratification of your vanity, turned traitor to your friends! Eh! béin! I am here first, and you have lost both your labour and the glory of your enterprise. Is it not just that you should fail, when you attempted to succeed by such unworthy means?"

Abashed, I heard her voice still ringing in my ears after she had disappeared from my sight.

The next moment Christian Roth appeared, bearing in his hand the French stand of colours.

He planted it, or rather secured it in its upright position by means of pieces of rock, and filled the interstices with snow. I watched him with a sort of apathy, stupor was again creeping over me; I had only one desire left, and that was to return.

How did we manage our descent? The only circumstance I distinctly remember is, that when we reached the place where we had left our horses fastened by their halters to the roots of the old pines, we found only their bones. The bears had feasted on the rest.

Finally, at break of day, weary, travel-worn, half-stupified, and nearly frozen, I once more threw myself upon my couch, hoping that a refreshing sleep might— but that sleep so necessary after my excessive fatigue, was almost immediately interrupted by my Parisian friends:

"Quick! quick! It is time we were starting.

The Virgin already extends her arms in welcome. Come, up, sluggard!"

"Sluggard!" said I, attempting to open my eyes. "Since yesterday I have not closed my eyes in sleep; all the night have I been on the march; I took advantage of the full moon and splendid night to perform, in company with Christian Roth and his three sons, the ascent of the Jungfrau. I have but just now returned."

They all burst into laughter.

"A pretext about as adroit as likely for not venturing out this day," murmured one of our company.

"What!" said another, "after having originated the enterprise and drawn us all into it, you are going to abandon it?"

"So far from abandoning it, I have already accomplished it, alone, and at my own risk and peril," I replied, wide awake this time. "Put your head out of the window," I continued; "look at the summit of the mountain, and there you will see waving our glorious tricoloured flag, upon whose folds the Climbing Club can read from afar these words: TOO LATE!"

Not a man stirred from his place. They looked at one another in astonishment.

Just then a servant announced that the chief guide, the man for whom I had left the message

* His guardian spirit.
the evening before, was there and wished to see me.

He entered. It was not Christian Roth.

After the interchange of a few words I related to him my adventures of the night, and although he prefaced them by saying that a midnight ascent of the Jungfrau seemed to him impossible, yet he very cheerfully assented to the correctness of my observations and the reality of the objects I had met. For instance, the old uprooted pine, the gravely plateau, bearing only the gentian and the dwarf ranunculus; also the thousand other details of the route. When I came to the incident of the dead man in the crevasse of the glacier:

"Very true," interrupted he; "it is la crevasse à la l'Anglais." As for the white tombs in a line: "All correct," said he; "it is the Vallée des Moraines."

"True," he added:

"But all that could be learned from books, and as for the head-guide in charge of the route, one thing is certain: it was neither Christian Roth nor myself; for I slept all night at Rosenlaui, opposite Mettemberg, and father Christian has slept these five years in the cemetery at Meyringen."

"At any rate, gentlemen, believe me, we must postpone the expedition until to-morrow; to-day the Jungfrau will be inaccessible to every one, without exception," he said in conclusion, with an authority which seemed to imply: I have the key in my pocket.

My companions inquired of me if I still intended to make the ascent otherwise than in a dream.

"Faith, no!" I replied. "I am satisfied with what I have seen."

I have since conversed with persons who had made the ascent of the Jungfrau in full possession of their waking faculties (the ascent is common enough at this day), and I have always been able to speak quite as intelligently as they of its scenes, without ever having given myself the trouble and toil, like them, of scaling its rocky sides. More than this, I have recalled to them several particulars which had escaped their memory.

We sometimes see more clearly with dreaming than with waking eyes.

A TASK.

BY ADA TREVANTON.

Hush! speak low—tread softly,
This is sacred ground;
So much of his presence
Still seems brooding round.

Here he laid his writings;
Yonder stands his chair;
Every eye at twilight,
I behold him there.

Cold, and stern, and silent,
With a cynical smile,
Hiding the felt anguish
Nothing could beguile.

'Twas beyond earth's healing;
One day you shall know
How this sorrow happened;
It was years ago.

All his life he laboured;
When his course was run,
He gave to my keeping,
His long work half-done.

All unmoved; but tear-drops
Hid him from my sight;
I yearned for thy blessing,
Father, that last night!

It was never spoken;
He went to his rest;
Well, I should not murmur,
For God judges best.

But I breathed a promise;
Did he understand,
When I knelt, and trembling,
Clasped his cold dead hand

Of his latest poem,
Left for me to end,
Many threads are broken,
And hues do not blend.

Yet, when it is finished,
To the closing line,
It should bear the impress
Of his power divine.

Now you know the reason
Why I labour still;
Ever striving fitly
My task to fulfill.

Clinging to this homestead,
With sad mem'ries rife,
When I might be happy
As a cherished wife.

Say not it is wasted,
My untiring care;
If I should reach heaven,
He will love me there.

Ranymede.
MRS. WARD’S VISIT TO THE PRINCE AT BOSTON.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN,


Wall, now, Miss Pettengill, I s’pose you’ve come over to hear about my seein’ the Prince? I’m proper glad to see you! How d’ye do? and how’s the folks to your house? I’m kinder tuckered out myself with my visit down to Bosin; such a jaunt’s consid’rable at my time of life. But do set down in this rockin’-chair and draw out your knittin’; while I’ll be at leisure in a minnit. I jest want to mould out these apple-dumplin’s for dinner. Arty, he’s dreadful fond of dumplin’s, and there’s a powerful sight of apples this year.

There! Now I’ll jest set the heel of this sock, and tell you about my visit. You see, Miss Pettengill, I’d been readin’ all about the great doin’s in the Statesman, and last week, a Tuesday mornin’, I was over to see ‘Bijah’s, and found he was a-join’ down to Bosin Wednesdy to buy up his winter goods, and to see the Prince, too—in’ to kill two birds with one stone, you know; so, sez I, “Now, ‘Bijah, I’ve been waitin’ to go down and see niece Ruthy Ann”’—she’s settled there, married to Mr. Wetherell, a rank fast-rate man, too—and I’ve a great mind to jest start off with you, and see the great sight for once myself.” Wall, upon that, Martha, she jined in, and ‘Bijah said pr’aps I’d best go alone. So I made up my mind on the spot, and purty soon started off for home to tell Arty how to look after things while I was gone. I don’t go abroad very often, you know, Miss Pettengill, and sech an undertakin’s consid’rable.

Wall, Arty, he was as glad as the rest to have me go; so I jest laid out my alpaca dress and cap to wear, and packed my new black silk and my best caps into a bandbox; and Wednesday morning, bright and early, Arty kerried us over to the Concord depot to ketch the fast train for Bosin. Pr’aps you’ll think it’s kinder foolish for an old woman like me to be runnin’ arter shows and sech; but, somehow, from the fast of it, readin’ about the millin’ary and the great doin’s, I was as curis as enny young gal. Besides, arter all, it’s something to see a real live young man that’s goin’ to be King of England arter his mother Victory’s done wearin’ the crown; and you can tell on it to your children and your children’s children all the rest of your life. So, sez I to Arty and ‘Bijah, as we driv along to the depot, “‘All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,’ and a little vacancy does a body good once in a while,” And the boys agreed with me. So we set out; and by noon-time, when we got down to Lawrence, I was purty tired with the long ride from Bosin’wine; and while we sat there waitin’ for the train from the eastward I eat the cookies and cold tongue Martha had put up for me, and I was half arter two afore we got into Bosin. I declare, Miss Pettengill, I hadn’t the faintest idee that them railroad keers went along at such a tearin’ rate, and I asked ‘Bijah if it wasn’t suthin’ oncommon for ’em to travel so fast, and if we wasn’t on the express; but he said we was a little late, that’s all, and orter get in on time. Thinks I to myself, “I shouldn’t wonder if we all were in eternity instead of time, if we go on at this rate;” but I didn’t say ennything, though I sot and trembled—for ‘Bijah, he thinks I’m nervous like. Wall, we rattled along, and without enny accidense, only every once in awhile, when they come near a town, the man that stood on the platform would keep screwin’ round the iron wheel that holds the cars together, and it allers gin me a start, for the first time they done it arter we left Bosin’wine I thought suthin’ had broke, and asked ‘Bijah. “But,” sez he, they’re only breakin’ up, mother. Don’t be onaisy!” And that scared me dreadfully; for thinks I, “If we are goin’ to break up, ‘Bijah and the rest take it pretty cool, ennyhow.” But ‘Bijah, he explained what it meant, and so I never again afterwards, though I couldn’t seem to get wholly over the startled like feelin’. Jest afore we got into Bosin, ‘Bijah, he pulled my sleeve, and, pintin’ out of the keer windin, on the left hand side, sez he, “There, mother, there’s Bunker Hill Monument?” “La!” sez I, “du tell if that great tall stone chimbly marks the spot where the Revolutioners fit, and licked the red coats? I hope they’ll take this young man, the Prince, out there to see it!” But ‘Bijah, he kinder thought ‘twouldn’t be jest polite to rake up old scores when the young man come over on a social visit; and said he didn’t think they’d do it. Ennyhow, though he couldn’t a-helped seein’ the monument, taller than three or four meetin-us steeples, one top of another, when he rid over the Eastern Railroad, on his way to Portland, when he went home.

Wall, it was half arter two. I should say, when we got into the great Bosin depot, all under kiver; and when ‘Bijah and I got out onto the platform, you’d a-thought it was the Tower of Babel or Beelam broke loose; sech a crowd of men standin’ behind a railin’, and beckonin’ to you all ter once! It ’pears that every one on ’em wanted us to ride in his kerridge; but ‘Bijah, he passed ’em all
Mrs. Ward’s Visit to the Prince at Boston.

by as if they’d been so many blackbirds, and when we got to the edge of the depot, he just begun to come over like a wildcat. He’d been the civilest, and told him he wanted him to kerry me up to Chester Park, and gin him the number of the house where I was to go to. “It’s to Mister Cyrus Wetherell’s,” sez I; “mebbe you know him? He’s a great dealer in furnitur, and merried my neice Ruthy Ann!” But he jest looked kinder pleased like, cos I was goin’ to ride with him, I expect; and ‘Bijah, he he’d me in, and put in my bandbox—I’d kept a purty sharp look out for that, I tell ye, Miss Pettengil—and sed he’d got to make the most of the rest of the day in buyin’ goods, for the stores wouldn’t be open next day; and he would be up to Ruthy Ann’s to tea; so I was driv off. I don’t say I had any good sense in the middle of the roads, in Bostin), we come to Ruthy Ann’s house—a great, tall, brick one, four stories high—and the driver got down and run up a high pair of steps, and pulled a little silver handle to the door bell, and then he come back and helped me out, and I went in. A great, tall, Irish feller come to the door, and sez I, “Here! you jest take my bandbox, and then tell Miss Wetherell her Aunt Sophrony has come from Bosc’wine!” Jest that minnit, Ruthy Ann, she come runnin’ down as spry and pearl as a gal of sixteen; and sez she, a-shakin’ my hand, “Why, aunt, how do you do? Come right up stairs! I’m very glad to see you; but you’re the last party I should have thought of seein’!” “I knowed so,” sez I, “but I come down with ‘Bijah to see the Prince. Your old Aunt Sophrony is gettin’ curis as a young gal, Ruthy!” Wall, Ruthy, she smiled, and sed she was proper glad I come; the city was full of strangers; and arter she’d rung a bell, and told the man to bring me up one a lunch; for they’d jest got up from dinner, sez she, “Aunty if you wa’n’t so tired, I should ask you to go down to Tremont Street, and see the Prince on his rivar—for he’s comin’ into the town this arternoon—but mebbe you’d prefer to take a nap?” “The Lor!” sez I, “I ain’t a bit tuckered out, Ruthy! It’s a right good long ride down from Bosc’wine—and I never had the habit of napping day-times; it seems to me terrible shiftless like to sleep time away, when the sun is shinnin’ clear in the canopy—so I’ll jest smart up a bit, and go out with you.” Ruthy didn’t say enything about me changin’ my gown, but seein’ she had on a nice black watered silk, I jest put on mine, and then we sot out; and arter ridin’ a mild or two in one of them street rail-road keers, we got out into a street Ruthy called Tremont, where she said we should her to wait an hour or more, before the Prince came past with the millitary: for you see they’d been and got up a percession to meet him at the depot, and wait upon him down to the tavern where he stopped. The land sakes! Miss Pettengil, if ever I see such a lot of people together in all my born days; and Ruthy Ann sed ‘twan’t the day of the celebration neither, but the next day would beat anything I ever see.

Wall, bymeby, when the folks were thicker in the streets and on the sidewalks, and crowded to every winder, and jammed on every step thicker’n huckle beries in a puddin’, and we’d waited till little arter five o’clock, what should we hear but some marshall music, and then, by the way everybody crowded up and looked airnest, we knew he was a-comin’. So I jest got my glasses true on the bridge of my nose, and looked with the best of ‘em; and, sure enough, a great lot of soldiers a-horseback come prancin’ along; and then, close a-fellerin’, there was two or three kerridges, for all the world like great double shays turned down afore and behind, and in the fust one, along with three men, not a young lad about as old as my Arty, a-bowin’, and smilin’, and a-touchin’ his hat with one hand while he held a little jiminy cane, about as big round as a stick of peppermint candy, up to his mouth with t’other. He had on a black suit and kinder yaller kid gloves; and was a proper lookin’ youth enough, not handsome, but from fair to middlin’, and rale amiable lookin’.

While I was a-lookin’ and the folks were crowdin’ and pushin’ like a flock of sheep, a rale tall, pearlite, handsome feller in the crowd kinder took hold of my arm, and sez, “If you’d stand up here, madam, mebbe you’d see better!” So I sez, “I’m shure I’m much obleeged to you, mister; but I hope I ain’t puttin’ you out!” And sez he, a bowing, “O no, indeed! stan’, rite up here in my place, ma’am!” and then he slipped away, and gave me his place on his meetin’-us steps. So I had a good sight of the Prince, and arter the percession had passed by I turned to thank the young feller again, but he wa’n’t nowhere to be seen; and I told Ruthy Ann I was sorry he was so modest like; but just then I went to put my hand into my pocket to get my handkercher—it was a bright new hemstitchin’ one, Martha, ‘Bijah’s wife, had giv me; and lo! and behold that was gone, and my pass too! The land sakes!” sez I, “Ruthy, I’ve lost my pass and handkercher as sure as you’re born! If I could see that pearlite feller that helped me onto the steps, mebbe he’d help me search for it; for I can’t hev dropped it fur off!” Then Ruthy spoke up, and sez she, “Aunty, I’m sorry for you, but I’m afraid your pearlite feller was a rogue; a pickpocket! How much money did you have, Aunty?” “Wall,” sez I, “I only had about ten and six, for I was lucky enough to take out all my bills, and put ‘em inter my bandbox. I sed Miss Pettengil, and I only took enough to buy a nice new neckerchief for Arty. I wanted to get it at some store when we went back. But you don’t think that feller could a been such a deceiver?” sez I, for I felt real kinder hurt like. “I hav’n’t the least doub
of it," sez Ruthy. "But don't worry about it! I'll make you a present of another kerchief. It was so fine your pocket-book wasn't well filled. He probably took it when he helped you up the steps of Park Street Church." "Wall," says I, "if I could set my eyes on him for about two minutes, I'd learn him how to break the commandments and make something of the sanctuary! My son 'Bijah shall comply of him to the pericles!" But Ruthy said it was too late to do anything about it; and, as she insisted on my going with her to a great store, where I picked out a rale handsome neckerchief, and she paid for it, I didn't say enny more about it; and then we went home.

They had tea quite late; and Ruthy's husband, Mister Wetherell, come home, and was proper glad to see me; and Bijah, he'd finished his buyin', and he come in; and then we all went down into the dinin'-room. 'Twould do your eyes good, Miss Pettengill, to see the chany, and cut glass, and silver forks, and teapot, and water jug and creamer that's on Ruthy Ann Wetherell's table! I declare! the President could'n't set at a handsomer spread table, nor live in a house filled with handsomer furnitur' and things. I told Ruthy that her lines was cast in pleasant places; and she don't seem a bit proud, nor lifted up, as some do when they've made money. Ruthy allers was an amible gal, and deserves everything in the shape of good fortin' that's happened to her.

I see Georgyanny for the first time at supper; she's Ruthy's only darter, you know, and I hadn't looked on her pretty face sence she used to come up here to spend her summer vacations on her uncle's place. But she's a young lady, now, and as purty spoken and well mannered as she is handsome; for she's a picter to look at. While we all sat a-eatin' supper, Georgyanny's father, he spoke up, and sez he, "Wall, aunt, the great question with the ladies seems to be, 'Who will the Prince dance with at the ball-to-morrow night?' It would be quite a proud event in my Georgy's life if she should be one of the honoured pardoners; don't you think so?" "Wall, no, Mister Wetherell," sez I, "I can't say as, if 'twas me, I should think so much of the honour as I should of the scarcity of the thing. If princes were as common as other folks, 'twouldn't be any thing to dance with 'em; but they're only born once in a great while, and that's what makes people run arter 'em so. Though, as you say, it is something, and it'll do to tell on to your children; and I hope you will have it to tell to your'n, Georgyanny," sed I to her. And, upon that, you never see ennybody blush up so as the gal did. You'd a thought I'd a-sed somethin' out of the way.

Arter breakfast the next mornin', Ruthy Ann took me one side, and told me that Georgy was jest promised to a nice young man who'd been head clerk with her father, and was goin' to be pardonner one of these days; and that she was a-goin' to the Prince's ball that night with him; and she asked me if I didn't want to see her gown she was going to wear. So we went up to Georgy's room, and there, spread out on the lounge, was the handsomest dress I ever laid eyes on! The land! I can't purtend to tell you how 'twas made, only that 'twas of satin and white lace, and all trimmed off with buffs and ruffles, and spotted with little gold flowers; and the waist was made of the pipin' of the sanctuary! My son 'Bijah shall comply of him to the pericles!" But Ruthy said it was too late to do anything about it; and, as she insisted on my going with her to a great store, where I picked out a rale handsome neckerchief, and she paid for it, I didn't say enny more about it; and then we went home.

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Mrs. Ward’s Visit to the Prince at Boston.

off the pickpockets. Howsoever, I shan’t take ennyning in my pocket to-day but an old red silk handkercher that’s seen some service; and if any young feller takes that, he must be dreadfully in want of suthin’ to wipe his nose on!”

So thatfoorweenwe asked out—Mister Wetherell aud his wife, and ‘Bijah and me. Goodness! why, he’d gone off sirly with her young man; a proper gentleman too he was! Wall, arter ridin’ down town in one of them street railroads, Mister Wetherell, he sed we’d all better go to one of the houses in Bacon street that fronted the Common, where one of his friends lived; and Ruthy and I could set at the winder, and see the whole, while he and ‘Bijah could wait for us outside. So, arter a good deal of pushin’ and crowdin’ we got into the house, and were fortinnt enough to be airly and be dreefuly welcome. And there we had a grand sight, and sob for four mortal hours; though it didn’t seem so long. Fast, the perception come out of the State-House, where the Governor had treated the Prince and folks rale nice; and then they marched onto the Common, the millinary, and all, the perlic clearin’ the track and drivin’ folks this way and t’other. The Prince he rid on the splendidst black hoss, that stepped off as grand as if he was king of all the Boston hosses—and he had on a red coat and hat, and jacket all over, and the dam’est o’ the hoss. And then the Common was crowded; and the millinary had the greatest show you ever did see. I thought the great muster up to Nashua beat all, and wouldn’a-believed that any troopers could a-gone ahead of the Governor’s Horse Guards; but, my stars! the muster was a sarcasmence to this! Such a host of tinners, and a host of other regiments—dragoners and lancets they called ’em; and then the malicious companies, all a-walkin’ afoot in solemn phalanx—why, ’twas enough to make you think the Revolution was comin’ rite over agin! And then the bands a-playin’, and the cannons a-criin’; is, see Miss Pettengill, if I’d a been a young man I’d a got rite up and sung Yankee Doodle in the midst of it all, though I spose it would a kind of grated on the ears of this young sprig of a king, ‘cos, you know, that was a tune his ancestors couldn’t seem to bear ennynow.

Well, by meby, arter all the prancin’ and firin’, and paradin’ on the Common was through, they formed into a percession ag’in; and the Prince he got into a baroosh with the Governor, and the Mare, and some of his English folks who’d come over with him; and the sojers jined in afore and behind, and the bands a-playin’; and they toted him all over the city ag’in, up one street and down another till I should a-thought they’d all got clean tuckered out altogether.

‘Twas dre’ful tejuus like! Where they kerried him to, arter that, I disremember, to hear the school children sing, I believe; but Ruthy and our folks we come away then, to go and see the old Revolutioner. As we come along the streets, and I see the red and white flags and stripes of cloth festered from one house to another, see I to Mister Wetherell, “I should think all Bostin was puttin’ her winter flannels on!” and that tickled him amazin’ly; seems as if he never’d git done laffin’ about it. I hain’t got leisure now to tell you about our visit to the old gentle- man, shall have to that go till some other time; but Mister Wetherell and ‘Bijah, they talked with him, and got his pieter on a piece of white paper—potygraft; they called it—to bring home with us; you’ll find it in the family Bible on that light stand, Miss Pettengill! Arter that, it began to grow dark, and we all went home. Georgyanny, she went up stairs to dress for the ball rite arter supper; and sakes alive! Miss Pettengill, I wish you could a-seen that gal when she come down all dressed! She looked jest like pickers of Cinderilly in the old story books; and I told Ruthy she oter to have glass slippers on. Her young man—Mister Hunt’s his name—he looked proper proud of her when he wrapped her shawl round her when the kerridge drive’d up.

The next mornin’ was bright and airly, we had breakfast—Mr. and Mrs. Wetherell, and ‘Bijah, and I, for Ruthy’s husband is a rale bizness hand, and allers goes to his store airly; and ‘Bijah he’d concluded he must go home in the fast train. Ruthy, she’d hung on for me to stay the week out and over Sunday, so I told ‘Bijah I’d walk a piece with him on his way down to the depot. Ruthy said she’d bet I should git lost.

“But,” sez I, “I guess not! I’ve learned the way purty well onto Washington-street, and I’ll jest keep my eye on the Old South steeple and hev that for a kind of landmark.” So we set out. Arter we’d got quoad a piece down, ’Bijah, he sez, “Now, you’d better go back. Walk straight up this street, and then turn off to the right into another street.” I’ve forgot it now, but he giv’ me the directions. So I bid him good-by, and told him I should be to hum by Tuesday, and he must go over and look arter Arty and the hired man, and then I set out back alone. You see, it was about half arter eight then, and I jest thought I’d do what I meant to all along—go and hev my little visit to see the Prince. I hadn’t sed ennynthing about it to ‘Bijah and the rest, but I had’nt gin it up. I tell you, Miss Pettengill, I’d gone all the way to Boston a-purpose to see Queen Victo- ry’s son, and I didn’t mean to come back to Bosco wine without hevin’ a talk with him. So I jest inquired of the folks I met the way to the Revere House—I’d heard Ruthy tell the name of the tavern where he stopped—and went straight ahead, through thick and thin—and there was a master-crowd—and at last I got to the door. ’Twas a powerful handsome great stone-house, much togethery, and a good deal bigger ’n the State House over to Concord ever begun to be.

Wall, mebbe the folks on the steps thought I belonged there—was a boarder, or the land- lord’s wife, or something—for they jest made way for me, and nobody sed a word till I got
inside the great front entry, and went up-stairs. As I was goin' along the long gallery, a-lookin' at the beautiful flowers they'd been and put there to make it look like a great flower-garden, there stepped up a man dressed in a handsome dark-blue suit with bright buttons, and a star on the left lapel of his coat, and white gloves on, and sez he, "Madam, this is the way to the Prince's rooms, and probably you've mistook it." sez I, "It's back, 'Tis an accident a-purpose, mister. Be his landlord?" "No, ma'am," answered he; "I'm the perlice ossifer on duty here. Would you like to see Mr. Stevens?"

"La, I thought most likely you was him yourself," sez I—for he was a proper handsome, large man, with great black whiskers and a ral pleasant look to his eye. "Well, yes, you may speak to him if you're a mind ter. For I come a-purposed to ask him to show me the way to the Prince's room." Hev you any message, arrant, ma'am?" asked he. "Nothin', Mister Perlice, only I come to hev a little spell of talk with him. If he hadn't got up, I ken wait, for I s'pose the young man is kinder gin out, up a-dancin' all night. Our folks that went to the ball was up neither. I warn't no more out. I'ra's I'm too airly?" Upon that the perlice man he looked kinder sorry, as if he didn't want to disappint me, and he sed, rale perlige, sez he, "I'm rally sorry, ma'am, but I'm afraid it'll be impossible for you to hev audience with the Prince. He's now at breakfast, and—" I sez to him, "I'm breakin' in upon him; and, if you'll jest tell me which is his sitrin'-room, I'll go in and set a spell till he's done eatin'."

"The best way would be to go into the ladies' parlor, and send up your keard," sez he, arter thinkin' a minnit and lookin' kinder puzzled. "Ring the bell, and when the servant comes give him your keard, and he'll kerry it to his master. D'ye see?" "La, sus, Miss Pettengill, that seemed queer enough to me, and I up and told him. Sez I, "Du tell, Mister Perlice, if they use keards down here to Bostin? I hadn't the faintest idee on't or I'd gone up into the garret, and hunted mine up, and brought 'em along. I hain't used 'em this fifteen year or more—since they got the factories to s'pinin' and weavin' so fast over to Manchester. It seems sort of slow work, keardin' by hand now." Upon that the handsome perlice-man kinder smiled wider, and sez he, "Oh, ma'am, you mistook me. I meant a little piece of white pasteboard with your name writ or printed on it. But I'm really afraid, ma'am, that waitin' here will do no good. Hadn't you better step inter the ladies' parlor, ma'am?"

I don't know, Miss Pettengill, but I should a-gone, but jest then a long file of folk come along the gallery, and rite in the middle of 'em I see the Prince; so I jest stood my ground, and stepped a little forard to be ready to speak to him when he come by. There was a big man with red whiskers a-walkin' alongside of him, and a dozen or more English folks; but I didn't mind 'em no more 'n nothin' at all; and when the young man was rite off against me I cur-chied, and sez I, "Mister Wales, I didn't want to go back to Boscwine, up in New Ham'shire, without hevin' it to tell of that I'd spoke to Queen Victory's boy, for I've great resepck for the mother that's brought up such a family of children so well as your'n has. I hope I don't intrude, Mr. Wales?"

I kinder thought the young man was touched by my speakin' so about his marm; for though the big man with red whiskers sort of stared and pursed up his lips, he jest smiled, and sez he, "Oh, no intrusion, ma'am! Won't you walk in? So in I folleder him inter his room, and it was rale splendid, Miss Pettengill—jest as you used to read about in the Arabian Nights—and then he bowed, and asked me to set down, the big red-whiskered man a-lookin' on all the time, and the others a-starin'. I didn't like his lookin' at me so, anny too well; and I guess the Prince knewed it, for sez he, kinder low, "Oh, never mind him! I never do. He's only the Juke, and let's me do purty much as I'm a mind ter. I told our folks to hum, that I wouldn't come on this long visit at all if I couldn't have a good time of it, and purty much my own way!" "Well, you hoo had a good time, I s'pose, Albert Ed'ard?" sez I. "'Tain't every young man of your age that has such a do-good over him. Now, if my Arty—he's my youngest son, and kerries on the old place to hum—(my name's Ward, Miss Sophrony Ward; I forgot to mention it!), if my son Arty should ever be kind of a to-the-story, I shouldn't expect ennything of the kind. And all the odds between you two is, you happened to be born Victory's son, and Arty didn't. Otherways, you look a deal alike: the shape of your nose and his'n's just about the same, only his is kinder hooked at the end. Bout the same age, too, I guess. Lemme see, Albert Ed'ard, how old be you?" "Nineteen, ma'am," sed he, and he sort of smiled rale purty, and showed his teeth, and then he asked, "May I inquire, ma'am, if it was your son, Artemas Ward, I had the honour of a talk with in Canady when I was there? He was a showman Mister Ward was." "No, I guess it must a-been some other of the name," sez I. "My son never was in Canady; besides, his name ain't 'Artemas,' it's 'Arriaexes'; his father liked the name better'n I, though it allers seemed kinder natural like. It's in the Catechism, you know—"

"'Xerxes the Great did die, And so must you and I.'"

And so I s'pose that's where husband took it from, Arter 'Xerxes,' you see! But, as I was a-sayin', it couldn't a-been my son, you see, though Arty allers sez, 'Sho, now!' when he's kinder surprised, and he'd be jest as likely's not to say it to you as to ennybody. But Arty, he's to work on the old place; and it's to tell him about it that I wanted to hev a little talk with you, and ask about your folks to hum. Your marm, she's well, I s'pose, and all the rest?"
Albert Ed'ard, he kept lookin' more 'n more pleased every time I mentioned Victory; and he answered, "Yes, 'm, they were all in purty good health and sperrits las' time I heard from 'em. Mother 'n father, they've gone on a visit to Prunsky, to see my sister Victoria Adelaide; she's settled there, p'raps you know?" "Du tell'" sez I. "I'm glad to hear it. I remember readin' in the papers all about your sister's gettin' married and settin' up housekeepin'. Your ma'll git her children married off purty fast, I reckon. She's begun right; the oldest fist. Let down the bars for one, and the rest'll all follow! S'pose 'won't be long afore you'll begin to be sparkin' arter the gales?" and upon this Albert Ed'ard kinder smiled. "Wall, your ma's brought up a large family; and she must a-had a hard time on't, bringin' 'em all through the measles, and hoopin'-cough, and sech; and she orter take some comfort with 'em when they git older and settled down in homes of their own. But I'm makin' a dreadful long call; and, besides, I'm master 'feard that the Juke and them other folks of your'n don't like my sistin' here and talkin' with you; they keep a-lookin' kind of hard. Did all them come over with you?" "Yes," said Albert Ed'ard, "they're my sweet." "Hun! I should say some 'em looked sour!" sez I, kinder short and piecrusty; for, if there's ennything under the canopy I do hate, Miss Pettengill, it is to be stared at. Jest then there come a tap at the door, and in come a great black servant, black as the ace of spades, all dressed off in a kind of uniform; a nigger, and with white kid gloves on; and he handed some letters to the Prince on a little silver waiter, saying, "Your Royal 'lghtness, 'ere's some English letters jest harried by the steam-ship 'Harabia'!" The Prince, he took up the letters and looked proper pleased. "They're from your ma and folks, I s'pose;" sez I, "and I'm rale glad you got 'em. That's one of your sweet, too, I s'pose;" and kinder sniffed when the nigger past me out the door. La, Miss Pettengill, I wish you could a-heard Albert Ed'ard laugh then! He jest went at it rale hearty and boylike, 'sif he enjoyed it; and the Juke, he couldn't help a-smilin' too.

I was a-goin' then, but I just thought I'd stop a minnit more, and ask the Prince about the ball. "So," sez I, "I s'pose you had a proper good time last-night to the ball; and, before I go, I jest like to inquire if you danced with my niece's darter Georgyanny Wetherell? I told her mother that Georgy looked as handsome as Cinderelly when her godmother come and took her to the Prince's ball, in the chariot made out of a punkin, and the mice for hoses; and I'd bet ennything she'd dance with the Prince, too!" "I danced with several very handsome young ladies," sez Albert Ed'ard, "and should a-been glad to a-danced with more; but, to please the Governor and the Mare, and some other public dignitaries, I had to dance once in a-while with the married ones. I seem to disremember about your grandniece, ma'am." "Oh," sez I, "you'll be shore to remember her by the gown she had on! It was of rale satin, and the skirt was all ruffled and furbelow'd off with gold fixin's, and she wore a lace juniper over it—her mother called it so, but I should say 'twas a petticoat." "Wall," sez the Prince, "I dare say I did dance with the young lady, fur there were several with junipers on; but I've kinder got 'em confused, I danced seventeen times in all, ma'am, and didn't git home till five o'clock this mornin'—that accounts for my bein' so late to breakfast." "Oh, don't say a word," sez I. "Georgyanny, she wasn't up when I come; young folks will be young folks, and you'll hav' to do up a lot of sleepin' b'emyby, to pay for bein' kep up so late of nights. I stole off airly, to ketch ye before they begun to tote ye round to-day. You must get orful tired, Albert Ed'ard!" "Oh, la, I don't mind it," sez he; "young hearts light heels." Enny time, I could

"Dance all night till broad daylight, And go home with the Juke in the mornin'!"

He git's kind of tuckered out, but I feel fust-rate next day."

"Wall," sez I, a-gettin' up for good then, "I must be a-goin' now, and giv you a chance ter read your letters! I'm proper glad I come down to see you, and much obleeged for your politeness, I'm shore; and if you only had time to stop, and come up to our place in Boscwine—close by to Concord, the capital of the State—I'd try to show you a little; New Hampshire folks know how to treat people that's been polite to 'em. Ain't a mouse sorry I come down to Bostin', for I've seen the old pensioner and the young Prince. La! who a-thought, when our merlishness was a-flit' the British reg'lers over to Bunker Hill, eighty year ago and up'ards, that the posterity of old King George and the last end of the Revolutions shudder had to be a good social set down together, as I hear you'n he did yesterday? We read in the Scriptar, how the time shall come when the lion and the lamb shall lay down together; but Mister Wetherell, Ruthy Ann's husband, sez this is the lion, and the unicorn, and the 'Merican eagle all bein' in the same cage once ter ennyhow, I'm proper thankful you come over to see us, Albert Ed'ard; and I hope you'll come ag'in an' stay longer, and yer marm'll come too! Here's a rale nice Bald'in apple I happen to hev in my pocket—it come from the old place up ter Bosc'wine, growed in the corner orchard, and mibbe you'll kerry it home to yer ma'am with my resppecs. Miss Sophrony Ward, Bosc'wine, New Hamshire?" and I gin it rite inter his hand. "I'm much obleeged to you, I'm shore, ma'am!" sez Albert Ed'ard, and he made a proper perlice bow and laid the Bald'in on the silver waiter 'long of the letters; "and if you'll wear this ring, p'raps it'll serve as a remembrance of the Prince of Wales when he is in his own country.
BRAZIL AND BRAZILIAN SOCIETY.

Translated from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

BY ASHER HALL.

THE FESTIVAL.

The next day the senhor’s festival took place. I should be more exact, perhaps, to say the festi-
vale of the negroes. In the morning punishments were revoked, and the prisons thrown open. A padre of the neighbourhood came and celebrated mass in a large storehouse, which had been temporarily transformed into a chapel. A table, covered with a cloth, served as an altar. Outside were crouched several hundred slaves of both sexes, of all ages, and of every com-
plexion. I was watching the little half-naked negroes, whining like young wild-cats upon their mothers’ knees, the tame monkeys gravely foraging on the heads of the young negroes, the parrots screeching Quer cafe’? (want some coffee?) and the dogs running hither and thither among the groups, when, at a signal given by the priest, the choir of negroes commenced a religious hymn. It was a mixture of wild exclamations—an indescribable clucking

site handsome’n red ones, enny day, to my mind.

But I’m gettin’ kinder out of breath myself, a-tellin’ about my visit to see the Prince of
Wales, and you must be shorter tired settin’ there so long and barking in, Miss Pettengill. If
I could stop now, I’d tell you about the rest of
my visit to Rocky Ann’s—how she and I went out a-shoppin’ together, and then we went to
Mount Orburn, the most butfull graveyard you ever see, with the handsomest monuments for
tombstones, and a meetin’ us in the middle of
the yard, with three or four marble figures—
“statuets,” she called ’em—cut out to remember
some great men by; and then, Monday, we
went over to Charleston, to the Bunker Hill
Moniment; and Tuesday, though they all kept
urgin’ me to stop longer, I had to come home,
for I felt kinder anxious about Arty and things
up here on the old place, and see 1 to Rocky:
“I should admire to; but my fall work’s comin’
on, apples to string, and preserves to make, and
everything to see ter.” So I started off. As I
was sayin’, I should like to tell you all, but there ain’t time this mornin’; but ef you stop ter
dinner, Miss Pettengill—do, now! I guess them
apple dumplin’s will be done to a charm!—and
arter dinner I’ll set down and tell you the rest;
though I must say, Miss Pettengill, amongst all
the great sights I see down in Bostin, the best
and greatest was my visit to see the Prince!
The first, composed exclusively of men, presented a fine appearance. The second, composed of women, children, and infants at the breast, did not present so good an aspect; however, as would be desirable on such an occasion. A feitor first called the roll, and then the inspection began. The fazendeiro silently passed along the lines, stopping before each slave with the grave and scrutinizing gaze of an old sergeant inspecting his company. The negro, with bare head, his gaze bent downward, and his arms crossed upon his breast, stretched out his right hand for the *benças* as soon as his master arrived before him, instantly replacing it in its former position, and sitting with the greatest anxiety for the inquisitive gaze that was fixed upon him to be removed to his neighbour. The only reproofs I saw were administered to those negroes who had neglected to extract the *bichos* (the jigger, or *pulex penetrans*) from the feet of their little ones.

**DISTRIBUTING MERCHANDISE.**

After the review, my cicerone re-conducted me to the room where mass had been performed. A new metamorphosis had taken place. The chapel had become a store-room, and the altar served as a counter. "All these goods that you see," said he, "are for my slaves. Like most planters in Brazil, I give my slaves their Sundays to work on their little fields, and devote the product to their wardrobe. But the negro left to himself, buys nothing but cachets, and always goes in rags. I therefore undertake to buy their crops, and pay for them in such articles as they need. That explains why I am every Sunday a merchant. I have thus the double advantage of assuring myself of their morality, and of looking after their personal neatness. Besides, I let them have everything at cost, as you may convince yourself by examining the accounts. A feitor keeps the books. If a negro is short of the required articles myself. The goods most in demand are pipes and red fouldes. Notwithstanding all the attention of myself and my secretary, there seldom passes a Sunday without my missing some articles, so much does theft seem to be the element of those rogues."

**THE BRAZILIAN CUISINE.**

At length the breakfast hour arrived. It was difficult to find places around the long table arranged in the immense hall, for all the numerous guests who had come to congratulate the senhor. The service, which presented at once the most luxurious comfort and the greatest simplicity, permitted me to study at leisure the culinary resources of the country, and the taste of the inhabitants.

Like all his congeners of the torrid zone, the South-American is temperate in eating. Rice boiled in water, beans cooked with lard and manioc flour, compose his food the year round. On holidays he kills a hog, which is stuffed and served up whole. His most habitual food, and that of which he is most fond, consists of a sort of cake which he extemporizes on his plate by covering his beans with a thick layer of manioc flour, and mixing the whole. Bread and wine are alike unknown to him. His knife serves him instead of a fork, and a large glass circulating around quenches the thirst of all the guests as in the days of the heroes of Homer.

Such are the customs still practised in the interior of Brasil; but among the rich planters who have been received at the court of the Emperor, Don Pedro II., or who have travelled in Europe, silver plate is found upon the table, and the best wines of France, Spain, and Portugal are freely circulated. Rice, feijao, and manioc are placed at the foot of the table, as if to satisfy the national custom, while cutlets of fresh pork, quarters of mutton, splendida fish, luscious fowl, excellent bread and cheese, and all the legumes of Europe are served. Two black cooks, who have served their apprenticeship in the French hotels of the large towns upon the coast, take their turn each week, the better to resist the heat of the furnaces, which becomes insupportable under the tropical sun. A crowd of little negroes, especially remarkable for their untidiness, dance like imps around the furnaces, scouring the stuff—wondering at the fire, strangling the fowls, paring the legumes, and stopping from time to time to extract a *bicho* or a *carapato* (*acarus americanus*) from their naked feet; then again taking up the food without washing either hands or knives, for time presses, and the chief does not wish to be late. I must nevertheless confess that these black cooks appeared to me quite as skilful as the white ones; yet beneath these fiery skies, and in this hot and moist climate, meats and vegetables are much inferior to those of Europe. The rapid development of plants renders them ligneous, and therefore very tough. If eaten before they are sufficiently matured, they are watery and insipid. I distill in the same vessels, which, nourished by herbage that is juiceless, so to speak, furnish a meat flat and without savor. The only exception is the flesh of the pig and the lamb. The same may also be said of fruit. That which constitutes the delicacy of the peaches, prunes, figs, raisins, &c., of Provence, and the two neighbouring Peninsulas, is the slight predominance of an acid savour in a sweet pulp. A dry climate is necessary for the development of this aroma, and to prevent the excess of sugar from overpowering it. Unfortunately, this is not the case in the tropics. The enormous quantity of water conveyed in the sap, and which vegetables absorb through every pore, in an atmosphere constantly loaded with vapors, swells the fruit, neutralizes its acidity, and changes the pulp into a sweet paste (mélasse). In justice, however, it must be observed that the creoles appreciate the sweet juice of the pulp better than ourselves, and with them, therefore, their fruit has the advantage. The *doce* (sweetmeats) which they form from
them constitute the principal merit of the Brazilian table.

ORIGINAL CHARACTERS—THE PADRE.

The description of the fazenda would be incomplete, if we did not describe some of the original characters one meets with on all the large plantations. First in order come the padre and the doutor, then the masoche (the muleteer) and the fornegueiro (the anti-killer), of which we have heretofore merely mentioned the name.

The padre is the almoner of the country. Let not the reader picture to himself the dark figure of an inquisitor, enveloped in black gown and wearing a three-cornered hat. No, the South-American padre is a hale apostle. Clothed in linen like a worldly mortal, he wears his hair as short as a layman, dances, smokes, and plays and converses like the rest of the world. A mass gosses over the Sabbath, and that suffices for all the week.

A muleteer generally serves him as sacristan, and his music consists of a choir of negroes. After mass he baptizes the little negroes who are brought to him from various parts of the neighbourhood. Of these he takes possession in the name of Heaven and the Catholic religion, and to this effect inscribes their names in a register, under a rubric taken from the Roman martyrology. This duty performed, the new Christian returns to the hut, goes into the field as soon as he is able to walk, works as long as his strength permits, till at length he one day falls exhausted. A few hours later he takes his way to the grave upon the shoulders of four of his comrades, who form the entire funeral procession. The padre does not trouble himself to visit him in his dying moments, unless he is a free negro, and can pay the expense; for he thinks the sufferings of servitude are sufficient to redeem the faults of the poor slaves, and open to them the gates of heaven. Of what use, then, is the catechism, and instruction, and masses, and sacraments? The cleansing of baptism is enough; slavery will do the rest.

Lack of employment is not unknown to the padre, but he knows how to remedy this by the aid of some light employments with which his transatlantic brethren are unacquainted. If a fazendeiro thinks himself neither sufficiently rich nor devout to pay for a mass every week, he makes an arrangement with his neighbours. The padre then alternates, week by week with one estate after another, till he comes around to the one with which he commenced. If his cure is too ungrateful, he ekes out a supplement by raising cattle or keeping a venda.

AN ITINERANT PADRE.

I once day met, in the province of Minas, one of these reverends who was traversing the estates with a herd of cattle, performing mass as occasion demanded. Being overtaken by a shower, we had both sought shelter at the same rancho. Seated upon a bench, we soon engaged in conversation.

"You see, senhor," said he, with a profound sigh, "the occupation to which a man of my condition is reduced! In the time of the King Don Joas VI. we had more masses than we wanted; but since the independence, all is changed. There are still some senhoras who have them performed occasionally, but their husbands prefer to employ their money in cattle or mules. That is why you see me as a tropeiro. Did you chance, anywhere upon the road, to meet any fazendeiro who wished to replenish his horned stock, or needed a priest?"

I had heard of a lady in the neighbourhood, recently deceased, and who, wishing to set herself right with her conscience, or conform to custom, had placed in her will four hundred milreis (two hundred dollars) to be devoted to masses. I did not recollect the lady's name, but I informed the padre in what village she lived, which was only a few leagues distant. I added, to prevent any mistake, that the death had occurred several days before, and that this sum was probably destined to the padre of the neighbouring frequencia or parish.

"Never fear, senhor; if it is not too late I will take care of the affair. Moleque!" he cried to his chief herdman, "bring me my mule, quick!"

A few minutes later our reverend set off at a brisk trot, in spite of the rain, which still fell in torrents. Leaving the herd in charge of the negro, he went straight to the testamentary executor, and frankly proposed to give him a receipt for four hundred milreis, on payment of half the sum. The proposition was too seductive to be refused, and the executor, making the mere necessary conditions, counted out the two hundred milreis.

Being generally the head of a family, the padre acquires through his domestic sentiments a kindness of heart, which too frequently exists only upon the lips of his austere colleagues of the Old World. His parishioners seem to like his free way of living, and willingly excuse his peccadillos.

A PRIEST OF EASY DOCTRINES.

A few years ago the officiating priest of Santa Ana, a village situated thirty or forty miles from Rio Janeiro, on the road to Novo Friburgo, declared from his pulpit, in a moment of good-humour, that one might boldly refuse to believe there was a hell! Good souls with us would have hid their faces at hearing such frightful blasphemy. The Brazilian is more calm; he reserves his severity for the African bondmen, and shows the most evangelical indulgence for his own race. The congregation smiled at each other at this singular declaration, and contented themselves with exchanging a look, as much as to say, Esta bebado (he has been drinking).

THE DOUTOR.

The doutor is, in the eyes of the fazendeiro, a more important personage even than the padre,
Since the slave-trade has been interdicted upon the coast of Africa, the price of negroes has advanced to ruinous proportions. An adult slave, at the present time, represents a capital of two contos de reis, or one thousand dollars, and sometimes more. The loss of the negro is therefore a serious one to the planter, and he neglects nothing to restore him when he falls sick. A spacious and well-ventilated hospital, with medical stores from Paris or London, an attendant who never leaves the patients, and who prepares their medicines, sufficiently attest his solicitude. Nevertheless, notwithstanding all these amiable precautions, notwithstanding the real skill of the Brazilian physicians, my observation tells me that a negro seldom goes into the hospital except to die there. But this is easily accounted for. The negro never complains of sickness, and is never supposed to be sick till he is at the very end of his career and his strength is gone.

Besides the plantation to which he is attached, the doctor, like the padre, has to attend upon the small proprietors of the neighbourhood, who are not rich enough to keep a private physician. Formerly medical men were scarce, for there was no faculty in the country, and young men were obliged to get their education in the schools of France or Portugal. Since the emancipation, things have completely changed. Schools of medicine have been established in the large towns, and professors are found there who would do credit to the first institutions of Europe. The greater part of their medical works are written in French. All are acquainted with the language, and many speak it. Some also are acquainted with the German, and have libri dottorali in their library, and no book is better accepted than the Geschichte der Medizin. With such elements one need not be astonished to find that most of the physicians upon the coast possess real merit. We cannot say as much of those in the interior. It is not frequent to find among them a mulatto, who, having learnt in a negro infirmary to prepare medicinal potions, can dress snake-bites, style himself a doctor. Sometimes a Frenchman comes over as cook upon some vessel, goes ashore, and sets himself up as a surgeon-dentist. But as a set-off to this, it must be confessed that one sometimes meets with excellent black physicians at Bahia and Rio.

**PLANTATION HOSPITALS.**

Upon the large fazendas the infirmary is open to all the sick of the neighbourhood. Alongside of plantation negroes treated for incontinent elephantiasis or a wound, you find a tropeiro arrested on the road by the unfortunate expatriate being unable, through fears and privation, to nurse her child, comes at night and lays it behind the door of the infirmary. The rest is evident. The padre baptizes the little black, and forthwith delivers it to the director of the hospital, who is charged with bringing it up. In years of epidemic, when pestiferous diseases sweep over the country, and death carries his terrors into the plantation and the rancho, the infirmary of the fazenda is a godsend to the people. The creoles then suddenly throw aside their nonchalance, and rival each other in zeal and sacrifices. The force of physicians, attendants, and nurses is doubled. A physician from the cidade is brought to the fazenda to see a negro, while a caravan goes to bring from a distance a supply of all the pharmaceutical ingredients that can counteract the plague. Poor people who do not wish to leave their families, come at all hours of the day or night to obtain consultations or advice. Sometimes a free man, kept back by fear or false pride, permits himself to waste away in fever upon his bunk rather than apply to the neighbouring fazenda. Whenever the planter hears of such a case, he instructs a doctor, who forthwith mounts on horseback, and goes to persuade the sufferer to allow himself to be treated. These outbursts of spontaneous philanthropy, which gave birth to such noble devotion, are not rare in creole life.

**KINDNESS TO STRANGERS.**

The hospitality so generously practised toward the sick extends to every thing and to everybody. It may be said that the fazendas are the caravanserai of foreigners who are travelling in Brazil. If it were not for them travel would be impossible. It is true that one finds near the coast a few ventas smelling of putridity, cachaca, and decaying fish; but they become more and more rare upon advancing into the interior. The hospcies are the purgatives, and rarely disappoints one. Whenever a stranger arrives at the door, a negro shows him a rasacho for his horse, and then conducts him into the house, where are the rooms allotted to travellers. At the dinner hour he sets himself at the senhor’s table, takes part in the conversation if it interests him, and retires when he likes. The next day he sets out immediately after breakfast, in order to reach the next fazenda before nightfall. If he needs rest he can remain several days in succession. No one would even think of asking his name. This is ancient hospitality in all its grandeur and simplicity. Many fazendas are famous for the heartiness of their reception. Among them may be mentioned that of the Baron d’Uba, known throughout Europe ever since the sojourn made there by the French traveller, Auguste St. Hilaire, half a century ago, and which has never ceased to be the privileged halting-place of the savans and artists who visit the provinces of Minas or Rio Janeiro.
PEDDERS, MULETERS, AND ANT-KILLERS.

As there is no good thing in this world which does not, by its very excess, engender an abuse, the hospitality of the fazenda has given birth to the mascate. The mascate is nothing else than a peddler, and he generally comes to Brazil from France. But he has nothing in common with those poor wretches who are still encountered on the inaccessible summits of the Alps and Pyrenees, with a pack upon their shoulders, and selling red handkerchiefs to the peasant-girls in exchange for a few pounds of rags. He understands things better; he gives himself less trouble, and takes bank-notes in exchange for his wares. He leaves Havre with an hundred pieces of gold in his pocket, disembarks with a caravanning of his lesson, buys a mule for himself and another for his pack, hires a guide to whom he pays a milreis (fifty cents) per day, and traverses the fazendas, offering jewelry, calcetes, perfumery, etc., according to his specialty. This employment, which a few years ago insured a rapid fortune, has fallen off in consequence of the monstrous abuses which were practised. I have known mascates to realize one hundred contas de reis (fifty thousand dollars) in a single campaign, and return to France the same year with an income of twelve thousand francs (upwards of two thousand dollars). It was the golden age of peddlers; but abuses were carried too far, and the Brazilians have at length opened their eyes.

A PEDDLER'S ESTIMATE.

One of these adept peddlers one day made me the following estimate: a ring mounted with brilliants costs one hundred francs at the manufacture; the expert whom his lesson, buys a mule for himself and another for his pack, hires a guide to whom he pays a milreis (fifty cents) per day, and traverses the fazendas, offering jewelry, calcetes, perfumery, etc., according to his specialty. This employment, which a few years ago insured a rapid fortune, has fallen off in consequence of the monstrous abuses which were practised. I have known mascates to realize one hundred contas de reis (fifty thousand dollars) in a single campaign, and return to France the same year with an income of twelve thousand francs (upwards of two thousand dollars). It was the golden age of peddlers; but abuses were carried too far, and the Brazilians have at length opened their eyes.

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A PEDDLER'S ESTIMATE.
where money is scarce, and re-selling them ready trained in the wealthy provinces, he realizes enormous profits. And hence, sometimes, he becomes carried away by pride, and makes his son a physician.*

THE FORMIGUEIRO.

After the macate and the muleteer, the formigueiro has also, as we have said, his allotted place among the useful guests of a fazenda. The formiga is a pest to many of these habitations. The ants of the tropics do not resemble the timid insects of our cool climate, which avoid mankind, and content themselves with making their nests in the trunk of a tree or under a stone, and at most cheating the domestic fowls of a few particles of grain. They are a hardy set, confident in their strength and intelligence, and make themselves inaccessible retreats. Before the arrival of the white man, the formiga was the true queen of the forest. The savage beings, who then represented humanity in this region, had rather a vague instinct of congregation than the true spirit of association. The idea of labour and solidarity, for example, was entirely wanting with them. A prisoner was to them only a victim condemned to serve as a feast. The ant early learned to cultivate higher notions.

At the present day it remains in Brazil one of the most perfect illustrations of those strange laws which introduce into the world of nature, under the form of instinct, certain forces of the moral world. The habitation of the formiga of Brazil is a citadel closed in on every side, communicating with the outer world only by secret passages. If there are any wood-lice in the vicinity, the formiga pursues them, takes them to its habitation, and thus forms itself a sort of farm-yard. A regular distribution of fresh leaves suffices to render captivity supportable to the prisoners, and no attempt at escape is henceforth to be feared. Some species of ants, given to idleness, commit raids upon the more feeble races, and seize their eggs. The larvae which are hatched from these, become so many slaves. These slaves with mandibles accept their fate, and perform service to the aristocratic race. It is a veritable subterranean fasenda, equally based on servitude, but without chicote or feter.

RAVAGES OF THE BRAZILIAN ANT.

When the workers go to forage in the fields, and the task is hard or pressing, the column is divided into two sections. The most active climb the trunk of the tree which is to be plundered, run out upon the branches to the base of the leaves, and cut off the stems with their serrated teeth. In an hour the foliage has disappeared. The tree seems as if blasted by lightning. In the meantime, those that remained upon the ground seize the leaves as they fall, and carry them away. If the burden is too heavy, the column separates into two, one of which separates the leaf into segments, while the other takes it away and stores it. Gardeners especially dread their ravages. If they neglect to surround their fields with a ditch filled with water, or if the latter dries up, good-by to flowers, fruits, and legumes—all disappear in a night. A well-filled ditch does not always suffice to keep such watchful and enterprising marauders at a distance. It is necessary to see that the current does not occasionally bring down a dead branch, which lodges and forms a communication between the two sides. A gardener told me that one morning he found one of his beds completely devastated by a nocturnal visit of ants, though his ditch, which was a very broad and deep one, full of water. Curious to know how the enemy had gained access to a place he supposed so well protected, he set himself to watch their manoeuvres and observe the route they took on their return. The workers having finished their night's task the column soon formed, and proceeded to a tree that stood on the edge of the ditch. Climbing the trunk of this they advanced to the outer branches, and passed over to an orange-tree that was situated on the other side of the ditch. The victimized gardener had not observed that the branches of the two trees touched each other, and formed a bridge in mid-air. A few weeks before, he had been obliged to dig his ditch to twice its former depth, in order to intercept the under-ground galleries which his indefatigable enemies had tunnelled under the water.

A BRAZILIAN STUDENT.

One of these rich muleteers, whom I had frequently seen at a planter's in the province of Rio Janeiro, came one day to show me a letter from his son, who was a student at the Brazilian University of St. Paul, and who asked him to send a few books. I kept the list of works which the muleteer's son named, as an index of the literary taste of the young Brazilians. It comprised Brantôme, Alexandre Dumas, La Fontaine, Paul de Kock, Parry, Eugene Sue, Piron, Boccaceio, Parent Buchatelet, &c. Among these names, so strangely associated together I vainly looked for the name of some writer on law. The student was doubtless postponing more serious reading to the second year. However that may be, in order to procure the books he selected, the father had to pay for commission, exportation, customs, &c., two contos de reis (one thousand dollars). He had to sell twenty five mules to cover this sum, and the honest muleteer thought his son might educate himself without going to so much expense. He would rather have arranged the matter with two or three mules, he said, and I perfectly agreed with him.

CLEARING OUT THE ANTS.

In the houses, things are very different. Ordinarily no attention is paid to these inconvenient neighbours, which run through the rooms, over the tables, and even into the dishes. If too numerous a tribe happen to penetrate the wainscoting and get into a room, they are
treated to a sprinkling of boiling water. The squad thereupon make a rapid retreat, in order to hold council over such an unexpected event, to appoint more skilful leaders, and select a less dangerous route; but if the rain out-doors prevents the ants from getting out through their subterranean galleries, or if their constructions completely occupy the ground, they are obliged to escape through the holes and fissures of the doors, and floors, however hard and hot the shower. When these swarms repeatedly make their appearance, the inhabitants comprehend that there is something more than a single family; in fact, that there is a long series of generations confined in too narrow limits, and trying to spread outside. It is necessary, then, to apply the grand remedy, and a messenger is sent for the formigueiro, or ant-man.

The formigueiro is a man of great importance in a country where the ant has such destructive teeth, or rather mandibles. As the South American is not given to over-exertion, and moreover as an invasion of ants is too common an event to excite much attention, the ant-man does not ordinarily arrive till a day or two after he is sent for. An enormous forge-bellows which he carries with him constitutes his entire apparatus. After a rapid inspection of the place, he stops up all the openings leading under the house, except a central one, which he enlarges, in order to extemporize a furnace, and allow free passage for the smoke. Then he distributes the pipe of the bellows. During this operation the negroes go into the neighbouring forest, to cut a certain species of wood which he describes to them. The wood being cut and the furnace prepared, a fire is lighted, and by the aid of his enormous bellows he forces the smoke underground through the ant-cells. The smoke, after traversing these porous constructions, escapes everywhere from the fissures in the masonry and through the floor. Then, leaving the care of the fire and the bellows to the negroes, with express orders to keep up the action, he goes through the house to stop with clay all the fissures which permit any escape.

Let us now descend underground, and see what is going on with the ants. At the unusual noise which followed the arrival of the masons charged with stopping up the openings, the industrious insects quickly retreat to their nests, to protect their eggs and watch over their stores. Upon seeing the first suffocating puffs of smoke, they comprehend that they are threatened with an extreme danger, and that their only safety is in flight. At the same moment, upon a given signal, each seizes an egg, and plunges into the subterranean galleries that lead into the gardens or fields, leaving behind only those stores which an industrious insect can easily replace in a country that has no winter. But here a cruel reception awaits the poor ants: the blasts of smoke are before them, and there is no hope. Like a consummate tactician, the formigueiro, having closed all the fissures of the interior, goes round the house to watch any signs, and hastens to close any new issue. But is there not a last chance to be attempted? What if the old, abandoned galleries were cleared, or new ones were made? The ants at once drop their burdens and set bravely to work. New outlets are made, and they again seize their eggs. Already they imagine themselves safe; but the smoke has again betrayed them, and at the moment when they are about to emerge, a stroke of the spade tells them they are pursued by a pitiless enemy. In the meantime, the negroes posted at the bellows constantly send fresh quantities of hot vapor, that scorch and carbonize the frail bodies of these brave insects. At the same time the air becomes more and more rare, and their efforts relax. Soon no further attempts are made to escape. The operation is drawing to a close. Their strength fails them in attempting the last outlet, and they sink exhausted. The next day, when everything is sufficiently cool, they are found in their galleries, lying side by side with their calcined eggs, but still recognizable. The earth taken from their nests, and their bodies, form one of the most powerful manures.

The flooding rains which for six months inundate the soil, fortunately place a limit to the prolific increase of these marauding insects. The formigueiro is likewise often needed in the fields, especially when the land is being cleared. In these cases the negroes blow the smoke forcibly into the ground, while puffs of blue smoke, which sometimes arise at a distance of more than a hundred feet from the fire, sufficiently indicate the extent of the underground fazenda to be destroyed, and give an idea of the ravages that it might have committed. In justice, however, we must add that the ant is not without some utility. The large winged species serve as food for the blacks, especially those who feel a predilection for their African customs. It is especially in summer, in the amatory season, when the exhausted males sink by thousands upon the soil, that these ant-eaters regale themselves at their ease. It is needless to say that they are not the only ones to hunt this small game, and that the mancoes, or monkeys, keep up an active competition against them.

BRAZILIAN LADIES.

Our readers must have remarked that, in this description of the fazenda, the senhor, or lady of the house, has scarcely been mentioned. I have the custom of speaking only of what I have seen; and I should trace a fancy picture were I to attempt to portray the creole lady of the interior. Of all the customs left by the old conquistadors to their descendants, that of excluding the females is most tenacious. The apartments of the Brazilians are as impenetrable to a stranger as a Muselman harem. This custom, inspired by the most ridiculous jealousy, is found in all the alluvial Portuguese provinces. The consequences are easily deduced. Condemned to remain from infancy in isolation, ignorance, and idleness, the young lady undergoes a check in development, as it were, which
Brazil and Brazilian Society.

Affects her whole being. Her intelligence is sickly and her faculties waste away. Never having any other instructors than the slaves charged with her personal service, she is often ignorant even of the art of reckoning. The negroes generally know only the three first numbers; when they come to four they say two pairs; and for five, two pairs and one, &c. The whites get as far as twelve, but rarely beyond. A Brazilian lady with whom I lodged at Preropolis, confessed to me that when her daily expenses amounted to more than twelve centins (pence), she was obliged to put as many beans in a glass as she expended pieces of money, so that her husband, upon his return, could form a correct idea of the sum paid out, and rectify mistakes. The women of colour vary their arithmetic from three to twelve, according to the deepness of their complexion. Often, in my excursions, obliged to seek shelter in a cabin, I have entered into conversation with the mistress, thus:

"What is your age, madam?"

"Não sei, senhor" (I do not know, sir).

"How long have you lived here?"

"Não sei, senhor."

"How old is this child?"

"Não sei, senhor."

"How many children have you?"

Here embarrassment was visible, if the number reached the figure of four or five.

"Meta pataca" (half a pataca) I was answered, after a long pause, by the mother of a family in which I counted eight children. It was soon after my arrival, and I confess that I was obliged to have recourse to my guide to get the sense of this strange metaphor.

Peculiarities of Different Districts.

Such are the occupations, manners, and distinctions of the fazenda. What has been said is specially applicable to the large estates of the north and centre, that border upon the Atlantic. To the south, the configuration of the land as well as the latitude modifies the productions of the soil and the habits of the planters. Immense grazing tracts take the place of the sugar and coffee plantations, and the colonist devotes himself exclusively to the rearing of cattle. It is he who sends the leather and the corne secu that supply both hemispheres. In the provinces of the interior, a few descendants of the old mineiros still work the veins of quartz spangled with gold, or the diamond-bearing alluvium. This industry, which once formed the wealth of the country, is now but mere memento of the past. The mining companies themselves no longer pay expenses. Whatever part of the country the traveller traverses, however, he always finds in the Brazilian fazenda that courtesy and heartiness of reception that have rendered the Spanish hacienda so famous. It nevertheless occasionally happens that a stranger who stops at a house three or four o'clock in the afternoon is told: "You have two hours of daylight yet, and that will bring you to Señor X’s plantation, or the rancho on the other side of the river." These words, sufficiently unpleasant to the ear of one weary and travel-worn, are easily explained. It is not every one’s fortune to be the possessor of estates and slaves. Many of the colonists have no other patrimony than a clay hut and a few fields of corn or manioc which they cultivate by hard labour. What can they offer? Hospitality would be to them burdensome if not impossible. At other times it is Portuguese pride that renders the threshold of the casa inaccessible. Every man of inferior condition feels himself ill at ease, when he is obliged to introduce a stranger into the heavy atmosphere of a dirty and destitute interior. Fortunately these cases are rare. Of a profoundly chivalric character, the creole, whatever his fortune, remits one in all its aspects of the inexhaustible prolificness of the virgin Nature that surrounds him, and which from his infancy has never ceased to lavish upon him his cares and his treasures.

A Glance at the Future.

Let us now cast a glance at the future, and see what fate is reserved for the fazenda. It must be observed that this agricultural and patriarchal mode of life is tending to a radical modification. Although improgresiveness seems to be the natural characteristic of the Indo-Latin races, still they cannot escape the slow but inevitable action of moral transformation. The spirit that for the last three centuries has swept over Europe, and which steam and wind daily convey to the Atlantic coast, will soon reach the virgin forests, and cause them to fecundate the land which the Portuguese axe has thrown open. The plantation, as it exists at the present day, based upon slavery, is slowly becoming extinct. Since the slave-trade was strictly interdicted, and the squadrons of France and England [and the United States] guard the coast of Africa, the price of slaves exceeds the means of most of the colonists. On the other hand, the plantation negro, upon whom falls all laborious service, is rapidly disappearing. Though prolific by nature, like all the strong races, excessive toil wears him out before his time, and arrests or restrains reproduction. Those fazendas that twenty years ago possessed a thousand slaves, now possess only a few hundreds. In years of abundance, the planters often see a portion of their coffee rot in the field, for want of a sufficient number of hands to gather it. Besides, the small proprietors, who find it more profitable to let out their slaves in the populous and commercial towns, desert their estates and bring their human herd to the city. This emigration, which depopulates the farms, is offset by another current, in the opposite direction, of European colonists going into
Robert and Clara Schumann.

Florestan's Story.

Chap. I.

In every person's memory there are niches fixed, and in those niches are sacred persons. These are such as never obtruded themselves upon you, staining the pales through which their light shone with their own images, but who became perfectly transformd to the word they uttered, the song they sang, or the work they did. Such a sacred person to me is the gifted woman who first interpreted for me Schumann's Albums. Many years ago it was, as she told me, that she one day stood unperceived in the half-open door of her master, near the lesson-hour, and heard him softly rendering a theme which stole far into places of her heart which had been awaiting its spell unconsciously. Presently he felt that there was a listener, and, hastily brushing away a tear, he placed the music in a far corner of the room, away from his répertoire. She confessed, that, afterward, when he was not present, she had looked on that which he evidently desired to conceal; she saw written, in pencil, upon it, "Sternenkranze." Henceforth shops and catalogues were ransacked, but no "Sternenkranze" was found,—the word was evidently her master's own fancy; so she summoned all her heroism, one day, when Herr Otto complained of her indifference to the pieces he set before her, and informed him that she should perish at his feet, unless he would give her "Sternenkranze." Of course her guilt was manifest, and Herr Otto, in a spasm of anger at "prying women," as he called them, brought out the treasure, and with it others of a very rare album of Schumann's, to which he had given no names, leaving them to whisper their own names to each soul that could receive them: Star-Wreath it might be to one, Bower of Lilies to another. It was the same as with that white stone which the Seer of Patmos saw,—within it "a name written which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it."

This piece was to the lady a touch of consecration. Thenceforth she was known among us as "the Schumannite woman." I verily believe that to day, next to the divine Clara herself, she is the best interpreter of Robert Schumann's works living; and if the love she has obtained for him is not as universal, it is just as fervent. Many silent and holy hours have I sat communing, through her, with him whom the Germans love to call their Tone-Poet; and the music remained to clothe with the full vesture of romance the meagre paragraphs of the journals which hinted his love, his sorrow, and at length his insanity and death. More, however, I longed to know of him,—of the wedlock of these Brownings of music; and more I came to know, in the way which, with this preface, I now proceed to relate.
bling through snow and ice to accommodate a
certain lyceum in one of the Northwestern cities.
Cold winds from over the lakes made me wish
that the modern Athens had kept its lecture-
system at home; for it has always seemed to me,
that, wherever this has gone, her eastern storms
give with it. Such ugly thoughts were
shamed, however, by the beaming welcome
which shone from the face of the kindest of
landladies, and at length completely thawed out
of me by the glowing fire to which she introduced
me, and which animated the coziest of rooms.
Why has not some poet celebrated the experience
of thawing? How deliciously each fibre of the
thawee responds to the informing ray, evolving
its own sweet sensation of release until all unite
in a soft choral reviver! Carried thus, in a few
moments, from the Arctic to the Tropic, I
thought, as dear Heine says, my "sweet nothing-at
all thoughts," until a subtle breath of music
won me back to life.

Heavens! what is that? A strain, strong
and tender, pressed its way into the room,
soothed my temples, then broke over me in a
shower of pearls. Confused, I started up; and
it was some moments before I understood that
the music proceeded from the room adjoining
mine in the hotel. Not altogether unfamiliar
was the theme; the priestess of whom I have
spoken had once brought it from the Holy of
Holes, when she was appointed to stand; and
now, remembering, I broke out with the word,
"Florestan!"

As I uttered it, the music ceased with the
dreary fall of an octave. Whether the musician
had heard the exclamation, or whether such a
terrible termination was in the music, I knew
not; the latter was quite probable, for alas!
such fearful icarus-falls are not rare in poor
Schumann's music. However, I did not con-
side long, but, rising quickly, passed into the
hall, and knocked gently at the door of the next
room.

"Enter," replied a voice, eagerly, but softly.
"Enter," I did, and stood before a man of about
forty winters. His face was so swart that I
could see only the German in the blue eye, and
at once imagined that a stream of Plutonic fire
had streamed into his veins from some more
Oriental race. I stammered out an apology for
my intrusion, but told him how insecurely were
such subtle threads as Schumann's "Carnival"
had projected through the walls which separated
our rooms.

"Florestan," I said, "was too much for me."

Then his eye lighted up as might that of some
Arctic voyager, which, having for bleak months
rested only on the glittering scales of the ice-
dragon coiled about him, is suddenly filled with
the warm spread of the Polar Sea. Taking my
hand, he said,—

"In me, wanderer, that I am,—in me, with the
Heineck in my heart never to be stillled but in
that home where Schumann has already
gone,—you see Florestan."

"Louis Boehnher?"

Filled with wonder, and scarcely knowing
what I did, I took a little piece of paper which
he unwrapped from many folds and placed in my
hand. On it these words were written:—

"Peace and joy attend thee, Louis Boehnher!
and mayst thou never want for such a friend as
thou hast been to

"ROBERT SCHUMANN."

I could say no word; never have I felt a pro-
founder emotion than when at this moment, I
drew so near one whose brow Art had crowned
with a living halo.

Students of German music and composers
will need no word to bring before them the
fulness of this incident. But to others I may
brieiy mention some facts connected with
Schumann's "Carnival, or Scènes Mignonnees,
on Four Notes." Not by any means represent-
ing the pure depths of Schumann's soul, this
strange medley is yet pregnant with historic
associations. The composer wrote it in his
young days, stringing twenty-two little pieces
on four letters composing the name of Asch, a
town of Saxony, "whither," according to
Sobolewski, "Schumann's thoughts frequently
strayed, because at that time there was an object-
there interesting to his sensitive soul." In the
letters A, S, C, H, it must be remembered that the
H in German stands for our B natural, and
S or 3 for E flat. The Leipzig "Neue Zeitschrift
für Musik" was begun and for ten years edited
by Schumann,—in what spirit we may gather
from his own words:—"The musical state of
Germany, at that time, was not very encour-
aging. On the stage Rossini yet reigned, and on
the piano Herz and Hünthin excluded all others.
And yet how few years had passed since Beeth-
oven, Weber, and Schubert lived among us! 
True, Mendelssohn's star was ascending, and
there were wonderful whispers of a certain Pole,
Chopin; but it was later that these gained their
lastling influence. One day the idea took
possession of our young and hot heads,—Let
us not idly look on; take hold, and reform it;
take hold, and the Poetry of Art shall be again
enthroned!" Then gathered together a Pro-
etant-league of music, whose Luther and
Melancthon in one was Schumann. The Devil
at which they threw their inkstands and semi-
breves was the Philistines, which is the general
term amongst German students, artists, poets,
&c., for profane, narrow, hard, ungenial, com-
monplace respectabilities. "Young Germany" was
making itself felt in all coordinate direc-
tions; forming new schools of plastic Art in
Munich and Dresden,—a sharp and spirited
Bohemian literature at Frankfort, under the
lead of Heine and Boerne; and now, music
being the last to yield in Germany, because most
revered, as it is with religion in other countries,
a new vitality brought together in Kühne's cellar
in Leipzig the revolutionists, "who talked of
Callot, Hoffmann, and Jean Paul, of Beethoven
and Franz Schubert, and of the three foreign
Romanticists beyond the Rhine, the friends of
the new phenomenon in French poetry, Victor
Robert and Clara Schumann.

Hugo." This was the Davidsbund, or League of David (the last of the "Scènes Mignonnes" is named "Marche des Davidsbündler contre les Philistines"). An agreeable writer in the "Weimarer Sonetagsblatt" has given us a fine sketch of this company, which we will quote.

"Lee, head of the table was occupied by a lively, flexible man of middle age, intellectual in conversation, and overflowing with sharp and witty remarks. He was the instructor of more than one of the young musicians around him, who all listened to his observations with profound attention. He was very fond of monopolizing the conversation and suffering himself to be admired. For he called many a young, highly promising musician his pupil, and had, besides, the certain consciousness of having moulded his daughter Clara, at that time a girl of fourteen, into a prodigy, whose first assistance delighted the whole world, and whose subsequent artist-activity became the pride of her native city, Leipzig. By his side sat a quiet, thoughtful young man of twenty-three, with melancholy eyes. But lately a student in Heidelberg, he had now devoted himself entirely to music, had removed to Leipzig and was now a pupil of the "old schoolmaster," as the father of Clara Wieck liked to be called. Young Robert Schumann had good reason to be ambitious. At the long struggles, he had only been able to devote himself entirely to music comparatively late in life, and had been obliged to pass a part of his precious youth in studies which were as uncongenial as possible to his artist-spirit. He had finally decided for the career of a virtuoso, and was pursuing the study of the piano with an almost morbid zeal, when the disabling of one of his fingers, a consequence of his over-exertion, obliged him to give up this career forever. He did not yet suspect that this accident would prove fortunate for him in the end, by directing him to his true vocation, composition. Perhaps, too, it was the first germ of love, in the garb of admiration for the wondrous talent of Clara, which made young Robert so quiet and dreamy. His companions were all the more lively. There sat the eccentric Louis Boehm, a painter by profession, but a poet as well, and a musician besides. Here Carl Bauck, the indefatigable, yet unsuccessful composer of songs, now, in his capacity of critic, the paper bugbear of the Dresden artists. He had just returned from Italy and believed himself in possession of the true secret of the art of singing, the monopoly of which every singing-master is wont to claim for himself. C. F. Becker, too, the eminent organist and industrious collector, belonged to this circle, as well as many more young and old artists of more or less merit and talent."

"Florestan then stood before me; and with him, although invisible, stood that sacred circle, which had unconsciously borne within it the germs of so many future sorrows and glories.

"With him," said Louis Boehner, "I began life, when we were boys together at Heidelberg: with him I stood when the dawn of a better day, which since has blessed hill and vale, was glowing for his eye alone; this breast held his sorrows and his hopes, when he was struggling to reach his Clara; these hands saved him when in his madness he cast himself into the Rhine; these eyes dropped their hot tears on his eyelids when they were closed in death."

"Overcome by his emotion, he sat down and sobbed aloud.

At that moment, hearing my name called loudly in the hall, I went out, and was informed that my audience was waiting at the Lyceum, and had been waiting nearly fifteen minutes!"

Chap. II.

Next morning, bright and early, I was in the artist-pilgrim's room, listening to that which it thrilled him to tell and me to hear. And first he told me the story of Schumann's love.

The "old schoolmaster," Wieck, trained his daughter more ambitiously than judiciously; and, indeed, none but one of the elect would ever have survived the tasks imposed on her childhood. Indeed, she had no childhood: at the piano she was kept through all the bright days, roving only from scale to scale, when she should have been roving from flower to flower. At length her genius asserted itself, and she entered into her destiny; thenceforward flowers bloomed for her out of exercise-books, and she could touch the notes which were sun-bursts, and those which were mosses beneath them. From this training she came before the best audience in Germany, and stood a sad-eyed, beautiful child of fourteen summers, and by acclamation was crowned the Queen of the Piano. Franz Liszt remembered his enthusiasm of that period, and many years afterward wrote in his extravagant way,—"When we heard Clara Wieck in Vienna, fifteen years ago, she drew her hearers after her into her poetic world, to which she floated upward in a magical car drawn by electric sparks and lifted by delicately prismatic, but nervously throbbing winglets." At her performance of Beethoven's F Minor Sonata, Grillparzer was inspired to write the following verses:

"A weird magician, weary of the world,
In sullen humour locked his charms all up
Within a diamond casket, firmly clasped,
And threw the key into the sea, and died.
The magicks here tried with all their might;
In vain! no tool can pick the flinty lock;
His magic arts still slumber, like their master.
A shepherd's child, along the seashore playing,
Watches the waves, in hurryng, idle chase,
Dreaming and thoughtless, as young maidens are,
She dipped her white fingers in the flood,
And grasps, and lifts, and holds it! "Tis the key.
Up springs she, up, her heart still beating higher.
The casket glances, us with eyes, before her.
The key fits well, up flies the lid. The spirits
All mount aloft, then bow themselves submissive
To this their gracious, innocent, sweet mistress.
Who with white fingers guides them in her play."

The first, perhaps, to recognize the surpassing ability of that child was the young editor of the "Zeitschrift," Robert Schumann. On her first appearance, he wrote,—"Others make poetry,—she is a poem." And soon afterward,—"She early lifted the veil of Isis. The child looks calmly up,—the man would, perhaps, be dazzled by the brilliancy."

From this moment there was an elasticity and purpose about the young composer, the secret of which no one knew, not even himself. Like one caught in the whirl of some happy dream, who will not pause to ask, "Whither?" he poured out before this child the half-revealed hopes striving within him; an equal spell was woven about her ingenuous and earnest heart, and their souls were joined in that purple morning, in due time they were to be farther "chrenched," through pain. It was under this baptismal touch of Love that Schumann wrote his first sonata,—"Florestan and Eusebius." It gained him at once a fame with all from whom fame was graceful.

In the light of this period of his life must be interpreted those wonderful little "pieces" which mystify whilst they fascinate; without it their meaning is as strange as their names. Often did he say,—"I can write only where my life is in union with my works." "Listen now to these," said Florestan, as he opened an album and struck the piano; "these are the voices of a new life." The "Alternatives," with song, "My peace is o'er"; "Evening Thoughts"; "Impromptus," (whose first theme was written by Clara); these seemed like the emotion of some newly winged aspirant released from its chrysalis, resting on its first flower. But far safer than planets through the abysses Love moves on. Florestan ceased, and there was a long silence; and then he told the unspeakable portion of his story by performing these two: "Sternenkrans," "Warum." Who has ever scaled the rapture of the former, or fathomed the pathos of the latter? Every summit implies its precipice; and the star-wreath that crowned Love was snatched at by the Fate which soon burdened two hearts with the terrible questioning Wherefore?

Thus: before these two were fully conscious of the love they bore each other, the shrewd eye of old Wieck had caught a glimpse of what was coming to pass. He had educated this girl to be an artist to bring him fame; alas, it must be confessed that he thought also of certain prospective thalers. Wishing as he was that all Leipsic should admire his daughter, he did not like the enthusiasm of the "Zeitschrift." He then began to warn Clara against "this Faust in modern garb, who, when he had gained one finger, would soon have the whole hand, and finally the poor soul into the bargain!" Stupid old schoolmaster, thou shouldst have known that it is Mephistopheles, and not Faust that women hate!

The old man, finding that his warnings were of no avail, forbade all acquaintance, forbade Robert's visits to his house. Then, inaugurating at once Clara's career as a virtuoso, he took her to Vienna.

No wonder, that, when she appeared there, it was to be as the priestess of Beethoven. It takes something besides an academy to train artists up to Beethoven. Robert was forbidden to write to her; but the "Schwärmbriefe of Eusebius to Chiara," utterly unintelligible to the general reader of the "Zeitschrift," who, doubtless, fancied that its editor had gone mad, were quite clear to a certain little lady in Vienna, who consequently pined less than her father had anticipated.

"Amm all our musical soul-feasts," he writes, "there always peeps out an angel-face, which more than resembles a certain Clara. Why art thou not with us? (Warum?) And how thou wilt have thought of us last night, from the "Meeresstille" to the flaming close of the A major symphony! I also thought of thee then, Chiara, pure one, bright one, whose hands are stretched towards Italy, whither thy longing draws thee, but thy dreamy eye still turned to us."

At length a sun-burst. In 1840 appeared the first number of Schumann's "Myrthen," whose dedication, Seiner geliebten Braut, breaks forth in the passionate and beautiful song, "Thou my soul, O thou my heart!"

But this word Braut means Bride in the German sense of "affianced," and although the joy of this relation passed over Schumann like the breath of a Tropic, bringing forth, amongst other gorgeous fruits, his glorious First Symphony, which some one has well called the Symphony of Bliss, yet, ere this bliss was more than an elusive vision, the two passed through fierce wildernesses, and drank together of bitter Maraths. "But of all this," said Florestan, "you will know, if you have the right to know, from these"—his "Voice from afar," and his "Night-pieces."

Neither of us dared break the silence claimed by these exquisite pieces when they ceased; we shook hands and parted without a word.

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**CHAP. III.**

But another mystery about the loved and lost master, which I longed to have revealed, would not let me leave the city. In the afternoon I sought Boehner, and asked him to walk with me. As soon as we had alluded to the one subject that bound us together, I requested him to tell me, what had not yet been given to the
world, the details of Schumann's insanity and death.

Then, as one who takes up a heavy burden to bear it, he proceeded:

"The heart of Robert Schumann was a lyre so delicate, and with strings so sensitive, that the effect of his pains and his joys, both always in extremes, was as if you gave an Aeolian harp to be swept now by a cold north-wind and now by a hot sirocco. His spirit went on to the confines of his flesh, and was not warmly covered thereby, but only veiled. Under his grief he seemed stronger; but when his joy came, when Clara was his own, and went through Europe with him, giving expression to the voices within, which to him, had been unutterable—then we saw that the emotions which would have been safe, had they been suffered to well up gently from the first, could come forth now only as a fierce and perhaps devastating torrent.

"Schumann saddened his intimate friends by times of insanity, five or six years before the world at large knew anything of it. At such times he imagined himself again cruelly separated from the patient and tender being who never left his side; and he would write pieces full of distractions, in the midst of each of which, however, some touchingly beautiful theme would float up, like a fair island, through seething sea. Then there were longer intervals, of seven and eight months, in which he was perfectly sane; at which times he would write with a wearing persistence which none could restrain. He would put our advice aside gently, saying—"A long life is before me; but it must be lived in a few years." And, indeed, the works which have reached us are not the best that lived in him; most deeply date from these times. I remember, that, when he sat down to compose his last symphony, he said—"It is almost accomplished; but the invisible mansion needs another chamber."

"Once when I was at Frankfort, Clara Schumann sent me this word: "Hasten." I left all my affairs, and came to watch for many months beside this beloved one. It was not a wild delirium which had taken possession of him; the only fit of that kind was that in which he tried to drown himself in the Rhine—at the time when the papers got hold of the terrible secret. His insanity was manifested in his conviction that he was occupied by the souls of Beethoven and Schubert. Much in the manner of your American mediums, he would be seized by a controlling power, would snatch a pencil, and dash out upon paper the wildest discords. These we would play for him, at his request, from morning till night, during much of which time he would seem to be in a happy trance. Of this music no chord or melody was true; they were jangling memories of his earlier works.

"One day he called his wife and myself, and took our hands in his own: 'Beethoven says that my earthly music is over; it cannot be understood here; he writes for angels, and I shall write for them.' Then turning to me, he said—"Louise, my friend, farewell! This is my last prayer for you—handing me the paper which I have shown you; 'and now leave us, to come again and kiss me when I am cold.'

"Then I left him alone with his Clara.

"A month from that time, Schumann was no more!"

Out under the glowing sunset, I clasped hands parting with Louis Boehner, and said, as my voice would let me, "This is my last paper, and when you would have a friend, such as you have been to Robert Schumann, come and help me to be that friend."

AUTUMNAL VEGETATION.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

Perhaps at no season of the year are plants more interesting and instructive than on the approach of the winter months. There is a beauty in the fading flowers and falling leaves which escapes the eye of thousands who see nothing in such appearances but indications of gloom and desolation. Let us see if we cannot lead the reader into a more pleasing course of thought on these phenomena.

When we look at a forest tree at this season of the year spontaneously throwing off those leaves which are no longer of any service to it, and consider that each leaf, as it falls from the branches, is returning to its final home, having accomplished the purposes of nature in its creation, we cannot but be struck with the beauty of these arrangements. But what is it that renders the leaf useless? We shall endeavour to reply to this question in clear, simple, truthful language.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE LEAF AND THE NATURE OF ITS CONNECTION WITH THE STEM.—A fully developed leaf consists of a petiole or stalk, and a broad expanded portion termed the lamina or blade. The petiole is formed by the protrusion from the side of the shoot of distinct and separate fasciculi, or bundles of its woody fibre. These bundles at first continue parallel among themselves, forming the petiole; they then take a horizontal spread, and, at the same time, vessels are produced at their sides which repeatedly ramify, forming veins,
veinlets, and capillaries, until finally they anastomose among themselves, producing a delicate and beautiful network. This part of the leaf evidently constitutes its framework or skeleton. But the woody fibre, issuing from the side of the shoot, still continues associated with the green cellular bark on its exterior; therefore, when it spreads horizontally, its green cellular investment of bark-cells takes a rapid development, and produces the flat dilated organ termed the leaf. It will be seen from this that the wood and bark retain the same relative situation in the leaf as in the shoot, and remain in direct communication with it by means of the petiole. The points of the stem from which the bundles of woody fibre issue to form the petiole, are apparent on the leaf scars left on the stem after the leaves have fallen from it. We must not omit to mention that the epidermis of the shoot preserves on the leaf the same relative situation, covering its upper and under surface entirely, and admitting nutritious gases from the atmosphere through its pores.

**The Physiology of the Leaf.**—Forest trees, from the first period of germination, have a tendency to develop in two opposite directions, upwards into the atmosphere and downwards into the earth, the two grand sources of all vegetable nutrition. A vegetable axis is thus produced, the two extremities of which ramifications, and are most wonderfully adapted to the two media into which they develop. The lower ramifications become covered with a quantity of fibrous appendages, which act as absorbents of the nutritious matter in the soil; the upper ramifications, on the contrary, put forth during the season of vegetable activity flat dilated organs called leaves, which are contrivances by which the green absorbent surface of the plant is enlarged. These leaves take in moisture and nutritious gases from the atmosphere, evaporate the superfluous water, and in them the sap undergoes those important changes which render it subservient to the further development of life in the stem, branches, and other organs of the plant. But the water which enters by the roots contains a small portion of earthy matter in solution, which it obtains from the soil through which it percolates. This is partly deposited in the fibrous tissues of the stem, but principally in the cellular tissue of the leaves, owing to the evaporation which is continually taking place from their surface, just as earthy matter accumulates at the bottom of a teakettle which has been long used for culinary purposes. In this manner, the interior walls of the leaf-cells become thickened by deposits of mineral matter, and ultimately the cells are so filled with it that the sap can no longer circulate through them, and the leaf is thus rendered finally unfit for the performance of its functions. The leaf now changes its colour, and, as it is no longer of any service, it is spontaneously thrown off by the tree, and descends from its branches to the ground.

"We all do fade as a leaf." This is philosophically as well as scripturally true. Recent microscopic researches have established the interesting fact that growth in the animal and vegetable takes place according to similar laws. The human body, like the leaf, is composed of cells which contain the blood or nutrient fluid analogous to the sap in plants. These cells expand and enlarge until the child becomes the man. Peculiar secretions are carried on in them, which are restricted, as in plants, to certain parts of the organism. Manhood is the most active and energetic period of human life. All the cells of the human body are then fully developed, and there is very little earthy matter accumulated in them. Earthy matter is not deposited on the parietes or walls of the cells until they have obtained their maximum enlargement; they then become rigid and unyielding, in consequence of its interior deposition and the general thickening of their walls. Osmosis in animals exactly corresponds to lignification in plants. In old age, the limbs lose their plasticity and vigour, the blood ceases to circulate freely through its accustomed channels, the extremities grow cold, all the beauty of the human form decays, and the life rapidly advances to the period of its close, and finally the useless member is removed, by the dispensations of wise Providence, from the social tree, and carried by weeping friends to his last resting-place.

**MEMS OF THE MONTH.**

The heat of the weather, the general elections, the Wimbledon prize-meetings, and the conviction and full confession of Dr. Pritchard, with the trial and sentence (commuted to penal servitude for life) of Constance Kent, not forgetting Alpine, Brigand, and other dangers and disasters beginning with almost every letter in the alphabet, fully employ conversational powers, and furnish material for the newspapers at a period when Parliament is not sitting, and when, the London season over, all who can get away from town are inhaling the sea-breezes. Your Bohemian is still at his post, where, in deed, he is likely to be for another month or six weeks, when he hopes to be off, if not to Norway, to a quiet retreat in Kent, and afterwards to the Isle of Wight, from which place it may be heard from him on irrelevant subjects. This, by the way: "Y. B." enjoys looking forward to his annual outing almost as much as the holiday itself. He considers that it is only "hope deferred," and he endeavours to console himself with a cool cigar in town, and with the knowledge that he will be off for three weeks in September at farthest. Although it is by some considered discredit able, or at least not
Memo of the Month.

the right thing, to be seen in London at this period of the year, and although fashionable haunts are becoming gradually deserted, in the "Row" there is a very fair show of riders whose "custom of an afternoon" it is to take an airing round the Park; and whilst the Prince and Princess of Wales are being fitted and lionized at Plymouth, a "lions" has lately arrived here in the person of the Dowager Queen of the Sandwich Islands, who, it is reported, has come over to pay a visit to our Queen, is the guest of Lady Franklin, and has already honoured the studio of Messrs. J. and C. Watkins, the well-known photographers of Parliament-street, with her royal presence.

The distressing railway-accidents, attended with such fatal results, have made us rather suspicious of the "extra-fast cheap trains" which we are constantly advertised. We have before referred to the imagination of "Our Artist" in the illustrated papers, and we observe, among the last pictorial sensations, an illustration—of course taken on the spot—of "Mr. Charles Dickens relieving the sufferers at Staplehurst," and another of "Dr. Pritchard signing his confession."

Mr. Sala's labours are over as the Daily Telegraph's special correspondent in Algeria, and we shall doubtless have G. A. S.'s Algerine Essays, at Mudie's, in the course of the season. Great kudos is sometimes given to this writer for his "word-painting"—an art in which he certainly excels, though it has been hinted to us, not unreasonably we think, that "word-doubting" would at times be a far more appropriate term.

Mr. Home, the spirit-medium, is reported to have returned from America, and declared the Davenport Brothers to be unmutilated humbugs. We were present, some evenings since, at an interesting seance which was given in the Pembridge Hall, Hackney, by Mr. Addison, the well-known opponent of the Davenports, and many startling tricks (we use the word advisedly) were exhibited. Mr. Addison does not profess that it is anything more than very clever conjuring, and, together with a friend as the other "brother," he went through all the "structure" business, with much that the Davenports never attempted. The way in which Mr. Addison and his friend wriggled themselves out of strait jackets, which had been secured by one of the attendants, was (if we may be permitted to use a Yankee expression) "a caution to snakes." Amongst the most important experiments, Mr. Addison speedily extricated himself from a double sack; and both gentlemen, with the greatest ease, freed themselves from handcuffs that had been first handed round for general inspection.

The recent case of unauthorized cigar-smoking on a railway platform, when the Earl of W...etc., was a mistake; and a rule of should be put upon all the lines, as the most desirable way of meeting the requirements of a large majority of travellers. We observe that on many of the railways this is now the case, and we really cannot see why this plan should not be universally adopted.

In the way of casualties, we may allude to the fall of two houses in Chandos-street, unhappily attended with loss of life; and as miscellaneous news we ought, perhaps, to chronicle the laying of the first stone of New Blackfriars Bridge, by the Lord Mayor.

The Glow-worm, a new evening paper, with Mr. Burnand for editor, did not, we think, take the town by storm; certainly its appearance has not created any very great sensation, although extensive premises were secured—those until lately occupied by Evans, the well-known print-seller. We believe that a change has already taken place in the editorial department; but we doubt very much if the speculative Glow-worm is destined to enjoy a luminous existence.

The Bat is the title of a sheet that has been issued rather, we should imagine, as a skit upon the Owl than with any notion of being continued. The first number professed to be "No. I, vol. iii.," and was an exact counterpart of the Owl in every way. It looks very like an interminable squib. The Owl has gained a great reputation for divulging the secrets of the backstair, interspersed with a joke or two; so that it is a difficult matter to sift the wheat from the chaff. On pretence of such exclusive information it is much given to eaves-dropping, on the principle of our dangerous friend The Flaneur, or the once notorious "Jenkins" of the Morning Post.

It is really astonishing how rapidly Fun has improved under "Tom" Hood's able editorship. "Mrs. Brown's" letters are a great feature therein. She has been to the Derby, the Opera, &c., and has given her opinion on the elections; so that she has no sincere, considering that she has been "in the Play" upwards of 500 times. The article "From our Stall" always contains some thoroughly independent theatrical criticisms, and the editor continues his acceptable "Town Talk, by the Saunterer in Society." "The Something like Nonsense Verses" are amusing of their kind; whilst an imaginary conversation between the Prince of Wales and Mr. Toole, at Woking, is side-splitting. The illustrations are now very good, the cartoon of "The Railway Sleepers we should like to see taken up," being to the point. We have been given to understand that an intimate friend of poor John Leech has had access to his correspondence, and is collecting materials for a life of the lamented artist. We notice that "The Railway Station" is now on view at Leggatt's Gallery, Cornhill, and the public admitted on presentation of private address card. It is announced as Frithe's chef d'oeuvre, a phrase the correctness of which we fancy many connoisseurs will feel inclined to dispute. "Too good for him." is the title of a second novel by a daughter of the late Capt. Marr hay. That prolific writer, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth (whom we observed the other evening at the Strand Theatre, apparently enjoying the
Our Paris Correspondent.

fun of "Windsor Castle," has just brought out a new novel, which he calls "The Spanish Match." Mr. Bouicault and Mr. Sothern have, we perceive, been elected Fellows of the Zoological Society. It was with regret we read the account of Donisto's death: it appears he had been suffering for some time from an internal complaint. The late Mr. Richard Thornton has left £3,700,000 to his heirs and the public charities. An exhibition of mules and donkeys, at Islington, is a novelty, and races advertised as "The Donkey Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger" have taken place. The ass is a much maligned animal, and we should think that these shows will prove—if proof be wanting—that the ill-usage it so often receives is the chief cause of stubbornness, and that there is no reason why donkeys should not be swifter of foot, though their unwillingness to stir has become proverbial. We have now obtained a fairer notion of the capabilities of the donkey than we were able to form from their conduct elsewhere.

The annual fête for the benefit of the Royal Dramatic College has again proved a great success, in a pecuniary sense; but there is much improvement needed on these occasions: for instance, we could dispense with Jack-in-the-Green, as well as the music-hall element. We do not so much object to the fair stall-keepers, especially as members of the aristocracy occasionally appear in similar characters, for charitable purposes; but what we do protest against is the over-zeal of a favourite leading actress in palmng off her "sterling bachelor pills," and in offering any gentleman a shake of her hand for sixpence. She should take pattern by the irresistible graces of one equally gifted who presided close by, and who appealed by a modest look and not by noisy clamour. Another objectionable feature in the day's proceedings is the apparently authorized conduct of certain young ladies (possibly of the corps de ballet), who have no stall, and whom a friend of ours complained to us as openly pleading on their own behalf. It is this that throws discredit on a profession which, we regret to say, is too often unjustly scandalised. £150 was, we understand, taken on the Saturday at Richardson's alone; all the shows were well attended, that of Toole and Bedford being inconveniently crowded on each representation.

We witnessed the début of the American comedian as "Solon Shingle," which has been truly described as a worthless piece; on a second visit we were more pleased with Mr. Owen's impersonation than on the first night. We consider that this gentleman has to be seen more than once before he can be thoroughly appreciated, and, notwithstanding the rubbish in which he nightly appears and the injudicious puffing, he has shown himself to be a clever artist. On the occasion of our second attendance Mr. and Mrs. Stratton came to support the "eccentric comedian," with whom they appeared to be mightily amused. Mr. Walter Gordon's new drama of "Through Fire and Water," is admirably acted by every one concerned. We never saw Mr. Billington to greater advantage: we venture to say that he looks and plays the part as well as, if not better than, any actor we could name. Benefits have been the order of the day, or rather night, at the various theatres. Toole will soon be off for his annual provincial tour. The Haymarket company, after performing some of the old comedies at Leeds, proceed to the new theatre at Bradford, and afterwards to Manchester, Mr. Buckstone accompanying them this time for the whole period. The Prince of Wales' Theatre closes until September, Miss Marie Wilton going with her troupe to a few provincial engagements; the Strand does likewise, and Astley's is to let for a short time; so that there would seem to be nothing to detain the critic in town, were it not for Mr. Alfred Mellon and Mr. Walter Montgomery, since even actors are flying away for a change, greatly to the relief, and not a little to the envy of

Your Bohemian.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

My dear C——,

There is nothing going on now in Paris: the excessive heat has sent even strangers away. It is more than a century, they say, since the sun daired such intense rays on our city; as it has done during this last month. Our trees and flowers are burnt up, and we can only loll about and sleep away the days, using all our sagacity to find the slightest coolness, the least breath of air; and one personage—Abd-el-Kader—alone braves our scorching sun, and we just find energy enough to wonder why he honours us with a visit. Some hint that the celebrated Emir is to be called to the government of Algeria; against which the very wide-awake ones protest. Give up Algeria again to the Arabs!—it is merely paving the way for England to get her foot in there also! What is certain is, that Abd-el-Kader has been consulted on the Algerine question, and that the Emperor is seriously studying what is to be the future destiny of his African colony. He has just written a brochure, entitled, "The Politics of France in Algeria," but which has not been delivered to the public. M. de Girardin, in his newspaper (La Presse) gave some details of
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it, for which he received a rap on the fingers in the shape of a communiqué, and admonition not to do it again. En attendant, Abd-el-Kader is to be seen driving in the Bois-de-Boulogne in an open carriage, dressed in his white burnous. His features are very little changed, although his beard has a few silver streaks in it. He assisted at an ascended balloon at the Hippodrome the other day, and was of course the object of great curiosity.

The Court is gone to Fontainebleau: I wonder their Majesties stayed in Paris until so late in the season. The little Prince’s indisposition, it is true, caused a short delay: he had an attack of cholera, but is well again. There are to be more hunting-parties, picnics in the forest, and all kinds of festivities at the château this year than on former visits, but the Emperor will not be there: he goes to Plombières, thence to the camp of Châlons, and will afterwards join the Empress and the Prince at Biarritz. Before leaving Paris the Empress visited the priests who shared the same fate; Parisian Comédies de l’Amour, by Mademoiselle Léonie Leblanc—an actress who is termed “hommes de lettres,” and who deemed her unite necessary to the general corruption. The police also found an edition of “Les propos de Labienus” of M. Rogerard, translated into the Russian language and sold all others, at a bookseller’s the other day. You may remember that this pamphlet is a violent attack against the imperial author of the “Life of Caesar.”

The divine Patti was married the other day, in some of the Parisian papers, to a journeyman jeweller. Who invented this canard no one knows: this is the sixth or seventh time the lady has been disposed of; it must take half her brother-in-law’s time in writing to express his ire at such inventions. But what should we poor correspondents do in this time of death, if imaginations did not work in our behalf?

We have had two more balloon ascents, on an expedition of trial—one at Paris, the other at Lyon. The one at Paris was in the form of a hippopotamus, and carried machinery that was to make it go in whatever direction M. Delamarre (its inventor) chose. It started from the Luxembourg garden, and, in spite of a very soft wind, was obstinate, and would go its own way, which was not M. Delamarre’s, and came down, without accident, at Vincennes. A second attempt was as unsuccessful; however, paying spectators were very numerous, so that I dare say the chief object was attained by the adventurous arbosaute. Nadar had about the same success at Lyon. Godard soared up into the clouds, in his Mongolfiere, at night, in a village near Paris, and Dupin (a senator) has just protested against such exhibitions, and has, without intending it—for he is too good a “courtier” for that—condemned this act of his sovereign in very strong terms. In a discourse delivered at the Senate-house in a secret committee the other day, when extolling on the frightful extravagance of women, a senator (M. Goulhot de St. Germain) presented a petition asking for the suppression of salacious photographs, which swarm in France, and particularly in Paris. M. Dupin, the Censor, as they call him (in remembrance of Cato, whom he somewhat resembles when public liberties are not in question)—declared that corruption ought to be cut off at the root, or laws were useless; and that what our society wants is general reformation—“Quia leges sine moribus vane.” The high classes are as bad as the low ones. Only look at the theatres; there are some pieces, such as “La Biche au Bois,” which are nothing but a living exhibition, offering types of two hundred photographs worse than those petitioned against!

The heat, I think, has made our police choleric, as they are seizing right and left a pamphlet by M. Tridon, that had been in circulation for more than a year, and which fell the other day into their claws. It is a political affair. Then comes “La Tribune Ouvrière,” which shared the same fate; Parisian Comédies de l’Amour, by Mademoiselle Léonie Leblanc—an actress who is termed “hommes de lettres,” and who deemed her unite necessary to the general corruption. The police also found an edition of “Les propos de Labienus” of M. Rogerard, translated into the Russian language and sold all others, at a bookseller’s the other day. You may remember that this pamphlet is a violent attack against the imperial author of the “Life of Caesar.”

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Leaves for the Little Ones.

And now we are thinking of nothing but the fêtes promised us at Cherbourg, fêtes at which we expect that the Prince and Princess of Wales will assist. They say that preparations are being made to receive them on board a French frigate; so I suppose it will be a very splendid affair. The Emperor will be there, it is expected, although it has not been officially announced.

Our journalists cannot let poor Liszt alone: his last attitude before the public has evidently displeased them: they relate a rather funny story apropos of his conversion. A German poet, Frederic Werner, a protestant, author of several comedies, was, like Liszt, miraculously converted, after having been, like him, very worldly. L’Esprit Saint touched him one night, as by moonlight he saw the host carried out of the cathedral of Cologne to a dying person. Like Liszt he went to Rome, entered the holy orders, and in 1815 obtained great success in the pulpit at Vienna. The diabolical director of the theatre there imagined to profit by Werner’s great repute, so put his comedies on the stage, and the success was still greater for the author of comedies than for the priest. Werner was in despair, he thundered against the theatre; the more he thundered the more he was applauded there; so at last he was obliged to cease preaching and leave Vienna.

The musical world was in great delight last week: Rossini composed, for the inauguration of a chapel at fifteen leagues from Paris, two pieces of religious music, which have been pronounced by amateurs very beautiful.

The village, Fontaine-la-Nenarde, is a very charming spot, where, once upon a time, before the Revolution, the Ladies Bénédictines reigned sovereigns; but one morning the nuns were turned out of their convent, their grounds sold, and their chapel turned into a stable. A little while ago the estate was purchased by a rich family, who immediately not only restored the chapel to public worship, but also embellished it, employing the best artists in Paris—Oudinot to paint the windows, Ary Scheffer’s daughter to paint saints and angels, &c., &c. Then on the day fixed, guests were invited from Meaux and the surrounding châteaux, and also from Paris; the Archbishop of Meaux presided at the ceremony and the chapel was opened in the midst of crosses and banners, and Rossini’s two beautiful pieces composed for the occasion.

Au revoir,
Your’s truly,

S. A.

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Leaves for the Little Ones.

The Old Country House.

By Virginia F. Townsend.

"There it is, my child," said father.

I think that his words fell into a little half dose into which I had dropped, for we had ridden at least twenty miles since we left the cars, at the little brown depot by the side of the river. So, as it drew towards night, I was tired betwixt the car and the carriage ride, and a drowsy mist began stealing over me, as the mists did over the great mountains on the right, when my father’s words brought me back suddenly into a keen, strong life.

I sat up straight of a sudden, and looked out. My heart beat fast. I saw the blue vapour of the smoke as it rose slowly up through the green trees, and a moment later, we dashed over the little brook bridge, and the house came in sight—the gray house with the gambrel roof, that I had never seen but that I had heard of so long, and often, that it seemed familiar as our own.

A great house, wide and low, a little back from the road, with the plum trees in front, and the well-sweep on one side, and the old orchard beyond, with the breath of quinces and pears, of apples and peaches floating through the still air, and stinging it through with varied sweetnesses.

This old country house, this old gray, gambrel roofed farm-house was the one where my father had been born, and I was coming home to it now in my ninth year, because almost the saddest thing which can happen in this world to a little child, had come suddenly to me—my mother was dead! My mother, with her pale, sweet face, and the soft brown hair that shaded it; my mother, with the tender smile about her lips, and the love in her deep blue eyes; my mother, whose sweet, tender voice seemed still to call to me softly, though I knew how dark, and cold, and silent was the grave where she lay.

So my father had brought me home to the old house where he was born, and to the old grandmother there, whose heart he held for me now the warmest place this side of heaven. We drove up to the gate, papa lifted me out swiftly, and carried me up the little gravel path into the great wide hall, and here she met me—my grandmother.

I looked up into the wrinkled face of an old, old lady, in a black dress and a snowy cap, who
bent down and took me up suddenly, and kissed me, and then cried—

"Oh, Edward, my boy! is this the child?" she sobbed.

"This is the child—the little motherless child," said my father, and then he went out suddenly without so much as shaking hands with her, and again my grandmother cried over me. And from that hour I loved her.

I felt at home at once, in the old house. I went through its wide, low, still rooms before it was dark. I followed the girl when she went out into the yard to call the chickens to supper. I saw her scatter the small corn like flakes of yellow snow amongst the great flock of chickens that crowded around her—I saw the boy driving the cows up from pasture, and I wanted to go out and see the little white calf inside the barn, but it was too late, they told me, and I must wait for another day.

When I entered the house again, somebody came out suddenly and caught me with a soft, tight, tender grasp—

"Oh, my child, my dear child!" said a voice that seemed broken down with some grief and love, and then I was hugged and kissed, in a strange, eager way, fond as my mother's, and yet not just like hers either.

"Who are you?" I said, as soon as my amazement, which was almost fright, would let me speak, and I could not cry anymore.

"Dear child, it is not likely that you have ever heard of me. I am your Aunt Miriam."

"Oh, yes, I have—I know," and I looked up in her face with a great curiosity.

It was a very fair face, with something of my father in its features, only these were softer and more delicate. The eyes were brown, the hair was almost black. They said she was faded, that she had been beautiful in the dew and bloom of her youth. I thought she was so still, though there was some pain or grief over all her face—my Aunt Miriam's. Once, only once I had heard papa telling mamma her story. She was younger than he, his pet and idol once, he said. But she had run off and married a bad man, "a great rascal," papa called him. She had deceived them all. After that he would never see her, never so much as speak her name. And I heard mamma plead for her, in that soft, sweet voice, which I felt must reach the heart of any man, but papa answered, sternly,

"Lucy, my wife, it is in vain. There is hardly anything in the world that I would'n do for your sake, but Miriam deceived me once—I shall never trust her again."

I remembered all this, looking in my aunt's sweet and face, and I knew why now she had come forward to welcome me.

"I had a little girl once, Lucy, a year younger than you," she said, stroking my curls. "She lies now by the side of her father, as deep and as still as your mother lies!"

My aunt's words made me cry. Her husband and her child were dead! I wondered if he was a bad man, as my father said, to the last. At that very moment I heard his voice calling me,

"Go, child, go," said my aunt, in a quick, frightened way. "Your father must not know that I have seen you."

I could think of nothing but my poor, broken-hearted, solitary aunt, all the time we sat at supper. I loved my father and then that man was—doubly loved now that my mother was dead—

the very apple of his eye, "the one precious gift of his lost Lucy." But I knew, too, that he was a stern, resolute man; that once offended or deceived, it was in vain to sue for pity or pardon from such as he. But I knew, too, that that stern nature had been softened by the death of my mother, and that now, if ever, was the time to reach it. My aunt was hungry and thirsty in her grief and loss, for the love and forgiveness of her brother.

In the morning my father would leave, and neither his mother or his sister had dared to tell him that she was in the house. I think some impulse had carried my aunt out of herself when she heard my voice in the farm-yard, and that in her great hunger for human love, she had rushed out and grasped me, and covered my face with her greedy kisses before she was aware of what she was doing.

I was somewhat afraid of my father, and yet he was tender and gentle to his little daughter as the fondest mother. Still the thought of Aunt Miriam's griefed face made me bold. Before supper was over, I made up my mind. When he drew back his chair from the table, I went to him and climbed his knee—

"Papa," I said, "would you like to do something that would make me very happy?"

"To be sure I should, my darling, with your mother's eyes," and he held me tight, he hugged me close, as when she was alive even he had hardly done.

"Then come with me."

I slipped his hand into his. I led him through the wide hall, and into the back sitting-room. Aunt Miriam sat by the window in the twilight, and through the evening wind floated the strong, rich fragrance from the orchard, as though it were wafted from the spice islands that lie at slumber in eastern seas. It was not dark yet, and as she turned swiftly, the brother and the sister saw each other's faces.

"Miriam!" said my father, and he stood still.

"Oh, Edward!" cried my aunt, and she, too, stood still.

Then I spoke, it seemed the time for me.

"Her husband is dead, and her little girl, and she is all alone in the world. Oh, papa, I heard that day, when you thought I lay sound asleep in my crib, and mamma pleaded with you to forgive her. She cannot speak now for herself, where she lies so still, but I know she would say what I do now, if she stood here by your side, and because you would not answer her prayer in life, answer it after her death, and pity and forgive poor Aunt Miriam!" As the words came to me in that hour—so I spoke them.
There was a little silence—then a sob. Then papa took my hand and went up to his sister—
"Miriam," he said, "you have heard the child. For her sake, and for the sake of her dead mother—come to me."
He put out his arms, and with a low cry, such as I never heard before, and such as I have not
now words to describe, she sank into them and he folded her once more to his heart. So there was peace betwixt the brother and sister, and this was the work that I did—the blessed work that angels might be glad over in the gray old house at my grandmother's,

O U R L I B R A R Y T A B L E.

The Works of Laurence Sterne.—(Edinburgh, 1803. 8 vols. 16mo.)
Lovers of humour cannot fail to be interested in the appearance of a Life of Sterne to fill the space in the literary biography of the eighteenth century, hitherto unoccupied except by a few pages of autobiography and two or three brief sketches.
The opportunity is favourable to attempt, with the light of the information which Mr. Fitzgerald's careful inquiry has elicited, an impartial estimate of one who, whatever may have been his shortcomings, has given to English literature two of its noblest as well as most delightful characters.
The Sterne's were a respectable and well-connected Yorkshire family, whose greatest name was that of Richard Sterne, a clergyman, who, persecuted by Cromwell, received at the Restoration the reward of his loyalty in the bishopric of Carlisle and speedy translation to the archiepiscopal throne of York. A son of the archbishop married the heiress of Elvington, an estate near the city of York; and of the six or seven children of this union, Roger, the Stancliff's father, fared most ill. While one brother enjoyed the easy dignity of a country squire, while for another family influence smoothed a path in the church, and his sisters married well, Roger was sent to push his fortunes in the wars. He made several campaigns under Marlborough in the Low Countries, and there he married at Bouchain, on the 24th September, 1711, the widow Agnes Hebert or Herbert, the stepdaughter of an Irishman named Nuttle, "a noted sutler, N.B., he was in debt to him," adds Sterne's autobiographical sketch, suggestively.
The Peace of Utrecht caused the young ensign's regiment to be disbanded, and at this most unfortunate time, Laurence, his parent's second child, was born at Clonmel, in the south of Ireland, on 24th November, 1713. The kindness of Ensign Sterne's mother afforded the family a refuge at Elvington for ten months or more, until the regiment was reorganized under Colonel Chudleigh. Their weary wanderings began again with a march to Dublin, from Dublin to Exeter, and back again to Dublin for a residence of three years. They lived there in a large house, and spent "a great deal of money," in imitation of the reckless extravagance around them. The Vigo Expedition separated the ensign from his family for a season, and brought back to us the Montero cap, and the story of brother Tom and his sausage-making widow. Several years of garrison life in different parts of Ireland followed, relieved by the hospitality of relatives, whom they were so fortunate as to find, in two instances, established in the vicinity of their quarters. Near Wicklow occurred Master Larby's fall under the water-wheel, and wonderful escape from death. While at Mullingar the little boy probably attended the school at Portarlington, close by, of Monsieur Lefevre, who had a son in the army. The recollections of these exile, blossomed years afterward into the pathetic tale of the dying officer and his son, Uncle Toby's protegé.

In 1727, Lieutenant Sterne, for he was now promoted, bade a final adieu to his wife and children, and accompanied his regiment to defend Gibraltar against the "Terreur" of Spain." That duty accomplished, he sailed for Jamaica, where the yellow fever seized him, weakened as he was from the effect of a severe wound received in a duel which he had fought in a quarrel "about a goose," while at the Rock. He died March, 1731. "My father," writes his son, "was a little smart man, active to the last degree; most patient of fatigue and disappointment, of which it pleased God to give him full measure; he was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design, and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one; so that you might have cheated him ten times a day if you had not been sufficiently for your purpose." (Works of Sterne, vol. 1, p. 11.) There is little doubt that this unfortunate officer suggested that brave soldier and guileless gentleman, my Uncle Toby; while from his Irish servant Corporal Trim was drawn. Mrs. Sterne
Our Library Table.

and her two daughters—death had reduced the family from seven children to three—probably remained in Ireland, as Mary, "the most beautiful woman, of fine figure," married a Dublin man, one Wimmins, a bankrupt spendthrift, who broke her heart. A brother of this Wimmins married a sister of Dr. Delany, with whom we are acquainted through the memoirs of his wife.

Before his father's departure from Ireland, Laurence had been placed at the Halifax free grammar school, of which his uncle Richard, of Elvington, was one of the Governors. He was then eleven years old, and "must have brought with him learning sufficient to read English and to be promoted to the Accidence," according to the quaint provision of the charter. He must, therefore, have gotten over the preparatory stages at home—the "five years with a bib under his chin; four years in travelling from Christcross row to Malachi; a year and a-half in learning to write his own name. He was now to consume the seven long years and more τέσσαρες of Greek and Latin. This was also the probation Mr. Shandy's son passed through." (Fitzgerald's Life of Sterne, vol. 1, p. 82). During the two years of the seven, the school was without regular masters, to which, if charitably inclined, we may impute Sterne's sad inaccuracies of spelling. An account of the lion of the season, which was published in the London Chronicle shortly after the appearance of "Tristram Shandy," and which has been attributed to the author himself, tells us that at Halifax "he would learn when he pleased, and not oftener than once a fortnight." One of his boyish tricks has been rescued from oblivion: he climbed to the newly-whitewashed ceiling and wrote his name in large capitals, for which he was "severely whipped" by an usher; but his master, seeing promise in the bright lad of "future preferment," forbade the letters to be erased.

Sterne received great kindness from his relatives at Elvington, and through their liberality he was sent to Jesus College, Cambridge, over which his great grandfather had once presided.

The London Chronicle, to which reference has just been made, contributes the little information which we have of his student life. "At the University," says the sketch, "he spent the usual number of years, read a great deal, laughed more, and sometimes took the diversion of puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of an odd man, who had no harm in him, and who had parts if he would use them." (Fitzgerald's Life of Sterne, vol. 1, p. 95). He was not, however, entirely idle, for he obtained a sinecure, and a scholarship which his ancestor had founded. He took his Bachelor's degree in January, 1736, and received ordination at the hands of the Bishop of Chester, August 20th, 1738. Uncle Jaques, the churchman of the family, a hot whip, whose unconditional loyalty to party was fast making him a considerable pluralist, now came to the rescue, and five days after his nephew's ordination, obtained for him the vicarage of Sutton-on-the-Forest, a small living a few miles from York.

A year or two later, a prebend's stall in the cathedral came from the same source; but a difficulty which arose between the kinsmen from Sterne's unwillingness to continue his contributions to political papers, dried up this spring of preferment.

A hundred years ago, the county gentry resided in York in the winter, and balls, races, and assizes interrupted the monotonous of a cathedral town. A witty young cleric, whose advancement seemed secure through family influence, could not fail to be received into society with favour; but with the susceptibility which was always to distinguish him, our Vicar soon wore the chains of a young Staffordshire lady, Miss Elizabeth Lumley, the daughter of the Rector of Bedal. His suit was not disdained, although narrowness of income enforced delay; for "the lap of the church was not covered with a fringed cushion, although not wholly naked." After a long visit in York, Miss Lumley returned home, and Sterne at once moved into the apartments which she had occupied. Fanny, a sympathizing maid-servant, who had waited on his mistress, proposed a little supper to cheer him. The memory of the "quiet and sentimental repasts" rose up before him. The moment she "began to spread the little table" his heart "fainted within him." "One solitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glass," adds Mr. Sterne, in despair, "interrupted the monotony of the table furniture. "I gave a thousand penetrating looks at the chair thou hadst so often graced, then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child. I do so at this very moment, my dear L.; for as I take up my pen my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the proverbial tears of the word L." (Fitzgerald's Life of Sterne, vol. 1, p. 138). "Miss L.'s" heart was not hard enough to resist such affection, and we find her again in York, although suffering from ill-health. "One evening that I was sitting by her," relates Mr. Sterne to his daughter, "with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said: 'My dear Laurey, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live; but I have left you every shilling of my fortune' —and upon that she showed me her will. This generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in 1741." (Sterne's Works, vol. 1, p. 13). The wedding day was Easter Monday, March 30th. Beside her own little property of forty pounds a year, Mrs. Sterne brought with her, through the kindness of "a friend in the South," the living of Stellington, two miles from Sutton, worth about as much more; so that the young couple were well provided for in times when the scale of charges at the fashionable watering-place of Harrogate, where the united rental of the guests at one table alone sometimes amounted
to £60,000, was dinner, one shilling; supper, sixpence; the best claret one shilling a bottle, and rooms gratis.

Mr. Sterne passed the ensuing eighteen years partly at his "retired thatched house" in Sutton, and partly in York, in the discharge of his clerical duties, varied by the amusements of "books, painting, fiddling, and shooting." For art he had considerable taste, and a real passion for music, as numerous passages in his works prove. At Skelton Castle, forty miles or more away, lived Sterne's college-mate, Stevenson Hall, the licentious author of "Crazy Tales," and the Eugenius of "Tristram Shandy." Congenial company and a rare library of quaint old books, which have lent a flavour to the Shandean writings, often tempted the parson to seek relaxation with his friend. A little society was formed by the wild spirits who frequented "Crazy Castle," called the "Demonicæ," and Sterne made one. To such visits and to such inmates are doubtless due in no small measure the unbecoming jests which the author has freely introduced into his works. A reputation for eccentricity and wit grew up around him, and some people explained the reason for the name of Yorick was fastened upon him. He gave his neighbours a taste of his quality in the "Good Warm Watch Coat," a satire called out by the bickerings of Cathedral politics. A daughter was born on the 1st of December, 1747, who was named Lydia, from a sister of Mrs. Sterne. A precious child of the same name had lived but a day.

In 1759, that glorious year when victory smiled on British arms in every quarter of the globe, with Clive and with Wolfe, at Quiberon and at Minden, "Tristram Shandy" was written, and appeared at York in December, ten years after "Clariissa Harlow" and "Tom Jones," and eleven years after "Roderick Random." It was bought eagerly, for the curiosity of the neighbourhood had been aroused for some time by the rumour of a strange comic novel which the old parson of Sutton was preparing for publication. The success of the two neat pocket-volumes, published by Dodsley in the style of Goldsmith's "Enquiry," price five shillings, was as immediate and complete in London as among the friends and acquaintances of the author, and the book divided the attention of the public with the poems of the King of Prussia, "our magnanimous ally," then in the heat of his seven years' struggle,—the scholarly Lord Littleton's "Dialogues of the Dead," and the pamphlet accounts of the court-martial of Lord George Sackville for disobedience of orders at Minden, and the trial of the Methodist Lady Huntingdon's nephew, Lord Ferrers, for the murder of his steward, Horace Walpole, writing on the 4th of April to "that man of worth, scholar and wit, Sir David Dalrymple," gives us the testimony of an unfriendly witness to the popularity of Shandy,—"At present nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance; it is a kind of novel, called "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.""

The man's head, indeed, was a little turned before, now topey-turvy with his success and fame. Dodsley has given him £550 for the second edition, and two more volumes (which I suppose will reach backwards to his great great grandfather); Lord Faulconbridge a donative of £160 a year; and Bishop Warburton gave him a purse of gold and this compliment (which happened to be a contradiction), that it was quite an original composition, and in the true Cervantine vein. The only copy that ever was an original, except in painting, where they all pretend to be so. Warburton, however, not content with this, recommended the book to the bench of bishops, and told them Mr. Sterne, the author, was the English Rabelais. They had never heard of such a writer. Sterne went up to London in the latter part of March, 1760, to enjoy his triumph. Welcomed and introduced by Garrick, he was at once plunged a fortnight deep in engagements—dining among others with Lord Chesterfield, Lord Littleton, and the Marquis of Rockingham, afterwards prime minister. He accompanied the latter nobleman to Windsor to witness his investiture with the Garter.

Of the mood of the town a century since, Mr. Fitzgerald says: "Do we want a looking-glass for the follies, whims and capricious turns of the London public of that day, we have only to turn, as Mr. Forster has shown, to the delightful Chinese letters, Goldsmith's Spectator, where is shown with an exquisite humour and more graphic detail than is found in Addison's "Sketch Book," a perfect picture of the humours of the London Vanity Fair, when Mr. Sterne stepped in. A perfect whirli-gig—every one flying from booth to booth. What was purely fantastic and extravagant became all the rage, and the fashionable world was busy patronizing 'the wonderful dog of knowledge,' and the 'man with the box,' and the fellow who was making a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose. The pretensions of rival actresses at rival houses were more important than the concerns of the nation, and a 'singing woman' might well go about collecting subscriptions in her coach and six." (Fitzgerald's Life of Sterne, vol. ii, p. 4). Such a society was of all others the one to delight in the fun of a Shandy, and the indications of his popularity are characteristic. A game of cards was invented and named Tristram Shandy, "in which the knave of hearts, if hearts are trumps, is supreme, and nothing can resist his power." A Shandy salad graced the bills of fare, and race-horses bore the name of the same hero. A host of imitations appeared: "Yorick's Meditations;" "Life and Adventures of Tristram Shandy;" the "Life and Amours of Hafen Shawkenbergs;" the "Life and Amours of Sukey Shandy;" "A Shandean Essay on the Human Passions;" and even a continuation of the book itself, by a Dr. Carr, which at first deceived a few readers.

The "Critical Review" was favourable, the "Monthly" silent, and the press generally impartial; but Goldsmith made his voice heard in
condemnation. The citizen of the world ex-
claims: "Sir—A well-placed dash makes half
the wit of our writers of modern humour." And
referring to pertness and obscenity as two
well-known figures of rhetoric, he adds: "By
speaking to some peculiar sensations, we are
always sure of exciting laughter, for the jest
does not lie in the writer but in the subject."
The reverend author's free life—events divided
between Ranelagh and the green room (Garrick
had made him free of Drury-lane)—gave rise to
harsh comment in the newspapers. One of the
best of the rhyming attacks upon the gay
clergyman runs thus:—

"Tho' in fashion he's grown,
'Tis very well known
His merit is small as it can be;
The woman of pleasure
And Rochester's treasure
Are brother and sister to Shandy.

"Sure a virgin may read
As well as her creed,
What a Prebendary writes and may stand by,
Was an answer so pert,
From a girl grown alert,
By reading his Tristram Shandy.

"Tis a new kind of wit
That some fancies may hit,
And melts in the mouth like a candy;
It perplexes and pleases,
With expecting it teases,
And they're left in the lurch by a Shandy."

In May a second edition of Shandy appeared,
with a frontispiece by Hogarth and a dedication
to Pitt, then at the height of his ascend-
cy; the House of Commons literally silenced
at his name. Two volumes of sermons, with
an engraving of the author from a portrait just
printed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, were also pub-
lished at this time to take advantage of the tide
of popularity. Four hundred and eighty pounds
were given for the new edition and the sermons
—not six hundred and fifty pounds, as Walpole
wrote. The donation which he mentions, from
Lord Faulconbridge, was the living of Cox-
would, worth seventy guineas a-year after pay-
ing a curate for his other parishes. Sterne says
that this preference was the reward of some
service which he had rendered to the nobleman.
Mr. Fitzgerald finds some confirmation of the
current scandal, denied by Sterne, that the
Warburtion purse of gold was given to prevent
the gibbetting of that violent prelate in a future
volume of Shandy. The suggestion was made
to introduce the Bishop with others into the
work, and a hint of this may have stimulated
his generosity.

The summer and autumn were passed in the
preparation of a second instalment of the novel,
and in December we find the author for the se-
cond time in the full enjoyment of the London
season, not dining at home once in five weeks.
George the Third had succeeded to the throne
in October, and the town was occupied with the
struggle for place which attended his accession,
but not to the exclusion of interest in the new
volumes which appeared Jan 27, 1761. Sterne
writing in March of this year to a Yorkshire
friend, says:—"One-half of the town abuse my
book as bitterly as the other half cry it up to the
skies. The best is that they abuse and 'buy it,
and at such a rate that we are going on with a
second edition as fast as possible." Dodseley
paid £350 for these, the third and fourth vo-
olumes. Coxwould, sixteen miles from York,
was now Sterne's home—"a long, low
house with two heavy gables, and which ramb-
bled away round the corner into a great tall
brick shoulder, and a high pyramidal chimney,
that started from the ground like a buttress,
whose function it indeed served, and then
finished off behind with a low sloping roof
within a few feet of the ground." Here he
gave us a little domestic picture in a letter of
September 21st, 1761: "So much am I del-
guished with my Uncle Toby's imaginary char-
acter that I am become an enthusiast. My Lydia
helps to copy for me, and my wife knits and
listens as I read her chapters." This passage
has raised an outcry against Sterne's moral ob-
suseness in giving to a girl of fourteen his
double-entendres to copy; but his biographer
observes, with justice, that the volumes which
engaged his attention at this time (the fifth and
sixth) are of all the series most free from im-
proprieties, and that the statement is that his
daughter helped to copy, and not that she cop-
pied them entirely. A chaise for his wife, and
a pony for Lydia, increased the pleasures of a
country life.

The fifth and sixth volumes were published
a few days before Christmas, with a dedication
to Viscount Spencer, the author's intimate friend.
Early in the new year Mr. Sterne set off for
Paris, although peace was not signed until Feb-
ruary, 1763. He had suffered from pulmonary
disease since he was at college, and a severe at-
tack of bleeding at the lungs, of recent occur-
rence, had compelled him to ask a two years'
leave of absence from his archbishop, Dr. Hay
Drummond. His ecclesiasticalsuperior, always
well disposed to him, granted his request with-
out difficulty. His purpose in going abroad
was to spend the winter in the south of France,
but the fascinations of Paris detained him there
until mid-summer. Everything English was
the rage, and Sterne immediately became the
lion of the hour. January 31st he writes to his
friend Garrick:—"Tristram was almost as
much known here as in London, at least among
your men of condition and learning, and has
got me introduced into so many circles, I have
just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers
upon my hands." His portrait was painted for
the Duke of Orleans, but no trace of it can now
be discovered. He was a frequent guest at
Baron d'Holbach's famous suppers, meeting
there the foremost philosophers and wits of the
age.

Lydia inherited from her parents a delicate
constitution, and an attack of asthma which she
experienced, determined her father to invite his
wife and daughter to share with him in the benefits of a more genial climate. Several letters remain which he has filled with minute instructions to guide the stay-at-home ladies in their journey to join him. He tells his wife to bring with her a pound of Scotch snuff, and to be sure at the Custom-house to have half in her own pocket and half in Lydia’s. She is to expect sixty guineas in silks, blonds, gauzes, &c., and he adds: "You must have them—for in this country nothing must be spared from the back—if you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret seven storeys high, you must not betray it in your clothes, according to which you are well or ill-looked upon. "They have bad pins and vile needles here; bring for yourself and some for presents," is another piece of advice. And again: "I had like to have forgot a most necessary thing: there are no copper tea-kettles to be had in France, and we shall find such a thing the most comfortable utensil in the house. Buy a good strong one which will hold two quarts: a dish of tea will be of comfort to us in our country journey; and that tea-pot which we will carry also. As China cannot be brought from England, we must make up a villainous party-coloured tea-equipage to regale ourselves and our English friends while we are at Toulouse." (Works, vol. 7, p. 56.)

Wife and daughter profited by the careful directions which they had received, and the preparations which had been made, — a chaise had been sent to Calais for them, — and arrived "safe and sound, in high raptures with the speed and pleasantness of their journey." They found Mr. Sterne only just able to go out after a severe attack of bleeding at the lungs, which had happened in the night. He "bled the bed full," and lay speechless for three days. After Mrs. Sterne and Lydia had been gratified with some weeks of delightful sight-seeing in Paris, the family set their faces toward Tolouse, in weather as hot as "Nebuchadnezzar's oven." A day or two after their arrival at their destination, Sterne wrote to his friendly banker at Paris: "Well, here we are all, my dear friend, and most deliciously placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent house well furnished, and elegant beyond anything I looked for. 'Tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town, and behind the best garden in Tolouse, laid out in serpentine walks, &c., so large that the company in our quarter usually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my consent, 'the more the merrier.' The house consists of a good salle-manger above stairs, joining to the very great salle-compagnie as large as the Baron d'Holbach's; three handsome bedchambers with dressing-rooms to them,—below stairs two very good rooms for myself, one to study in, the other to see company. I have, moreover, cellars around the court, and all other offices. Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of a country-house which he has two miles out of town, so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than take our hats and remove from the one to the other. My landlord is, moreover, to keep the gardens in order—and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more or less than thirty pounds a year, and all things are cheap in proportion, so we shall live for very little." (Works, vol. 7, p. 64.) The establishment consisted of a good cook, a "decent femme de chambre," and "a good-looking laquais," and Mrs. Sterne kept "an excellent house" at the very moderate cost of two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

The cheapness of the place had attracted hither a number of English, who formed a "happy society, living together like brothers and sisters." Mr. Sterne entered with zest into their amusements, and we find him taking part in private theatricals during the Christmas holidays. Ennuis, however, soon preyed upon the invalid. He regretted the excitement of Paris and London, and he was even debarred from hearing from home, except after a long interval, for letters were eighteen days upon the road. He inveighed querulously against the "eternal platitude of the French character," which had "little variety, no originality." Amidst all this weariness of spirit he was prostrated by a fever.

The summer of 1763 was passed at Bagnères, but we hear nothing of a trip into Spain, which had been projected some time before. Montpellier was chosen for the winter's sojourn, but its climate proved as much too keen as that of Toulouse had been too damp. Poor Yorick fell dangerously ill, and at length the physicians of the place told him he would die if he remained longer. "Why didn't you tell me before?" said he, sharply. The character of the faculty in whose hands he was compelled to place his health may be judged from the postscript to one of his letters: "My physicians have almost poisoned me with what they call boîlons refraichissants—'tis a cock flew alive and boiled with poppy-seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards passed through a sieve. There is to be a crawfish in it, and I was gravely told it must be a male one—a female one would do me more hurt than good." (Works, vol. 7, p. 65.) Mr. Sterne permitted his wife and daughter to remain in France for a two or three years' residence, while he returned to England. The dissipations of Paris detained him on his way home, and brought on another fit of bleeding. While there he preached before the British ambassador and a distinguished company—Hume, Diderot, and D'Holbach, with his sixteen atheists, among the number. He reached London in May, 1764, and in August he was once more in Yorkshire, attending to parochial duties—let us hope—certainly finishing the seventh and eighth volumes of Shandy, which had been partially written in France.

The business of publishing carried our author to London in the winter, and the new installment of Tristram was given to the public on the 26th of January, a month or more after Goldsmith's poem, "The Traveller." A ceaseless round of gaieties, as usual, drew him into
Our Library Table.

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that "effort perpetul pour se divertir" of which the Countess de Boufflers complained, as characteristic of English society. The town talk was of the debates on the Regency Bill, the riots around the Duke of Bedford's mansion, and Lord Byron's—grand uncle of the poet—fatal duel with Mr. Chaworth. "The summer passed at Coxwould, but early in October (1765) ill health drove the invalid abroad upon his famous Sentimental Journey.

After a short stay in Paris, where he found Foote, Wilkes, and Tooke amusing themselves and others, Sterne set out for Italy, passing through Lyons and over the mountains of Savoy. During a fortnight's visit at Turin occurred the encounter with a lady on a stair-case, which he relates so ludicrously. "'Upon my word, madam,' said I, when I had handed her in (to her carriage), 'I made six different efforts to let you get out.' 'And I made six efforts' replied she, 'to let you enter.' 'I wish to heaven you would make a seventh,' said I. 'With all my heart,' said she, making room. Life is too short to be long about the forms of it, so I instantly stepped in, and she carried me home with her." (Works vol. 4, p. 71.) This lady was the Marquesina Pagniani, the mother of George Selwyn's pet Mie Mie. Parma and Florence received a few days' attention each, and Rome was reached the last part of December, the weather all the time like an English April. A sojourn of some weeks in the delicious climate of beautiful Naples was of so much benefit to the "still, thin, hectic-looking Yorkshire parson," that he even grew fat. His companion on this tour was James Macdonald, "a very extraordinary young man for variety of learning," who died at the early age of twenty-five at Rome, shortly after Mr. Sterne's departure, and he was buried there with great honours. Mrs. Sterne, then residing near Dijon, received a visit from her husband on his way home. He writes: "Never man has been such a wildgoose chase after a wife as I have been. After having sought her in five or six different towns, I found her at last in Franche Compté. Poor woman! she was very cordial, &c., and begs to stay another year or so."

Midsommer found Yorick at home, and on the fourteenth of August he preached in the cathedral before the King of Denmark, the Duke of York, and a great train of noblemen and gentlemen, who had been drawn to York by the races. "An excellent discourse," say the London papers, and it is memorable now as the last he ever preached. Two volumes of sermons were published by subscription, on the 18th of January of the next year, 1767. "They go into the world with a prancing list de toute la noblesse, which will bring me in £300, inclusive of the sale of the copies," write their author, exultingly. Voltaire, Diderot, D'Holbach, Crebillon, and Hume figure upon this "prancing" list. Eleven days later the last volume of "Tristram Shandy" was given to the world. A note appended shows how keenly relished had been the new-born loves of Captain Shandy: "This volume contains the amours of my uncle Toby." (Life of Sterne, vol. 2, p. 326).

In the printed correspondence of Sterne, there are two or three letters written about this time to Ignatius Sancho, the Duke of Montague's black butter, a man well-known in London, who expressed his gratitude for that brief, graceful plea in behalf of the negro, which is contained in the last volume of Shandy, and which furnishes an example in its touching simplicity to this age of loud-mouthed sympathy for the slave. "'A negro has a soul! an: please your honour,' said the corporal (doubtfully). "'I am not much versed, corporal,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.' "It would be putting one sadly over the head of another,' quoth the corporal. "'It would so,' said my uncle Toby. "'Why, then, an: please your honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?" "'I can give no reason,' said my uncle Toby. "'Only,' cried the corporal, shaking his head, 'because she has no one to stand up for her.' "'Tis that very thing, Trimm, quoth my uncle Toby, 'which recommends her to protection, and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands now. Where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows; but be it where it will, the brave, Trimm, will not use it unkindly.' "'God forbid,' said the corporal. "'Amen,' responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart." (Works, vol. iii, p. 157.)

Illness and depression sent Mr. Sterne to the peace and plenty of Coxwould, in May, but a letter of the 7th of June shows that his spirits had recovered their usual flow: "I am as happy as a prince, at Coxwould, and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish, and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls and ducks, with curds, and strawberries and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley (under Hamilton Hills) can produce, with a clean cloth on my table, and a bottle of wine at my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard—and not a parishioner catches a hair or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. * * * I take the air every day in my post-chaise, with two long tailed horses—they turn out good ones." (Works, vol. vii, p. 160).

The Lady Ina, and Other Poems. By R. F. H., Author of "Blythe House." (London: Virtue and Co.)—Those who remember the simple purity and grace which characterize the story of "Blythe House," will recognize the spirit of the writer in this volume of poems. An easy flow of thought and expression, a musical ear, and refined feeling are evident throughout the whole; but here and there touches of higher qualities assert themselves,
and an earnestness and tenderness that immediately brings the reader's emotions into rapport with those of the author, specially permeate a few of the minor poems. Those entitled "In Memoriam" and "Aspiration" occur to us as apposite examples. The narrative-poems of "The Lady Ina," "The Battle of White-horse Down," "A Legend of the Seine," and "Sir John Franklin," will find admirers for the sake of their stories and the easy flow of the smooth verse. There is nothing absolutely soaring or glowing in the strains of our author, but the numbers run on, like a calm brook; smooth and bright, pure throughout, and sparkling with the sunshine of this purity. It is a book to put fearlessly into the hands of the young, full of lowly, unobtrusive piety, fair subjects, and gentle thoughts.

OCCUPANTS' QUARTERLY (Manchester)
—A pleasant number, agreeably diversified in its contents. "Rae: a Tale of the Tally System," will, we hope, prove as usefully illustrative of this nefarious trade as the author, Mrs. C. A. White (who on other occasions has written earnestly on the subject), can desire. Mr. Heaviside contributes a pretty sketchy paper, entitled "Coming Home;" Eliza Cook a poem, "On the Death of Richard Cobden"—written with much feeling and spirit—and the Rev. E. Hewlet one on "The Life-Boat." "The Penny and its Power"—a paper the title of which seems familiar to us—is pleasantly written, and so is "A Rainy Holiday." As a whole, we regard the present number as a very fair one.

JOURNAL OF THE LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION in our next.

THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

TOILETS FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

FIRST FIGURE.—Dress composed of Indian toile de soie, the skirt trimmed at the bottom with four rows of velvet ribbon sprinkled with straw beads. Muslin under-body. Bernese corset. Jacket of the same material as the dress, and likewise trimmed all round with straw-beaded velvet, and on the top of the sleeves with bows of the same, and ends of plain velvet. Behind, cascades of velvet ribbon, not beaded.

SECOND FIGURE.—Toilet composed of a foulard dress, covered with light blue spots, bordered at bottom by a silk cord of the same colour, forming a design at the ends of the seam of each width. Milanaise corset, and skirt striped blue and white, likewise corded at bottom and looped up in front with a similar cord and tassels. The sleeves are almost tight. Collar and cuffs of fine linen. Straw cap ornamented with long white ostrich feather, fastened by a rosette of blue velvet ribbon, with a pearl clasp in the middle. Behind, long ends of velvet. Burmese of black Yack lace. Foulard is, either black or white grounds, sprinkled with flowers of the opposite tint, are much in favour. I have seen a very pretty toilet destined for the sea-side composed of white foulard, strewed over as it were with little black flowers, at the bottom of the skirt between entre-deux of black velvet about as wide as a No. 5 ribbon were bouillonnes of foulard themselves finished on both sides by velvet ribbon of a less width. The whole of the velvet trimming was sprinkled with little white buttons of mother-of-pearl. The corsage, formed of a corset incised with velvet similarly trimmed, is worn over an under-body of white muslin, made with five plaits behind and before. The plaits, wide as a No. 4 ribbon, are ornamented en suite with little buttons of jet in imitation of pearls. The sleeves, cut on the bias, are nearly tight, and are trimmed with black pearls, forming an ornament at the side near the top, which falls over on a jockey of foulard, adjusted to the corset, and is finished at the bottom with a little pointed cuff figured with plaited muslin sprinkled with black pearls.

A basquin of the same material as the dress accompanies it, and is bordered and ornamented in the same way with black velvet, sprinkled with little buttons of mother-of-pearl. Under it is worn a waistband of black silk ornamented en suite. The chapeau assorted for this toilette is round, of the cap form, and is ornamented with a swallow, which retains a very long blue veil at the side.

The greater part of the robes de voyage are of light materials, very soft and generally transp.
rent; but besides these there are foulards, fine Alpacas, Mohair, and linen. The former are very often made with double skirts; but the latter fabrics are the best for travelling, and country or sea-side wear.

The toiles de bal for the season are composed of the lightest tissues, and their ornamentation looks like the work of fairy needles. I have seen a robe of white cape, with two skirts, the first of which was trimmed with a cordon of field-daisies over a wide hem. The second skirt had a similar cordon of daisies, which ascended. The corsage décolleté was gathered at the bottom and sustained above by a cordon of the same flowers. The coiffure was a little chef d'œuvre of grace and simplicity. Fancy the hair undulating, slightly crippé, and rising lightly in three ranks formed by field-daisies mounted on a plait: behind, a Greek knot fixed rather high. Besides the obligatory ornaments of a toiles de bal, it is the fashion to surcharge the forehead, the neck, and ears with splendid parures.

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THE LADIES’ PAGE.

INSTRUCTIONS IN NEEDLE-WORK.

In working our patterns for Crochet, Knitting, Netting, &c., we recommend the Boar's Head Cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby, in preference to any other.

The Simplest Way of Counting a Foundation Chain which is afterwards to be worked in Set Patterns.—Instead of counting the entire length of stitches, which is both troublesome and confounding, count in the number required for a single pattern, and then begin over again. Thus, if each pattern requires twenty-five chains, count so far, and then begin again; this will insure your having the proper number to complete patterns.

KNITTING.

Casting On.—Hold the end of cotton between the third and little fingers of the left hand, and let it pass over the thumb and forefinger; bend the latter, and straighten it again, so that in the operation the thread shall be twisted into a loop; now catch the cotton over the little finger of the right hand, letting it pass under the third and second, and over the forefinger; take up a knitting-needle, and insert it in the loop on the forefinger of the left hand; bring the thread round the needle; turn the point of the needle slightly towards you, and tighten the loop while slipping it off the finger; take the needle now in the left hand, holding it lightly between the thumb and second finger, leaving the forefinger free. This needle is kept under the hand; the other rests over the division between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and the thumb, lightly pressing against it, holds it in its place. The forefinger has the thread carried from the left hand over the nail of it. Insert the point of the right-hand needle in the loop of the left-hand one; put the thread round it, and let it form a loop; transfer the loop to the left-hand needle, but without withdrawing the other needle from it; again put the thread round to form a fresh loop, which slip on the left-hand needle, and repeat the process.

Plain Knitting.—Slip the point of the right-hand needle in a loop, put the thread around it, and draw it out in a new loop.

Purling.—Slip the right-hand needle through a loop in the front of the left-hand one, so that its point is the nearest to you. The thread passes between the two, and is brought round the right-hand one, which is drawn out to form a loop on it. The thread is always brought to the front before purl stitches, unless particular directions to the contrary are given.

Twisted Knitting.—Insert the needle in the stitch to be knitted, at the back of the left-hand one, and, as it were, in the latter half of the loop. Finish the stitch in the usual way.

Twisted Purling.—Insert the right-hand needle in the stitch, not crossing the left-hand one, as is usual, but parallel with it. When the loop is on it, it can return to its usual place, and be finished like any other purl stitch.

To Make Stitches.—To make one stitch, merely bring the thread in front before knitting a stitch, as, in order to form the new stitch, it must pass over the needle, thus making one. To make two, three, or more, pass the thread round the needle in addition: once, to make two; twice, to increase three, and so on; but, when the succeeding stitch to a make stitch is purled, you must bring the thread in front, and put it once round the needle, to make one stitch.

To Take In.—(Decrease). Either knit two as one, which is marked in receipts as k 2t; or, slip one, knit one, pass the slip-stitch over the knitted. This is either written in full, or decrease 1. When three have thus to be made into one, slip one, knit two together, and pass the slip over.
To Slip.—Take a stitch from the left to the right-hand needle, without knitting.

To Raise a Stitch.—Knit as a stitch the bar of thread between two stitches.

To Join a Round.—Four needles are used in stockings, mittens, gloves, and any other work which is round without being sewed up. Divide the number of stitches to be cast on by three; cast a third on one needle; take the second needle, slip it into the last stitch, and cast on the required number. Then knit two stitches off from the first needle on to the third. The round being thus formed, begin to use the forth needle for knitting.

To Join the Toe of a Stock, &c.—Divide the entire number of stitches, putting half on each of two needles, taking care that all the front ones are on one needle, and the sole on another. Knit one off from each needle as one; repeat; then pass the first over the second. Continue as in ordinary casting off.

To Cast Off.—Knit two stitches; pass the one first knitted over the other; knit another; pass the former over this one. Continue so.

Brioche Stitch.—The number cast on for brioche stitch must always be divisible by three without a remainder. Bring the thread in front, slip one, knit two together. It is worked the same way backwards and forwards.

Garter Stitch.—Plain knitting in anything which is in rows, not rounds. The sides appear alike.

Moss Stitch.—Knit one, purl one, alternately. In the next row, let the knitted stitch come over the purled, and vice versa.

To Knit Rapidly and Easily.—Hold the needles as near to the points as possible, and have no more motion in the hands than you can avoid; keep the forefinger of the left hand free to feel the stitches; slide them off the needle, &c. The touch of this finger is so delicate that by using it constantly you will soon be able to knit in the dark.

Ribbed Knitting.—Knit and purl alternately so many stitches as two. In rounds the knitted must always come over the knitted, and purled over purled. But in rows the purled stitch will be done over the knitted, and vice versa. Thus, if you end a row with a purled stitch, that stitch must be knitted at the beginning of the next row to make it right.

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UNDER THE PEAR-TREE.

PART II.

CHAP. IV.

Two years passed, and Swan Bay was to all appearance no nearer his return to the land of his birth than when he first trod the deck that bore him away from it. He was still on the first round of the high ladder to fortune. Thus far he had wrought diligently and successfully. He had been sent hither and thither: from Canton to Hong-Kong; from Macao to Ningpo and Shanghai. He was clerk, supercargo, anything that the interest of the Company demanded. He worked with a will. His thoughts were full of tea, silks, and lacquered ware,—of exquisite carved ivory and wondrous porcelain,—of bamboo, umbrellas, and garden-chairs,—of Hong-Hi, Ching-Ho, and Fi-Fo-Fum.

There were moments, between the despatch of one vessel and the landing of another, when his mind would follow the sun, as it blazed along down out of sight of China, and fast on its way towards the Fox farm,—when an intense longing seized him to look once again on the shady nest of all his hopes and labours. He hated the life he led. He hated the noisy Tarter women that surrounded him,—aquatic and disgusting as cravish,—brown, stupid, and jeering. He hated the feline yawling of their music. He hated the yellow water, swarming with boats, and settled with junkes. He hated their pagodas, and their hideous effigies of their ancestors, looking like dumb idols. Their bejewled Buddhas, their incense-lamps, their night and day, were alike odious to him.

Stretched on a bamboo chair, in an interval of labour, and when the intense heat brought comparative stillness, before his closed eyes came often up his home among the New-Hampshire hills. He thought of his dead mother in the burying-ground, and the slate stones standing in the desolate grass. Then his thoughts ran eagerly back to the Fox farm, and the sweet, lonely figure that stood watching his return under the pear-tree,—the warm kiss of happy meeting, life opening fair, and a long vista through which the sunlight peeped all the more brightly for the shadowing trees.

Then over the farm, broad and bountiful, scanning every detail of the large red house, the great barns and sheds, the flocks of turkeys, and the geese, kept for feathers, and not dreamed of for eating. (Our Puritan fathers held neither to Christmas nor Christmas goose). Through
the parth up by the well-sweep, where the moss-covered bucket hangs dripping with the purest of water. Beyond the corn-barn to the butter-nut-trees,—by this time, they have dropped their rich, oily fruit; and the chestnut burrs, split open, and laying on the sunny ground. Then round to the house again, where the slant October sun shines in at the hospitable open door, where the little wheel burrs contentedly, and the loom goes flap-flap, as the strong arm of Cely Temple presses the cloth together, and throws the shuttle past, like lightning: stout cloth for choppers and ploughmen comes out of that loom!

In all his peepings at the interior of the house, one figure has accompanied him, beautified and glorified the place; so that, whether he looks into the buttery, where fair, round cheeses fill the shelves, or wanders up the broad stairs with wide landings to the "peacock chamber," he seems to himself always to be going over a temple of sweet and sacred recollections. Into the "peacock chamber," therefore, his soul may wander, where the walls are sparsely decked with black-and-white sketches, ill displaying the glorious plumage of the bird, and, like all old pictures, very brown,—even to the four-posted bed, whitely dressed, and heaped to a height that would defy "the true princess" to feel a pea through it, and the white toilet-table, neatly ornamented with a binder and a pair of scissors, both sacred from common usage. Asparagus in the chimney, with scarlet berries. General Washington, very dingy and respectable, over the fireplace; and two small circular frames, inclosing the Colonel and his wife in profile. The likenesses are nearly exact, and the two noses face each other as if in an argument. Dutch tiles are set round the fireplace, of old Scripture scenes, common in design and coarse in execution. Into the "square room" below, where the originals of the black profiles sit and smoke their pipes, Swan does not care to venture. But some day, he will show the Colonel!

Many days these thoughts came to Swan. Months, alas, years, they came,—but few and far between. The five thousand dollars that was to have been the summit was soon only the footstool of his ambition. He became partner, and then head of a house having commercial relations with half the world. His habits assimilated themselves to the country about him, and the cool, green pictures of his mountain-home ceased to float before his sleeping eyes or soothe his waking fancies.

His busy life left him little opportunity for reading. But he took in much knowledge at first-hand by observation, which was perhaps better; and as he hit against all sorts of minds, he became in time somewhat reflective and philosophical. Through daily view of the yellow water, and perhaps the glare of the bright sun on it, or the sight of so much nankeen cloth, or the yellow faces about him, perhaps,—or what ever the cause or causes,—Swan certainly altered in his personal appearance, as the years went by. The handsome erect youth, lithe and active, with keen features and brilliant eyes, ruddy lips and clear oval face, was gradually fading and transforming into something quite different. The brilliant eyes became sleepy, and, from a habit of narrowing the lids over them, possibly to shut out the bright sun, receeded more and more beyond the full and flaccid cheeks, and even contracted a Mongolian curve at the outer corners.

One May morning Swan sat alone in his Chinese-furnished room, luxuriously appointed, as became him, on his silk, shaded ottoman, and dreamily fanned himself. His dreams were of nothing more than what occupied him waking. If he glanced upward, he would see the delicate silk curtains at the window, and the mirrors of polished steel between the carved ivory lattices. Great porcelain vases, such as are never seen here, were disposed about the room, and jars of flowers of strange hues stood on mate of yellow wool. Furniture inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and coral decked the apartment, and a small, rich table, held an exquisite tea-set. Swan had just been drinking from it, and the room was full of the fragrance. He toyed with the tea-cup, and half dozed. Then, rousing himself, he put fresh tea from the camister into the cup, and poured boiling water over it from the mouth of the fantastic dragon. Covering the cup, he dallyd languidly with the delicious beverage, and with the half-thoughts, half-musings, that came with the dreamy indolence of the weather. Was it, indeed, ten years,—ten—nay, fifteen years, that he had lived this China-life?

The door swung softly open, and a servant brought a note, and stood waiting for him to read it.

Swan glanced disdainingly at the object, which he could never quite consider human,—at his white and blue petticoats, and his effeminate face, so sleepy and so mindless, as if he expected him to turn into a plate or sugar-bowl, or begin flying in the air across some porcelain river, and alighting on the pinnacle of a pagoda. "Hong man, he outside," said the servant. "Show him in, you stupid fool!" said the master, and get out of the room with yourself!"

Chap. V.

The Hong merchant's intelligence proved at once to Swan Day the absolute necessity of his return to America to protect the interests of the Company in Boston. With the promptitude which had thus far been one of the chief elements of his success, he lost not a moment in (so to speak) changing his skin, for the new purpose of his existence. It seemed as if with the resumption of the dress of his native country (albeit of torrid texture still, since a chocolate silk coat, embroidered waistcoat, and trousers of dark satin, speak to a modern ear of fashions as remote as
When the driver whipped up his modest team to an animated trot before the Eagle Hotel in Walton, Swan felt as if he must have been in a dream only, and had just now awakened. Walton was one of those New-Hampshire towns, of which there came afterwards to be many, which were said "to be good to go from;" accordingly, everybody had gone everywhere, except the old inhabitants and the children. All the youths had gone towards "the pleasant Ohio, to settle on its banks;" and such maidens as had courage to face a pioneer settlement followed their chosen lords, while the less enterprise were fain to stay at home and bewail their singlehood. All business was necessarily stagnant, and all the improvements, architectural or otherwise, which had marked the route on which Swan had come, now seemed suddenly to have ceased. He might have thought Walton the Enchanted Palace, and himself the Fairy Prince that was to waken to life and love the Sleeping Beauty.

How unchanged was everything! The store where he used to sell crockery and pins,—the great elm-tree in front of it,—the old red tavern on the hill, where they had the Thanksgiving ball,—the houses, from one end of the street to the other, all just as when he left: he might have found his way in the dark to every one of them.

At the Eagle Tavern the same men sat on the stoop, with chairs tilted back, smoking. A man in the bar-room was mixing flip or gin-sling for two others, who were playing checkers. Taft himself stood at the door, somewhat changed, indeed, though he was always fat, but with the same ready smile as ever.

Swan’s first touch of surprise was that Taft did not recognize him,—him whom he used to see every day of his life! That was strange! It looked as if time told on Taft’s faculties a little.

Wrapping his travelling-cloak about him Swan asked to be shown directly into his room, and, in his anxiety to avoid being recognized, ordered a light supper to be sent up to him. First of all he wanted to see Dorcas, to settle affairs with Colonel Fox, and to feel established. Until then he cared not to see or talk with his old acquaintances. It would be time enough afterwards to take them by the hand—to employ them, perhaps. And as it takes almost no time to think, before he was half way up the stairs, Swan Day had got as far as the erection of a superb country-seat on the hill where the old Cobb house stood, and of employing a dozen smart young carpenters and masons of his acquaintance in the village. The garden should have a pagoda in it; and one room in the house should be called the “China room,” and should be furnished exclusively with Chinese tables and chairs; and he would have a brilliant lantern fete, and —— Here he reached the top-stair and the little maid pointed to his room curtsied and ran away.

Swan dropped his cloak, snuffed the candle,
Under the Pear-Tree.

and. sitting down before the pleasant wood-fire, that had been hastily lighted, proceeded to make his own tea, by a new invention for travellers.

As people are not changed so quickly as they expect and intend to be by circumstances, it came to pass that Swan Day's plans for elegant expenditure in his native town soon relapsed, perhaps under the influence of the Chinese herb, into old channels and plans for acquisition. The habit of years was a little too strong for him to turn short round and pour out what he had been for so many years garnering in. Rather, perhaps, keep in the tread-mill of business awhile longer, and then be the nabob in earnest. At present, who knew what these mutterings in the political atmosphere portended? A war with England seemed inevitable, and that at no distant period. It might be better to retire on a limited certainty; but then there was also the manifold struggle for a splendid possibility.

A neat-handed maid brought in a tray, with the light supper he had ordered.

The sight of four kinds of pies, with cold turkey and apple-sauce, brought the Fox farm and its inhabitants more vividly to his mind than anything else he had seen. Pumpkin of the yellowest, custard of the richest, apple of the spiciest, and mince that was one mass of appetizing dainty, filled the room with the flavor of bygone memories. Every sense responded to them. The fifteen years that had hung like a curtain of mist before him suddenly lifted, and he saw, heard, beheld, bountiful, and cheery, under the sunshine of love, hope, and plenty. He closed his eyes, and the flavor filled his soul, as sweet music makes the lover faint with happiness.

He took out his writing-materials, and wrote:

"My dearest, sweetest Dorcas,—Never for one instant has the thought of you left my heart, since"

"That's a lie, to begin with!" said he, coolly, and throwing the paper into the fire—"try again!"

"Dearest Dorcas,—I feel and I know what you may you possibly think of me by this time—that you may possibly imagine me false to the vows which"

It will be perceived that Swan had improved in rhetoric, since the day he parted from his lady-love. Still he could not satisfy himself in a letter. In short, he felt that expression outran the reality, however modestly and moderately chosen. Some vivacity, some fervency, he must have, of course. But bow in the world to get up the requisite definition even to the words he could conscientiously use? The second attempt followed the first.

Swan Day is not the first man who has found himself mistaken in matters of importance. In his return to his native country, and the scenes of his early life, he had taken for granted the evergreen condition of his sentiments. Like the reviving patient in epilepsy, who declares he has never for an instant lost his consciousness, while the bystanders have witnessed the dead fall, and taken note of the long interval—so this sojourner of fifteen years in strange lands felt the returning pulse of youth, without thought of the lapsing time that bridges over all gulfs of emotion, however deep.

In fact, that part of his nature which had been in most violent action fifteen years before had been lying as torpid under Indian suns as if it had been dead indeed; and his sense of returning vitality was mixed with curious speculations about his own sensations.

He dropped the pen, and placed his feet on the top of the high stuffed easy-chair which adorned the room. This inverted personal condition relieved his mystification somewhat, or perhaps brought his whole nature more into harmony.

"Dorcas!—hm! hm!—fifteen years! so it is!—ah! she must be sadly changed indeed! At thirty a woman is no longer a wood-nymph. Even more than thirty she must be."

He removed his feet from their elevation, and carefully arranged a different scaffolding out of the materials before him, by placing a cricket on the table, and his feet on the cricket. To do this effectually and properly required the removal of the four pies, and the displacement of the cold turkey.

But Swan was mentally removing far greater and more serious difficulties. By the time he had asked himself one or two questions, and had answered them, such as, "Whether, all the conditions being changed, I am to be held to my promise?" and the like, he had placed one foot carefully up. Then, before conscience had time to trip him up, the other foot followed, and he found himself firmly posted.

"I will write a note to-morrow—put it into the post-office—No, that won't do; in these places, nobody goes to the post-office once a week—I'll send a note to the house."

Here he warmed up.

"A note, asking her to meet me under the great pear-tree, as we met—It is, by Jove! just fifteen years to-morrow night since I left Walton! That's good! it will help on some—"

The little maid here interrupted his meditations by coming for the relics of the supper; and Swan, weary with unwonted thought, dropped the paper curtains, and plunged, body and soul, into fifty pounds of live-goose feathers.

CHAP. VI.

The great clock in the dining-room whirled out twelve strokes before Swan opened his eyes. As soon as the eyes took in the principal features of the apartment, which process his mental pre-occupation had hindered the night before, he was as much at home as if he had never left Walton.

The great beam across the low room, the
little window-panes, the ragged carpet made of odds and ends patriotically arranged to represent the American eagle holding stars and stripes in his firm and bounteous claw, with an open book that seemed saying—"Here they be!—'cordin' as you behave yourselves!—stars or stripes!"—all within was more familiar to his eye than household words, for it was the old room he had occupied the year before he left America. He stepped quickly across the chamber to a certain beam, where he had, fifteen years before, written four initial letters, and intertwined them so curiously that the Gordian knot was easy weaving in comparison. The Gordian one was cut, and this had been painted and effaced for ever.

Swan returned to his trunk with a half-sigh. He selected a suit of clothes which he had purchased in Boston, put aside travelling-dress and looked out of the window occasionally as he dressed. It was a warm, sunny day. The Indian summer had relented and come back to take one more peep, before winter should shut the door on all the glowing beauty of the year. A dozen persons were crossing the street. He knew every one of them at sight. Of course there was no forgetting old Dan Sears, with whom he had forty times gone a-fishing; nor Phil Sanborn, who had stood behind the counter with him two years at the old store. Though Phil had grown stout, there was the same look. There was the old store, too, looking exactly as it did when he went away, the sign a little more worn in the gilding. He seemed to smell the mingled odours of rum, salt-fish, and liqueur, with which every beam and rafter was permeated. And there was old Walsh going home drunk this minute! with a salt mackerel, as usual, for his family-dinner.

He wrote a short note as he dressed and shaved leisurely. The note was to Dorcas, and only said—"Meet me under the old pear-tree before sunset to-night!"—and was signed with his initials. This note he at first placed on the little mantel-shelf in plain sight, so that he should not forget to take it down-stairs when he went to breakfast. Afterwards he put it into his pocket-book.

His dress— But the dress of 1811 has not arrived at the picturesque, and could never be classical under any circumstances. He finished his toilet, and went into the dining-room just as everybody else had dined, and asked the landlord what he could have for breakfast. Even then, the landlord hardly looked curious. Taft was certainly failing. In five minutes he found himself at a well-known little table, with the tavern-staple for odd meals, ham and eggs, flanked with sweetmeats and cake, just as he remembered of old. He nibbled at the sharp barberries lying black in the boiled molasses, and listened eagerly to the talk about British aggressions which was going on in the bar-room. Suddenly a face looked in at the low window.

Swan sprang forward, kicked over his chair, and knocked the earthen pepper-box off the table. Before he reached the window, however, the shadow had passed round the corner of the house, out of sight.

It was only a youthful figure, surmounted by a broad-brimmed straw hat, that half hid two sweet, sparkling eyes. Ah! but they were Dorcas's eyes. He picked up the pepper-box, and mechanically sifted its contents into the barberry-dish.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry received and accepted, with thanks,—" Left his Home;" " Summer in the Country;" " Sleep Well;" " Snow-birds;" " Wild-flowers." Declined, with thanks,—" Fidelia;" " Swimming;" " Alpine Memories;" " Far Out of Sight;" " To a Star Cloud-hidden;" " Peace." Prose. — Will our contributors bear in mind that, while it is quite impossible to make use of more than one or two continuous stories, we are always glad to receive short tales, sketches, and descriptive papers to make about five or six printed pages. The manuscripts returned to "E. L. B.;" " Duplex," " H. H.;" and our valued contributor, "Mrs. C. G.," are declined solely on account of our inability to afford them space.

Prose accepted.—" A Chapter on Trees;" " Something about Birds." Prose declined.—" Plodders;" " Our Party;" " Mrs. Bracebridge and the Two Miss Bs—-s.'s." 

* * Books, Music, &c., for notice or review, must be forwarded by the 10th of the month, to appear in the following number. All MSS. will be returned on the receipt of stamps for the purpose.
THE COMMONER’S DAUGHTER.

SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. XXV.

When I woke next morning, with but vague recollections at first of what had passed on the previous day, I had also the physical sensations of stiffness and exhaustion attendant on the treatment I had received, with the additional shock given to my frame by the overturn of the hackney coach.

As I slowly and painfully washed and dressed, I was obliged to deliberate on what I should say to my hostess and Betsy about my friendless condition. I did not wish to expose the cruel behaviour of my family, neither did I choose to tell a falsehood; I related to them, therefore, when I descended to breakfast, a partial account, saying that I had been compelled to leave home suddenly through unkind treatment, and that I wished to find occupation by which I might maintain myself.

Mrs. Tegget—such was my entertainer’s name—shook her head when I said this.

“You don’t look much fit to get your own bread, Miss,” she said. “What do you think you could do?”

That question was certainly puzzling, but I parried it.

“I do not exactly know. But, oh! Betsy, if I could but find out Mr. Benvolere, he would tell me. You remember Mr. Benvolere, who taught us music at Mennesy House?”

“In course, Miss, I do. Well, luckily there ain’t no difficulty about that; because mother has done his washing for years. When I was at Miss Partridge’s I made bold to ask for his custom. But he don’t live where he did. And, la! poor old gentleman, he be very low in the world since he were took ill, I do fear. We don’t get a quarter the washing we did, do us mother?”

“My dear old master ill again? What has been the matter?”

“Why, Miss”—said Mrs. Tegget, who, like all her class, was delighted to have something to tell, even bad news—“it were this way: he went to fetch over his sister, a widow-lady from foreign parts, and he was away, I expect, a deal longer than he thought for; and somehow the gentleman—leastways he couldn’t be a gentleman, you’ll say—that he left to teach his pupils, got round them or their ma’s and governesses; so, that when, at last, poor Mr. Benvolere did get back to Lunnon, he had no business left: perhaps in time he might have got it back, or got fresh; for folks do say he were very clever. Howsever, I knows nothing about musicking people myself, having of a mangle to look after, and four children, beside Betsy, my eldest, which it is a blessing to think she be so old, for whatever I should do, and them all little, left on my hands when their father he died, falling off a ladder, as he did, when they were a-building the Lord—well, I forget his name—his house; but they did say the King built it for him, all along of his victories agin Bony. And—where was I?”

It was difficult, indeed, to tell; for Mrs. Tegget’s great hobby seemed to talk, and bewildered herself and her hearers by such a ramification of subjects that it was almost impossible to keep in view the original one with which she started.

As I was interested in her first topic, however, I recalled it without much difficulty.

“What, Mr. Benvolere. You were saying—”

“Oh yes,” eagerly, for fear Betsy, who was waiting with open mouth, should forestall her narrative. “Well, Miss, the old gentleman tooked this deceitful behaviour greatly to heart; his own sister—a nice lady she is, and talks English as well as I do—she told me this; and then a top of all this trouble Mr. Benvolere, poor man, he were seized with a paralyzy, and now all one arm is useless, and he can’t walk; so Miss, for sure, being a cripple, he can’t teach; though I remember, when I was a girl, long before you was born or thought of, Betsy, there were a cripple as used to go about Lunnon, a playing on the fiddle with his chin, and one day he come up our court he did, for we lived in James-court, Sevensdials, on account of our not being able to get a cheap house where mother wanted one, and—”

I found, by this time, that the only way to restrain Mrs. Tegget’s propensity to diverge
from one subject into another, was to rush into a question directly bearing on the first she commenced with.

"And my dear master is then, I fear, in poverty? Oh! tell me where he lives."

"Oh, Miss, a long way from here; they—that is Mr. Benevol and his sister, took a small house in Brompton—quite a cottage, four rooms in it, and how they lives I doesn't know; but foreigners, bless you, will live where we can't. A bit of bread and cabbage, boiled soft in a lot of water, will serve them any time. Well, I wish we could live on that—eh, Betsy?"

"The children, mother, I think, would look queer at that kind of fare; they would be expectin' to wear wooden shoes next."

"Where are your other children, Mrs. Tegget?" I asked.

"La, Miss! three on eun's at school, and the eldest boy, he be errand lad at Molasses and Mouldy, the great grocers, Miss, in Cheapside, which I dare say you knows. Nice gentleman, Mr. Mouldy; he say to me, says he, the time as I took my boy to him, for I thought it but right as a mother should go with a poor fellow, to give him a good word, which, by reason of wanting, many a boy he goes to the bad, like Thomas Sowerby, a neighbour's son, whose mother died quite promiscuous like, of smallpox, through looking at a mad bull: the bull he were pursing of a lad, and a woman with red spots all over her face comes up to Thomas's mother, and ses, ses she—"

I cut short the catastrophe relating to the mother of Thomas Sowerby, by asking abruptly what it was o'clock. At first I was fearful of offending Mrs. Tegget, by interrupting the progress of her discourse; but I found her deviations made such inroads on the good woman's time and my own, that I felt compelled to do so. She took not, however, the slightest offence, probably being perfectly accustomed to be recalled in that way.

"Just eleven, Miss," she said, "and I have a long day's ironing before me I declare. Betsy shall go, Miss, to Brompton with you, if you like, as soon as ever she has tidied up and cleaned herself."

I thankfully accepted the offer, and when left to myself I looked at my finances, and calculated them. Seven and sixpence taken from my sovereign left twelve shillings and sixpence, which, with the smaller piece of gold, made my whole worldly wealth consist of £1 2s. 6d. On enquiring of Mrs. Tegget the price of my room, she informed me that, being furnished, she let it at two-and-ninepence a week. "And my refreshments?" She humbly hoped, poor soul, I wouldn't think about that; she was poor, but she wasn't so bad off as to grudge a cup of tea, specially to a young lady who had been so good to her Betsy, and who, above all, had presented them with such an animal as "our Tootsy."

"If ever a dumb beasties speak, Miss," she observed, "he do."

I smiled, and took my old pet on my lap to fondle and stroke him. The sight of the poor ani-
The Commons’s Daughter.

Perhaps inconvenience him by going unprepared?"

"Sure! Well, you have a kind heart, Miss, from the day when you were a little girl, and come to me with such a pitiful face to get poor Miss Liscombe, as died, grapes and wine, ‘Betsy,’ says you, ‘what’s to be done? I ain’t got no money.’ Well, now, and only to think your poor ma’s bracelet must go again!"

But here she desired me to stop the coach, and I was obliged to wait patiently while she prevailed on the coachman to draw up his vehicle before the door of a public-house, into which he went, presently emerging with a foaming pewter pot, and a long clay pipe, with which, during Betsy’s absence, he leisurely solaced himself.

It was not a very dignified position for “Miss Castlebrook,” but half my care was gone when Betsy, scarlet as her own bonnet ribbons, from the haste she had made, returned and swept nimbly into the coach, the door of which she opened with her own hands.

“All right, young ’oman?” inquired the coachman. “I was beginning to think you had runned away and left me a corpse inside, the lady was so precious quiet.”

With this piece of facetiousness, he mounted his box, and once more we were progressing towards Brompton. Betsy was eager to tell me what she called her "luck.”

“Oh Miss! Look here. Ten guineas, I thought I would fly high, and asked fifteen. Aint you glad?"

“Very! Very glad. And Betsy, here’s a sovereign for your trouble.”

“Oh Miss. Well there never was; but you’ll want it yourself?"

“Before I have spent nine guineas I hope to earn money for myself.”

I became lost in thought. What future was it that lay before me? I believed I knew—To maintain myself a pity till I could communicate with Vincen, and he could come and claim me as his wife.”

Betsy, on her part, was absorbed in contemplating the sovereign which lay on her open palm in all its attractive brilliancy. She was going, in a week’s time, to a fresh place, and doubtless was reveling in the prospect of new caps and ribbons to be procured with the coin she held.

The coach at last drew up before a small house, approached through a tiny garden by means of a green latched gate. The man, having received his fare, knocked at the door, which was opened by an elderly lady dressed plainly in black. She bore sufficient resemblance to Mr. Benvolere to convince me she was his sister. I sprang out of the coach, closely followed by Betsy.

“Madame,” I inquired, “are you Mr. Benvolere’s sister?”

“I am, young lady.”

“Will you please to tell him his former pupil, Isabella Castlebrook, wishes to see him.”

“Indeed!” with an air of pleasure. “My brother is always talking of Miss Castlebrook. He is a sad invalid. Come in. Your servant I suppose?”

“Not quite. Let her remain here till I have spoken to Mr. Benvolere, if you please.”

“Go in there, young woman. Why, Betsy, is it you! I did not recognize you. Ah my eyes are getting dim. I will take you to my brother, Miss Castlebrook.”

She preceded me, and in another moment I heard the dear well-known voice cry out—

“Where is she? Let me see her—My dear, dear child, I thought you were lost to me for ever. When I read, a little time ago, of Miss Isabella Castlebrook’s presentation, the poor old man—very poor now, my dear, as I suppose you know—said to himself, ’I shall never see her more.’ But let me look at you. And so my dear little simple pupil is grown into a beauty—a fine lady, and yet comes to see her old master.”

“Oh, sir!” I cast myself on my knees by the side of his invalid chair. “I am no beauty—no fine lady. I am a poor forlorn, friendless girl, asking for your pity, your protection. Save me from those that hate me; still more, save me from myself. I know not what I may be tempted to do.”

“My child,” trembling very much, “is this possible? Then come to my heart and arms. The child of Frances de Trevor must ever be held as my own. You are a woman now, and one day I will tell you the hold which, from the first time I saw you, you had on my heart.”

“Oh Sir, bless you! bless you for shelter—for love.”

“Do not thank me, my dear; you little know to what a poor household you have come.”

“I do, indeed, dear sir; but I wish to be an aid, not a burden. Yet perhaps your sister—?”

He rang a little bell by his side, and called at the same time, “Here, Theresa, Theresa’s Isabella, my sister: Madame Theresa she is called, for the sake of brevity. Her name is Theresa Montafuconi—too long a one for English tongues to pronounce, or English heads to remember. Well, sister, Miss Castlebrook dear to me as my own daughter, had I been blessed with one—throws herself on our protection. She will explain why she does so when we have leisure to listen and she to tell us. Meanwhile, she desires to know if you will extend your care to her, as I will mine.”

Madame Theresa, who seemed a placid and kind, though undemonstrative person, smiled, and hoped I would excuse the poverty of the ménage I had come to.

“Inward, dear madam, you mean,” I said, holding out my hand; which she took, and, in her foreign fashion, kissed. We were friends directly, and I felt grateful that a motherly person of my own sex was at hand—a matter I had not once referred to, when I had formed the idea of taking refuge with Benvolere: in truth, I was still a child with regard to conventional usages.
The Commoner's Daughter.

I went out then to dismiss Betsy, who proposed to walk home; and when I suggested a coach, and said I would willingly pay the fare, she protested so much that she preferred walking and looking at the shops, that at length I was compelled to detain. Bidding her farewell, I accompanied the honest girl to the gate, strictly enjoining her never to reveal my abode.

"That won't, miss," she said; and implicitly I relied on her good faith.

The evening was spent by me in detailing to Mr. Benvolere and his sister my course since I had last parted from him. I concealed nothing, and though it was a trial, I even frankly stated the engagement between myself and Vincent Tarragon. But when I had finished, my master was silent, and I read disapproval in his eye, dim as it was now with age and sickness.

"You think," said I, sorrowfully, "that I should not have left home?" And as I spoke, my own conscience was by no means clear about this part of my history.

"My child! beaten and brow-beaten, it was natural enough, in a girl possessing any spirit; but do not be hurt—I think Colonel Tarragon should have openly told Mr. Castlebrook and lady Laura of your mutual attachment. There is something wrong about clandestine engagements. Had you or your lover acted thus openly, there could have been no excuse for the violent treatment you received."

I dropped my head. This view of the case, stated so clearly and unhesitatingly by my master, had somehow—so completely are the most conscientious persons blinded by their own partialities and self-esteem—never occurred to me. I was ingenuous enough directly to own my individual faultiness, but I could not bear to hear Vincent blamed.

"I was wrong; I see it now; but I think Colonel Tarragon's motive for not explaining was most kind. He feared his sister's harshness towards me: the event has proved he was right in his fears."

"My dear, you could hardly have experienced worse treatment than you have had: besides, the very secrecy frees him, if he pleases, from his engagement."

"Impossible, dear sir; you do not know Vincent—the very soul of honour, and—" "Dear child, I doubt it not" (smiling); "but you are in love, and—I am not; that is all the difference. You see through a misty, rosy light; and I—I have my spectacles on."

We entered then into a consultation as to what I could do. At present I insisted that I should share in the expenses of the family—a proposal which, though Benvolere stoutly resisted, Madame Theresa did not take amiss.

"Your sister and I shall settle this matter," I said, laughing.

"But will you not write home?" said my master. "Your father, unkind as he seems, is yet a father, and doubtless suffers."

"I will do so," I said, "and confess where I was to blame; but I will give no clue to my discovery—unless you would have me forced into a detested marriage!"

"Of course not."

"But is there no employment open to me?" I asked.

"My dear, there is one prospect; yet I know not how you could do it. Since I have been ill the business of a suburban professor has been offered me. It is still to be had, and my influence could secure it; but alas! no hope remains that I shall ever be anything in this world but a helpless log."

"Dear sir, you shall rest now, and I will work. Oh, if you only knew how I have longed for work, real earnest work! How lucky I am! See, it is here to my wish. But" (changing my tone) "do you think I am competent?"

"Unquestionably, unless my Isabella has lost her rare gift of voice, and skill of finger. Play, my love" (His piano was close beside him. I played a short study of Beethoven's). "Bravissima! Did you ever hear better, Theresa? This child is sent as a blessing; let us accept it." He looked up reverently, and Madame Theresa, a pious Catholic, crossed herself. My master continued:—"I will write about this to-morrow, at least I will dictate a note: I can only just dot music now with my left hand."

I found, from Madame Theresa, with whom I retired that night—for I was to share her room—that Benvolere and his sister were living now on the little money he had saved, and the sale of the furniture and plate belonging to the handsome house he had formerly occupied.

The good lady, who, as I have said, was very devout, was so long over her orisons, performed before a little table, fitted up with a crucifix and religious gew-gaws like an altar, that I had said my own prayers and was fast asleep ere she laid herself on a small trestle-bed, which, spite of my resistance, she insisted on using in order that I might occupy her former one.

Chap. XXVI.

Madame Theresa was up long before I awoke the next morning, and just as I was about to rise, she brought me some coffee to my bedside. I was still in pain; but after that excellent coffee, made as then only foreigners or persons who had resided much abroad, could make it, I felt refreshed both in body and spirit. I had descended long before Mr. Benvolere had risen. He was in the habit now, his sister said, with a sigh, of resting till late, for otherwise his invalid condition made the days appear long. "And," added the kind lady, as we sat by the fire conversing, "I don't play much myself, and indeed have enough to do to keep things in order, and prepare our very frugal meals, which I sally fear, my dear Miss Castlebrook, after the luxuries of your own home, must appear—"

"I told her truly that I infinitely preferred bread and water, with peace, to all the choice
The Commoner's Daughter.

when I and Tomaso and our great and powerful wrongers are all alike dust, who will credit that such things were true facts? But they are, and even many worse ones. To ruin widows and orphans and honest tradesmen are deemed only trifles, not to be accounted for at the Great Day of Reckoning! But, till Tomaso fell ill, we had still hope left, though we were both growing aged and, alas! helpless. I scarcely know how to make the little we have left, eke out; and when that is gone where are we to get more? Ah, me! I see nothing in view but—the workhouse!

She burst into bitter tears as she said this. It pierced my heart to see them roll down the pale, withered cheeks.

"In the Plan divino
All for good combine."

How true those lines! My own sorrows and hardships at home had sent me here, to be a succour and an aid, I trusted, to these forlorn old people. O my God, how good thou art! Why will we not trust in thee? Why are we evermore lamenting and groaning and stretching forth our hands for help? Is not help ever sure to come? Lord! among our sins, when we kneel beseeching for pardon, forgive the faint-heartedness that, in its wilful doubt and mistrust, is atheistic. I was glad I had had the wisdom to secure some money. I had so little notion then of household economy, that I could not offer to save Madame Theresa from any trouble in that way; but I placed some money in her hand, and begged she would use the coin as she thought best. She was as much overjoyed at the sight, as her placid nature would permit.

"Now," she said, "I shall be able to pay our quarter's rent, which I was fearful of doing lest we should want necessaries. We have a kind landlord; but then, you know, everyone looks to be paid their due. Oh, my dear, I do indeed believe you have been sent to us as a blessing."

It was just the light in which I loved to be regarded. "And now," I said, "I will go to your room and write to my father, and then the task will be off my mind."

"And I—bless me! how talking does hinder the time, I declare; but it's a comfort to tell one's troubles to a kind young heart, after all. I must go to market, and, after that, I must get my brother up. Poor dear love, he cannot dress or wash himself. Ah, how sad! and to me it seems but the other day that he was such a fine, handsome young man—so handsome, that I always used to count on Tomaso's wedding a rich wife."

"When he is dressed, Madame Theresa, I must talk to him about applying for this business: I think I could teach very well. There was not much teaching at Mnemosyne-house, except Miss Pitts's; but at Miss Norman's I saw an excellent routine of tuition. I used often to long to take the junior music-teacher's place, only it would not have been allowed."
"Well, my dear, we shall see; at any rate you will find pens, ink, and paper on my table."

And with that we both went about our various tasks—mine was to indite a letter to Mr. Castlebrook; it ran thus:

"FATHER,—I have quit the place which, by a mockery, was called my home. In happiness or affection it has been a desert to me. I have tried earnestly to please you, and be obedient, as well to yourself as to others who bear your name; vainly, indeed, have I endeavoured to win even the faintest show of kindness, and now blows and harshness have driven me, I trust for ever, from you. I will never unite my fate with the person you insist I shall wed; and it is my intention to keep the faith I promised to another, while that other claims my promise, and continues worthy of it. I write this only to say I am safe and—spite of the cruel treatment I received—well. I would not willingly inflict on you one needless moment of regret or compunction, and you might conjecture the worst; but from any claim of a child on a parent, as far as I am concerned, you need have no fear. Driven from my natural protection, I shall never voluntarily return to it, and rest perfectly assured I shall neither forget to preserve unmarred the name I bear, or the sainted mother who, from my birth, supplied the care and affection of two parents."

"Isabella Castlebrook."

A hard letter for a child to indite; yet no other words would flow from my pen. If I inherited any trace of my father’s disposition, surely it was perceptible in that epistle. The blows I received from my father’s whip seemed to have eaten into my very soul and hardened my heart. Nothing relieved me so much as the tears I had shed at my old master’s feet: till then I had not wept since that dreadful hour.

There was another letter I desired to write—one to Vincent, to contradict the account I knew he would receive; but at present, as the means for transit were so uncertain, I determined not to do so. After this decision I descended to the parlour, and found Mr. Benvolere dressed, and sitting in his easy leather-chair; eagerly awaiting me. I kissed his poor withered, useless hand, as I wished him good morning.

"Ah, my dear," he said, wistfully, "that hand will never draw forth any sounds again. Well, God’s will be done. As we grow old, child, I fear those words become more difficult to feel and say. It ought not to be so; but it is. Well, now play this Sanctus for me. I wrote it, little guessing who would be here to interpret it. Come!"

I played it for him: the tears rose in his fine blue eyes. "Brava! my own pupil!" he said, when I had finished. "You have the true artist’s soul. One is satisfied to have thus rendered the brain’s ideas. Well, now I think— — " (naming a popular music-publisher of the day) "ought to give me five guineas for that manuscript."

"Five guineas, dear Mr. Benvolere! You will never, surely, let it go for so mean a sum?"

"Gently! You are a bad little financier—unless you have the purse of Fortunatus."

Five guineas now, child, is an El Dorado to light upon. I am not the Benvolere who, twenty years ago, could command by his name any sum he pleased from these fellows. I am now Benvolere whom people have forgotten—old and broken down. The world is not for such as me, Isabella: in fact, the world and I have done with each other. To-morrow Theresa, with her sad face and black gown, will go and sell this music to — —. Five guineas, my dear, will buy coals and candles, meat and bread for many days."

"And wine, sir, I hope: I am sure you need it."

"No child. Thank heaven I never cared for wine, or any other strong drinks."

"To think you should be thus reduced! it cuts me to the heart! Oh, how I hope the wretch who so wronged you—"

"Isabella!"—again gently—"Is this vindictive young lady my little tender-loving pupil, who took unkindness so to heart, and tried even to love her enemies?"

I hung my head.

"No, my dear girl—Vengeance is mine,smith One, in whose hands it may surely be left to be inflicted, if needful. This poor wretch, as you call him, wanted to get a lift in the world, and my shoulders, my dear, were nearest: he had no personal animosity, believe me."

"So much the worse," cried I in anger, which even my master’s reproofs could not repress. "There is not even the stimulus of hate for his excuse!"

"Well, well, I have forgiven him, and would rather be Tomaso Benvolere with a good conscience than this man with his evil one. Ah! conscience is the Nemesis which overtakes all who sin. Now, come, we shall talk together about your future."

"The very thing, dear sir, I wish. In the first place let me write about this business you told me of: I am quite impatient lest it should be gone."

"I think there is no fear of that. But my dear Isabella, how will it be possible for you, unaccustomed to such severe work, to undertake it?"

"Oh, to me work will be so sweet! You need not fear my strength. I have excellent health. I quite long to begin!"

"Well! as I really know not what else is best to be done, I will dictate a letter to Mr. Surban, the professor, who—lucky fellow—having come into the possession of property, is about to enjoy his ease and prosperity."

I wrote to his dictation, and the letter was taken to the post by Madame Theresa when she went out on one of her necessary errands.

"I shall be impatient now," I said, till the answer arrives. Dear Mr. Benvolere, I am dying to know a little secret—why did you take more than common interest in me? I have often wondered."

"You want the old man’s compliments—eh? Well, child, we have a long day still before us, and I will tell you, though in doing so I must
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Recall feelings and youthful hopes, wilted almost as soon as born. Now listen.

"I was a young man, just beginning to make a name, and to be of some importance in my profession of music, when, in one of those intervals so needful for recreation, I determined to take a walking tour through some of the English counties. At a few of the principal towns I gave concerts, and combined thus considerable profit with pleasure; pleasure it all was to me—young, active, with all the bright future before me, a future which youth delights to paint with the rainbow hues of love and hope." As I involuntarily sighed—"You can understand me now; before, you would have heard my words merely as the garnish of some romantic tale. But at that time, Isabella, however I might love to imagine the being who was to gild and share my future, I had never seen my ideal even faintly realized. I believe, perhaps, being in those early days something more poetical than I am now, I was rather fastidious in my requirements; but, after all, what right had I, a poor professor of music, to sigh for beauty, refinement, or talent? Yet, though I might have dispensed with the first of these gifts, the being whom I could have loved must have been indispensably possessed of the two last. Even while despairing of meeting with this ideal, Fate held in store a surprise destined to assure me that my romance was capable of becoming a reality. Charmed by the loveliness and romantic situation of a small village in Devonshire, I determined to halt there for some time, till my eyes had drunk deeply of the natural beauty of which all my life I have been an ardent admirer. Society, indeed, was scarce, in this remote and primitive village. At the rural inn where I abided, there assembled sometimes of an evening, a farmer or two, the apothecary, and the keeper of the one shop of the village, the merchandise of which consisted of most heterogeneous articles, from silk-drapes, to a host himself, in addition to his functions of landlord, was likewise the miller of Penrocket.

"It was only on Sunday that, attending the grey church which stood embosomed amid trees in the centre of the hamlet, I beheld anything resembling what the inn-hostess called gentry, in the clergymans, and in his family, who occupied the best pew. But, to my great surprise, in this primitive village temple, there was an organ from which sounds issued, convincing my most fastidious ears that no ill-taught or untrained musician produced them. After the service was over, I asked who was the organist, when the clergymans himself came forward, and with kindly courtesy greeted me as a stranger. He was gratified by my praise of the modest little church, still more by my enthusiasm about the music, which I frankly told him was a surprise no less welcome than unexpected. Mr. Franklyn (he had introduced himself by name) smiled: "Only an amateur," he said. 'We are too poor to pay an organist. A young lady who resides under our protection at the Parsonage, and who is highly accomplished—in music especially, though nearly self-taught—is the performer, and the instructor of the village children, in singing. It is one of the few recreations in which poor Miss de Trevors delights in.'

"As a stranger, I could not inquire why an adjective which implied that the fair musician was somehow an object of pity was thus prefixed to her name. I took advantage, however, of the conversation turning thus on music, to explain my own social station, and announced my name. To my great surprise I found it well-known among them. They were good, simple people, and expressed pleasure at being able to entertain one whom they were pleased to style famous. At this moment, just, in fact, as Mrs. Franklyn was pressing me on an invitation to dinner, Miss de Trevors joined them. This was the first time I saw your mother. After I had seen her, I no longer declined the clergymans invitation. That day passed over only too quickly, as did also after-days spent in the same delightful, but dangerous society. I did not dream the happiness of two lives was to be the penalty paid for such short-lived joy.

"In spite of her beauty, her accomplished mind and talents (which commanded attention even in that out-of-the-way spot), the shade of deep melancholy, apparent in her eyes, in her mothers temperaments, struck me forcibly after our first interview. That there was a mystery connected with the being to whom my own soul approached at once, was evident, and I naturally became interested in its source. Music alone had power to charm away this sadness; and a day or two after our meeting, Mrs. Franklyn communicated to me her friend's desire to avail herself of the opportunity afforded by my presence, to take lessons in her favourite art. At the same time, whether as a warning, or from a mere love of communication, the clergymans wife related to me your mothers history. Are you, my child, acquainted with it?"

"Perfectly, dear sir; she told it to me herself; but I never heard her mention your name. Pray go on."

"The deepest, tenderest pity took possession of my mind for the sad fate of this guileless sinner. It became doubtless apparent, in my conduct to Miss de Trevors, when she took her lessons, to which I devoted all the remaining time I could call my own—six weeks. How small a space out of a life! How pregnant with its welfare or its woe! Six weeks, in short, sufficed to convince your mother and myself equally, how inexpressibly dear each had become to the other. I do not think, when I first dared to betray my feelings, that Miss de Trevors anticipated any difficulty from her father. She was an outcast from her family, and I believe conjectured that her fate would be a matter of perfect indifference to Mr. de Trevors. Neither did the kind and sympathizing Franklyns anticipate any serious obstacle to the course of our attachment. Though, as well as myself, they might foresee objections to my social rank as a mere musician, they were yet
good enough to declare they should prefer my alliance for their charge, to any man possessing even rank and fortune.

"We had parted one evening somewhat earlier than usual, for I was about to visit a spot a few miles off, celebrated for its fishing, to which I purposed going on the over-night, to be ready for the sport at the first break of day. How fondly we anticipated our next meeting!

"A few short hours sufficed to sever the ties which I had trusted would unite two lives. One short, cold word came to be inscribed on my heart and hers in place of the glowing letters formed by Love: that word was Duty. In the interval pending my return to Penrocket, Mr. de Trevor had sent down his solicitor, with his commands imposed on his sorrowing daughter. To comply with these, she believed formed her expiation. To my mind, even at this day, it seems a question if she did not greatly exceed her duty: but remonstrance, prayers, tears, were unavailing. You might as easily have persuaded a martyr at the stake, with heaven opening its sublime view to the immortal soul, to recant and become an apostate. I heard her last words—"Farewell! we shall meet again in heaven!" And that meeting, Isabella, has long been held as the solace of all earthly sufferings, the anchor whereon a wounded soul has held, to enable it to bear the storms and buffets of humanity. No other love could ever fill the place occupied by Frances de Trevor—no gifts, no graces satisfied like hers the heart of the poor musician."

His head sank as he spoke, and my sobs became unrestrained. I throw myself beside him—"Father, my father, the only one I have known on earth! she sees us now, and blesses you for your goodness to her forlorn child!"

"Yes, like a pitying angel, she has sent thee to my aid. I am not childless now: the old man has got something to love, to hope, to wish for. Peace be with us!"

He prayed for some minutes silently.

"Now, my Isabella, leave me. I can sleep, and my early-loved, my early-lost watches over me, and whispers, 'Courage—we shall soon meet again.'"

He was exhausted by his narrative, and kissing his hand, which hung listlessly over his chair, I left him to find the repose he needed.

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SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ADA TREVANION.

The summer day was faint with heat,
At noon, when, with the butterflies,
We sought the dell, to rest our feet
Amid the mosses soft and dry.
Dead warmth and stillness lay on all;
The hanging willows seemed asleep,
And yellow bull-cup, standing tall,
Where the small stream was dark and deep.

And many buzzing things went by,
Green gnat-flees glancing everywhere;
And gossamers which cannot fly
Against the lightest breathing air.
But no leaf moved, no bloom was shed;
The faintest breeze had been a boon;
And, like a shadow overhead,
We saw the phantom of the moon.

The day wore on, till floated past
Soft clouds, dim-fringed with cooling rain,
And to our languid forms at last
The welcome breeze came back again,
Fresh from the brown skirts of the hay,
And laden with the balmy breath
Of many a blossom by the way,
In green field and on purple heath.

I knew, by sheep-bells from the height,
When the red sun was sinking low;
But lingered in the amber light,
Which lent her curls so fair a glow.
The home-bound rook his black wing strained;
The white sail sought the sheltered cove;
Day faded, but with us remained,
Dear heart! the plenitude of love.

1865.

"SLEEP WELL."

BY MRS. ADDY.

"They exchanged the kindly German greeting—'Sleep well.'—Isabella's Love Story.

Sleep well! May no vain wandering thought distress thee;
No gloomy memories before thee rise;
No boding thoughts of coming ill oppress thee,
Scaring sweet slumber from thy startled eyes;
Let not the perils of the night invade thee;
Let not rude storms thy peaceful sleep dispossess;
May guardian angels ever serve and aid thee,
Watching around thy quiet couch.—Sleep well!

I wish thee not the sleep devoid of visions,
Since well I know the phantoms of delight,
The wondrous scenes, the swift and bright transitions
That Dreamland offers to the slumberer's sight;
But be thine dreams of pleasant objects solely,
Amid the loved and loving may'st thou dwell,
Or listen to the voice of spirits holy
Saying in soft and gentle tones—Sleep well!

God may not give fame, riches, pomp, or pleasure
To thee; He hath within his fold would keep:
Yet doth He grant to thee a priceless treasure:
'Tis said—'He giveth his beloved sleep.'
Take then the boon, by God so kindly given,
And may it strengthen thee His praise to tell;
Rise from thy couch, intent on thoughts of Heaven,
And when the busy day has closed—Sleep well!
A CHAPTER ON TREES.

THE OAK.

"Mark the sable wood,
That shade sublime on mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps! as if the reverent form
Of Ninos or of Numa should forsake
The Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pausing eye."

Pliny assures us that Minerva, as well as Diana, dwells amid the forests; and Akenside, above, finely alludes to the religious feelings which the woods, as they boldly stretch up the summit of a lofty mountain, inspire in the beholder. Trees have always been venerated. From the time of Abraham to that of Constantine, pious pilgrimages were made to the oaks of Mamre, near Hebron, whilst the nations surrounding that of the Jews dedicated trees and groves to their deities. Amid the woods of Etruria, Numa sought refuge from the cares of a new, and, until his reign, turbulent people; and it was Numa who first erected a temple to Peace and Faith.

The consecration of groves was common among the Jews, and Abraham himself planted a grove in Beer-sheba, worshipping there. Moses, however, forbade the custom, and Ezekiel and Hosea reproved it. In such esteem did they hold the cedars of Lebanon, that one of the most fearful threats of Sennacherib was that he would level those beautiful trees to the ground.

The temples of the Greeks were mostly built in groves. Tacitus informs us that the first part, in consecrating the Roman capital, consisted in the soldiers entering with boughs of trees; and then the vestal virgins, attended by boys and girls, sprinkled the floor with spring, brook, and river water.

The oratories of the Jews were surrounded by olive trees; whilst in the deepest recesses of the forests, the Druids of Gaul, Britain, and Germany were accustomed to sacrifice. Virgil, describing Elysium as filled with the most luxuriant gifts of nature, also represents that the highest bliss of the happy spirits is to repose on flowery banks, or to wander among its shady groves. The Icelanders believe that upon the summit of Boula, a mountain which no foot has as yet ascended, there is a cavern opening to a paradise of never-fading verdure delightedly shaded by trees, and abounding in large flocks of sheep. We know that our boasted Anglo-Saxon race once worshipped trees, because of Canute's having forbidden this species of idolatry among them. When a native of Java has a child born, he immediately plants a cocoa-nut tree; which adding every year a circle to its growth, indicates the age of the tree, and by this means the age of the child. He, in consequence, regards the tree with affection all the rest of his life. The Tartar diviners assure us that whoever plants trees will enjoy life to an advanced age. We Christians dress our houses and churches with holly, bay, and cedar, as it were to welcome the Nativity of our Saviour; and we sing the carols of the Advent, and we place in our dwellings the "Christmas tree," with the evergreens—beautiful emblems of that brighter and unfading world, where Christ has gone to prepare endless mansions of bliss, joy, and happiness for his faithful followers.

The use the poets have made of trees is very striking, beautiful, and important. Old Homer frequently embellishes his subjects with them; and no passage in the "Iliad" is more fine than where he compares the falling of leaves and shrubs to the fall and renovation of ancient families. Such illustrations are frequent in the sacred writings. Says the author of Ecclesiastes, "I am exalted like a cedar in Lebanon," and "as a cypress tree upon the mountain of Hermon. I was exalted like a palm-tree in Engedi, and as a rose-plant in Jericho; as a turpentine-tree I stretched out my branches, and my branches are the branches of honour and grace." In the Psalms there is a fine allegory, where the vine is made to represent the people of Israel.

How beautiful is the passage in "Ossian," of Malvina's lamentation for Oscar!—"I was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me; but thy death came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low; the spring returned with its showers, but no green leaf of mine arose." Again, when Ossian is old, blind, and weary, and almost without friends, he compares himself to a tree dried up and decayed: "But Ossian is a tree that is withered; its branches are blasted and bare; no green leaf covers its boughs; from its trunk no young shoot is seen to spring; the breeze whistles in its grey moss, the blast shakes its head of age; the storm will soon overturn it, and strewn all its dry branches with thee, O Dermid! and with all the rest of the mighty dead, in the green-winding vale of Cora," Phocian, one day hearing an orator promise many fine things to the Athenians, exclaimed: "I think I now see a cypress tree; in its leaves, its branches, and in its height it is beautiful; but, alas! it bears no fruit." Very beautiful, too, is the metaphor, with some delicate flattery, where Horace represents the glory of Caesar's house like a tree rising slowly from its seed, and after several ages, spreading its branches to the heavens—there towering with es
much dignity in the forest as did Marcellus above all other youths. Dr. Blair compares a good man to an oak, whose branches the tempest may indeed bend, but whose root it can never touch—a tree which may be occasionally stripped of its leaves and blossoms, but which still maintains its place, and in due season will flourish anew.

Mythologists have supposed trees to be the residence of inferior deities, and beautiful are some of the fictions which have arisen from this notion. Not to mention any from the ancients, and far superior to those of Ovid, is that of Tasso, where he describes Rinaldo as living in an enchanted wood—a large myrtle surrounded by a hundred smaller ones. As he approaches, the air resounds with strains of enchanting music—every tree opens, disclosing nymphs of seraphic beauty, who, forming into a circle, welcome him to their enchanted grove, with songs of pleasure and delight.

Thus is it that the forest, from time immemorial, has been the theme of song, and to this day the sylvan solitude is the magic spell of romance. And truly, what can be compared to the forest? It is nature’s own sanctuary. From its ever-green moss and its flowers are shed a balmy freshness; whilst leaves, dew-drops, and sunbeams seem mysteriously to dance through the branches, and conduct the mind by an invisible power into the realm of wonders. Such is the forest, the labyrinth of fairy tale and fable—the silent retreat of useful, solitary thought.

The oak is the aboriginal tree of Europe, and early was reverenced as the Tree of Life, the precious gift of the Great Father. Its fruit appeased the hunger of the wandering hordes on the shores of Greece: in its trunk they found a dwelling: from beneath its roots sprang the rivulet that gave them drink.

The Greeks and Romans consecrated the oak to the gods of Olympus, as from its nesting branches were heard the voices of the future. In the oak-tops, the German and the Scandinavian beheld the abode of the God of Thunder, whilst their priests cherished the sacred mistletoe, strangely growing on its trunk. There was no tree for bold, irregular beauty, which could be compared to it; nor any offering such efficient services for the first wants of man—the house of the living, the cozin for the dead—the ship which conveyed the daring crusader, and the spear for the hunter’s arm. To cherish it was a solemn duty, and the Anglo-Saxon author beautifully says of it:

"On the land the oak is, To the children of men, For the flesh a depository; It travels often Over the path of the waterfowl, Exploring the lake. Let each one possess an oak— The noble tree!"

Luxuriants and vigour unite in its growth, from the far-reaching root to the firm, shield-like leaf. There stands the oak, the tree of strength, the monarch of the forest (Quercus robor), with its daring, zigzag branches, and grand crookedness of stem. This is the hoop king of the forest, to whom the eagle resorts; and hence take for an example. How fitting and ingenious the device of the English kings, when they ascended the throne, to select an oak to bear their name, and carry it down to coming generations!

The heroic nature of the tree seems to be proclaimed by another circumstance: it is seldom seen in a crowd; mostly standing alone, or mingled with other trees of different foliage. In low plains, it is often associated in the groups, and forms a picture for the painter. Such a beautiful sight have we seen in the "Live Oak Plantation," as it is called belonging to the United States, along Santa Rosa Sound, Florida. This sheet of water extends some twelve miles amidst meadows of luxuriant green, with clear, white sandy shores. Here and there, the stag, but seldom disturbed, raises his proud antlers, as if listening to cries from afar. As our little self-moving steamer passed along, pleasant peeps were obtained between the dark, grotesque, zigzag trunks; while through the deep, solemn masses of green foliage, there glided silently the golden sunbeams.

On the mountains, however, we have seen the oak in all its native grandeur, and amidst the aboriginal Alleghanies. There you may behold those monarchs, whose age is a thousand years. Reuben's and other pencils have painted such. Far above Nature's walls of rock, the roots grip with distorted grasp, deep into the stony ribs, as if they would cleave the earth. Then, the noble tree shoots and grows upwards out of the earth, slowly, but of gigantic size, even unto the pathway of the clouds. Like impenetrable armour, the deeply-scarred bark fastens itself around the body and limbs of the giant of the woods. The knotty branches show great strength; and when the boisterous north wind hurles his darts against the iron trunk, the shaggy covering of moss, lining its sides with a dense shield, wards off the strong blows. Up here, the monarch of the mountain has planted his foot—a giant hero, admirably equipped, and rejoicing to fight the battle of the clouds with Eolus and his wild combattants; while, from below, the evergreen ivy and the honey-suckle climb and twine around the stem, and the robin and the blackbird sing fresh songs amid its branches.

Such is the American oak. It has seen the native Indians, Columbus and Hudson, with the earliest colonists. It still stands, proud and green; but there are few like it, by which we may count back the boundary marks of past history. In that land the fatal axe is too unsparingly wielded against what is planted by the hand of Nature. Old England, now so poor in forests, does differently—she shows great veneration for these truthful witnesses of the past. Proud is she of her oaks, and has a right to be so. In Sherwood Forest to this day stands the tree under whose branches King John gave audience, and
perhaps in his time it was centuries old. There stands the very oak under which famed Robin Hood presided when the royal deer were cut up and distributed. There, too, is the Parliament oak, in which he held his meetings, with the green oak of the valley, in whose towering and branched trunk the bold outlaw met his merry company. In the New Forest, a stone points out where, until a hundred years ago, the oak tree stood, beneath whose branches William Rufus fell by Tyrrel's hand. Thus, the old trees of England call to mind memorable scenes and personages. What protected these oaks? The spirit of reverence for law and self-respect. This is which watches over and preserves her relics, monuments, and trees.

The Clove, May, 1865.

JUSTIFIABLE OR UNJUSTIFIABLE?

In the middle of the night of the 26th February, 1807, two men knocked up the household of the "juge de paix," of the town of La Force, in the department of Dordogne, in France. They came to beg the provincial functionary to take immediate cognisance of an alleged act of manslaughter, committed that very night at Meynard, the neighbouring chateau of one M. Jean Jacques Ponterie-Escot, Member of the Corps Legislative in the year IV.

The "juge de paix" refused to take cognisance of anything at so unseemly an hour, but promised to give the matter his attention in the morning. Early on the 27th February, accompanied by a surgeon named Valencie, he arrived at Meynard, and discovered that nobody was dead.

But in the bedroom of Mademoiselle Cécile Ponterie-Escot was a young man, half naked, raving and delirious, his hands and his feet tied, and bound to the work-basket of the bed by a cloth passed round his body. A pistol was lying on a second bed. But though the young man was suffering from some injury, it was not the result of a pistol wound. The surgeon observed that his throat was marked with such black bruises as might have been made by a thumb and fingers. In the afternoon he was considered able to be removed, and was conveyed to an auberge at La Force. There he lingered only a few hours, and died on the night of February 28th.

There was no question as to his identity. He was recognized at once as M. Hilaire Dehap, a young man of fair position and good looks, residing with his parents at Bergeres. Many of his friends and acquaintances knew that he was not insensible to the youthful graces of Mademoiselle Ponterie-Escot, and opined that between him and that young lady there had existed an intimacy which, if clandestine, was close. How then did he come by his death?

In the year 1807 there were many circles of society where great laxity of morals was condoned if not encouraged. Dehap, it would seem belonged to one of these, and his friends spread their accounts of his decease accordingly. M. Ponterie-Escot was rich, and of accredited rank in the world. He refused to entertain for a moment the proposals of marriage which had been made to him by the family Dehap. He forbade all intercourse between Hilaire Dehap and his daughter Cécile. But parents cannot always control the loves of their children. Mademoiselle Cécile did not share or give in to the feelings of her father. She corresponded with Hilaire Dehap. She met Hilaire Dehap. She set at defiance the injunctions of her family and the old-world notions of family life. M. Ponterie-Escot was naturally enraged. His sons participated in his anger. They were determined to be revenged on Hilaire Dehap. So they enticed him into their own grounds by a forged letter purporting to come from his mistress, and then compassed his death. What was he? An ardent lover, following the fresh instincts of nature, and sworn to resist everything in the cause of love. What were they? The exponents of the feelings of an age gone by—gloomy characters, who would better youth and passion by the bonds of duty and religion—murderers deserving the execration of their fellows, and the last penalties of the law.

This was the account given of the matter by the friends of Dehap; and these, it seems, formed the majority of the neighbouring population. The Ponterie-Escot side of the story was very different. A year before the catastrophe they had gone to pass the winter months at Bergeres. Then Mademoiselle Cécile had been introduced to Monsieur Hilaire Dehap. She was just seventeen, pretty, pleasant, and the probable inheritor of a considerable fortune. He was a handsome, pleasant fellow; but good for nothing, and not worth a sou. He never made any proposals of marriage at all. He paid marked attention; but, whatever might be Cécile’s sentiments, her father peremptorily forbade any intimacy. Cécile was sent to stay at a place called Gillet, with a sister who was married.
to a doctor. Depah did not visit at the house; but he established himself in the neighbourhood, and soon found means of continuing his love passages with the young heiress. There was a wood behind the doctor's house, and to this wood Cécile was summoned by the report of a gun. Depah had not the good feeling to keep his proceedings a secret. Ere long there was a "scandale." Cécile was brought home in disgrace. She pleaded in excuse, that she hoped that when her father saw the steadfastness of the love on both sides, he would consent to the proposed marriage. Depah had told her that he had prayed in vain to be admitted to her presence as a recognized suitor. Her father declared that there had been no proposed marriage at all. At the dictation of her relatives she wrote a letter to Depah, finally repudiating him; and, at the dictation of her private feelings, another, in which she protested that the first had been extorted from her against her will. The two letters were despatched at the same time: the same day.

The interrupted correspondence was renewed. The father and mother of the young Depah, said the Ponterie-Escot, abetted their son in his infamous proceedings. Cécile too was not without a confidant in the household at Meynard. One Jean Faure, a kind of Softy, conveyed her letters to her lover. At one time he had been caught in the act, reprimanded, and warned. But he lacked either the wit or the integrity to obey the orders of his master, and the transfer of letters continued. Although Cécile was kept a close prisoner at Meynard, many in the neighbourhood knew that her prison was not wholly impervious to her pretended lover. Her own near relatives were the persons who suspected least that all their precautions had been taken in vain.

Such was the state of affairs, when, at the beginning of the year 1807 (it must be remembered that we are repeating the account of the Ponterie-Escot family) – Cécile began to exhibit a morbid dislike to her younger sister, Made moiselle Eugénie. She courted her incessantly. She made it impossible that they should live peaceably together. So their mother came to the conclusion that it would not be well for the two sisters to continue to inhabit the same bed-chamber.

The principal rooms at Meynard were on the ground-floor. The saloon looked out on the garden, and communicated with the room occupied by Mademoiselle Cécile. This bedroom was only separated from that of the master and mistress of the house by a wooden partition. It was lighted by two windows, one opening on the garden, the other on a roadway, the latter raised some four metres from the lane. It contained two beds. The garden was shut in by a wall, in which there was a gate. At the other side of the wall was a wood of elms.

On the evening of the 26th February, said the Ponterie-Escots, the family sat down, after their evening meal, to play a rubber at whist. Cécile declined to join in the game, and at 9 o'clock retired to her own room. Her father and mother and brothers played in the dining-room till half-past two. Her brother went first to bed, traversing the saloon, and so reaching his room by a door opposite to that of Cécile's. Madame Ponterie-Escot then bethought her that she had need of some linen stored in a press in Cécile's room. She went to the bedroom, but found it, contrary to custom, locked within. "Cécile," she exclaimed, "let me in." "Yes, mamma!" said Cécile, but did not obey immediately. In a few seconds the door was unlocked and the mother started back in dismay on seeing a man's head, the head of Depah, appearing through the curtains of one of the beds. Cécile was standing in the middle of the room. Madame Ponterie-Escot gave a loud shriek. Her husband and her children rushed into the room. The man on the bed snatched up a pistol from the second bed, and pointing it at the intruders said, "Et bien!" The infuriated father (so said the Meynard family) sprang on him—knocked up his pistol arriet, and seized his throat with a grasp of fierce strength. The son, running in half undressed, wrenched the pistol from the weakened grasp of Depah. In a moment, so vigorous was the attack of the elder Ponterie-Escot, his victim gave a horrid rattle and fell to the ground insensible. The details of the scene of horror and confusion can easily be supplied. The two points to notice are, of course, the alleged surprise of Depah in the bed-room; and the menace with the pointed pistol. No sooner had Depah fallen—apparently a corpse—than his slayer despatched the younger Ponterie-Escot and Jean Faure, the half-witted servant, to inform the authorities at La Force. But no sooner were they out of the house than it was discovered that Depah was not yet dead, but had swooned. Ponterie-Escot placed him on the bed, sent for two men-servants, ordered him to be dressed in the garments which were lying about the room, and to be carefully watched. During the night the messengers to La Force returned with the news that the judge would not come before next day. Then M. Parrellet, with his two sisters to the family of the wounded man, apprising them of the event, and requesting that a competent surgeon might be sent without delay. As his strength revived, Depah became more and more unmanageable. Then it was that his keepers found it necessary to bind his hands and feet, and to tie him to the bed. So he was found when the juge de paix arrived in the morning.

Seen in this light, the story makes the slayer the victim and the object of pity. Such was by no means the opinion of the mass of the community.

There was an examination of the corpse. The surgeons employed stated that there were four bruises on the neck—one on the right side, two on the left, one in the middle. One only out of the five members of the faculty dissented from the conclusion that the wounds were the print of one hand. All agreed that the bandages and cords used to confine the struggling man had done him no serious injury. All agreed, too, that certain mutilations which some imaginative
persons who may possibly have read the tale of "Abelard" declared they had seen, existed only in the fancies of the fanciful. The magistrates decided that death had resulted from "interruption of respiration and circulation caused by long and severe compression of the neck."

Public opinion was almost unanimously in favour of the Dehars. And whether it was well or ill founded, it displayed itself with very great violence and impropriety. When the body of the unhappy young man was conveyed to the grave, it was followed by a vast crowd of those who were most excited concerning the manner of his death, invoking vengeance on the "murderers," and making altogether a very unseemly demonstration. It is even stated in the records of the event that a butcher fresh from the abattoir was brought to smear the door of the Ponthic-Escors town residence at Bergerac with blood, and that while the crowd shrieked applause, "Maison des Bourgeois" was inscribed on the house-front. The feeling of the more moderate of the Dehars faction was expressed in such statements as the following, extracted from a newspaper of the day:

"A young man named Dehar, son of a gentleman, formerly a magistrate, and now an octogenarian, paid his address to a daughter of M. Ponthic-Escors, ex-member of one of our deliberative assemblers. The parties were ill matched in point of fortune; and the father of the lady refused his consent, forbidding all hope for the future. As the young lady was approaching her majority, she deemed that she might keep faith with her lover, and afford him opportunities of seeing her. These interviews, however, never gave cause for any stain on her reputation. On Thursday, February 26th, the young Dehar received a letter from Mademoiselle Ponthic-Escors, then in the country. She invited him to visit her that evening. Although this letter had evidently been opened and resealed, M. Dehar was punctual at the appointed time and accompanied by a friend. The young lady, the juge de paix, dead, laid on a mattress, his hands tied behind his back, his face downwards. The father of the girl had disappeared; but the police are on his track. The whole population of Bergerac took part in the funeral procession of Dehar."

Many days had not gone by, before a crowd collected in one of the squares of Bergerac, threatening to march to Meynard, and set it on fire. The Ponthic-Escors were warned that it was intended to attack their house in the night. They were in a difficulty; for though a warrant for their apprehension had been issued, the authorities of the neighbourhood were unwilling to run the risk of the attempt to convey them to the gaol at Bergerac. Lynch-law was feared. Ponthic-Escors and his son contrived to effect their escape from their menaced home, and then it was invaded by an extraordinary influx of the friends of Dehar. A number of young men, it is related, went in the name of the parents of the dead man, and demanded Cécile from her mother, contending that her own natural protectors had forfeited all rights to control her.

An attempt was made to induce her to sign a paper, asking the intervention of the magistrates to protect her from the surveillance of her family. It became necessary to post a guard of gendarmes at Meynard in order to secure the unfortunate family from outrage. A strange state of society! Obviously the order of the new empire had not yet altogether taken the place of the lawlessness of the Revolution. Once let it be established that every man may do what is right in his own eyes, and it is the work of many years to restore law and restraint.

In the ordinary course of events, the accused would have been brought to trial before the "Cour d'Assises" of la Dordogne. But it was clear that in the near neighbourhood of the scene of the event in question, it would be next to impossible for the case to have a fair hearing. The Ponthic-Escors were advised to petition the then Court of Cassation that the case should come on at Bordeaux, and were successful in their appeal. There it was not likely that their interests would be compromised by a prejudiced tribunal; and there they were brought to a fairer bar than that of the mob, on the 24th August, 1807. The indictment was not confined to the father and son. The whole family of Ponthic-Escors were arraigned on a charge of murder.

For several days all that the world heard of was the prosecution. The points on which most stress was laid would seem to be the letter said to have been written by Cécile on the morning of the catastrophe, and opened and examined by her family; and some rents in the clothes of Dehar, supposed to indicate a struggle while they were yet worn—these clothes the Dehar family were unable to produce. The conclusion which the prosecution sought to establish was that Dehar was the victim of a "gueut-à-pens" that he had been enticed on to the Meynard premises by the bait of an interview with his mistress, and then strangled. There was clearly homicide; and, said the prosecution, not justifiable homicide. Indeed the procuré du roi did not hesitate to employ, and to insist on the term, assassination. It was not till the 29th day of the month that the council for the Ponthic-Escors family began their defence. They had chosen for their advocate a Monsieur Dennée, who had made his début, and been received in the parliament of Bordeaux, as early as 1782. Like many others, he had suffered from the interruption which the Revolution caused to the exercise of his profession. He began to practise once more when the Empire gave promise of stability and order, and died a procureur du roi in 1830. He enjoyed a considerable reputation, found in a great measure on his conduct of the Ponthic-Escors defence. His speech on that occasion is, in itself, not the least note-worthy feature of a very singular case, and no mean specimen of the forensic eloquence of the country of Berryer.

The procureur-général having stated that the accused were arraigned for "an attack on personal freedom and individual security" (it is not easy to perceive how detention of the person
could be an aggravation of murder), Maître Dennée began by congratulating himself and his clients on the starting of this notion. "You have told us yourselves," he said, "how much confidence you put in your principal point. You feel that it will not touch the accused, and it is something to find at the very beginning a justification suggested by the officer charged with the prosecution." Having given a vivid recital of the discovery and death of the deceased, according to the version of his clients, Dennée continued: "It is only too true that a man has been killed, and the accused is the first to acknowledge that death was the result of his violent action. But law, in accordance with reason, recognizes the possibility of homicide without crime. The ordinary rule, one of the few without an exception, is that there can be no crime without intent; this the law lays down distinctly, and no acquittal, that in the case of every accusation preferred before a jury, the question of intent should be argued. So the law denies that there is crime in a homicide committed involuntarily; or in homicide committed in self-defence, or in defence of another. In these cases the homicide, so far from incurring a penalty, is declared justified (légitime). Homicide becomes an atrocity when it is committed with premeditation. Then it is termed murder. In this case alone is it punishable with death. It is in this last category that it is attempted to rank the deed of the Sieur Ponterie. It is maintained that Depah was not surprised in the chamber of Cécile. It is maintained that the Sieur Ponterie, forewarned of Depah's visit, waylaid him in the shrubbery of the garden, assailed him there, and then led, dragged, or carried him to the chamber of his daughter, in order to convict him of an outrage which he had not attempted. And what are the proofs brought forward to support this hypothesis? None, absolutely none. It rests on certain suppositions which we shall proceed to examine presently, on certain alleged improbabilities in the story of Depah's allowing himself to be surprised in the bedroom. Of the pretended letter, intercepted by Cécile's father, no witness has been found to establish even the existence. There is not the slightest ground for supposing that it was either written or sent; and yet it is persistently quoted, on the authority of the letter in the 'Journal de l'Empire.' Unhappy old man! (he addresses the elder Depah) it is impossible that you should have penned a libel so foully calumnious! Its flowery phrases could never have been written by a heart-broken father. Let me believe that you gave your signature without reflection—that, overwhelmed by your grief, you were made the victim of some dishonest hand. I will not believe that you could stain your last days by an imposture contrived to found on an imaginary murder the horrible hope of a judicial murder. And you, who have believed in the existence of this letter of Cécile's, intercepted, opened, resealed by her father—you who have been thus convinced of premeditation on the part of the accused—return from the error that has misled you. Mark that not only is there not the smallest foundation of proof, but that the unhappy Cécile herself, in the absence of her father, free from all suspicion of restraint, has declared to the interrogating magistrate, that at that time she had ceased to correspond with Depah; that she had not written to him since Christmas. But, it is urged, if she did not write, she sent messages by Faure the servant. It has been extracted from this witness, with some difficulty, that he was the go-between—that he did convey messages. But his endeavour to deny this to the court, shows that he had denied it to his master. He was afraid to confess his fault in the face of the severe threats held out against him by the Sieur Ponterie in case of such a dereliction of his duty. One fact will prove clearly enough that Faure carried on the correspondence without the knowledge of his master. You remember that Cécile, to recover the letters of Depah, wrote one at the dictation of her father; you remember that she wrote a second in pencil, to show that the first was not her free act. These two letters were sent together, and by the hands of Faure. Now it is plain that the Sieur Ponterie, endeavouring to break off all correspondence, was very far from knowing anything of this second letter. It is obvious that the servant must have carried on the correspondence without the privity of the head of the family. Everything tends to disprove the possibility of the Sieur Ponterie's knowing anything about the continuance of the correspondence between his daughter and the deceased. But the notion of premeditation is strengthened by the condition of the torn clothes; contradicting, we are told, the statement of Depah being discovered in bed. There are considerable discrepancies in the evidence on this point. Some say the clothes were in one state, some in another. The Sieur Vignac alone noticed the inside of the waistcoat torn, and the collar unawed. It is the close friend of the deceased, and Tarant, another warm partisan of the Depah family, are the only authorities for the overcoat being "new" or "nearly new." The first witnesses, among them the judge de paix, declared it to be considerably worn. But after all, what of import is the state in which the clothes were found in the house of Chignac (whether the deceased had been carried from Meynard)? Might they not have been torn there, whether wilfully or by chance? Might not these rents have been made in the transit from Meynard to La Force—in laying the deceased in the cart—in taking him out—in depositing him in the house—in dressing him—in undressing him? The only point worth consideration is the condition in which the clothes were found at Meynard. There everything was examined, because the injured man was dressed bit by bit: there no rent was found in the waistcoat; only the shoulder of the shirt, and the tail of the coat, were torn. Is it then true, as we are told, that these tears are necessarily connected with a struggle in the garden? Depah walking in the night through heaths
and ditches, climbing walls, and pushing through trees, they might well tear his coat; and these tears point to murder! What reasonable man could draw such an inference? And observe, gentlemen, that Déharp received no wound in any part of his body corresponding with the alleged rents. No wound or contusion was found in the back part of his body. And since these tears were to be put in evidence against my clients, what has become of the clothes? They have disappeared. And it is hardly likely that they would have been mislaid through carelessness. Why are they not forthcoming? It is the relatives and the friends of Déharp who have made away with them. You may be sure, sirs, that if they could have been used to advantage against the accused, they would not have gone down with their wearer to the grave. Another ground for the argument of the prosecution is the fact that Déharp's hat was found rubbed. What! an ill-brushed hat is to prove the murder of its owner! There is no question of any wound in the head; and it was not till it had been all night in the room that it was found by the juge de paix on February 27. But after it had left the head of Déharp, might it not have been in many hands? Is it not probable that in the confusion of that awful night it was picked up and handed and dropped? Yes, it dropped in that room, and nowhere else. We have an irresistible proof. It has been testified that the hat was stained by dust—a significant circumstance. That dust proves that it was dropped in the room. Had Déharp been assaulted in the garden, the hat falling in soft soil on a rainy night would have shown marks not of dust, but of mud. I have shown improbabilities in the theory of the prosecution. But it is urged that the statements of the accused are improbable. Is it probable, we are asked, that a rash villain should have dared to introduce himself, at an hour when the family were still awake, into a room adjoining the salon, where the least noise could be heard? It was precisely the time when the attempt could be made with least danger. Once let the father and mother have retired to rest, and it would have been impossible. Their room is separated from that of Cécile only by a thin partition. A little later, and the house would have been wrap in profound silence, when every noise would have been audible. There was not so much to fear while the family were playing and talking in the salon. It was then easy not to be heard. Neither time nor place, then, is improbable. But is it likely, it is continued, that Déharp would have left his clothes scattered all over the room, his boots between the two beds, his coat in one place, his watch and hat in another? Ah, sirs! had the wretched man been gifted with prudence it would not have been only how to place his clothes that he would have thought—rather how to avoid a quarrel—how to rein an immoderate passion. And why should more foresight and reflection be expected in a young libertine, burning to satisfy his desires, than in a cold-blooded assassin calculating the contingencies of a crime? And if it was a folly on the part of the first to leave his clothes in careless disorder, would the second have been so foolish as to not dispose them in the manner most likely to suggest a corroboration of his own story? But, it is urged again, the window was open; Déharp, instead of disclosing himself to Madame Ponterie, might have so escaped; he could not have left it open but with that intention. I reply, Déharp was undressed, even to his stockings. Surprised in such a state it is easy to imagine that he could not run away. His unhappy accomplice, having once replied to her mother, might think that there was more danger in disobeying than in not keeping her waiting; and, as Cécile said, on her examination, they had both lost their heads. But we are authorized in supposing that another idea, audacious no doubt, but still not less extraordinary, may have struck the infatuated young man. The witness Malezon, whom all parties seem to acknowledge to be unimpeachable, deposes that, after the departure of Sieur Ponterie for La Force, he asked to see Cécile Ponterie, his niece. He found her lying down, and, having upbraided her for what she had done, asked her why, before she opened the door to her mother, she had not dismissed Déharp by the way he had come. She replied: 'I tried to get him to do so, but he refused;' adding, 'Who could have thought that this would happen?' On being asked if he had been often, she answered: 'Only too often!' Note these words with care, gentlemen of the jury: they will give you a key to the sudden idea formed in the young man's brain. He is not the first who has wished to be surprised in such circumstances as would force consent to his wishes. And it would be vain to object that the window, left open for flight, is inconsistent with this hypothesis. The idea was very probably the thought of a moment. At all events the open window militates strongly against the notion that Déharp was assaulted in the garden and came to Cécile's room. If it was so—if Déharp did not come himself into Cécile's room; if vile assassins dragged him thither, the simplest road for them to have taken would have been by the door, through the salon, and so into Cécile's bedroom. But, then, why should they have opened the window? Can you see the least use in their so doing? Once in the room, so far from opening the window, would they not carefully have shut it, in order to finish their work in secret? If, on the other hand, they threw or dragged him in by the window—although I can see no motive in a master's preferring the window of his house to the door—there would still have been the same probability that their first care would have been to have shut it after them. But, if by inconceivable inadvertence they had neglected to shut it, if by that negligence they feared discovery, at least they would be careful not to reveal a fact likely to tell against themselves; and yet we have no evidence for the window being open except the declaration of the accused themselves. So the circum-
Justifiable or Unjustifiable?

stance of the open window—perfectly consistent with the hypothesis that Dehap introduced himself into the room—is inexplicable on the theory of a premeditated assault committed in the wood or the garden. But a further reason is advanced why Dehap did not go of his own accord into Cécile's room, and Morillon and the Sieur Blanc, recollecting Dehap's report of his interviews with Cécile, even of those by night, assert him to have assured them that he took care never to go into the house, because he could see her without."

Here the advocate laid great stress upon the testimony of Cécile herself, in order to point out the extreme unlikelihood of this last suggestion being consistent with the facts of the case. "If there is one fact," he continued "which cannot be denied, it is that interviews had taken place—that an interview had taken place on this night in the chamber of Cécile. But if, when the evidence goes against you, you fall back on likelihood or probability, follow me, I beg you, the chain of improbabilities which fetters the theory of a premeditated assassination in the garden. First: What is this new sort of assassins who lie in ambush unarmed? If Dehap was attacked outside the house, if they lay in wait to surprise him, he should have been pierced by a sword, struck by a bullet, or felled by a club. Have you often heard of murderers going unarmed to surprise a man likely to be armed? Secondly: If you suppose Ponterie to be an assassin, you should allow him some craft in the concealment of his crime. At all events, the most dangerous, the most inconceivable of all follies, would be to preserve a witness who could disclose the whole. No, gentlemen; a murderer wouldn't have left any remains of life in Dehap; for could he calculate, when he saw a returning spark of consciousness, how soon it would expire? Could he hope that Dehap would never recover his speech? And if Dehap had been caught in a trap, was it not certain that he would proclaim the murder in all its damning details? You know the marks made upon the neck of Dehap by the hand which seized him, you know that that hand was applied to his naked throat. Dehap, I apprehend, would not have been naked in the wood or in the garden. There it would have been his neckerchief which would have been grasped, and you know that it was his bare throat. This alone would have been enough to dispose of the assault outside. But, gentlemen, it is not only in all these details that there is improbability; there is another—apprehended already by the heart of every father. Ponterie, we are told, seized Dehap in the garden or in the wood. There he is master of the situation. He can dispose of his victim without compromising the honour of his daughter, who sleeps silent and innocent in her chamber, ignorant of the crime devised and accomplished. The place belongs to him, the night is dark, his sons and his servants are at his orders. Can he not destroy all traces of his crime? Instead of so doing, it is to the chamber of his daughter that he drags his victim!—there that he finishes the slaughter! He covers that innocent daughter with disgrace! He disgraces, too, four other unhappy creatures—his children and his wife, and makes up his mind to live for the future, his brow self-branded with shame! Ah, sire, nature never gave birth to the monster whom I have described. Monster do I say? I should say five! The father, the mother, the son, the two daughters, all except the wretched Cécile, are a set of savages, for all aided in the invention or the execution of the diabolical plot!"

With a few more indignant paragraphs on the question of premeditation, Dennée quitted that part of his argument, assuming it clearly proved that, the act under dispute not being premeditated, was not "assassinat," but "homicide," and if a homicide, he went on to contend, then involuntary; even though voluntary, still "légitime" or justifiable.

"The homicide was justifiable, if it resulted from that fearful grasp into which, in the face of the seducer's pistol, Ponterie poured all his indignant spirit. It is admitted that the cords by which Dehap was tied had nothing to do with his death. One only of the surgeons had pretended that there had been other violence besides compression, and the prisoner had contradicted that one. The four ecchymoses on the throat, the imprint of three fingers and a thumb, told their own tale. If there had been more hands there would have been more bruises. If the one hand or another had repeated the attack, the bruises would not have been so distinct. This single deed of Ponterie's had nothing to do with his will. Picture to yourselves the situation of the unhappy father at the moment of his entry into the room of his daughter! Everything is calculated to prevent reflection, to scatter reason, to breed rage. It is not he who acts: all his moral faculties are chained: he has no will; an invincible instinct hurries him on. In the violence of his transport he does not reason from sense to effects; foresees no results. If he inflicts death, the act is not that of reason, but of despair; and without reason there is no will. (It is curious to notice the different theories of psychology professed by counsel on different sides of a question). You cannot say, then, gentlemen, that the homicide of Dehap was voluntarily committed; and where there is no volition there is no crime. But should a transport of uncontrollable rage seem in your eyes a volition, even in that case you must conclude that the act which followed that volition was justifiable. In 'homicide légitime,' says the law, there is no crime; and it defines such homicide to be 'that which is indispensably necessary to the defence of self or others.' Was there indispensable necessity of defence in the case of the Sieur Ponterie? Was his defence justifiable? That pistol with which Dehap was armed—it has been contended that it was provided to give a love-signal. A ridiculous supposition, because the whole family would have
heard the explosion; and besides, is it necessary to load a pistol with ball in order to give a signal? But Ponterie, we are told, put the ball in the pistol; that ball did not fit the barrel, and the paper which formed the wadding was covered with the handwriting of Dehap. Ponterie, then, was plainly obliged to defend himself. I could hardly trust my own ears when I heard the suggestion that he might have got out of the way. O shame! O horror! Protectors of society—avengers of the outraged morality of a nation—may accusations like this fall on our own heads, if, to rebut them, we must descend to the indignity of such a thought! Ponterie acted in self-defence; he ought to have acted in self-defence. Shame on him who doubts the lawfulness of such an answer to the charge. Jury, you have felt the strength of the eloquent voice of the accuser. You know that his thundering words have given us no quarter. He has made the most of everything which seems to turn against us. We may fail, there is no use in saying his words, when, in spite of himself, an opinion dictated by his profound sagacity falls from him in our favour. He has told you that, if the Ponteries are to be believed, you can have little hesitation in pronouncing the justifiableness of the deed."

After the capital charge was discussed, the court proceeded to try the lesser issue as to the "attentat à la liberté individuelle"—a count of which it is not easy to appreciate the logical consistency. If Ponterie was justified in killing Dehap, he was surely justified in detention of his person. If he was guilty of murder, it could not tell much in his favour that he had done perfectly right in binding him to the bed. Perhaps the most powerful part of Dennée’s address is that in which he pleads for the entire justification of a man placed in such circumstances as those of his clients, on the broadest ground of religion and morality. But these points are rather general than special. Considering the turgid and exaggerated style of most of the orations of the bar of the first empire, Dennée’s speech was forcible, elegant, and ingenious. The passages cited will indicate the line taken as well by the prosecution as by the defence. There is clearly much that is mysterious about the matter. A great deal might be, as a great deal was, said on both sides; and in spite of Maître Dennée’s eloquence, some of the jury, as they proceeded to deliberate on their verdict, felt, no doubt, not a little puzzled. The verdict—as is so often the case with English as well as foreign verdicts—was not the least extraordinary part of an extraordinary trial. They said unanimously, “Not guilty” on the chief count of murder. If Ponterie-Escot had not committed murder, he had committed justifiable homicide. If he was justifiable in the eyes of the law, he was innocent. No, said the jury, not innocent. Certain points as to “personal violence,” “excess of violence,” had been left to them by the court. On these they found the prisoners guilty, and the Ponterie-Escot family were actually condemned to a year’s imprisonment and a fine of 26,000 fr. (£1,040) for excess of violence to a man whom they were justified in killing. It is difficult to see how the collateral issue could have been raised at all. But that it should have been decided differently from the main accusation of murder is inexplicable. A man may be acquitted of murder and convicted of manslaughter. But the mind is hopelessly puzzled at the idea of one man’s being perfectly justified in killing another, but wrong in assaulting him. The idea in the mind of the jury probably was that Ponterie did not mean to kill Dehap, and therefore could not be convicted of murder, but that he had killed him and need not have killed him, and therefore ought to be convicted of something. At any rate, there was a general opinion abroad that it was a sad thing that Dehap should have died. The justification of the act which caused death really covered all the minor points. But did Ponterie know of Dehap’s coming? Was that really a surprise? Did the murderer or the murder come stealthily on a sleeping victim? Did Cécile, having lost her lover, lie to save her father, brother, sisters? The narrative of the trial does not remove all doubt.

The Chimney-corner. The old chimney-corner! It is endearing to the heart from the earliest recollections. What dreams have been dreamed there! What stories told! What bright hours passed! It was a place to think in, a place to weep in, to laugh in, and much the cosiest place in the house to rest in. It was there where dear old gramma used to sit at her knitting, warming her poor old rheumatic back against the warm wall; where grandpa used to fall asleep over his newspaper; where mamma used to place her work-table, and read in the great armchair. It was there where you used to read fairy tales in your childhood, folded all so snug, and warm, and cozy, in its warm lap, while the wind of a winter’s night was whistling without. Your favourite plum-cake was never so sweet as when eaten there, and the stories you read by the sitting-room fireside were never so fascinating as those read in the chimney-corner. If you were sad, you went there to cry. If you were merry, you, with your brothers and sisters, nestled there to have a right merry time. Even the pup and the old house-dog loved the old chimney-corner. Look back to the old house, where every room, every nook is so full of pleasant recollections—the family sitting-room, where were so many happy meetings; your own chamber, with its little window, where the sun came peeping in at morn; mother’s room, still sacred with her presence. But, after all, the brightest memories cluster about the chimney-corner. You long to be folded in its faithful old bosom again, as you were in childhood, and have a good cry over all those past happy times. It is desolate now. The bright faces that clustered there of yore will never come back again. Black and dingy are the loved walls, and the smoke from the fire never makes them warm any more. But still memory sets up some of the holiest and most beautiful statues of her carving in the old chimney-corner!
PAUL BLECCKER.

A Story in Three Parts.

"Which serves life's purpose best, To enjoy or to renounce?"

PART I.

A thorough American, who comprehends what America has to do, and means to help on with it, ought to choose to be born in New England, for the vitalized brain, finely chored nerves, steely self-control; then to go West, for more live muscular passion, succulent manhood, naked-handed grip of his work. But when he wants to die, by all means let him hunt out a town in the valley of Pennsylvania or Virginia: Nature and man are so ineffably self-contained, content with that which is, shut in from the outer surge, putting forth their little peculiarities, as tranquil and glad to be alive as if they were pulseless sea-anemones, and after a while going back to the Being whence they came, just as tranquil and glad to be dead.

Paul Blecker had some such fancy as this, that last evening before the regiment of which he was surgeon started for Harper's Ferry, while he and the Captain were coming from camp by the hill-road into the village (orburgh: there are no villages in Pennsylvania). Nothing was lost on Blecker; his wide nervous eyes took all in: the age and complacent quiet of this nook of the world, the full-blooded Nature asleep in the yellow June sunset; why! she had been asleep there since the beginning, he knew. The very Indians in these hills must have been a fishing, drowsy crew; their names and graves yet dreamily haunted the farms and creek-shores. The Covenanters who came after them never had roused themselves enough to shake them off. Covenanters! The Doctor began joking to himself, as he walked along, humming some tune, about how the spirit of every sect came out, always alike, in the temperament, the very cut of the face, or whim of accent. These descendants of the Covenanters, now,—Presbyterian elders and their wives,—going down to camp to bid their boys good-bye, devoted them to death with just as stern integrity, as partial a view of the right, as their ancestors did theirs at Naseby or Drumclog: their religion loved its friends and hated its enemies just as bitterly as when it scowled at Monmouth; the "boys," no doubt, would call themselves Roundheads, as they had done in the three months' service. Paul Blecker, who had seen a good many sides of the world, laughed to himself: the very Captain here, good, anxious, innocent as a baby, as he was, who looked at the world exactly through Balfour of Burley's dead eyes, was going to cure the disease of it by the old pill of intolerance and bigotry. No wonder Paul laughed.

The sobered Quaker evening was making ready for night: the yellow warmth overhead thinning into tintless space; the low hills drawing farther off in the melancholy light; the sky sinking nearer; clouds, unsteady all day, softened at last into a thoughtful purple, and crouching themselves slowly in the hollows of the horizon; the sweep of cornfields and woods and distant farms growing dim, daguerreotype-like; the tinkle of the sheep-bells on the meadows, the shouts of the boys in camp yonder, the bass drone of the frogs in the swamp dulling down into the remoteness of sleep. The Doctor slackened his sharp, jerking stride, and fell into the monotonous gait of his companion, glancing up to him. Mc Kinstry, he thought, was going out to battle to-morrow with just as cool phlegm and childlike content as he would set out to buy his merino ewes; but he would receive no pay—meant to transfer it to his men. And he would be in the thickest of the fight, you might bet on that. Ump! with his big, leisurely frame, his neat yellow hair, and the blue eyes mildly peering through spectacles. Then, having satisfactorily anatomized McKinstry, he turned to the evening again with open senses, the sensitive pulsing of his wide nostrils telling that even the milky scent of the full-udder'd cows gave him keen enjoyment. The cows were going home from pasture, up shady barn-lanes, into the greyer shadows about the houses on either side of the road, in whose windows lights were beginning to glimmer. Solid old homesteads they were, stone or brick, never wood. Out in these Western settlements, a hundred years ago, they built durable homes, curiously enough, more than in the Northern States; planted oaks about them, that bore the strength of the earth up to heaven in sturdy arms, shaming the graceful, uncertain elm of shallower soile. Just such old farm-houses as those, Blecker thought, would turn out such old-time moulded men as McKinstry—houses whose orchards still held on to the Wallaces and Smoke-house apples; their gardens gay with hollyboughs and crimson prince's-feather; on the book-shelves the "Spectator" and "Gentleman's Magazine." The women of them kept up the old-fashioned knitting-parties.
Paul Blecker.

and a donation-visit to the pastor once a year; and the men were all gone to the war, to keep the Union as it was in their fathers' time, and would doubtless vote the conservative ticket next election because their fathers did, which would make the war a horrible farce. The town, Blecker thought, had rooted itself in between the hills with as solid a persistence as the prejudices of its builders. Obstinately steep streets, shaded by gnarled locust-trees—houses drawn back from the side-walks, in surly dread of all new-comers—the very smoke, vapouring through the sky, had defiance in it of the outer barbarous world and its vulgar newness. Yet the town had an honest country heart in it, if it was a bit grey and crusty with age. Blecker, knowing it as he did, did not wonder the boys who left it named a village for it out in Kansas, trying to fancy themselves at home—or that one old beggar in it asked to be buried in the middle of the street, "So's I kin hear the stages a-comin' in, an' know if the old place is a-gittin' on."

There seemed to be a migration from it tonight: they met, every minute, buggies, old-fashioned carriages, horsemen.

"Going out to camp," McKinstry said; "the boys all have some one to bid them good-bye."

What a lonely, reserved voice the man had! Blecker had the curiosity of all sensitive men to know the soul-history of people; he glanced again keenly in McKinstry's face. Phah! one might as well ask their story from the deaf and dumb. But that they were dumb—there was hint of a tragedy in that!

Everybody stopped to speak to the Doctor. He had been but a few months in the place; but the old churchgoers had found him out as a passionate, free-and-easy, honourable fellow, full of joke and anecdote—shrewd, too. They "fell-shipped" 14 with him heartily, and were glad when he got the post of surgeon with their sons. If there were anything more astringent below this, any more real self in the man, held back, belonging to a world outside of theirs, they did not see it. They knew him better, they thought, than they did Daniel McKinstry, who had grown up among them, just as mild and silent when he was a tow-haired boy as now, a man of forty-five. He touched his hat to them now, and went on; while Blecker leaned on the carriagedoors, his brown face ag low with fun, his uneasy fingers drumming boyishly on the panel. Not knowing that through the changeful face, and fierce, pitiful eyes of the boy, the man Paul Blecker looked coolly out, testing, labelling them. The boy in him, that they saw, Nature had made; but years of a hand-to-hand fight with starvation came after—crime, and society, whose work is later than Nature's, and sometimes better done.

"Fine girl!" said the Doctor, touching his hat to Miss Mallard, as she cantered past.

"Got a head of her own, too. Made a deuced good speech when she presented the flag today."

Miss Mallard overheard him, as he intended she should, and blushed a visible acknowledgment. All of her character was visible, well developed as her body: her timidity showed itself in the unceasing dropping of her eyelids; her arch simplicity in the pouting lips; a coy reserve—well, that everywhere, and her patriotism was quite palpable in the colour of her Balmoral. She rode Squire Mallard's grey.

"And very well they turn out," sneered Blecker.

"She is a woman," said the Captain, blushing,—differently from the lady, however.

"And if she is?" turning suddenly. "She has the nature of a Bowery rough. Pah, McKinstry! Sexes stand alike with me. If a woman's flesh is weaker-grained a bit, what of that? Whoever would earn esteem must work for it."

The Captain said nothing, stammered a little, then, hoisting his foot on a stump, tied his shoe nervously.

Blecker smiled, a queer, sorrowful smile, as if, oddly enough, he felt sorry for himself. "I'd like to think of women as you do, Mac," he said. "You never knew many?"

"Only two, until now,—my mother and little Sarah. They're gone now."

Sarah? The Doctor was silent a moment, thinking. He had heard of a sister of McKinstry's, sick for years with some terrible disease, whom he had nursed until the end. She was Sarah, most likely. Well, that was what his life had been given up for, was it? There was a twitching about McKinstry's wide mouth: Paul looked away from him a moment, and then, glancing furtively back, began again:

"No, I never knew my mother or sister, Mac. The great discovery of this age is woman, old fellow! I've been knocked about too much not to have lost all delusion about them. It did well enough for the crusading times to hold them as angels in theory, and in practice as idiots; but in these rough-and-tumble days we'd better give 'em their places as flesh and blood, with exactly such wants and passions as me."

The Captain never argued. "I don't know," he said, dryly.

After that he jogged on in silence, glancing askance at the masculine self-assertant figure of his companion—at the face, acrid, unyielding, beneath its surface-heat; ruminating mildly to himself on what a good thing it was for him never to have known any but old-fashioned women. This Blecker, now, had been made by intercourse with such women as those he talked of: he came from the North. The Captain looked at him with a vague, moony compassion: the usual Western vision of a Yankee female in his head—Bloomerclad, hatchet-faced, capable of anything, from courting a husband to commanding a ship. "(It is all your fault, genuine women of New England! Why don't you come among us, and know your country, and let your country know you? Better learn the meaning of Chicago than of Venice, for your own sakes, believe me)."

L 2
They were near the town now, the road crossing a railroad-track, where the hill, chopped apart for the gradient, left bare the black stratum of coal tined here and there with a reddish brown and whitish shale.

"Hello! this means iron," said the Doctor, climbing up the bank, cat-like, to break off a bit; "and here's an odd formation, Mac. Take it to old Gurney." The Captain cleaned his spectacles with a piece of chamois-leather, put them on, folded the leather and replaced it in its especial place in his pocket, before he took the bit of rock.

"All that finical ceremony he would go through in the face of the enemy," thought Blecker, jumping down on the track.

"Give it to old Gurney, Mac. It will ensure you a welcome."  

"It is curious, Doctor Blecker. But you"—

"I never care to gratify anybody. Besides, the old gentleman and I are two. Our instincts cried out, 'Ware dog! the first day. You are a friend of his, eh, Mac?" The Captain's face turned red, like a bashful woman's. He thought Blecker had divined his secret—would haul it out roughly in another moment. If this slang-talking Yankee should take little Lizzy's name into his mouth! But the Doctor was silent, even looked away until the heat on the poor old bachelor's face had died out. He knew McKinstry's thought of that little girl well enough, but he held the child-hearted man's secret tenderly and charitably in his hand. Paul Blecker did talk slang and assert himself; but every impulse in him was clean, delicate, liberal. So, Paul remaining silent, the Captain took heart of grace, going down the street, and ventured back to the Gurney question.

"I thought I would accompany you there, Doctor Blecker. They might only think it seemly in me to bid farewell." —

Blecker nodded. The man had not been able to hide an harassed frown that day under his usual vigour of speech and look. It became more palpable after this; his voice, when he did speak, was fretful, irritable—his lips compressed; he stopped at a village-well to drink, as though his mouth were parched.

"How old is that house—the Gurneys'?' he asked, affecting carelessness, to baffle the curious inspection of McKinstry.

"The Fort? We call it the Fort because it was used for one in Indian times," McKinstry began, clasping his lean whiskers delightedly. Old houses were his hobby, especially this which they approached—a narrow, long building of unhewn stone, facing on the street, the lintels and doors worm-eaten, and green with moss. "Built by Bradford, the new part,—Bradford, of the Whiskey Insurrection, you know! Carvings on the walls brought over the mountains, when to bring them by panels was a two-months' journey. There's queer stories hang about these old Pennsylvanian homesteads."

"Bradford? The Gurneys are a new family here, then?"

"Came here but a few years back, from a country farther up the mountains. They're different from us."

"How, different?" with a keen, surprised glance. "I see they are a newer people than the others; but I thought the village accepted them with shut eyes."

The Captain stammered again, "Old Father Gurney, as we call him, taught school when they first came, but he gave that up. This section is a good geological field, and he wished to devote himself to that," he went on, evading the question. "They live off of those acres at the back of the house since that. You see? Corn, potatoes, buckwheat—good yield."

"Who oversees the planting?" sharply.

McKinstry wondered vaguely at the little Doctor's curious interest in the Gurneys, but went on with his torpid, slow answers: "That eldest girl, I believe—Gray. Cow ther, you see, and ducks. He's popular, old Father Gurney. People have a liking for his queer ways, help him collect specimens for his cabinet; the boys bring to stuff, and snakes. If it hadn't been for the troubles breaking out, he was on the eve of a most important discovery—the crater of an exhausted volcano in Virginia." McKinstry lowered his voice cautiously. "Fact, sir—in Mercer County. But the guerrillas interfered with his researches."

"I think it probable. So he stuffs birds, does he?" Blecker's lips closing tighter.

"And keeps the snakes in alcohol. There are shelves in Miss Lizzy's room quite full of them. That lower room it was, but Joseph has taken it for a study. She has the upper one for her flowers and her father's birds.""

"And Grey, and the twins, and the four boys bedaubed with molasses, and the dog, and the cooking?"

"Stowed away somewhere," the Captain mildly responded.

Dr. Blecker was testy. "You know Joseph her brother? I mean our candidate for Congress next term?"

"Yes. Democratic. J. Schuyler Gurney—give him his name, Mac. Republican last winter. Joseph trims to wind and tide well. I heard him croak like a barn-yard fowl on the Capitol-steps at Washington when Lincoln called for the seventy-five thousand; now, he hashes up Breckinridge's conservative speech for your hickory-backed farmers. Does he support the family, Mac?"

"His election-expenses are heavy."

"Brandy-slings. I know his proclivities."

McKinstry coloured. Dr. Blecker was coarse, an ill-bred man, he suspected—noting, too, the angry repression in his eyes, as he stood leaning on the gate, looking in at the Fort, for they had reached it by this time. The Captain looked in, too, through the dusky clumps of altheas and plum-trees, at the old stone house, dyed tawny-grey in the evening light, and talked on, the words falling unconscious and simple as a stream of milk. The old plodder was no longer dumb. Blecker had hit on the one valve
of the shut-up nature, the obstinate point of
self-reliant volition in a life that had been one
long drift of circumstance. This old stone
house, shaggy with vines, its echoes of In-
dian warfare hushed down and covered with
modern fruit-trees and sun-flowers,—this fort,
and the Gurneys within it, stood out in the bare
swamped stretch of the man's years, their solitary
builds unenriched. The man was forty, and
with the forty he had known: Fate had drained them
tolerably dry before she flung them to him to
accomplish duty in;—the duty was done now.
McKinstry, a mild, common-face. A man, had
gone through it for nearly a century, pleasantly,—never called it heroism. It was
done. He had time now to stretch his nerves of
body and soul with a great sigh of relief—to see
that duty was, after all, a lean, meagre-faced
angel, that Christ sends first, but never meant
should be nearest and best. Faith, love, and so
happiness, these were words of more pregnant
meaning in the gospel the Helper left us. So
McKinstry stood straight up, for the first time in
his enchanted life. He remembered, as a man, with
an adult's blood, muscles, needs; an idle soul
which his cramped creed did not fill, hungry
domestic instincts, narrow and patient habit—
he claimed work and happiness, his right. Of
course it came, and tangibly. Into every life
God sends an actual messenger to widen and
lift up the spirit. When they went, he remembered,
the messenger most often is, but so straight from Him that
the divine radiance clings about it and all that
it touches. We call that love, you remember.
A secular affair, according to McKinstry's
education, as much as marketing. So when he
found that the tawny old house and the quiet
little girl in there, with the curious voice, which
people came for miles to hear, were gaining an
undue weight in his life—held to be plain, all
the fairy-land of which his childhood had been
cheated, all fierce beauty, aspiration, passionate
strength to insult Fate, which his life had never
known—he kept the knowledge to himself. It
was boyish weakness. He chocked it out of
thought on Sundays as sacrifices: how could he
talk of the Gurney house and Lizzy to that
almighty, infinite Vagueness he worshipped?
Stalking to and fro, in the outskirts of the church-
yard, he used to watch the flutter of the little
girl's white dress, as she passed by to "meeting."
He could not help it that his great limbs
trembled, if the dress touched them, or that he
had a mad longing to catch the tired-looking
child up to his brawny breast and hold her there
forever. But he felt guilty and ashamed that it
was so; not knowing that Christ, seeing the
pure thrill in his heart, smiled just as he did
long ago when Mary brought the beloved
disciple to him.
A friend that told little Lizzy that he loved her—hardly told himself. Why, he was forty-
five; and a year or two ago she was sledding
down the street with her brothers, a mere yellow-
haired baby. He remembered the first time he
had noticed her—one Christmas eve; his mother
and Sarah were alive then. An Italian
woman had come into the village with a
broken hand-organ—a poor, starving wretch;
and Gurney's little girl went with her from house
to house in the snow, singing Christmas carols,
and handling the tambourine. Everybody said,
"Why, you little tot!" and gave her pieces of
silver. Such a wonderful voice she had even
then, and looked so chubby and pretty in her
little blue cloak and hood against all the cold:
and the woman was such a pure-hearted thing to do.
She danced once or twice that day, striking the
tambourine he remembered; the sound of it
seemed to put her in a sort of ecstasy, laughing
till her eyes were full of tears, and her tangled
hair fell all about her red cheeks. She could
not help but do it, he believed; for at other
times she was shy, terrified, if one spoke to her;
but he wished he had not seen her dance then,
though she was only a child: dancing, he thought,
as soul and effective a snare as ever came
from hell. After that day she used often to
come to the farm to see his mother and Sarah.
They tried to teach her to sew, but she was a
lazy little thing, he remembered, with an indulgent
smile. And he was "Uncle Dan." So now she
was grown up, quite a woman: in those years,
when she had been with her kinsfolk in New
York, she had been taught to sing. Well, well! McKinstry reckoned music as about as useful
as the cracking of thorns under a pot; so he never
cared to know, what the child, the youngest daughter of Gurneys had one of the
purest contralto voices in the States. She came
home, grown, quite as shy; only tired, need-
care; no one could look in Lizzy Gurney's
face without wishing to comfort and help the
child. The Gurneys were so wretchedly poor,
that might be the cause of her look. She was a
woman now. Well, and then a fickle, nothing
youngest still, of whom she was less afraid than of any other living creature:
that was all. Thinking, as he stood with Paul
Blecer, leaning over the gate, of how she had
brought him a badly-made havelock that
morning. "You're always so kind to me," she said.
"So I am kind to you," he thought, his quiet
blue eyes growing duller behind their spectacles;
"so I will be."
The Doctor opened the gate, and went in,
turning into the shrubbery, and seating himself
under a sycamore.
"Don't wait for me, McKinstry," he said.
"I'll sit here and smoke a bit. Here comes the
aforesaid Joseph."
He did not light his cigar, however, when
the other left him; took off his hat to let the wind
blow through his hair, the petulant heat dying
out of his face, giving place to a rigid settling,
at last, of the fierce features.
A flabby, red-faced man in fine broadcloth
and jaunty beaver came down the path, fumbling
his seals, and met the Captain with a puffing
snort of salutation. To Blecer, whose fancy
was made sultry to-night by some passion we
know nothing of, he looked like a bloated spider
coming out of the cell where his victims were.
"Gorging himself, while they and the country
suffer the loss,” he muttered. But Paul was a hot-brained young man. We should only have seen a vulgar, commonplace trickster in politics, such as the people make pets of. “Such men as Schuyler Gurney get the fattest offices. God send us a monarchy soon!” he hissed under his breath, as the gate closed after the politicians. By which you will perceive that Dr. Blecker, like most men fighting their way up, was too near-sighted for any abstract theories. Liberty, he thought, was a very poetic, millennium-like idea for stump-speeches and college-cubs, but he grasped with the times, the States were too chaotic untaught a mass for self-government; he cursed secession as anarchy, and the government at Washington for those equally anarchical, drunken whims of tyranny; he would like to see an iron heel put on the whole concern, for wholesome discipline. The Doctor was born in one of the Border States; men there, it is said, have a sort of hand-to-mouth politics; their daily bread of rights is all they care for; so Paul seldom looked into to-morrow for anything. In other ways, too, his birth had curdled his blood into a seneuous languor. To-night, after McKinstrey had entered the house, and he was left alone, the quaint old garden quiet, the air about him clear, pure, and perfumed, the stars distant and lonely, his limbs boded in the clinging moss, he was rested for the moment, happy like a child, with no feeling of passion or remorse; she would be out presently; she was used to come out always after the hot day’s flurry—to say her prayers, he believed; and he chose to see her there in the dark and coolness to bid her good-bye. He waited—not patiently.

Grey, trotting up and down, holding by the chubby legs and wriggling arms of Master Pen, sang herself out of breath with “Roy’s Wife,” and stopped short.

“I’m sure, Pen, I don’t know what to do with you”—half ready to cry.

‘‘Dixie,’ now, Sis.”

Pen was three years old, but he was the baby when his mother died; so Sis walked him to sleep every night; all tender memories of her who was gone, clinging about the little fat lump of mischief in his white night-gown. A wry voice spoke out of some corner:

“Yer’d hev a thumpin’ good warmin’, Mars’ Penrose, ef ole Oth hed his will o’ yer! It ‘ud be a special ‘penation ob de Lord for dat chile!”

Pen prospected his sister’s face with the corner of one blue eye. There was a line about the freckled cheeks and baby-mouth of “Sis” that sometimes agreed with Oth on the subject of dispensations, but it was not there to-night.

“No, no, uncle. Not the last thing before he goes to bed. I always try, myself, to see something bright and pretty for the last thing, and then shut my eyes, quick—just as Pen will do now: Quick! there’s my sonny boy!”

Nobody ever called Grey Gurney pretty; but Pen took an immense delight in her now; shook and kicked her for his pony, but could not make her step less firm or light; thrust his hands about her white throat; pulled the fine reddish hair down; put his dimpling face to hers. A thin, uncertain face, but Pen knew nothing of that; he did know, though, that the skin was fresh and dewy as his own, the soft lips very ready for kisses, and the pale hazel eyes just as straightforward-looking as a baby’s. Children and dogs believe in women like Grey
Gurney. Finally, from pure exhaustion, Pen cuddled up and went to sleep.

It was a long, narrow room where Grey and the children were, covered with rag-carpet (she and the boys and old Oth had made the balls for it last winter); well lighted, for Father Gurney had his desk in there to-night. He was working at his catalogue of Sauriodichnites in Pennsylvania. A tall, lean man, with hook-nose, and peering, protruding, blue eyes. Captain McKinstry sat by him, turning over Brognart; his brain, if one might judge from the frequency with which he blew his nose, evidently the worse from the wear since he came in; glancing with an irresolute awe from the book to the bony frame of the old man in his red dressing-gown, and then to the bony carcases of the birds on the wall in their dusty plumage.

"Like enough each to t’other," old Oth used to mutter; "on’y dem birds dere forgot to eat, an’ Mars’ Gurney neber will, gorry knows dat!"

"If you could, Captain McKinstry"—it was the old man who spoke now, with a sort of whittle through his teeth—"if you could? A chip of shale next to this you brought this evening would satisfy me. This is evidently an original fossil foot-mark: no work of Indians. I’ll go with you"—gathering his dressing-gown about his lank legs.

"No," said the Captain, some sudden thought bringing gravity and self-reliance into his face. "My little girl is going with Uncle Dan. It’s the last walk I can take with her. Go, child, and bring your bonnet."

Little Lizzy (people generally called her that) got up from the door-step where she sat, and ran up-stairs. She was one of those women who look as if they ought to be ordered and taken care of. Grey put a lightershawl over her shoulders as she passed her. Grey thought of Lizzy always very much as a piece of fine porcelain among some earthen crocks, she being a very rough crock herself. Did not she have to make a companion in some ways of old Oth? When she had no potatoes for dinner, or could get no sewing to pay for Lizzy’s shoes (Lizzy was hard on her shoes, poor thing!) she found herself talking it over with Oth. The others did not care for such things, and it would be mean to worry them, but Oth liked a misery, and it was such a relief to tell things sometimes! The old negro had been a slave of her grandfather’s until he was of age; he was quite helpless now, having a disease of the spine. But Grey had brought him to town with them, "because, you know, uncle, I couldn’t keep house without you, at all—I really couldn’t."

So he had his chair covered with sheepskin in the sunniest corner always, and Grey made over her father’s old clothes for him on the machine. Oth had learned to knit, and made "herself sufficiently independent, heelin’ an’ ribbin’ der boys’ socks, an’ keepin’ der young debbil in order," he said.

It was but a cheap machine Grey had, but a sturdy little chap; the steel band of it, even the wheel, flashed back a jolly laugh at her as she passed it, slowly flashing Pen, as if it would like to say, "I’ll put you through, Sis!" and looked quite contemptuously at the heaps of white calico piled up beside it. The boys’ shirts, you know—but wasn’t it a mercy she had made enough to buy them before cotton went up? There were three of the boys asleep now, legs and arms adrift over the floor, pockets gorged with half-apples, bits of twine instead of suspenders, other surreptitious bits under their trousers for straps. There were the twins, girls of ten, hungering for beaux, pickles, and photographic albums. They were gone to a party in the village. "Sis" had done up their white dresses; and such fun as they had with her, putting them on to hide the darns! She made it so comical that they laughed more than they did the whole evening.

Grey had saved some money to buy them ribbon for sashes, but Joseph had taken it from her work-basket that morning to buy cigars. One of the girls had cried, and even Grey’s lips grew scarlet; her blood maddeneth. This woman was neither an angel nor an idiot, Paul Biecker. Then—it was such a trifle! Poor Joseph! he had been her mother’s favourite, was spoiled a little. So she hurried to his chamber-door with his shaving-water, calling, "Brother!" Grey had a low, always pleasant voice, I remember; you looked in her eyes, when you heard it, to see her laughing. The ex-Congressman was friendly, but dignified, when he took the water. Grey presumed on her usefulness; women seldom did know their place.

There was yet another girl busy now, conveying the lubberly hulks of boys to bed—a solid, Dutch-built little clipper, Loo by name. Loo looked upon Grey secretly as rather silly (she did all the counting for her: Grey hardly knew the multiplication table); she always, however, kept her opinions to herself. Tugging the boys after her in the manner of a tow-boat, she thumped past her father and "that gypse, McKinstry, colloguing over their bits of rock," indignation in every twist of her square shoulders.

"Fresh air," she said to Grey, jerking her head emphatically toward the open door.

"I will, Looey."

"Looey! Pish!"

It was no admiring glance she bestowed on the slight figure that came down the stairs, and stood timidly waiting for McKinstry.

"You’re going, Captain?" the old man’s nose and mind starting suddenly up from his folio. "Lizzy—eh? Here’s the bit of rock. In the coal formation, you say? Impossible, then, to be as old as the batrachian track that—"

A sudden howl brought him back to the present era. Loo was arguing her charge up to bed by a syllogism applied at the right time in the right place. The old man held his hand to his ears with a patient smile, until McKinstry was out of hearing.
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"It is hard to devise the mind pure to a search for truth here, my daughter," looking over Grey's head as usual, with pensive, benevolent eyes. "But I do what I can—I do what I can."

"I know, father"—stroking his hair as she might a child's, trimming the lamp, and bringing his slippers, while he held out his feet for her to put them on—"I know."

Then when he took up the pen, she went out in the cool night.

"I do what I can," said he, earnestly, looking at the catalogue, with his head to one side.

It was Oth's time—now or never.

"Debbhl de bit yer do! Ef yer did what yer could, Mars' Si, dar 'ud be more 'n one side o' sparerib in de cellar fur ten hungry mouths. We've gone done eat dat pig o' Miss Grey's from head ter tail. An' pigs in June 's a disgrace ter Christians, let alone Presbyterians like us."

The old man glanced at him. Oth's spine gave his tongue free licence.

"'N'll discharge him," faintly.

"'N'charge yerself," growled Oth, under his breath.

So the old man went back to his bratrchains, and Oth ribbed Pen's sock in silence; the old fort stood at last as quiet in the moonlight as if it were thinking over all of its long-ago Indian sages.

Grey's step was noiseless, going down the tunnel path. She drew long breaths, her lungs bound with the day's work, and threw back the hair from her forehead and throat. There was a latent dewiness in the air that made the clear moonlight as fresh and invigorating as a winter's morning. Grey stretched out her arms in it, with a laugh, as a child might. You would know, to look at her hair, that there was a strong poetic capacity in that girl below her simple Quaker character; as it lay in curly masses where the child had pulled it down, there was no shine, but clear depth of colour in it: her eyes the same; not black, flashing, as women's are who effuse their experience every day for the benefit of bystanders; this girl's were pale hazel, clear, meaningless at times; but when her soul did force itself to the light, they gave it free utterance. Women with hair and eyes like those, with passionate lips and strong muscles like Grey Gurney's, are children, single-natured all their lives, until some day God's test comes: then they live tragedies, unconscious of their deed.

The night was singularly clear, in its quiet: only a few dreamy trails of grey mist, asleep about the moon; far off on the crest of the closing hills, she fancied she could see the wind stir in the trees that made a feathered shadow about the horizon. She leaned on the stile, looking over the sweep of silent meadows and hills and slow-creeping water-courses. The whole earth waited, she fancied, with newer life and beauty than by day: going back, it might be, in the pure moonlight, to remember that dawn when God said, "Let there be light."

The girl comprehended the meaning of this, better, perhaps, because of the house she had left. Every night she came out there. She left the clothes and sparrows behind her, and something, a Grey Gurney it might have been, came back to her in the coolness, and rest, the nearer she drew to the pure old earth. She never went down into those mossy hollows, or among the shivering pines, with a soiled, tawdry dress; she wore always the clear, primitive colours, or white—it was the girl's only bit of self-development. This night she could see McKinstry's figure, as he went down the path through the rye-field. He was stooping, leading Lizzy by the hand, as a nurse might an infant. Grey thrust the currant-bushes aside eagerly; she could catch a glimpse of the girl's face in the colourless light. It always had a pallid tinge, but she fancied it was red now with healthy blushes: her eyes were on the ground: in the house they looked out from under their heavy browns on their daily life with a tired coldness that made silly Grey ashamed of her own light-heartedness. The man's common face was ennobled with such infinite tenderness and pain, Grey thought the help that lay there would content her sister. It was time for the girl's rest to come; she was sick of herself and of life. So the tears came to Grey's eyes, though to the very bottom of her heart she was thankful and glad.

"She has found home at last!" she said; and, maybe, because something in the thought clung to her as she sauntered slowly down the garden-alley, her lips kept moving in a childish fashion of hers. "A home at last—at last!" that was what she said.

Paul Blecker, too, waiting back yonder, among the trees, saw McKinstry and his companion, and read the same story that Grey did, but in a different fashion. "The girl loves him." There were possibilities, however, in that woman's curious traits, that Blecker, being a physician and a little of a soul-fancier, saw: nothing in McKinstry's formal, orthodox nature ran parallel with them; therefore he never would know them. As they passed Blecker's outlook through the trees, his half-shut eye ran over her—the despondent step, the lissome, nervous limbs, the manner in which she clung for protection to his homely hand. "Poor child!"
The Doctor thought. There was something more in the girl's face, that people call gentle and shy: a weak, uncertain chin; thin lips, never still an instant, opening and shutting like a starving animal's; grey eyes, dead, opaque, such as Blecker had noted in the spiritual mediums in New-England.

"I'm glad it is McKinstry she loves, and not me," he said.

He turned, and forgot her, watching Grey coming nearer to him. The garden sloped down to the borders of the creek, and she stood on its edge now, looking at the uneasy curling of the black water and the pearly glint of moonlight. Thinking of Lizzy, and the strong love that held her; feeling a little lonely, maybe, and
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quiet, she did not know why; trying to wrench her thoughts back to the house, and the clothes, and the spareribs. Why! he could read her thoughts on her face, as if it were a baby’s! A homely, silly girl they called her. He thanked God nobody had found her out before him. Look at the dewy freshness of her skin! how pure she was! how her world worshipped her about if he did not keep his hold on her! But he would do that; to-night he meant to lay his hand upon her life, and never take it off—absorb it in his own. She moved forward into the clear light; that was right. There was a broken hole of a beech-tree covered with lichen; she should sit on that presently, her face in open light, he in the shadow, while he told her. Watching her with hot breath where she stood, then going down to her:—

“Is Grey waiting to bid her friend goodbye?”

She put her hand in his, her very lips trembling with the sudden heat, her untrained eyes wandering restlessly.

“I thought you would come to me, Doctor Blecker.”

“Call me Paul,” roughly. “I was coarser born and bred than you. I want to think that matters nothing to you.”

She looked up proudly.

“You know it matters nothing. I am not vulgar.”

“No, Grey. But—it is curious, but no one ever called me Paul, as boy or man. It is a sign of equality; and I’ve always had, in the mêlée, the underneath taint about me. You are not vulgar enough to care for it. You are the highest and purest nature I ever knew. Yet I know it is right for you to call me Paul. Your soul and mine stand on a plane before God.”

The childish flush left her face; the timid woman-look was in it now. He bent nearer.

“They stand there alone, Grey.”

She drew back from him, her hands nervously catching in the thick curls.

“You do not believe that?” his breath clogged and hot. “It is a fancy of mine? not true? It is true.” He caught the whisper, his face growing pale, his eyes flashing. “Then you are mine, child! What is the meaning of these paltry contradictions? Why do you evade me from day to day?”

“You promised me not to speak of this again”—weakly.

“Pah! You have a man’s straightforward, frank instinct, Grey; and this is cowardly—paltry, as I said before. I will speak of it again. To-night is all that is left to me.”

He seated her upon the beech-trunk. One could tell by the very touch and glance of the man how the image of this woman stood solitary in his coarser thoughts, delicate, pure: a disciple would have laid just such reverential fingers on the robe of the Madonna. Then he stood off from her, looking straight into her hazel eyes. Grey, with all her innocent timidity, was the cooler, stronger, maybe of the two: the poor Doctor’s passionate nature, buffeted from one anger and cheat to another in the world, brought very little quiet or tact or aptitude in language for this one hour. Yet, standing there, his man’s sturdy heart throbbling slow as an hysterical woman’s, his eyeballs burning, it seemed to him that all his life had been but the weak preface to these words he was going to speak.

“It angers me,” he muttered, abruptly, “that, when I come to you with the thought that a man’s or a woman’s soul can hold but once in life, you put me aside with the silly whims of a school-girl. It is not worthy of you, Grey. You are not as other women.”

What was this that he had touched? She looked up at him steadily, her hands clasped about her knees, the childlike rose-glow and light banished from her face.

“I am not like other women. You speak truer than you know. You call me a silly, happy child. Maybe I am; but, Paul, once in my life God punished me. I don’t know for what”—getting up, and stretching out her growing arms blindly.

There was a sudden silence. This was not the cheery, healthful Grey Gurney of a moment before—this woman with the cold terror creeping out in her face. He caught her hands and held them.

“I don’t know for what,” she moaned. “He did it. He is good.”

He watched the slow change in her face: it made his hands tremble as they held hers. No longer a child, but a woman whose soul the curse had touched. Miriam, leprous from God’s hand, might have thus looked up to Him without the camp. Blecker drew her closer. Was she not his own? He would defend her against even this.

“What has been done to you, child?”

She shook herself free, speaking in a fast, husky whisper.

“Do not touch me, Dr. Blecker. It was no school-girl’s whim that kept me from you. I am not like other women. I am not worthy of any man’s love.”

“I think I know what you mean,” he said gravely. “I know your story, Grey. They made you live a foul lie once. I know it all. You were a child then.”

She had gone still further from him, holding by the trunk of a dead tree her face turned towards the water. The bleak sough of wind from it lifted her hair, and dampened her forehead. The man’s brain grew clearer, stronger, somehow, as he looked at her; as thought did in the few electric moments of life when sham and conventionality crumble down like ashes, and souls stand bare face to face. For the everyday, cheery, unfledged Grey of the coarse life in yonder he cared but little; it was the husk that held the woman whose nature grappled with his own, that some day would take it with her to the Devil or to God. He knew that. It was this woman that stood before him now—looking back, out of the inbred force and purity within her, the indignant man’s sense of honour that she had, on the lie they had made her live;
daring to face the truth that God had suffered this thing, yet clinging like a simple child to her old faith in Him. That childish faith, that worked itself out in her common life, Paul Blecker set aside, in loving her. She was ignorant: he knew the world, and, he thought, very plainly saw that the Power who had charge of it suffered unneeded ills, was a traitor to the good his own common sense and kindly feeling could conceive; which is the honest belief of most of the half-thinkers in America.

“You were but a child,” he said again. “It matters nothing to me, Grey. It left no taint upon you.”

“I did,” she cried, passionately. “I carry the marks of it to my grave. I never shall be pure again.”

“Why did your God let you go down into such foulness, then?”—the words broke from his lips irrepressibly. “It was He who put you into the hands of a selfish woman; it was He who gave you a weak will. It is He who suffers marriages as false as yours. Why, child! you call it crime, the vow that bound you for that year to a man you loathed; yet the world celebrates such vows daily in every church in Christendom.”

“I know that,” she said. “Her voice had gone down into the quiet sob, like a little child’s.”

She sat down on the ground, now, the long shore grass swelling up around her, thrusting her fingers into the pools of eddying water, with a far-off sense of quiet and justice and cold beneath her.

“I don’t understand,” she said. “The world’s wrong somehow. I don’t think God does it. There’s thousands of young girls married as I was. Maybe, if I’d told him about it, it wouldn’t have ended as it did. I did not think He cared for such things.”

Blecker was silent. What did he care for questions like this now? He sat by her on the broken trunk, his elbows on his knees, his sultry eyes devouring her face and body. What did it matter, if one was sold to another man? She was free now: he was dead. He only knew that here was the only creature in earth or heaven that he loved: there was not a breath in her lungs, a tinct of her flesh, that was not dear to him, allied by some fierce passion to his own sense: there was that in her soul which he needed, starved for: his life balked and blank, demanding it—her—he knew not what; but that gained, a broader freedom opened behind, unknown possibilities of honour and truth and deed. He would take no other step, live no farther, until he gained her. Holding, too, the sense of her youth, her rare beauty, as it seemed to him: loving it with keener passion because he alone developed it, drawing her soul to the light! how like a baby she was! how daintily the dimpling white flesh of her arms, the soft limbs crouching there! So pure, the man never came near her without a dull loathing of himself, a sudden remembrance of places where he had been tainted, made unfit to touch her.—rows in Bowery dance-houses, Waltzes—with musk-scented fine ladies: when this girl put her cool little hand in his sometimes, he felt tears coming to his eyes, as if the far-off God or the dead mother had blessed him. She sat there, now, going back to that blot in her life, her eyes turned every moment up to the Power beyond, in whom she trusted, to know why it had been. He had seen little children, struck by their mother’s hand, turn on her’s look just so grieved and so appealing.

“It was no one’s fault altogether, Paul,” she said. “My mother was not selfish, more than other women. There were many mouths to feed; it is so in most families like ours.”

“I know.”

“I am very dull about books,—stupid, they say. I could not teach; and they would not let me sew for money, because of the disgrace. These are the only ways a woman has. I had been a boy.”

“I understand.”

“No man can understand,”—her voice growing shrewl with pain. “It’s not easy to eat the bread needed for other mouths day after day, with your hands tied idle and helpless. A boy can go out and work, in a hundred ways: a girl must marry; it’s her only chance for a livelihood, or a home, or anything to fill her heart with. Don’t blame my mother, Paul. She had ten of us to work for. From the time I could comprehend, I knew her only hope was to live long enough to see her boys educated, and her daughters in homes of their own. It was the old story, Doctor Blecker,—with a shivering laugh more pitiful than a cry. I’ve noticed it since in a thousand other houses. Young girls like me, in these poor-genteled families—there are none of God’s creatures more helpless or goaded, starving at their souls. I couldn’t teach. I had no talent; but if I had, a woman’s a woman; she wants something else in her life than dog-eared school-books and her wages year after year.”

Blecker could hardly repress a smile.

“You are a political economy by a woman’s road, Grey.”

“I don’t know what that is. I know what my life was then. I was only a child; but when that man came and held out his hand to take me, I was willing when they gave me to him—when they sold me, Doctor Blecker. It was like leaving some choking pit, where air was given to me from other lungs, to go out and find it for my own. What marriage was or ought to be I did not know; but I wanted, as every human being does want, a place for my own feet to stand on; not to look forward to the life of an old maid, living on sucrance, always the one too many in the house.”

“That is weak and vulgar argument, child. It should not touch a true woman, Grey. Any young girl can find work and honourable place for herself in the world, without the defilement of a false marriage.”

“I know that now. But young girls are not taught that. I was only a child, not strong-willed. And now, when I’m free,”—a curious
clearness coming to her eye,—"I am glad to think of it all. I never blame other women. Because, you see,"—looking up with the flickering smile,—a woman's so hungry for something of her own to love, for some one to be kind to her, for a little house and parlour and kitchen of her own; and if she marries the first man who says he loves her, out of that first instinct of escape from dependence, and hunger for love, she does not know she is selling herself, until it's too late. The world's all wrong somehow."

She stopped, her troubled face still uplifted to his.

"But you—you are free now?"

"He is dead."

"She slowly rose as she spoke, her voice hardening.

"He was my cousin, you know—the same name as mine. Only a year he was with me. Then he went to Cuba, where he died. He is dead. But I am not free!—lifting her hands fiercely, as she spoke. "Nothing can wipe the stain of that year off of me."

"You know what man he was," said the Doctor, with a natural thrill of pleasure that he could say it honestly. "I know, poor child! A rapid, cruel tyrant, weak, foul. You hated him, Grey? There's a strength of hatred in your blood. Answer me. You dare speak truth to me."

"He's dead now"—with a long, choking breath. "We will not speak of him."

She stood a moment, looking down the stretch of curdling black water—then, turning with a sudden gesture, as though she flung something from her, looked at him with a pitiful effort to smile.

"I don't often think of that time. I cannot bear pain very well. I like to be happy. When I'm busy now, or playing with little Pen, I hardly believe I am the woman who was John Gurney's wife. I was so old then! I was like a hard, tigerish soul, tried and tempted day by day. He made me that."

She could not bear pain, he saw: remembrance of it, alone, made the flesh about her lips blue, unsteadied her brain; the well-accented face grew vacant, dreary; neither nerves nor will of this woman were tough. Her family were not the stuff out of which voluntary heroes are made. He saw too she was trusting it back—out of thought: it was her temperament to do that.

"So, now, Grey," he said, cheerfully, "the story's told. Shall we lay that ghost of the old life, and see what these healthful new years have for us?"

Paul Bleeker's voice was never so strong or pure: whatever of coarseness had clung to him fell off then, as he came nearer to the weak woman whom God had given to him to care for; whatever of latent manhood, of chivalry, slept beneath, some day to make him an earnest husband and father, and helpful servant of the True Man, came out in his eager face and eye, now. He took her two hands in his: how strong his muscles were! how the man's full pulse throbbed healthfully against her own! She looked up, with a sudden blush and smile. A minute ago she thought herself so strong to renounce! She meant, this weak, incomplete woman, to keep to the shame of that foul old lie of hers, accepting that as her portion for life. There is a chance comes to some few women, once in their lives, to escape into the full development of their natures by contact with the one soul made in the same mould as their own. It came to this woman to-night.

Grey was no theorist about it: all that she knew was, that, when Paul Bleeker stood near her, for the first time in her life she was not alone; that, when he spoke, his words were but more forcible utterances of her own thought; that, when she thought of leaving him, it was like drawing the soul from her living body, to leave it pulseless, dead. Yet she would do it.

"I am not fit to be any man's wife. If you had come to me when I was a child, it might have been, it ought to have been"—with an effort to draw her hands from him.

Bleeker only smiled, and seated her gently on the mossy bale of the beech-tree.

"Stay. Listen to me," he whispered.

And Grey, being a woman and no philosopher, sat motionless, her hands folded, nerveless, where he had let them fall, her face upturned, like that of the dead maiden waiting the touch of infinite love to tremble and glow back into beautiful life. He did not speak, did not touch her, only bent nearer. It seemed to him, as the pure moonlight then held them close in its silent bond, the great world hushed without, the light air scarce daring to touch her face, waiting face, the slow-beating breast, the kindling glow in her hair, that all the dead and impure years fell from them, and in a fresh new-born life they stood alone, with the great Power of strength and love for company. What need was there of words? She knew it all: in the promise and question of his face waited for her the hope and vigour the time gone had never known: her woman's nature drooped and leaned on his, content: the languid hazel eye followed his with such intentness, one would have fancied that her soul in that silence had found its rest and home for ever.

He took her hand, and drew from it the old ring that yet bound one of her fingers, the sign of a lie long dead, and without a word dropped it in the current below them. The girl looked up suddenly, as it fell: her eyes were wet; the woman, loosed from her infirmity of eighteen years, might have thanked God with such a look as Grey's that night. Then she looked back to her earthly master.

"It is dead, now, child, the past—never to live again. Grey holds a new life in her hands to-night." He stopped: the words came weak, paltry, for his meaning. "Is there nothing with which she cares to fill it? no touch that will make it dear, holy for her?"

There was a heavy silence. Nature rose impatient in the crimson blood that dyed her lips and cheek, in the brilliance of her eye; but she
forced back the words that would have come, and sat timid and trembling.

"None, Grey? You are strong and cool. I know. The lie dead and gone from your life, you can control the years alone, with your religion and cheery strength. Is that what you would say?"—bitterly.

She did not answer. The colour began to fade, the eyes to dim.

"You have told me your story; let me tell you mine"—throwing himself on the grass beside her. "Look at me, Grey. Other women have despised me, as rough, callous, uncouth: you never have. I've had no hot-house usage in the world; the sun and rain hardly fell on me unpaid. I've earned every inch of this flesh and muscle, worked for it as it grew; the knowledge that I have, scanty enough, but whatever thought I do have of God or life, I have had to grapple and struggle for. Other men grow, inhale their being, like yonder tree God planted and watered. I think sometimes He forgot me"—with a curious woman's tremour in his voice, gone in an instant. "I scrambled up like a serpent, without a root. Do you know, now, why I am sharp, wary, suspicious, doubt if there be a God, Grey?" turning fiercely, "I am tired of this. God did make me. I want rest: I want love, peace, religion in my life."

She said nothing. She forgot herself, her timid shyness now, and looked into his eyes, a noble, helpful woman, sounding the depths of the turbid soul laid bare for her.

He laid his big, ill-jointed hand on her knee. "I thought," he said—great drops of sweat coming out on his lips—"God meant you to help me. There is my life, little girl. You may do what you will with it. It does not value much to me."

And Grey, woman-like, gathered up the despised hand and life, and sobbed a little as she pressed them to her heart. An hour after, they went together up the old porch-steps, halting a moment where the grape-vines clustered thickest about the shingled wall. The house was silent; even the village slept in the moonlight: no sound of life in the great sweep of dusky hill and valley, save the wreaths of mist over the watercourses, foaming and drifting together silently: before morning they would stretch from base to base of the hills like a Dead Sea, ashy and motionless. They stood silent a moment, until the chrip of some robin, frightened by their steps in its nest overhead, had hummed drowsily down into sleep.

"It is not good-night, but good-bye, that I must bid you, Grey," he said, stooping to see her face.

"I know: but you will come again: God tells me that."

"I will come. Remember, Grey, I am going to save life, not to take it. Corrupt as I am, my hands are clean of this butchery for the sake of interest."

Grey's eyes wandered. She knows nothing about the war, to be candid: only that it is like a cold pain at her heart, day and night—sorry that the slaves are slaves, wondering if they could be worse off than the free negroes swarming in the back-alleys yonder—as sorry, being unpatriotic, for the homeless women in Virginia as for the stolen horses of Chambersburg. Grey's principles, though mixed, are sound, as far as they go, you see. Just then thinking only of herself: "You will come back to me?" clinging to his arm.

"Why, I must come back," cheerfully, cocking back whatever stopped his breath, pushing back the curling hair from her forehead with a half-reverential touch. "I have so much to do, little girl! There is a farm over yonder I mean to earn enough to buy, where you and I shall rest and study and grow—stronger and healthier, more helpful every day. We'll find our work and place in the world yet, poor child! You shall show me what a pure, earnest life is, Grey; and above us—what there is there," lowering his voice. "And I—how much I have to do with this bit of humanity here on my hands!"—playfully. "An unknown one with the beautiful statue lying perde within. Did you know you were that, Grey? and I the sculptor?"

She looked up, bewildered.

"It is true," passing his fingers over the low, broad, curiously moulded forehead. "My girl does not know what powers and subtle forces lie asleep beneath this white skin: I know. I know lights and words and dramas of meaning these childish eyes hold latent, that I will set free. I will teach your very silent lips a new language. You never guessed how like a prison your life has been, how unfinished you are; but I thank God for it, Grey. You would not have loved me, if it had been different; I can guess with you now, grow to your height, if—He helps me."

He took off his hat, and stood, looking silently into the deep blue above—for the first time in his life coming to his Friend in a manly, humble look. His eyes were not clear when he spoke again, his voice very quiet.

"Good-bye, Grey! I'm going to try to be a better man than I have ever been. You are my wife now in His eyes. I need you so—for life and for eternity, I think. You will remember that?"

And so, holding her to his heart a moment or two, and kissing her lips passionately once or twice, he left her, trying to smile as he went down the path, but with a strange clogging weight in his breast, as if his heart would not beat.

Going in, Grey found the old negro asleep over his knitting, the candle with a flaring black crust beside him.

"He waited for me," she said, and as she stroked the skinny old hand, the tears came at the thought of it. Everybody was so kind to her! The world was so full of love! God was so good to her to-night!

Ooh, waking fully as she helped him to his room-door, looked anxiously in her face.
Paul Blecker.

"Ee' ye well to-night, chile?" he said. "Yer look as yer did when yer wor a little baby. Peart an' purty yer wor, dat's true. Der good Lord loved yer, I think."

"He loves me now," she said, softly, to herself, as in her own room she knelt down and thanked Him, and then, undressed, crept into the white trundle-bed beside little Pen; and when he awoke, and, putting his little arms about her neck, drew her head close to his to kiss her good-night, she cried quietly to herself, and fell asleep with the tears upon her cheek.

Her sister in the next room to hers, with the same new dream in her heart, did not creep into any baby's arms for sympathy. Lizzy Gurney never had a pet, dog or child. She sat by the window waiting, her shawl about her head in the very folds McKinstry had wrapped it, motionless as was her wont. But for the convulsive movement of her lips now and then, no gutes-percha doll could be more utterly still. As the night wore down into the interminable sleep of the house, she only grew more breathless. The moon sank far enough in the west to throw the beams directly across her into the dark chamber behind. She was a small-mouthed woman, you could see now: her limbs, like those of a cat, or animals of that tribe, from their power of trance-like quiet, gave you the idea of an intense vitality; a gentle face—pretty, the villagers called it, from many tint and faint colouring—you wished to do something for her, seeing it. Paul Blecker never did: the woman never spoke to him; but he noted often the sudden relaxed droop of the eyelids, when she sat alone, as if some nerve had grown weary: he had seen that peculiarity in some women before, and knew all it meant. He had nothing for her; her hunger lay out of his ken.

It grew later: the moon hung now so low that deep shadows lay heavy over the whole valley; not a breath broke the sleep of the night; even the long melancholy howl of the dogs down in camp was hushed long since. When the clock struck two, she got up and went noiselessly out into the open air. There was no droop in her eyelids now; they were straight, nerved, the eyes glowing with a light never seen by day beneath them. Down the long path into the cornfield, slowly, pausing at some places, while her lips moved as though she repeated words once heard there. What folly was this? Was this woman's life so bare, so empty of its true food, that she must needs go back and drag again into life a few poor, happy moments? distil them slowly, to drink them again drop by drop? I have seen children so live over in their play the one great holiday of their lives. Down through the field to the creek-ford, where the stones lay for crossing, slippery with moss: she could feel the strong grasp of the hand that had led her over there that night; and so, with slow and yet slower step, where the path had been rocky, and she had needed cautious help. Into the thicket of lilacs, with the old scent of the spring blossoms yet hanging on their boughs; along the bank, where her foot had sunk deep into plushy moss, where he had gathered a cluster of fern and put it into her hand. Its pale feathery green was not more quaint or pure than the delicate love in the uncouth man beside her—not nearer kin to Nature. Did she know that? It had been like the breath of life coming into her nostrils to be so loved, appreciated, called home, as she had been to-night? Was she going back to feel that breath again? Neither pain nor pleasure was on her face: her breath came heavy and short, her eyes shone, that was all. Out now into the open road, stopping and glancing around with every broken twig, being a cowardly creature, yet never leaving the track of the footsteps in the dust, where she had gone before. Coming at last to the old-fashioned gabled house, where she had gone when she was a child, set in among stiff rows of evergreens. A breathless quiet always hung about the place—a pure, wholesome atmosphere—because pure and earnest people had acted or thought there, and gone home to God. He had led her through the gate here, given her to drink of the well at the side of the house. "My mother never would taste any water but this, do you remember, Lizzy?" They had gone through the rooms, whispering, if they spoke, as though it were a church. Here was the pure dead sister's face looking down from the wall, in her mother's worn wicker work-stand. Her work was in it still. "The needle just where she placed it, Lizzy." The strong man was weak as a little child with the memory of the old mother who had nursed and loved him as no other could love. He stood beside her chair irresolute; forty years ago he had sold her, there, a little child bringing all his troubles to be healed; since she died no hand had touched it. "Will you sit there, Lizzy? You are dearer to me than she. When I come back, will you take their place here? Only you are pure as they, and dearer, Lizzy. We will go home to them hand in hand." She sat in the dead woman's chair—She. Looking in at her own heart as she did it. Yet her love for him would make her fit to sit there: she believed that. He had not kissed her—she was too sacred to the simple-hearted man for that—had only taken her little hand in both his, saying, "God bless you, little Lizzy!" in an unsteady voice.

"He may never say it again," the girl said, when she crept home from her midnight pilgrimage. "I'll come here every day and live it all over again. It will keep me quiet until he comes. Maybe he'll never come"—catching her breast, and tearing it until it grew black. She was so tired of herself, this child! She would have torn that nerve in her heart out, that sometimes made her sick if she could. Her life was so cramped, and selfish too, and she knew it. Passing by the door of Grey's room, she saw her asleep with Pen in her arms—some other little nightcapped heads in the larger beds. She slept alone. "They tire me so!" she said; "yet I think," her eye growing
Christopher Columbus.

“Christopher Columbus.”

A CONSIDERATION OF THE RIVAL CLAIMS OF THE PHENICIANS, CARTHAGINIANS, JAPANESE, CHINESE, NORWEGIANS, WELSH, ITALIANS, FRENCH, SPANIARDS, GERMANS, AND OTHERS, TO THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERY OF

“The fair world, whose fresh unsullied charms
Welcomed Columbus from the western wave.”

“All things of heavenly origin, like the glorious sun, move westward.”—ROMAN IMPERATOR.

The discovery of the Western Hemisphere is one of the grandest of those eventful epochs in the annals of the world, which have operated in producing an extraordinary and permanent change in human affairs.

Europe, at the close of the fifteenth century, found herself in a strait that demanded an immediate outlet for her overburdened population, which had increased with unprecedented rapidity. In the ages just preceding, the Crusades had been the principal instruments of such requisite ventilation; but these having ceased, a new channel was sought, into which might be directed the surplus multitude; and such a channel was presented by the timely discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus.

Many of the most valuable discoveries in art and science have been purely accidental—effected while in pursuit of some other object: so also, this memorable event in the history of the universe, resulted from an experiment made by Columbus for the purpose of finding a readier road to India, by a direct course across the Atlantic Ocean. This design he had formed from various circumstances, but the more especially through a mistake of the geographers of his own and of earlier ages relative to the form and position of the earth, and of the situation of India, which they supposed extended further toward the east than it actually did.

Aristotle, centuries before, gave it as his opinion that India was not far distant from the Pillars of Hercules.

After eight years of fruitless application to the different influential courts of Europe for assistance in executing his cherished project, Columbus was about to abandon it in despair, when he was recalled by Isabella, Queen of Spain, before whom he unfolded his plans with all the profundity of a philosopher. With such enthusiasm did she enter into his scheme, that she offered, if necessary, to pawn her private jewels to fit out a fleet for him. Thus to the superior judgment of an enlightened woman is owing the discovery of this valuable portion of the globe. Cheered by her encouragement, and supported by her generosity, he accordingly sailed with a small company of but three eager vessels from the port of Palos, on the third of August, 1492, steering for the Canary Isles, and on the sixth of September boldly launched into an unexplored sea. The particulars and results of this memorable voyage, the most daring ever made by man, are familiar to nearly every one, and are emblazoned in letters of gold on history’s page. Columbus made several other voyages to the new region; but being, at length, through the vile machinations of enemies, sent home laden with chains, overcome with age and infirmities, but especially afflicted by grief and poverty, he expired in ignorance of the real magnificence of his discovery, which he still imagined to be only a part of India. Says a Spanish historian: “His soul was superior to the age in which he lived.” His history will for ever remain a disgraceful monument of ingratitude of kings and governments.

Although Columbus unquestionably belongs the glory of making known to the inhabitants of the Old World the existence of this continent, yet the facts that at a very early period in ancient times the Phoenicians had attained to a high skill in navigation, and had extended their voyages to countries which until late years...
were unheard of by even modern Europeans, and that the Carthaginians long before the days of Herodotus traded with nations west of the Pillars of Hercules, have suggested the inquiry whether those people had not a knowledge of the existence of the New World. That they were acquainted with the use of the compass, or any similar instrument, is indeed extremely improbable; but many scholars assert that frequent reference is made by ancient authors to the magnet, under the name of Lapis Herculis, in allusion to Hercules, its reputed inventor. Homer, in describing the Phoenicians “far famed for skill in arts marine,” says of their ships,

“They sailed through pathless seas
To distant climes enwreapt in clouds and darkness,”

and without the assistance of pilots. However this assertion may be doubted, certain it is that the ancients were not entirely ignorant of the rotundity of the earth; by which, therefore, they might naturally conclude that there must be other lands in the bosom of the vast ocean, to give an equilibrium to the three continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Those of them who had access to Holy Writ found therein numerous examples in defence of the theory, as, “The majesty of God sitting on the circle of the earth,” “The round world and they that dwell therein,” with various other passages to the same effect. Ovid observes that “the earth hangs within the encompassing air, being equally poised with its own weight, the opposite parts pressing toward the centre.” Aristotle alludes to the circular shadow of the earth on the disc of the moon in eclipse, as the consequence of the earth’s roundness. The proof which Pliny adduces is the one that moderns hold, namely, that the land which retires from the sight of persons on the deck of a ship is still visible to those on the mast.

Sir John de Mandeville, an English traveller, who flourished in the commencement of the fourteenth century, and who was the first who gave any essential information respecting India, and other countries to the east of Europe, in a work which he wrote striving to prove from his own experience that the earth was round and circumnavigable, treats his readers to a remarkable statement of “a thing I have heard counted when I was young, howe a worthy man departed from our countrey for to go to searce ye worlde; and soe hee passed India and ye islandes beyonde India, where there are more than five-thousand yles, and soe environed ye worlde for many seasons; that he founde an islande where he hearde his own language spoken, calling on oxen in ye ploughe such words as man speake to beasts in his owne countrey, whereof hee had grete marvell, for hee knewe not howe it mighte bee. But I say, that beeinge gone soe longe hye lande and sea, he was come againe environing.”

Plato, who originated the doctrine of antipodes, gives us, in proof of his theory, an account of an Egyptian tradition which Solon, when in Egypt, received from Sonchis, relating to an immense island once existing before the Pillars of Hercules, larger than all Lydia and Asia together; but which, by prodigious deluges and earthquakes, was overwhelmed, and, in the brief space of one day and night, “in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.” Although this is often supposed to be but a poetical fabrication of Plato, we may be convinced to the contrary by the testimonies and traditions of many authors and nations. Crantor, the first Egyptian translator of Plato, says that in his time this tradition was preserved in the ancient Egyptian temple of the Delta. Marcellus, who wrote a history of Ethiopia, affirms that there are seven islands in the Atlantic sea sacred to Proserpine; and besides these, three others of great magnitude, in one of which the inhabitants preserved the memory of the prodigious extent of the Atlantic Isle. The Hindoos also relate a fable concerning the destruction of an immense island called Atala; and it was an ancient tradition of the Irish in the time of Giraldus, that by the sudden over-flowing of a fountain near Lough Neagh, a whole territory, like the Atlantis of Plato, was submerged. In allusion to this story, Moore grace-fully says:

“On Lough Neagh’s bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve’s declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the waves beneath him shining.”

(It is worthy of remark that many of the islands in the Atlantic Ocean are of volcanic origin; it may be that they are fragments of this mysterious land which have been thrown up again and sprinkled about in the most foreign and out-of-the-way places).

In a multitude of conjectures respecting this island of Atlantis, none seems more probable than that the legend was originally based on the traditional stories of the adventurous Phoenicians, who, according to Diodorus Siculus, being driven by fierce winds off from the coast of Lydia for many days together, at last discovered a great island or continent lying from Lydia many days’ sail toward the west; and as there are no islands of any considerable extent west of Africa in the Atlantic Ocean, this description can be affixed to no other place in the world excepting America. From Phoenicia the knowledge of this new continent would of course be communicated to Carthage, her colony; and Diodorus Siculus says, that the Carthaginians performed voyages so frequently thither, that the government authorities, fearing lest Carthage should be “depopulated by such migrations, decreed it death for any citizen to settle in the new country.

There is at this day in Dighton, Massachusetts, a rock covered with hieroglyphic characters supposed to be Phoenician, which contributes to give a greater impress of certainty to the idea that voyages were formerly made by the Pho-
nicians and Carthaginians to the Western Continent. It was the belief of Hornius, and, in more recent times, of Bryan Edwards, that this hemisphere was peopled in part, at least, by these Phoenician mariners. However, Edwards extends his opinion no farther than to the Charirke Nation, a people wholly different from the aborigines of the continent, who inhabited some of the West-India Islands.

It is but too probable that, owing to the destruction of hundreds of precious ancient manuscripts, through the gross ignorance of the monks, and particularly those of Egypt by the fanatic Saracens, the records of many valuable discoveries in navigation have been irrecoverably lost to the world.

In more modern times, various nations have disputed for the honour of the original discovery of America. The first of these in point of date (if we except St. James the Apostle, who by the Spaniards is regarded with religious veneration as the first discoverer and colonizer of the hemisphere) is the Japanese, who claim to have made voyages at a very early period to Behring Straits, and that part of the American coast called in that tongue Foosang. The Chinese also assume to have traded to the north-west portions of America, and to have extended their commerce to even California before the seventh century. The next claimants to the discovery of the New World are the Norwegians, the exploits of whom are recorded in the chronicles of Iceland. The following is a brief sketch of the account contained in those documents: In the year 985, Biarn, an Icelandic mariner, in steering for Greenland, by stress of weather lost his reckoning. He espied land three different times; but not answering the description of that country, he bore away and eventually arrived at the desired haven in safety. He afterward visited Eric, Earl of Norway, by whom, on relating his adventures, he was reproved for not having further prosecuted his discoveries. At the Earl’s suggestion, a fleet was immediately fitted out for exploration, and Biarn, accompanied by Leif, son of Eric, made another voyage, and again beheld the lands he had previously seen. With his men, eager for adventure, he disembarked, and pleased with the luxurious aspect of the country, which, on account of the vast quantity of grapes growing there spontaneously, he named Vinland, he at once founded a colony. Voyages continued to be made to Vinland until 1059, when a monk, on attempting to introduce the Christian religion among them, was murdered by the natives, which put an end to further intercourse. Toward the latter part of the fourteenth century, two Venetian navigators, in the service of a Norwegian prince, are said to have visited Vinland, and to have found traces yet remaining of the colony abandoned by the Northmen. A great number of accendant circumstances have been adduced, all tending to prove that this colony of Vinland was either Rhode Island or Massachusetts.

yet standing in Newport, Rhode Island, which is built in the ante-Gothic style of architecture, that prevailed in Europe from the eighth to the twelfth century; and to judge from the absence of any similar work in America, and the resemblance it bears to numbers in Europe and Greenland, it must be a genuine relic of the Scandinavians. There have also been discovered, in the vicinity of Boston, a number of curious bronze breast-plates, sword-hilts, and a suit of complete armour inclosing a skeleton, which are none of them of comparatively modern European manufacture, and certainly are not of Indian. A Danish geologist, recently, while engaged in excavating in the vicinity of Babia, Brazil, discovered the fragment of a tablet covered with Runic characters. Impelled by curiosity, he pursued his researches until he came to the ruins of foundations of houses built in hewn-stone, bearing a striking architectural resemblance to old buildings in Norway; and finally dug up an image of the Scandinavian god Thor. The goes far to prove that the Norwegians had not only extended their marine expeditions to South America, but had also established permanent settlements in that region. In reviewing the foregoing statement, how can we sufficiently admire the intrepidity of the noble, vigorous race, who, without chart, compass, or any of the advantages which modern science has bestowed upon us, by the sole guidance of the planets discovered America long before any other of the navigators of the middle ages.

The ancient Britons next advance their modest claims to honourable remembrance: for, from the researches of British antiquaries, it appears that a tradition is preserved by the Welsh in their national poetry, concerning the discovery of the New World by Prince Madoc, who, according to the song of Meredith, a famous bard, in consequence of the strife among his brethren for the possession of the royal crown of their father, Owen Gwynedd, King of Wales, and being himself of a mild, peaceable disposition, resolved upon the wonderful enterprise of sailing the ocean over, in quest of more tranquil shores and scenes.

"Madoc I am, the son of Owen Gwynedd, With stature large, and comely grace adored; No lands at home nor store of wealth me please. My mind was whole to search the ocean seas."

He steered west, leaving Ireland to the north and, after many days' sail, discovered a country of such amazing beauty and immeasurable magnitude, that he sped his way back to Wales for his adherents, who on his representation, in the year 1170, left their native soil in a fleet of ten ships, bound for the land which he had before discovered; after which neither he nor his colony were ever heard of more. The sup-
position is, that he entered the mouth of the Mississippi, and proceeded at once direct into the interior of North America. During a long period this statement was deemed mere idle romance; but an air of greater authenticity has been given to it since the travels of Catlin among the Mandan tribe of Indians, whom, from various circumstances, he conjectures to be the descendants of that very colony formed by Prince Madoc. Some other travellers besides Catlin report having discovered tribes of Indians who spoke a language strongly like the Welsh, who had every shade of complexion and hair, and who practised many useful and scientific arts unknown to other tribes.

An Italian tract, written more than a century before the time of Columbus, contains the history of a discovery made by one Zeno, an Italian navigator, of a country which was more than a thousand miles west of the Faroe Isles; and of another country so far west that it took twenty-three days, with a fair wind, to return thence to the Faroes. Some tales of the Spanish relate that a people, who knew no country of any great extent west of those islands that was not well known to the seamen of that era, these discoveries of Zeno are generally thought to refer to Greenland and America.

The French contended the possession of part of North America with the English, on the ground that it had been discovered by some of their mariners long antecedent to the time of Sebastian Cabot; and L'Escaut, who visited America in the tenth century, asserted that the language spoken on the coast of Newfoundland was Biscayan, inferring from that fact that the fishermen on the coast of France must have navigated those seas long previous to the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

The Spanish, with the disingenuousness of national jealousy, attempted to detract from the dearly-earned renown of Columbus, by declaring that he derived his information of the existence of the new continent from a Spaniard, the sole survivor of the crew of a vessel that had been wrecked on the Azores. However, the name of the individual or vessel they could never give.

The Germans also claim the right of the original discovery of this hemisphere for their countryman, Behain; but as he himself, in his writings, makes no pretensions whatever to it, and even asserts and proves that there had been no previous discovery on the track pursued by Columbus, their assumptions must be utterly baseless.

Whether the existence of any national records, detailing minutely one or all of these discoveries, was known to Columbus, is a matter of unimportance. For him and for him alone was reserved the distinguished honour of tracing through the dim chronicles and misty floating traditions of by-gone ages the intelligence of another world. Seneca, from the powerful inductions of reason, predicted a new continent: Columbus, boldly starting forward in advance of his contemporaries, unimpressified by the risk of failure, undaunted by the scoffs of the incredulous, made the voyage of experiment, and fully realized the prophetic imaginations of Seneca. To the philosopher is due our admiration; to the navigator, our profoundest gratitude. Amidst the infatuation of a frivolous court, while writhing beneath the cruel neglect and ingratitude of his sovereign, how would the imperial soul of Columbus have exulted, could he have caught but a momentary glimpse of the splendour and importance of the new continent by which he had completed the circle of nations! a land on which nature has lavished her choicest blessings, and from which should arise great empires and grand republics, to celebrate his fame to the end of time!

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive his glorious name!"

A nobler epitaph than that upon his monument in the cathedral at Seville—his cenotaph, for his grave is unknown—

"A Castilia ya Leon
Nuevo mundo dio Colon—"

is engraved upon millions of human hearts. The echoing roars of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans chant his ceaseless dirge; and so long as one tree in the mighty forests rears proudly its green coronal, so long shall continue fresh the memory of Columbus.

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A PILGRIMAGE TO PICQUIGNY, IN THE VALLEY OF THE SOMME.

BY MRS. CAROLINE WHITE.

There is nothing prettier in the route from Boulogne to Amiens than the picturesque church and ruined château of Picquigny, peering from amongst surrounding trees on the summit of the hill above the village, with the Bois de la Vigne in the foreground, and the waters of the Somme at its base. Its appearance from the railway had determined us, when passing, to halt there on our return; and in pursuance of this resolution, we found ourselves alighting one sunny August morning at the pretty station which divides the road to Chaussée, from the village. Monday is market day at Picquigny, and owing to the number of cattle brought there for sale, and the heavy rain that had fallen through the night, the high street (great part of which was undergoing the infliction of new paving) appeared in an uncomfortable state of slough. The presence of numerous stalls for the sale of fruit, bon-bons, tin snuff-boxes, and other trilling wares, made us at first imagine that we had left the fair at Boulogne, to come in for one at
Picquigny; but upon inquiry we found it was only, as I have said, le jour du marché. Despite the flourish in Mons. Carol's guide-book, and the ease with which one arrives here by railway, so few strangers find their way to this really interesting village, that in our progress through it we found ourselves the objects of an interest far more general than agreeable. Old and young, men, women, and children, moved by a common impulse of curiosity, stood still, or turned out at their doors to stare after la dame anglaise; and instead of having left beggary behind at its head-quarters, Amiens, we were presently saluted with the old familiar "Quelque chose s'il vous plaît, Madame! pouvons malheureux, Madame," from a dozen stout, half-grown boys and girls, who had scented their prey afar off, and had followed us in a body to the road leading past the châteaux to the Bois de Neullity, which lies within a short walk of the village. Our first visit had been to the post-office, where we were subjected to an inquisition of a different kind, but as unscrupulous as the visual one of the villagers.

Was Madame going to Belloy, or "en route pour Amiens?" Did we arrive "par le chemin de fer?" Would we remain long? Did we know any one in the neighbourhood? Was England much larger than Picardy? and did "Madame s'engager sans peur?" In short, a host of questions, the coolness of which might have astonished an American.

However, as the old lady appeared to ask them in the innocence of her heart, and the postmaster, her son, "merely for information," I satisfied them, with the aid of Aurore, on all these points, and learned in return that no lodgings were to be had in the village, save at Madame Frouans, the aubergiste's; or, to speak more correctly, the hostess of the "Hôtel du Chemin de Fer," as the once unpretending village inn had been re-christened. To do it justice, however, we found the pretension confined to the blue and gold signboard, on which this announcement flourished, and the charges which Madame endeavoured to impose. The inn itself, with its large salle à manger (at one end of which was a billiard-table), with the cuisine behind it through the open door of which you caught a view of the cook, surrounded by a dozen dead chickens, which she was hastily disencumbering of their feathers, and a yard filled with horses, farmers, and vehicles, remained unchanged; and nothing could have transformed the stout-limbed landlady, who looked as capable of performing the part of ostler as hostess, into the semi-fine ladyism of a modern maîtresse d'hôtel.

Here we found several apartments to choose from, each with a floor (originally polished) dirtier than the other, but alike in the article of good beds. But as Madame was by no means averse to meet our wishes, the surface of the one we chose was well wetted if not cleaned, the windows thrown wide open, and a circular straw mat laid down beneath the table, which took off considerably from the bareness of the space between the furniture, the remainder of which was placed with rule-and-compass regularity against the walls. When these arrangements were completed, many worse lodgings might have been found at places of higher pretensions than ours at the aubergiste's, who, if she did charge les Anglaises rather more than her ordinary guests, took care to make it up by more than ordinary attention; our bed, with its amber curtains and polished walnut-tree frame, was unique; such mattresses and such linen! not to mention the square down-pillow in its frilled slip, laid ostentatiously outside, in the centre of the quilted-silk coverlet; was it any wonder that we closed our eyes to the rather coarse blanket between them, remembering that as the night was warm we could remove it, without throwing the scorn of discontent on Madame's efforts to make us comfortable. We had, besides, a delightful view of the church and château, which, with the cupola of the white stone cross in the cemetery, parted with us, and the moss-grown irregular roofs of the houses, with the blue twif-smoke wreathing above them in the clear air, and the rushing of the gurgling river beneath the long, narrow, leading-framed, louvered paned windows of our room, completed a picture not easily erased from memory—one of the many, by the way, which a sojourn in the valley of the Somme affords. This bridge, that château, had both their histories: here, in 1475, Louis XI. had journeyed from his "little Venice," as he was wont to call Amiens, to hold a conference with Edward IV. of England, and the bridge had been the scene of their rendezvous. Across this pont had sailled the troops of the ancient Barons de Picquigny, to make war on their own account, or to defend their powerful allies the bishops of Amiens, whose partizans they commanded in times of war, and in other ways exercised for them such functions as were incompatible with the episcopal character. Hence, too, had gone forth that extraordinary discoverer of extraordinary relics, the crusader Walon de Sarton (gentleman of Picquigny), who miraculously found, in the ruins of an ancient palace at Constantinople, the head of John Baptist, which has since made so considerable a figure in the history of Amiens cathedral. These imposing ruins, with grass-grown fosses and shattered walls, had passed into the keeping of some of the highest hands in France; the De Picquignys, D'Alliés, D'Artois, De Briets, and De Chaunies's, having successively possessed them;* it was the circumstance of one of the latter family being buried here, that gave rise to the happy assurance of Madame de Sevigné's remark, that it was the only place in the parish of St. John that served to sepulchre a respectable family. An hôtel-Dieu still remains to the town, in proof of the munificence of those ancient seigneurs.

* Here, in the still existing oubléttes and subterranean dungeons, were imprisoned, in 1307, the greater number of the knights-templars of Picquigny.
Finding, after writing for some hours, that two or three more remained till dinner-time, we summoned Aurore, and sailled out for the purpose of visiting the church, which, as we before said, is on the summit of the hill, encompassed by the ruins, and commanding at this season, as far as the eye could reach, a continuous landscape of wood and water, villages and corn-lands, with here and there peasant women reaping, not in our present fashion, but as in the days of Ruth and primitive husbandry, with sickles; or on the hill-tops a little mob of men in a field, helping to dig and store their neighbour's crop of potatoes. The only approach to the church, on either side, is through one of the tower-flanked gates of the château, three of which remain; that next village, to which you ascend by a long flight of wooden steps, is in beautiful preservation; the massive ramparts, the towers, with their interior entrance and winding narrow stone-stairs, the elegantly-pointed arches of the double portal, with the shields on which the blazon of its ancient lords has been duly inscribed, and patched up, or, rather, beef broth, flanked by a long loaf, both excellent of their kind; then bouilli—a never-missing item at a French table—with vegetables served on the same dish; and with this entrée Madame paraded a very mouldy-looking, long-necked bottle—wine of the South—Roussillon she assured us, and with a great flourish drew the cork. Then followed the rôti, a miserable chicken, one of a breed that had been baked wholesale, accompanied by a plate of potatoes mixed with onions, and swimming with some sort of gravy, and which, but for the first ingredient, would (like the chicken) have had no taste at all but for the acquired one of turf, with which the oven they were baked in had been heated. After these, a shallow tart, in a very stiff paste, made its appearance, which seemed to have done duty so long as an ornament of Madame Frouans' larder, that either the flies or the petty lacery of passing fingers had taken off all the fruit, and left it looking like an overgrown rouge-saucer. We need hardly say it went off, notwithstanding a little snow-storm of powdered sugar, which Madame extemporised at a side-table, in order to cover its defects, without our spoiling its proportions. The pallid-looking cheese that followed was as little to our appetite; and then came the crown of the feast—the little silver biggin of café noir, with its customary liqueur—glass of eau de vie and sugar; fruit was also placed on the table with these; and this was our first dinner at Picquigny! Except that roast veal and cotelette de mouton supplied the place of the fowl, and that a ragout and stewed pigeons were introduced, it was the duplicate of the next day, and the next. No such thing as tea was to be had, and we breakfasted on the following day, as we had dined on this, in the legitimate fashion of the place, making the best of circumstances, and an excellent déjeuner at eleven o'clock, on the sweetbread, fried veal, bacon, and broiled chicken, which our hostess had provided; coffee and fruit followed,
as at dinner, and, instead of our herb infusions, beer and wine were served with it. By the way, this first is a miserable beverage—scarcely less bitter than an infusion of chamomile, and as effervescent as a Seidlitz draught; but slight judge as we were, one could not help detecting that the wine on this occasion was *pique un peu*, or of a different and inferior description to the contents of the mouldy bottle produced at the previous day's dinner. The *déjeuner* is the only meal the French partake of till their dinner-hour, which, even in tradesmen's families, is usually six or seven o'clock; and after this, except on extraordinary occasions, no other follows.

It was so lovely a night, and so warm, that we felt no inclination to retire, but sat looking out from the open window upon the white fragments of the château, gleaming like ghosts of the past in the bright moonlight through the foliage so picturesquely scattered around it. The Somme, as we before said, went singing by under the old stone bridge—now playing at bat, and seeking for branches that dipped their heads down from orchards and gardens on the opposite side-bank—now gurgling in little white-foamed eddies round the moss-grown stakes standing midway in the current, and anon slanting off towards the deeper channels, in whose still depths the stars were mirrored, and the water-lily submerged its folded flowers, to float them where they lay open in the next day's sun. There it flowed like a thought of eternity towards an endless goal, on, on—without recession.

"Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon,"

and whispering to imagination, as it ran, strange revelations of the feudal pile crumbling slowly year by year upon the hill above it. We were awakened on the following morning, by the loud blast of a horn, repeated and prolonged at intervals, till, gradually approaching, it seemed to sound beneath our windows, and a figure with a bearded head, in a bullock's skin vest, broad hat, and belt (to which a pouch was suspended) across his shoulder, appeared on the bridge, and, blowing another and another call, it was responded to by the loud cracking of a whip, and the trampling and lowing of cattle; and a moment after, as the summons was repeated on the other side of the bridge, a drove of oxen appeared plunging and pressing one another across it, and the cowherd and his charge passed out of sight.

The sun had just risen, and a faint mirage—light and silvery as the web the spider weaves of a summer's night amongst the flowers—rose between the river and the ruin; above which the church, with its double cupola of stone, and the white cross in the cemetery shone and glistered, fresh burnished by the touch of Nature's gilder. In an English village, we should know by the smoke-wreaths if the inhabitants were astir; but this is no rule in France, where, in summer time, the fires are lit and extinguished with each meal, and even in the turf-burning districts are only made up when absolutely necessary. With the cowherd passed away all signs of animation; and returning to our couch, we once more fell asleep, only to awake when the whole village was up and doing. Here an old man, with donkey and panniers, was vending fruit; there the baker passed with his basket on his shoulder, and (primitive score) a bunch of notepins clinking in his hand; now a waggon, like an oblong frame of rude wicker-work, drawn by five horses, with rope harness, and lyre-shaped wooden collars, fringed with worsted, and hung about with bells, went lumbering across the bridge; or a market-woman from a distant village, trotted by in her sheep-skin saddle, with a row of snowy milk-pails depending from it. Later still, and groups of *villageois*, in all their fête-day finery, began to trip in from the neighbouring hamlets; and now a lady in a bonnet, attended by her *bonère*; now a sister of charity, with her black cape veil falling from the back of her broad-bordered cap, her cross upon her bosom, and her beads hanging at her breast, was seen heading towards the church. Then came a group of priests, in their three-cornered hats, long black frocks looped up at one side, and fringed scarfs falling to their heels—probably arrivals by railway from Amiens or elsewhere, to assist at the service of *la Sainte Vierge*. Sometimes there issued out of the old grey houses youthful figures clad in filmy white, with bouquets in their hands, chaplets on their heads, and white veils flowing round their girlish shoulders, members of the chosen band who were to bear the Virgin in procession. In a word, before we had finished our late breakfast, all the villagers (not excepting Madame Frouans) were in *grande toilette*, and for the most part on their way to church.

We hardly knew our landlady, *en bourgeois*, with her pretty cap, striped silk gown, blue boots, and black silk scarf and mittens, as she entered, pocket-handkerchief and prayer-book in hand, to know if, according to a previous arrangement, we were disposed to accompany her. Once more, therefore, we found on our way ascending the long flight of steps leading from the village street to the tree-shaded fossé of the château, and thence in the wake of picturesque groups of villagers through its tower-flanked portal to the church. Here the primitive *régime* of the old fathers is still adhered to; and not only are the sexes separated, but the married women sit apart from the single ones—these occupying the side-aisles, while the matrons sit in the body of the nave, and their husbands, sons, and fathers take possession of the front of the choir. Contrary to the usual fashion on the continent, there are no chairs in the church at Picquigny. Its arrangements—setting aside the three altars, with their fête-day exhibit of waxen cierges, and silver candlesticks, and the image of the Virgin in a spangled petticoat, crowned with white roses—reminded one of the old churches of England. The *belle office*, however, with the pausing of each of the congregation before the *bimtier*, soon dispelled the
illusion; and Madame literally threw cold water on it, by dipping the end of her gloved finger in the consecrated fluid, and extending it to us, in order that we might share the sacred drop with her. The service on this occasion was chanted; and during its continuance, the priests kept walking to and fro the choir, incensing the altar of the Virgin, and performing other equally mysterious rites; and at its conclusion, one of them, with a little black bag in his hand, preceded by the suisse, in his half-military costume, cocked hat, and halbert-headed staff, paused at each pew, while his superior, presenting the bag, repeated, in unchanging accents, "Pour la pauvre, pour la pauvre!" The organist, meanwhile, warried of the monotonous chants he had been playing, suddenly burst into the beautiful overture of the "Caliph of Bagdad," by way of voluntary, filling the old church to the roof with its magnificent harmony. Whether it passed for sacred music or not, all seemed equally pleased with its effect, though there were, probably, not more than two or three who could detect the difference. A brief discourse followed, and the service ended with a hymn in praise of the Virgin. The people soon began to drop out by twos and threes; but instead of returning to the village, they turned aside to the adjacent cemetery; those who were fortunate enough to have no kindred there dropping down by stranger-graves to repeat a "De profundis" for the dead.

As the whole of the women part of the congregation found their way thither, the scene became touchingly solemn, especially from the presence of such of them as had recently lost relations, the young with their long floating scarfs of black cape thrown over the head and face so as to veil them. The old women wore the same form of head-gear, only of a thicker material; which, without covering the visage, fell from the head around them, mantling the whole form to the feet. The effect of these sombre figures, each kneeling at a grave, came nearer to realize our childhood's notion of our national Banshees than anything we had ever seen; but the novelty of their appearance obtruded even above its solemnity—till two sisters, hand-in-hand, made their way slowly towards a recently upturned grave, beside which they cast themselves, crouching close to the freshly heaped-up mould, and straining their clasped hands above it, with an action of such passionate sorrow, that our heart melted within us. From the cemetery we bent our steps towards the Bois de Neuilly, through a road bordered with trees, and overlooking slopes of ripening grain on either hand, with sleepy fields of white poppy in the bottom, interspersed with the dusky verdure of hemp. We met groups of village-girls nutting in the wood; and others passed us on the road, bearing home their sylvan burdens.

The country from this point of view is very charming. Looking towards Bellay, the eye falls on the white château; and despite the bad taste of its style, the striking tower of the church at Chausée, with its balustrade and pyramid of stone. On the right, afar off rises the colossal cathedral of Amiens; and on the left, as far as the eye can reach, the bald sandhills beyond Abbeville, shining dimly white in the distance, go rounding off towards the sea. The local light colour of the churches and châteaux, contrasted with the deep green of the surrounding woods, and the red roofs of the village houses, give a picturesque character to the landscape, heightened by the presence of the Somme, which is shining everywhere; now a broad fast stream, and anon a still canal; or, winding beneath your eyes, a silver-thread, strung with the pearl-white flowers of the buttercups and blue clusters of forget-me-not. The cloudless sky, the clear light air, the voice of the lark, without a note of foreign music in it—the river, woods, wind-mills, villages and churches, so peaceful and harmonious in their effect, sounded and swam around us like scenes and accents in some delicious dream, from which the bells of St. Martin de Picquigny aroused us just in time to return, and witness, winding from the church to the cross at the extreme end of the village street, and thence along the old route to Amiens, the procession in honour of the Virgin. Few sights could be at once more simple and imposing than the appearance of the young girls, all clad alike in snowy muslin, with chaplets of white flowers on their heads, and bearing in their hands long waxen cierges. Immediately in front of them marched the priest, holding a crucifix; while four of their numbers supported a canopy, under which appeared the image de la Sainte Vierge; and two attendant acolytes, in scarlet tunics and muslin vestments, went before, swinging their silver censers, and making repeated genuflections. Passing round the village cross with solemn chant, priest, crucifix, acolytes, and children were presently out of sight; but the sound of their mingling voices to the listening ears of the happy village-mothers.

We had only time to reach our inn when a solitary drum was heard beating l'assemblée through the main street, and afterwards in the bye-ways of the village, and in a moment or two the proprietor of the opposite estaminet, with his neighbour the baker, issued from their relative establishments in the uniform of national guards, and, with their fusils in their hands, hurried off towards the Mairie, whence a little band of them was presently seen approaching. They were accompanied by their captain and first lieutenant, whose drawn swords and silver epaulet made no bad figure in the evening sun; but the most striking individual of the corps was the continière, who, dressed in a military frock, blue trousers, and low crowned shining hat with coquelicot cockades beneath the brim, walked with the drummers, a few paces in advance of the rest, carrying her little tri-coloured keg beneath her arm. As they passed under the winders of the inn, we were surprised by a profound bow from the first lieutenant, and, while wondering to what we
owed it, recognized in the hero the post-master we had talked with on the preceding day. We found upon inquiry that the garde nationale were about to do honour to the inauguration of a new mayor, and were proceeding to Amiens for that purpose. Having dined and amused ourselves for some time, watching the passing of the gay parties hastening to the ball, with which the evening was to close, we sauntered out, accompanied by Aurore, and crossing l'Ecluse, walked some distance along the banks of the Somme, now watching the progress of a huge canal-boat slowly stealing her way towards Amiens; or, as the moon rose higher and higher in the heavens, pausing to look at its flickering on the wheel of a water-mill at work on the opposite side. The guingette was going on in the orchard of an adjacent estaminet, and the music of quadrilles and polkas reached us where we walked. As we again entered the village, the rappel beat in front of the ancient Hotel de Ville; and night closed upon the second day of our sojourn at Picquigny.

MEMS OF THE MONTH.

Walking through the regions of Club-dom the other afternoon, and chancing to cast our observant eyes on the windows of the "Atheneum," we found, to our surprise, instead of the well-polished plate-glass windows we are in the habit of beholding there, and the sleek, well-groomed, well-to-do-looking gentlemen we usually observe peering through them, were panes begrimed with dirt and bespattered with whitewash, and sundry individuals equally begrimed and, if possible, more bespattered than the windows themselves. We then became more than ever convinced of the melancholy fact, to which we alluded last month, that everybody is out of town, that is to say everybody who is anybody, or who fancies he is anybody, which comes to about the same thing. We do not, of course, refer to the few thousands who stay at home to trade, and to keep the streets in order or take them up, to give the few nobodies who may remain the benefit of a journey through unknown puritans without extra charge at this cheap excursion season; nor do we include those who wash and purify, polish and beautify, supply and regulate the great world of London in general, and Bennett's complicated machinery in Cheapside in particular, which attractive sight causes some obstruction on the pavement, particularly when the stroke of Time is at hand (we mean no pun); whilst the butterflies of fashion are resting from the hard work of their season's dissipation. And those butterflies, whither are they flown? Some are off, thinking to find relief from the wear and tear of Mayfair ball-rooms, in the gitter and excitement of Baden or Biarritz, Boulogne or Broadstairs (charming aliteration). Foreign Office clerks, hoping to get up their French and their mountains at the same time, are away at Chamouni. Pale-faced belles, worn out with late hours and the Mabel walks, are at Scarborough, with the view of bringing back the roses to their pretty cheeks. Fest junior partners from the Stock Exchange are off to Homburg, with every intention of breaking the bank when they get there—only, somehow or other, they never succeed; Moses Isaac, from Houndsditch, is gone with his hook-nosed, frizzy-haired, bejewelled family, to luxuriate at Ramsgate. The painters—we mean the artists, not those gentlemen who combine painting with plumbing and glazing—"let go the painter" to all sorts of odd, unheard-of, out-of-the-way corners in Wales and Brittany. Grave editors have retired to quiet watering-places, leaving their more frisky "subs" to kick up their heels to their hearts' content; and, in point of fact, every one who has gotten a few shillings together, and can take a holiday for a week or two, has left for change of air and relaxation, according to the length of their purse-strings; it little matters where, so long as it is a change. Your Bohemian must be almost the only individual of distinction who has remained constant to his post throughout the entire summer, and as he intends to have his little fling forthwith, probably the next communication you may receive from him will be splashd all over with sea-water, and dated from some bathing machine on the coast; but while he is in town he will endeavour, in spite of much depression, to do his duty. We record with much regret the return of the Great Eastern, with the news of the failure of the Atlantic Telegraph Expedition (the narrative of which attempt has been so graphically related by Dr. Russell), as well as the distressing accounts which have for some time been received with reference to the cattle plague, the ravages of which are quite appalling. "On horror's head horrors accumulate." We will but allude to the frightful atrocities reported in the papers: indeed we hardly remember a greater amount of crimes, one speedily following another, than have been committed during the past few weeks.

We may note that our Queen is in Germany, where she is expected to remain until the middle of September; and that Abd-el-Kader has come and gone at a dead season of the year, without any reason to be overwhelmed by the warmth of his reception; nor does he even appear to have met with the common courtesy due to so distinguished a visitor.

Parliament, we observe, has been prorogued until the 1st of November.
In the Times of the 1st of August the unusual number of sixty-four deaths and thirty-one marriages was announced. We may especially mention the loss that the literary, musical, and scientific world has sustained in the deaths of Professors Aytoun and Donaldson; in that of Sir William Hooker, the ablest director of Kew Gardens, at the advanced age of eighty; and also in the decease of Hugh Cuming, a distinguished traveller and naturalist.

The Guild of Literature and Art, after having slumbered for many years, has recently given a sign of life; but, beyond a few houses, a feed, and two pleasant speeches on the part of the authors of Pelham and Pickwick, we fail to perceive that there is much to show, considering the time that has elapsed since it was first projected.

The gathering at Knebworth the other day may have been a very agreeable one, and Sir Edward's hospitality very charming, and, as Brother Sam would say, "all that sort of thing"; but the object that called it forth appears to be almost where it was.

The first article in the August number of "London Society" is a slight sketch called "The Blue Unclad." The writer professes to have been on intimate terms with poor Albert Smith: if so, how painfully true is the saying — "Save us from our friends!" as we are informed, in allusion to the "Monarch of Mont Blanc," that "most people have forgotten all about him." Surely not — though a gallant colonel may now occupy the cold room at the Egyptian Hall, and call it "The Theatre of Mystery." And do we not sometimes think of Ledbury and his friend Jack Johnson? We are mindful of "Evening Parties" and "Amateur Pantomimes," and we do not believe that the general public can be altogether forgetful of the same, although it may cease to remember, in the whirl and excitement of the Derby-day, that it is the anniversary of the death of one who has described the scene so well.

Portraits have lately appeared in the Illustrated Sporting News of the "Editor of Fun," the most popular and prolific burlesque author of the day, namely, Mr. H. J. Byron; and Messrs. Tom Taylor and Arthur Sketchley. They are very fair likenesses, but we do not think the originals can feel flattered at finding themselves in such close proximity to prize-fighters, champion swimmers, and others, writing of which reminds us that the championship of the Thames at the recent Regatta has changed hands, Chambers having been at last defeated by Kelly.

A new sporting paper has made its appearance, called "The Sportsman"—as though we had not enough of sporting papers already, seeing we have "Bell's Life," "The Field," and cheaper periodicals especially devoted to the interests of the ring and the turf.

Very acceptable are the cheap editions of H. J. Byron's "Paid in Full," and Mrs. Henry Wood's "Lord Oakburn's Daughters." Mr. Sala is reported to have a work in the press to be called "A Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Route." Miss Braddon's last novel, "Only a God," which is generally considered to be her best, has reached a fifth edition.

Mellon's concerts have commenced with great success; indeed, we are informed that on the first few nights the attendance was even larger than it has been on former occasions. Certainly on each of our visits the word "Promenade" was a decided misnomer, which is a contradiction to our assertion that there is nobody in town. Well, we suppose there is at least a musical public remaining, and that an appreciative one. The Olympic is also doing very well, possibly in consequence of there being so few theatres open; at all events it is respectfully intimated that "the free-list is entirely suspended." That "Brutus is an honourable man," was the ironical observation of Marc Antony in his oration over the body of Julius Caesar—an "honourable" Rodere (not Brutus), and a real live Chevalier of colour, in the part of Othello, attracted us to the Haymarket the other evening, in spite of which the play was, on the whole, wretchedly acted. The silly Venetian gentleman was, as the Daily Telegraph observes, "peculiarly suggestive of a volatile school-girl in male attire, and unworthy any praise whatever;" and we thought we never saw the part of Cassio go so completely for nothing. Miss Madge Robertson was a graceful Desdemona, but we do not think she should have left her couch and addressed Othello in a standing position before the smothering began; as it had a very odd effect, and was ludicrously suggestive of "The Woman in White." Miss Atkinson is an intelligent, though a rather too demonstrative Emilia. The play not being over until a quarter to eleven, we did not wait to witness the efforts of the honourable gentleman before referred to as Minerva. In so long postponing the production of "Fra Angelico," we cannot think that Mr. Montgomery has acted wisely, since, if it is to be such a success as is expected, it will be ruinous to cut short the run of the piece by having to go out on the return of the regular company at the end of September. By the way, the said company have been as successful as ever in their provincial journeys. From a Manchester paper we learn that Mr. Farren, as Charles Surface, carried off the lion's share of the applause in the "School for Scandal," being honoured with a call on his exit in the screen scene, that is to say, before the fall of the act-drop—rather an unusual compliment to an actor, but one which Mr. Farren has been of late in the habit of receiving in London for his spirited performance of the part. Of course the worthy manager has been as great a favourite as ever in the North, where Compton, Chippendale, and other members of his company are thoroughly appreciated. They visit Dublin, and are to give another week's performance at Bradford on their way back. Toole has left for the provinces, to play his last successful part of Joe Bright and other characters in his extensive repertoire. Happening to go into that
actor's room at the Adelphi the other evening for the purpose of wishing him good-bye till Christmas, we were glad to hear, though we were at a considerable distance from the stage, that the audience was fully appreciating the humour of Mr. Owens, who was being loudly applauded, and that his every speech and look appeared to be telling with the force of a sledgehammer. We hope we shall be enabled to see him in some other character before long (we understand he is very clever as *Paul Pry*); in the meantime we will welcome another American (Mr. Jefferson), of whom report speaks highly, and who will make his *début* on the 4th of September, in a new and original drama written expressly for him by Mr. Boucicault, and entitled, "Rip Van Winkle."

Midle. Vander Meersch, whom we remember to have been in London in 1851, has revisited us, and is giving her performances with her marvellous birds twice-a-day at the Polytéchnic. And another addition to the band of London entertainers has appeared in the person of Mr. Maccabe, who has made his mark in his monologue of "Begone dull Care," consisting of ventriloquism, mimicry, &c., given by him between the parts of Professor and the Misses Anderson's "World of Magic and Second Sight in a new phase," at the St. James's Hall.

A brother scribe, who was present at the first performance, tells us that the several impersonations are excellent, especially the old gentleman making a speech, the railway porter, a wandering minstrel of the "Jim Bags" school, and "Miss Mary May." In the latter character we are informed he was admirable, as also was the way in which he managed the falsetto voice; in fact, our friend liked Mr. Maccabe very much except when he was Mr. Maccabe (a fault we always found with Mr. Woodin), in which character he seemed to have manifestly a want of style and confidence, which he will probably improve in course of time. He is also said to labour under the disadvantage of the libretto of his entertainment being in no wise worthy of his talents.

We think we need add no more this month, unless we remind our readers that the Great Chinese Giant, whose name is "Chang" ("the tall celestial of Fychow"), left Shanghai on the 5th day of the Fourth Moon (April). Will he come over in three ships, we wonder? Also, we read of a "baby actress," aged two years, who recites and acts whole scenes from Shakspeare!

And now we are haunted by the visions of bright-eyed syrens, with wondrous back hair and unexceptionable ankles, who are beckoning unto us to lay down the pen and come unto certain "yellow sands," to flirt with them, dance with them, and walk with them. Dreaming, therefore, of moonlight walks, of meanderings and philandering on the beach in the morning—of that exquisite pleasure the *dolce far niente* which only a wretched horse in the mill at other seasons can truly appreciate—away from the hot theatre, removed from the clank and bust of the printing press, and out of the range of the copy-gorging printer's boy—we lay down our pen and jumping into our Hansom (pro test) off goes for a limited period all that is left of Your Bohemian.

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**OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.**

My Dear C——,

Young France loaded with laurels and edified with speeches has also this month abandoned Paris, and gone for the holidays into every part of Europe. The Exhibition at Dublin has attracted many; and several parties left for the Emerald Isle, the day after the distribution of prizes, which came off as usual, on the 7th and 8th of August, amidst great enthusiasm and joy on the part of parents who had laureate sons, and laureate sons themselves. The lazy part of the community started off beforehand. The distribution at the Sorbonne, where the general competition of the united colleges in Paris takes place the day before the distribution at the separate colleges, is always presided over by the Minister of State for Public Instruction, accompanied by all the public men then in Paris; and the young man who carries off the Prize of Honour there dines at night with the Minister. Just after the ceremony commenced, Abd-el-Kader arrived the was received with loud enthusiasm, which must have been particularly agreeable to him, after the cold reception you in London had just given him. In spite of oriental gravity, his handsome face betrayed great emotion and pleasure, as he took his seat beside the Archbishop of Paris, and, what was curious, beside an Armenian bishop. The French certainly do try to prove to the famous Emir that if once upon a time he did order a few of their compatriots to be shot, &c. &c., it is no business of theirs, and they bear him no malice for it; on the contrary. The London people of course had not the same motive for greeting him so cordially, and did not. The Minister, Mr. Duruy, made a very clever and liberal speech, although it has been greatly criticised by the press, on account of an idea proposed in it that of inviting all nations to send to the Exhibition in 1867 written compositions on the same subjects from all their schools and colleges, as criterions by which to judge the height of education in each nation. If it be practicable it would be good emulation methinks. Before the end of the *séance* the poor Emir, who had been sitting for four long hours in, I imagine, a very awkward position for an oriental, looked dreadfully tired. He might be seen speaking.
through his interpreter, several times to the Archbishop. Once he was called upon to crown an African laureate, which he appeared to do with great surprise and pleasure. One of the young men addressed him in impromptu Latin verses of great effect, only they had forgotten one little detail—Abd-el-Kader's interpreter had forgotten his Latin, so they were obliged to give him another, a Franco-Latin one. In leaving the Sorbonne, Marshal Canrobert, who took the famous Arab chief prisoner in Africa, and who looked like a little dwarf beside him, very courteously insisted on the Emir passing out before him. The other day, when on a visit to "Les Invalides, one of the old mutilated pensioners accosted him with, "Bon jour, Monsieur Abd-el-Kader." "Ah," said the Emir, "do you remember me then?" "Oh yes," answered the old Gaul, "I remember you every time the weather changes."

On the 14th, Marshal Vaillant distributed, at the Louvre, to the artists exhibiting in the last "salon" of 1865, the medals awarded them. The Princess Mathilde—Prince Napoleon's sister—who is a very clever artist, and who is proud to compete with public talent, has had a medal adjudged to her for a very fine bust. Her Imperial Highness, however, although delighted at this success, truly merited, yet unwilling to be the cause of disappointment to any one, has replaced her medal by another, so that the number of recompositions has not been diminished by this decision of the jury. She also honoured the College Rollin with her presence, at the distribution, and founded a prize to be given yearly in her name to the young man who carries off the most prizes in that establishment. She excited so much enthusiasm there, as Abd-el-Kader did at the Sorbonne. After the ceremony, she paid a visit to the Director's wife, attended by the ladies of her suite. That part of Paris was turned upside down at the event; the inhabitants evidently shared the honour with the College.

The "Académie" has also held its annual "séance" for the distribution of the Montyon prize—sums of money left by Mr. Montyon, to be awarded yearly to a certain number of people who have distinguished themselves by some very praiseworthy act of sacrifice or devotedness. M. Ste. Beuve, senator, president. The place was crowded. The president and Monsieur Saint Marc Girardin read each their speech, and were applauded with equal warmth, if noise is a proof of warmth in enthusiasm.

A decree in the "Moniteur," on the 15th of August, places divers charitable establishments under the patronage of the Empress, amongst others the Imperial Madhouse of Charenton, and none are to be admitted into these establishments but by order of Her Majesty. I wonder whether it be the horror that M. Sandon's case has inspired that is the cause of this decree! Had not this case been pleaded here in Paris, the 9th of May, 1865, by the victim himself, M. Leon Sandon, Barrister, once Attorney-General, no one could credit that such atrocities were possible in France in the 19th century. Monsieur Billault—the great Monsieur Billault—had this gentleman shut up in the madhouse at Charenton, and that with the worst of motives, because M. Sandon possessed letters written by Monsieur Billault, first Minister of State to Napoleon III., when Monsieur Billault was a republican and enemy of the Prince President Louis Napoleon—letters that would have blasted the minister's ambition had the Emperor seen them; and what is more incredible still is, that six doctors—the first doctors in Paris—Tardieu, Blanche, Parchappe, Foville, Baillauger, and Mitivit, could have been found to declare a perfectly sane man insane, to please the all-powerful minister Billault. Monsieur la Gueux got the letters by fraud from Sandon, and delivered them up to the Minister; but the persecution continued, and for seventeen months did this gentleman's family implore in vain for justice. The Minister was not impeachable; besides, the doctors had declared M. Sandon "mad, paralyzed in the right arm and leg and partly in the tongue, not being able to speak but with difficulty, and making nervous grimaces—thirty in a minute." The Prince Napoleon, hearing rumours of the affair, went to Charenton to see whether the man was mad or not. They showed him an idiot answering the doctor's description, and his Imperial Highness went away satisfied that all was right. During this time Madame Sandon, the victim's mother, died with grief, after writing the most touching letters in vain to the Préfet de Police, begging him to let her see her beloved son, to let her pay for him to have a room to himself and better food. All was refused. The fact is, their motive was plainly to send him mad. But One, more powerful than Monsieur Billault or his Imperial Master, decreed otherwise, and cut down the monster in the height of his power: Billault died, and his victim was released from Charenton by order of the Tribunal. When the Prince Napoleon saw him, he would not believe that it was he, until persons who had long known him declared it was; the Prince affirmed that that was not the person shown to him in the lunatic asylum. Last May M. Sandon brought an action against the six doctors that had sent him to Charenton, and was his own counsel; but not a word of the accusation was allowed to be published, nor did one single paper dare to mention the affair. He was obliged to go to Brussels to get a printer to print his speech before the tribunal de première instance de la Seine, a speech that is now circulating in Paris, and which your correspondent has just read with horror, although it is full of wit and talent. The Minister of l'Intérieur sent the poor man an indemnity of ten thousand francs, which proved what Government thought of the case, and Prince Napoleon has also been very kind to his family. Compare this case with the late impeachment of your Lord Chancellor, and then judge where
real equality before the laws of the land is—
in France or in England?

The Emperor's fête this year was quite a
failure, although M. Haussman had spared
nothing to make it magnificent; but the rain
spoil it all, and what was very provoking for sight-
seers, the 15th, is the only rainy day we have had
for a long while. There were no less people on
the Esplanade des Invalides, however, for that;
the heavy showers made them seek shelter in-
side the shows, though there also they had to
hold up their umbrellas, so determined was the
rain not to let them escape. The theatres at
one o'clock were, as usual, crammed; the rain
might pelt, the Parisians stood their ground,
once one faltered or turned back. At the Vaude-
ville they defied all our critics, and applauded
to frenzy "Les deux Sœurs" of M. de
Girardin, that had been hissed at the first
representation, the night before, by the paying
public, although M. Girardin had ordered, in
his paper, the critics to applaud, if they wished
to be thought men of taste. One of them,
Sarcey, of the "Opinion Nationale," has drawn
a cartoon on his head by giving us a most ridicu-
los description of the scene when the author
was called for by the non-paying spectators, and
he modestly appeared hat in hand to receive
their homage. I laughed until I cried in reading
it, it was so comic; though I dare say it did
not amuse M. de Girardin quite so much.

They say that the pièce is really bad, but
the author says that the cabal alone asserts
that: time will show who is right. At the
illumination on the 15th we had regularly to
paddle about in the mud; and the rain and
wind drove us to despair. "La Place de la
Concorde" seemed to be so magnificently
decorated for us; but it was impossible to
judge the effect, although men were employed
all night to riegel what the unkempt elements
extinguished again immediately. The obelisk
had gas-lights forming palms all up each side,
that were expected to be something marvellous,
but they could not succeed in getting two
sides illuminated together. The electric light
on the two fountains was very charming. As
for the fireworks, we could only hear them:
seeing was nearly out of the question. I see
that at Cherbourg the weather was quite as
disagreeable, and marred all the pleasure so long
anticipated. We had not half the number of English
that we generally have. I suppose
that Cherbourg attracted them.

The Emperor, according to custom, conferred
the croix de la légion d'Honneur on a great
many in honour of his fête: amongst others
the Prince Imperial's tutor, M. Monnier. Alas!
as usual, many also who expected this distinction
were disappointed. Préault, the sculptor, did
get it, to the great surprise of many, as he
has made a very fine Christ, and other works.
"Oh! well, never mind," said a consoling friend
to him; "go to the cold baths—you will see
no one decorated there." "After all," says
another person, "of what use is a little red
ribbon in your coat?" "Why it serves to
make an old coat pass well," answered a poor
artist. The old gentleman who fell down
on the Boulevard the other day would have stared
at the question, I imagine. He had fainted,
and was taken into a chemist's shop. They
unbuttoned his paletôt, where shone the red
ribbon. He did not come round. They un-
buttoned a second coat, where the red ribbon
shone again; the fit was still on him. They
opened his shirt, and lo! the red ribbon
was stuck in the button-hole of his flannel shirt.
The old gentleman came round, and in a feeble
voice (his finger on the last red ribbon), "At
night," said he, "that is for my wife."

A gentleman at Fontainebleau was sum-
moned before the magistrates in that town,
a few days ago, to answer the charge of cat-
assassination. His garden had become the
rendezvous of all the cats in the neighbour-
hood: they even made no ceremony of getting
in at his windows if one was left open. He set
traps, and in one night fifteen lost their lives,
and seven the next. Fancy the consternation
of pussy's doating mistresses! They cried for
revenge. The judge, after a very elaborate and
learned discussion on cat nature, condemned
the cat-exterminator to pay a fine for each dead
animal.

At the election of the Town Council last week
at Bergeries, Bar-sur-Aube, the inhabitants
omitted nine ladies, with the mayor at their
head. The mayor resigned immediately. What
a coward!

Victor Hugo announces the publication
of three new works. A volume of lyric
poems ("Songs of the Streets and Woods")
for the end of October; a novel in three vol-
umes ("The Labourers of the Sea") in Janu-
ary; a volume for the theatre containing a drama
in five acts ("Torquemada"—The Inquisitor),
and "The Grandmother," a comedy in one act,
in May, and for which his publisher pays him
100,000 francs.

I have but little Court news to give you. His
Majesty, after a short sojourn at Plombières,
went to the Camp de Chalon, where the Em-
press and Prince met him, and where they
passed a review of the troops there. They
then went to Strasbourg, from there to Aren-
enberg, near the Lake of Constance—scenes of
the youth of Napoleon; for it was here that
Queen Hortense took up her abode for the edu-
cation of her children. What a dream the
Emperor's life must appear to him when view-
ing his old haunts again! And now once more
adieu, with kind compliments,

Yours truly,

S. A.
OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

LAURENCE STERNE* (second notice).—His eyes were gladdened on the second day of October, by the sight of his dear Lydia, “an elegant, accomplished little slut,” who, with her mother, had at length returned to England. She was now nearly twenty, and her father was very fond of her, although he thought her a little too vivacious.

A little after Christmas, Sterne, in company with Hall Stevenson, set out for London upon his annual literary errand, having first comfortably established his wife and daughter in York for the winter. This time it was the “Sentimental Journey” which was to be brought out. It appeared February 27th, 1768. Invitations pressed upon him, and he was soon “tied down neck and heels thrice over by engagements,” although he was at times aware that close upon his heels was “that long-striding scoundrel of a scare-sinner,” death. Mr. Sterne had great esteem for a Mr. and a Mrs. James, and was often at their house in Gerrard-street. The gentleman was an officer of the navy, who had distinguished himself in the East Indies; he was afterwards knighted, and became chairman of the East India Company. On the 8th of March poor Yorick wrote to Mrs. James: “If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemned—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into.” To her he commended his daughter, should she become an orphan. Mrs. Sterne’s health had long been very delicate. To this lady his last letter was written, three days before he died. “Your poor friend is scarcely able to write—he has been at death’s door this week with a pleurisy. I was bled three times on Thursday and blistered on Friday—the physician says I am better. God knows, for I feel myself sadly wrong.”

On the 18th of March, “Fish” Crawford, a gentleman whom Sterne had met in Paris, gave a dinner party, at which were the Dukes of Grafton and Roxburghe, the Earls of March and Orsoy, and Hume, Garrick, and James. The conversation turned upon the dying humorist intimately known to most of the company, and a footman was sent to Bond-street, near by, to inquire after him. “I went to Mr. Sterne’s lodgings,” reports the servant; “the mistress opened the door; I inquired how he did. She told me to go up to the nurse. I went into the room, and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, ‘Now it is come!’ He put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute. The gentlemen were all very sorry, and lamented him very much.” The sleeve buttons of the dead man were stolen, and, according to an account believed by Mr. Fitzgerald to be trustworthy, his grave, in the burying ground near Tyburn, was rifled, and his body sent to Cambridge for dissection. An acquaintance recognized it too late to save it from the knife.

Mr. Sterne’s debts, which amounted to seven hundred pounds sterling, were paid by a subscription at the York Races, and of the sum collected a hundred pounds remained for his widow, who was left dependent on her slender patrimony for support. She published a volume of sermons, probably those marked “so so,” with considerable profit, and she urged, but without success, Hall Stevenson and Wilkes to prepare a life of her husband for the press. With her daughter she went to reside in France, so dear to them both, and died some time before 1778, when the Yorick letters were published by Lydia, become Madame de Medalie. We know nothing of Lydia’s husband or of their married life. She is supposed to have perished in the French Revolution.

Mr. Sterne was tall, thin and pale, as he tells us himself. The engravings from his portrait by Sir Joshua show us a gentleman in clerical garb and a wig, “bushy,” and perhaps “unctuous withal,” like Dr. Slope’s. His face, slightly downcast, rests upon his thumb and fore-finger, with an intent humorous expression, as though some quaint fancy was passing through his mind. His spirits were usually of the best. A French friend, who was with him at Toulouse, writes: “Every object is couleur de rose for this happy mortal; and things which to the rest of the world would appear under a sorrowful and gloomy aspect, assume in his eyes a gay and smiling face. His sole pursuit is pleasure; and unlike others, who when they have attained this wish, can no longer enjoy it, he drains the bowl to the last drop.” Sterne himself admits that his spirits played the fool with him nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, and in his description of Yorick, intending to draw his own portrait, he says: “Upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times a day of somebody’s tackling;” and again, “He was an enemy to the affection of gravity,” and he thought worthy to be written in letters of gold the French wit’s definition of gravity—“a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind.”

The cordial welcome with which Sterne

was always received into the most brilliant society of France and England, long after the novelty of his books had worn off, would be enough, were all other proof wanting, to convince us that his conversation was as witty as were his writings. Fortunately, however, the means are not wanting to form an idea of the temper of his talk. Mr. Fitzgerald gives a specimen of his wit, which dates before his celebrity. "Entering the George" (a coffee-house at York), "we find Mr. Sterne sitting with a large company chiefly 'gentlemen of the gown,' listening with deep offence to a smart young fellow scattering his flippancies against the clergy and the whole personne1 of religion. At length, when he had made an end, he turns to our Laurence, and rashly and besottedly asks if he does not agree with him. With a twinkle of those eyes, and a lifting of that ace-of-hearts mouth, the young clergyman ignores the question utterly, and begins to describe a particular pointer of his, reckoned the most beautiful in the whole country, which had one 'infernal trick' of always flying at clergymen. Here was warning for the incautious youth; but he must put a question—from sheer embarrassment, perhaps—"How long, sir, may he have had that trick?" "Sir," replies the other (and we see Mr. Sterne taking his first Shandean summersault), 'ever since he was a puppy.' The witling was crushed, amid the tumultuous applause of 'gentlemen of the gown.'" (Fitzgerald's "Life of Sterne," vol. i, p. 294.)

Although Yorick could thus strike home in sharp saillies of wit, he delighted in quizzing and in droll conceits. "I Shandy it more than ever," he writes from Paris, and he more than once makes use of similar expressions in regard to himself. An anecdote, authenticated by one of his letters, illustrates this manner. At a dinner party a pompous physician had been wearing the company with a pedantic discourse upon "the phrenitis, and the paraphrenitis, and the conscientious categories of the mediastinum and pleura." Sterne broke in with an account of a malady of his own:—"I caught cold by leaning on a damp cushion, and, after sneezing and snivelling a fortnight, it fell upon my breast: they bled me, blistered me, and gave me rubs, and bobs, and lobecks, and eczematous; but I grew worse; for I was treated according to the exact rules of the college. In short, from an inflammation it came to an adhesion, and all was over with me. But what do I? I bought a good ash pole, and began leaping over all the walls and ditches in the country. When I had raised myself perpendicularly over a wall I used to fall exactly across the ridge of it, upon the side opposite to the adhesion. This tore it off at once; and I am as you see. Come, fill a glass to the memory of the empiric medicine." (Works, vol. vii. p. 19.)

Dr. Burton, from whom Dr. Slop was drawn,—the outward man at least, for Sterne always denied intending any mental portrait of that gentleman—was wise enough to ignore the resemblance; but a brother in the profession, believing himself to be the original of the sketch, waited on the author to complain of the "indecent liberties" which had been taken with his character and person.

"Are you," asked Mr. Sterne very calmly, "a man-midwife?"

"No," the medical remonstrant was constrained to answer.

"Are you a Roman Catholic?"

"No!"

"Were you ever slashed and dirtied?"

"Yes," answered the other eagerly, "and that is the very thing you have taken advantage of, to expose me."

After vainly striving to reason his visitor out of the notion that any offence was intended, Sterne dismissed the sensitive medicinian with this quiet caution: "Sir, I have not hurt you. But take care; I am not born yet, and you cannot know what I may do in the next two volumes." (Fitzgerald's "Life of Sterne," vol. i, p. 370.)

Sir Walter Scott contributes a story which illustrates the Shandean's humour and palliates his improprieties. Soon after Tristram appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition whether she had read his book. "I have not, Mr. Sterne," was the answer; "and to be plain with you, I am informed that it is not proper for female perusal." "My dear good lady," replied the author, "do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there" (pointing to a child three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunics); "he shows at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence."

Mrs. Sterne once expressed the friendly judgment upon the profligate Hall, that, "being the love of women he was as honest as good." Although we cannot say as much for her husband, it is true that the darkest shadow upon his character is that cast by his relations with women. On this account, and that we might consider them as a whole, we have postponed a review of Sterne's affaires de coeurs to this place.

As far as we know, his wife had no rival to dread until the year that he was writing Tristram Shandy, when he was capitated by Miss Catherine de Fournant, a young Huguenot lady, residing with her mother in York. He visited her frequently, and wrote her letters of a character which an extract or two will indicate sufficiently: "I love you to distraction, Kitty, and will love you to eternity." "I have but one obstacle to my happiness, and that is that you are as good as I. God will open a door, when we shall sometimes be much together. I pray to God that you may so live and so love me as one day to share in my great good fortune." Mr. Fitzgerald comments upon these pious phrases in this wise: "It can scarcely be supposed he would be guilty of the gross profanity of these solemn appeals and allusions, if there was anything in the intimacy of the character which has been insinuated." (Life of}
Sterne, vol. i., p. 385). A moment's reflection that these solemn allusions contemplate the death of the wife Sterne had vowed so passionately, will decide the reader to reply to such a plea with the "argumentum fulsulorum," i.e., whistling a few bars of Lillibullero. These warm letters were written in the first burst of literary triumph, but town fashions so weaned him from his "dear, dear, dear Kitty," that when at length she came up from Yorkshire, instead of hurrying for a "squeeze of the hand," which he had just written he "would give a guinea for," he delayed calling upon her for several days, and we soon lose sight of her altogether.

In an examination of Miss Catherine de Fourmantelle's papers, a curious discovery has been made of the draught in Sterne's own handwriting of a letter which she sent, at the time of Trenchard's first appearance, to an influential London friend, asking him to praise the book "partout," and speaking of its author as "a gentleman of great preferment, and has a great character in these parts as a man of learning and wit." Mr. Sterne certainly was not so deeply in love as to be blind to the practical side of life.

Four years later, on his way home from the south of France, Yorick became so enamoured of some unknown Parisian beauty, that he wrote to Hall—"I have for eight weeks been smitten with the tenderest pains that ever human wight underwent." And he added that he visited his charmer three times a-day, and that he was "within an ace of setting up his hobby-horse in her stable for good and all."

Afterward we catch the fashionable author at the Mount Coffee-house in London, inviting an urgent request to Lady Percy, a daughter of Lord Bute—not of the best repute, and subsequently divorced from her husband—to send him word before seven, at a friend's, where he proposed to dine, that she would be at home that evening, and alone.

Sterne's last passion was for the famous Eliza, the young wife of a gentleman residing in India, named Draper. She had come to England for the benefit of her health, and was about returning, in obedience to her husband's summons, when she made the acquaintance of the gallant clergyman through their common friends, Mr. and Mrs. James.

Sterne wrote to her: "You are not handsome, Eliza, nor is yours a face that will please a tenth part of your beholders—but are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, that I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance. . . . A something in your eyes and voice you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of. But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence that men of nice sensibility alone can be touched with," another enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Draper, the Abbé Raynal, the author of "L'Histoire Philosophique des deux Indes," who has made himself ridiculous by an absurd apostrophe to the place of her birth. Our man "of nice sensibility" became at once devoted in his attentions. He chided his mistress gently for her deference to the conventionalities of society in refusing to admit him to her house when she was ill. He busied himself in procuring every comfort and convenience for her long voyage. He amused her with the same hope of a future union with which he had lured the Fourmantelle.

"Talking of widows, pray Eliza, if you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob—because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long." He expressed a jealous solicitude in regard to her companions while on shipboard, evidently dreading "an amorous son of Mars," who was to be a fellow-passenger, and who was "susceptible of tender impressions," as Eliza had already discovered. Worse than all, he resorted to falsehood and calumny, to break off Mrs. Draper's intercourse with friends who had cautioned her against his advances. He discloses the ruse to which he had had recourse to effect his end, in a letter to Arthur Lee, so eminent in our country's early diplomacy, who was then intimate with Gerrard-street. "I cannot forgive you, Lee, for your folly in saying you intend to get introduced to the . . . . They are bitter enemies of mine, but I am even with them. La Bramine assured me they used their endeavours with her to break off her friendship with me, for reasons I will not write but tell you. . . . Strange infatuation! but I think I have effected my purpose by a falsity which Yorick's friendship can alone justify. I wrote her word that the most amiable of women reiterated my request that she would not write to them. I said, too, that she had concealed many things, for the sake of her peace of mind, when, in fact, Lee, this was merely a child of my own brain, made Mrs. James's by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before argued so strongly. Do not mention the circumstance to Mrs. James; 'twould displease her, and I had no design in it, but for the Bramine to be a friend to herself."

(Works, vol. vii., p. 162). It is noteworthy that Sterne, after Eliza's departure, expressed, in a letter to his daughter, a want of esteem of her character.

There are, however, passages in the correspondence which throw a more favourable light upon this intimacy. Yorick boasts that he will make his Bramine more famous than Saccarissa or Stella. He says: I will live for thee and for my Lydia; be rich for the dear child of my heart; gain wisdom, gain fame and happiness to share them with thee and her in my old age." Again he tells her: "I so love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than any want of reverence for yourself;" and at another time—"What can I add more in the agitation of mind that I am in, within five minutes of the last postman's bell, but recommend thee to Heaven, and recommend myself with thee to Him in the same fervent ejaculation—
That we may be happy and meet again—if not in this world in the next."

Upon expressions such as these, and upon the fact that Mrs. Draper published the letters of her celebrated correspondent during her husband's life, Mr. Fitzgerald rests his opinion that Yorick's friendship wore a "quasi paternal character," he quotes with approval M. Janin's witty remark that Sterne "était un peu dans les goûts de cet amant qui quittait sa maîtresse pour lui écrire et pour penser plus librement à elle," and he attaches the greater weight to the judgment of the brilliant feuilletonist, that as a Frenchman he would incline to believe the worst. So favourable an estimate of the humourist's morality is not without some colour of truth. Sterne was a man to delight in "that tender and delicious sentiment, which ever mixes in friendship, where there is difference of sex." He felt the need of ever having "some dulcinea in his head to harmonize his soul," and he could seriously claim that such a flame cleared the mental atmosphere of mean and base thoughts—would it might have prevented that shameful fraud which he recounted so unblushingly to Lee! He wrote to a friend, "I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—"l'amour n'est rien sans sentiment." (Unfortunately for the argument, the French are not famed for living upon sentiment alone). Admitting all this, when we remember that Sterne lived among the most licentious men of a licentious age, when we remember that pruriency of imagination which too often mars his writings, when we remember his ardent and impulsive nature and his close pursuit of the objects of his admiration, is it possible to believe that he always—dare we hope that he ever—stopped short in the facile descent from criminality of thoughts to criminality in acts?

Yorick's gallantries were due in a measure to an uncongenial home. Although Mrs. Sterne was a worthy woman, and an excellent wife for the country parson, she had little comprehension of the quips and quirks of the man of humour. Bits of character in letters leave small doubt of the correctness of Mr. Fitzgerald's conjecture that Mrs. Shandy was drawn from the author's own domestic experience. A Shandean "bed of justice" will give an idea of the irritation which a husband of quick wit and active intellect might feel towards a companion who was always ready to "acquiesce without a word of debate" in everything which he might say.

"When he gets these breeches made," cried my father, in a higher tone, 'he'll look like a beast in 'em,' replied my mother.

"He will be very awkward in them at first," added my father.

"And 'twill be lucky if that's the worst on't," answered my father.

"It will be very lucky," answered my mother.

"I suppose," replied my father—"making some pause first—'he'll be exactly like other people's children.'

"Exactly," said my mother.

"'Though I shall be sorry for that,' added my father; and so the debate stopped again.

'"They should be of leather," said my father, turning him about again.

"They will last him," said my mother, 'the longest.'

"But he can have no linings to 'em," replied my father.

"'He cannot," said my mother.

"'Twere better to have them made of fustian, quoth my father.

"'Nothing can be better,' quoth my mother.

"'Except dimity,' replied my father.

"'Tis best of all," replied my mother.

"'One must not give him his death, however, interrupted my father.

"'By no means,' said my mother; and so the dialogue stood still again.

"'I am resolved, however," quoth my father, breaking silence the fourth time, 'he shall have no pockets in them.'

"'There is no occasion for any," said my mother.

"'I mean in his coat and waistcoat," cried my father.

"'I mean so, too," replied my father.

"'Though if he gets a gig or top—poor soul! it is a crown and sceptre to them—they should have where to secure it.'

"'Order it as you please, Mr. Shandy," replied my mother.

"'But don't you think it right?' added my father, pressing the point home to her.

"'Perfectly,' said my mother, 'if it please you, Mr. Shandy.'

"'There's for you!' cried my father, losing temper. 'Pleases me! you never will distinguish, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience.'"—(Works, vol. ii., pp. 236-7.)

No open quarrel, so far as we know, ever occurred between Mr. Sterne and his wife, and he bore himself towards her with the greatest kindness and courtesy, if we may judge from his letters. "Live well," he tells her in one of them, "and deny yourself nothing your heart's wish. So, God in heaven prosper and go along with you. Kiss my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately." He was liberal in pecuniary matters, and, more than that, he put himself to trouble to prevent any delay in remittances during Mrs. Sterne's residence in France. He was a fond father, indulgent to every whim of his Lydia, but so inexcusably selfish or thoughtless that he made no provision for the future of her he loved best in the world. This neglect brought a severe punishment with it, for Madame de Medalle's straitened circumstances induced her to publish those letters which have indelibly stained her father's memory.

The epigrammatic accusation that Sterne preferred "whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother" is without foundation. His mother taught school for a time after her husband's death, and a subscription was taken among her scholars for her benefit. She made a visit to York, and a single reference to her is
to be found in a letter of her son's—"I trust my poor mother's affair is by this time ended, to our comfort, and I trust hers." The allusion seems to be to some place for her benefit; and if Sterne did not do all for his mother, we must remember that until middle life he was far from rich.

When Sterne took orders, he found among his colleagues curates smoking their pipes by the alehouse kitchen-fire, chaplains who "said grace and retired before the pudding," and clerks or men of higher station who lived a free life in town. "A priest in England," says the man in black, "is not the mortified creature with a bonze in China; with us, not he that fasts best but eats best is reckoned the best liver." The sacred calling was selected for him, as for many another man of good birth, from no natural taste or aptitude, but because therein his kinsfolk could most easily provide for him. He exercised his cure of souls for twenty years, with a fair degree of propriety and success. Gray, the poet, a contemporary at Cambridge, praises Sterne's sermons for their exhibition of "a strong imagination and a sensible heart." Mr. Gladstone, who has studied the condition of the church at that period, considers that his discourses compare very favourably with those of his brethren of the gown. They were simple and practical, but quaint and dramatic in style, and were well calculated to fix the attention of his hearers. The opening paragraph of his sermon on the parable of the prodigal son excites his departure from precedent in the character of his homilies. "I know not whether the remark is to our honour or otherwise, that lessons of wisdom have never such power over us as when they are wrung into the heart through the groundwork of a story which engages the passions. Is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon?"—(Works, vol. v. p. 238.)

The good fortune of Sterne's venture in literature gave him the means, and his want of health, the excuse, to withdraw in a great degree, from parochial duties. Tristram Shandy, as we have seen, was recommended by a bishop to his brother prelates, and although there were critics who called it "a little tawdry," it never received ecclesiastical censure. Warburton, indeed, undauntingly urged the author, more than once, to keep a firmer rein upon his fancy. A year before his death an anonymous remonstrance against the tone of his writings was sent to Dr. Drummond; but the archbishop paid no attention to it, and remained on the best of terms with his laugher-loving subordinate. Sterne's conduct as a clergyman admits extenuation; to vindicate it is impossible; it was a scandal to the church and a lasting discredit to his reputation.

Sterne's was a nature to revolt against the dignified restraint of his profession. He inherited the traits of his mother's race; gay, witty, generous, and mercurial, he was in his element when he had left behind him his humble Yorkshire home, and gained admission to the most brilliant circles of London and Paris. His early years of barracks life, the neglect of a public school, the follies and dissipated companions of the University, launched him upon the stream of the world without fixedness of principle or purpose. He was incapable of self-denial for his own welfare, or of self-sacrifice for those he loved. He preferred the better part, but his passions easily led him astray. He could be generous and forgiving to the curate through whose carelessness his personage had been burned to the ground; but he could not do his duty in rebuilding the dwelling, thus leaving his estate, already deeply involved, burdened with a charge for dilapidations. He was willing to believe that Heaven would be satisfied with good intentions. "You can shave and dress a wig a little, La Fleur? He had all the deposition in the world. It is enough for Heaven, said I, interrupting him, and ought to be enough for me." (Works, vol. iv. p. 40.) In a word, he was a sentimentalist—not a Joseph Surface, mouthing sonorous moralities; by no means Dr. Johnson's man of sensibility, who "pays you by feeling," but a man of genuine sentimentality, that is, easily affected by the emotions. The impulse of the moment was his law. The tears which Maria's misery had excited, would be chased from his cheek in an instant by the smiles of Nannette. He could one moment weep for the sorrows of an imaginary prisoner, and the next you might hear his laugh ring out at the antics of a hobby-horse. An indulgent husband and father, a fickle lover, a delightful companion, and an affectionate friend; a pleasure-seeking clergyman, and a generous and compassionate but untrustworthy man; such was Laurence Sterne.

The criticism of the century which has elapsed since the publication of Tristram Shandy, numbering among its exponents Coleridge, Southey, and Leigh Hunt, Scott, Thackeray and Bulwer, while it has confirmed Sterne's distinguished position upon the roll of fame, has found several points of attack. Scotland's great novelist has based a serious charge of plagiarism upon a curious little volume called "Illustrations of Sterne,"* in which the author, Dr. Ferriar, a deliver in the forgotten lore, of libraries, has been at the pains to trace Sterne's indebtedness to the Skelton Castle collection of rare old books. Dr. Ferriar, however, did not lay much stress upon his discoveries, and a simple enumeration of the results which he reached will show their very slight importance.

The nose theory is Rabelais's, admitted to be so by Mr. Shandy, and its introduction was suggested by Swift's dissertation on ears in his "Tale of a Tub." A hint of the retort upon Obadiah is to be found in Beroaldo's "Mogen de Parvenir." The "Series de Bouchet," which Mr. Shandy owned, shows some resemblance in style. The story of the dwarf at the theatre

* "Illustrations of Sterne." John Ferriar, London, 1812.
is Scaron's; but Dr. Ferrier admits that "for the mean and disgusting turn which this story receives in the Roman Comique, Sterne has substituted a rich and beautiful chain of incidents, which takes the strongest hold on our feelings."

D'Aubigné commences his sermons in a startling manner; and Gabriel John, an imitator of Swift, uses marbled pages and dashes. A passage or two in the remark elicited by Bobby's death belongs to Bacon. The relapse of plagiarists is taken, singularly enough, literally from "The Anatomy of Melancholy." The Lady Baussière's Story and the Apostrophe to Man come from the same source. Indeed, Sterne uses Burton as a dictionary of quotations to enrich Mr. Shandy's conversation; but it is of little consequence whether his learning is taken at first or second hand, for his design is not to exhibit scholarship, but to satirize pedantry. Mr. Fitzgerald has discovered, sad to relate, that the celebrated saying, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is a Languedoc proverb, and that there is an anecdote of James I. putting a fly out of the window with the same remark that uncle Toby made. Yorick's sermons owe much to Bishop Hall. Were our authors' appropriations twice as numerous, his fame would suffer no eclipse, for it is his sly satire, delicate humour, and simple, graceful style that we prize, as we value the exquisite mosaics of Italy, not for the beauty of the separate parts, but for the cunning workmanship with which they are interwrought.

Admirers of Sterne must deeply regret the indecencies which sully many passages in his writings; for his wit was too genuine and rich to require his resort to a vulgar artifice, which has excluded him from a large circle of readers, and consigned him to an obscure corner of the library. He was so thoroughly of the age which gave him birth, when Cowper, "that refined gentleman, that trembling poet," could read out "Jonathan Wild" to "those high-bred ladies, those sweet pious women" of the Court, when Dr. Doddridge could laugh over Prior's "Wife of Bath" with Nancy Moore, that he seemed utterly unable to comprehend that objection could be raised, except by prudes, to anything he had said. He says of Swift, and with some truth: "He keeps a due distance from Rabelais, and I keep a good distance from him." His sense of propriety was so dull that he could boast that Crebillon, the licentious author of "Le Saphia," had made a convention with him, "which if he is not too lazy will be no bad persiflage. As soon as I get to Toulouse, he has agreed to write me an expostulatory letter upon the indecencies of T. Shandy—which is to be answered by recriminations upon the liberties in his own works. These are to be printed together—Crebillon against Sterne—Sterne against Crebillon—the copy to be sold and the money equally divided. This is good Swiss policy." (Works, vol. viii., p. 47). The best to be said for him he has said for himself, that he merely "showed what was usually concealed."

“This witty excuse may be far fetched; for it cannot be said that the licentious humour of Tristram Shandy is of the kind which applies itself to the passions, or is calculated to corrupt society. But it is a sin against taste, if allowed to be harmless as to morals.”

The view of Sterne's character which we have taken, dispenses of Thackeray's charge of utilizing his grief, of "posture making, coining, and imploring." All his letters, many of them intended for no eyes but those of his intimates, prove the genuineness of his emotion. The feeling of the moment frequently led him into an excess of sentimentality, but there is no reason to doubt that he was sincere.

Sterne's wit sparkles and flashes, but a pure and exquisite humour is the great and marked excellence of his writings. That Mr. Thackeray could have denied him the possession of this characteristic, that Colonel Newcome could have shown such injustice to Captain Shandy is inexplicable. Every stroke and line of my uncle Toby's portrait display the hand of the master of humour. How delicious is the contrast of the idiosyncrasies of the brothers, each while railing at the other's foible, insensibly falling into his own.

“'My brother maintains that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon Christian names, that what ignorant people imagine; for, he says, there never was a great or heroic action performed since the world began by one called Tristram-nay, he will have it, Trim, that a man cannot be learned, or wise, or brave.' "'Tis all fancy, an' please your honour; I fought just as well replied the corporal, 'when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Bale.' 'And for my own part,' said my uncle Toby, 'though I should blush to boast of myself, Trim yet had my name been Alexander, I could not have done no more at Namur than my duty.' "'Flow your honour,' cried Trim, advancing three steps as he spoke, 'does a man think of his Christian name when he goes upon the attack?' "Or when he stands in the trench, Trim?' cried my uncle Toby, looking firm. 'Or when he enters a breach?' said Trim, pushing in between two chairs. 'Or forces the lines?' cried my uncle rising up, and pushing his crutch like a pike. 'Or facing a platoon?' cried Trim, presenting his stick like a firelock. 'Or when he marches up the glacies?' cried my uncle Toby, looking warm and setting his foot upon his stool. My father was returned from his walk to the fishpond, and opened the parlour door in the very height of the attack, just as my uncle Toby was marching up the glacies. Trim recovered his arms; near was my uncle Toby caught riding at such a desperate rate in his life." (Works, vol. iv., pp. 64-6).

Space forbids us to multiply examples—the verdict of mankind has been rendered that it

* Sir Walter Scott.
this rare and delightful quality Sterne stands unsurpassed.*

The Shandean writings are recommended not only by their wit and humour, but by a generous love of charity, justice, and virtue, which warms the heart. Would we could have drawn a brighter picture of the man! Would that he could have realized in his life his noble and beautiful conceptions!

POETICAL MUSINGS ON THE ARTICLES OF THE CHURCH. By Anne A. Fremont.—(Wm. Macintosh, Paternoster-row.)—A second edition speaks for itself the value which appreciative readers set upon this little book. It is not our rule to notice theological works of any description, but the intention of this small venture is so commendable, that we cannot do better than set it forth in the writer’s own words:—

To many it will doubtless appear useless to give any other than the ancient form to the sound and scriptural articles of our holy church. But there some, especially among her younger members, to whom they are all known by name? who only hear of them from the pulpit, and who entertain a vague, undefined idea that they are among those higher mysteries which

* Jean Paul Richter acknowledged his obligations to Sterne.

belong not to them, and with which they have no occasion to meddle?

For the benefit of such persons, Miss Fremont has thrown the Thirty-nine Articles of the church into a metrical form, calculated, when once committed to memory; to remain there, and in this way the undertaking cannot fail to be of use.

POEMS. By M. Barr.—(London: Longman, Green, & Co.)—This little volume has no pretensions beyond preserving in a substantive form the lyrical and other verses of the author. Singing his simple songs in the intervals of his weightier occupation, the writer has dedicated the volume to his wife, and does not, even in a preface, seek other encouragement or acceptance. To the readers of our pages Mr. Barr’s name is familiar as a writer of graceful songs and verse. Dealing for the most part with homely subjects—things that lie around him in his daily walks—there is no great range of subjects, no sustained flights of thought; but a keen sense of nature’s beauty, a gentle fancy, and a musical ear are everywhere apparent, and must find, and keep, a circle of loving listeners for the writer. A very sweet illustration of these qualities will be found in the little poem entitled “Morn is Breaking.”

PAUL DELAROCHE.

Paul Delaroche, the first historical painter of France, was born in Paris on the 16th of July, 1797. His father was appraiser of art objects at the National Pawn-brokery, and his salary did not permit him to give his son a classical education; but he knew something of painting and sculpture, and taught his sons to the best of his ability. Jules, the elder, was apprenticed to Baron Gros, while Paul worked for a landscape-painter named Watelet. Jules exhibited one picture at the Louvre, and then abandoned painting, to succeed his father in his office, and he soon became director of the Mont de Piété.

After the death of his father, Paul had to earn his bread by his pencil. This was in 1816, when the revolution in painting was taking place.

He took to Biblical painting after his brother left Gros’s study, and his first exhibition was of Naphthal in the Desert, 1819. Although it was scarcely noticed, nothing discouraged, he exhibited two others, and a Descent from the Cross, which is now in the Royal Palace chapel. Thiers, at that time, was an unknown editor, and he praised the pictures, and reprimanded the commissioners for placing them in such a miserable light. Delaroche sent five pictures to the exhibition of 1824: Athalia’s Dream; Joan of Arc; Saint Sebastian with Irene; St. Vincent of Paula; and Filippo Lippi. All of these were immensely admired, and the young painter became suddenly famous. The Duchess of Berry bought his Saint Sebastian; and induced the Government to order three pieces from his pencil: namely, the Capture of the Troad in front of Cadiz; a Portrait of the Duke of Angoulême, and the Death of President Duranti. The last-mentioned of these pictures is the best. He was rewarded by the Cross of the Legion of Honour for these works.

From 1824 to 1830, six years, Delaroche exhibited the following paintings: Miss MacDonald et le Pretendant; the Death of Queen Elizabeth; Augustin Caracci; the Consequence of a Duel; Richelieu, Cinq-Mars and De Thou; Mazarin at Carcassonne; the Eve of his Death; and Cromwell before the Coffin of Charles the First.

Most of the above paintings have been skillfully engraved by distinguished artists.

In 1831 he gave us Edward’s Children and a Saint Amelia, for the French Queen.

In 1832 he was admitted a member of the Institute, and a few months after he was appointed
Paul Delaroche.

Professor at the Beaux Arts, in Guérin's place. In 1833 and 1835 he sent to the Louvre Lady Jane Grey, and the Death of the Due de Guise. The next year he exhibited Stafford going to the Scaffold, and Charles the First insulted by Cromwell's soldiers.

These last pictures were so severely criticised, that though Paul did not commit suicide, as Gros did; he could never again be induced to exhibit another of his paintings.

He was living in the Tour des Dames street, near Mlle. Mars and Mlle. Duchenois, Talma, and Horace Vernet. The latter became very fond of him; and the consequence was, that, in a reasonable time, Louise Vernet became Mrs. Delaroche.

She was a magnificent woman, of rare intelligence, and her husband adored her with a love beyond expression; he looked upon her as the genius of his inspirations. After the birth of two sons, she died in the prime of life. It is said that all of Delaroche's female pictures resemble his adored spouse.

But we are anticipating; we must go back. His Saint Celia was painted in 1837, about which time his pupils were very numerous.

He always inculcated independence in art, advocated adhesion to no particular school, no particular style. "When you are painting a picture," he used to say, "never think of the money you are to get for it; make the best picture you can, according to your ideal of art, and the money will come with the fame you acquire."

One day, while Delaroche was painting Pereire's portrait, he said to the opulent banker: "Your house is large and magnificent, but you have no paintings in it worthy of its size and your wealth. What is the use of all your wealth, if you do not patronize the fine arts? You don't know how many talents you can encourage and protect."

Not many days after, Pereire came to our artist and said: "You are right; a rich man ought to make a generous use of his fortune. Here are fifty thousand francs for pictures; your pupils can paint them, and you can give them what you think proper."

Pereire was an apprentice of Rothschild, and has done more good in one year than his miscreant patron ever did in his whole life.

Delaroche was always kind and generous to young artists; he generally devoted one day in the week to visits to his fellow-painters, advising, helping, and directing them, if they desired it.

A poor young artist of merit got some government work to do. He supposed it was through the influence of his representative in the Assembly, and was about to thank him for it, when he found out that Delaroche had obtained the work for him. The young man was going to thank the kind artist, when the latter stopped him, and said:

"No thanks to me, sir; I only do my duty to art, by recommending men of talent."

Paul Delaroche was a perfect gentleman, in dress, manners, and education. He affected none of the absurd eccentricities of other artists.

He was generalissimus in conversation, but bore a joke well, and was occasionally witty himself.

Many of his best pieces have been elegantly engraved, under the direction of Goupil.

When Thiers was Prime Minister, the Madeleine was to be painted. Delaroche was consulted; he advised the work to be intrusted to one person. The job was given to him, and twenty-five thousand francs advanced, to defray the expense of preliminary studies.

He packed up and left for Italy, where he remained two years, making the necessary sketches, and arranging them. In the meantime, he heard that Ziegler was employed to paint the cupola. Delaroche hurried back to Paris, and returned the twenty-five thousand francs to the treasury, declaring he would have nothing to do with painting the Madeleine. Thiers sent for him; he did not come; then the Minister called on the offended artist. "It was a woman's influence that caused the work to be given to Ziegler. It is too late to remedy it now. If you will not undertake the balance of the work, you must keep the money as a recompense for your loss of time; and with that, Thiers threw down the roll of notes, and went out, before Delaroche could make a reply. The money was instantly sent back to the Ministry. Louis Philippe intervened to settle the dispute, and a compromise was effected by giving the hemicycle of the Beaux Arts Palace to Delaroche, to be decorated.

Thiers's portrait was subsequently painted by Delaroche. He was occupied four years in the frescoes of the Beaux Arts. They will remain for centuries, it is to be hoped, the admiration of Paris.

This magnificent work was near being destroyed by a conflagration, on the 16th December, 1855.

These frescoes were engraved by Henriques Dupont, and he was occupied eight years on the work.

Delaroche was so conscientious that he would not deliver a picture, unless he considered it perfect; and if he abandoned it before being finished, he would accept no compensation for his lost labour.

Delaroche was never partial to the Citizen King. His wife wanted to be presented at Court, and the King refused to receive her; though several grocers' wives were at that time enjoying the royal privilege. It was enough to offend the great artist, and make him hate Louis Philippe and his Court.

Not long after, Marie Amelie wanted her portrait from Delaroche's pencil.

"How can I paint the portrait of people who do not receive me into their house?" he asked.

Louis Philippe heard of this, and said: "I am willing to receive Delaroche; great artists are welcome to the Tuileries. I like to see them; but they must not bring their wives. If I received Madame Delaroche, I would next be im-
portunted to receive Madame Ingrès, who was once a cook.”

“But, your Majesty, if the cook were a woman of elegant manners and education, whom a great artist had raised to his level, why should she not be presented at Court as well as another?”

The King made no reply.

In Henri Heine’s Latice, page 225 et seq., we find some acrimonious and unjust remarks about our proud artist. But we will not repeat them.

Delaroche always preferred sad scenes for his pictorial subjects; and his taste for them increased after his wife’s death.

After criticism killed Gros, and drove Delaroche from the public exhibitions, the latter never read a paper where his name was mentioned. He worked on with energy and devotion, without seeming to think or care about what the world would say of his productions.

From 1841 to 1856, Delaroche produced the following pieces:

- The Bastile Conquerors; Herodias; Napoleon the First in his Cabinet; The Virgin under the Vine; Mary in the Desert; Napoleon at Fontainebleau; Christ in the Garden; Charles the Great crossing the Alps; Napoleon crossing St. Bernard; Marie Antoinette after her Sentence; a Mater Dolorosa; Moses in the Rubies; the Burial of Christ; Marie Stuart Communing; the Virgin among the Good Women; Peter the Great; and the Girondists.

The last of these pictures was sold for fifty thousand francs.

Delaroche excelled in portrait-painting. The most distinguished faces he took were of Pastoret, Son tact, Fitz-James, Guizot, Thiers, Bertrand, Auber, Salvandy, Remusat, Delerest, Chasignier, Pereire, Princess Beaufort, Princess Shouvaloff, Princess Cisterna and Pourtalas.

When the picture-gallery of the rich banker Agnado was sold, Pourtalas said to Delaroche:

“Why don’t you go and see it?”

“Because there are but five paintings in it worth seeing, and I am not able to buy them; so I had better stay at home, and then I will be sure not to regret it,” was the reply.

The next day when Delaroche came into his study, he found the five pictures he wanted at the sale, with the following laconic note from his friend Pourtalas:

“My Friend: Masterpieces like these should not be owned by parvenus or bankers: I present them to you.

“POURTALAS.”

Owing to his elegant manners, Delaroche was received by the first people in Paris, and the most distinguished delighted to visit his house.

Though liberal in the expression of his opinions, and opposed to tyranny, yet he never gave the hand of fellowship to the late republicans.

He was naturally inclined to religion, and always had a due respect for those in power. Some have asserted that he was a philosopher, and not a Christian. He was wrong to attempt religious subjects; it only made his life saddler, and did not improve his style. Two things we must not attempt to analyse—religion and death. Eugene Guinot said of our hero: “If I cannot say he was a great painter, I can say he was a good man.” He died of grief for his wife. She was the only being that he loved, and he ever revered her memory.

We have said that he was not selfish, that he did not love money, and as a proof of this, we may state, that a wealthy amateur once saw a small picture of his, of the Virgin, and offered a great price for it. “I will not sell it singly,” he said; “it is one of a series, and you must take the whole number.

There is a singular fact in regard to the use of his hands, in his profession: he drew with his left hand and painted with his right. I don’t see why most men condemn the right hand to do all the labour.

There was one good quality in Delaroche: he did justice to all of his fellows, and found something to admire in every school. Ingrès shrugged his shoulders when called upon to look at any modern piece, and said he reserved all his admiration for the old masters. Delaroche encouraged every young artist in the style he thought he could excel in. “There are many paths to glory,” he used to say; “select any one you choose.”

Paul Delaroche died suddenly, the 4th of November, 1856. He left several sons; but none of them seem to evince any talent for their father’s profession.

When Horace Vernet gave his daughter to Delaroche, he no doubt hoped to perpetuate the race of great painters that had already existed for three generations; but he is likely to be deceived in his hopes in that particular.

Delaroche was buried in the cemetery of Père-la Chaise, among his kindred.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

POOR LITTLE JOHNNY.

By an American Lady.

It was long enough in coming, but the very day of Aunt Marion’s wedding had really come at last, and Uncle Ralph—that was to be—had come also.

So there was a charming confusion and stir all over the house, and everybody was busy—from grandmamma, who was sewing lace on the bridal gloves, down to little Bud, who, always having it for her work to meddle with everything, found all the
mischief she could manage. Because you see there was the wedding-cake, coming from the confectioner’s, to be put in boxes; the tables and parlours to arrange, besides two domineering dressmakers and a tyrannical milliner to wait upon. And when you think of the bouquets to be picked, the wreaths to be tied, and the dolls to be dressed in wedding garments, although they were not expected to be present, you will not wonder that in the midst of so much, the sad accident happened which I am about to tell.

But first of all you must know, when the speckled hen hatched her brood of one chicken, to be company for herself, and nine ducklings, to be company for the frogs, eight of the ducklings started almost directly for the little shell-paved pond, striking out in the water at once as expertly as their grandmother. But the poor ninth, being somehow not put together rightly, lay sprawling upon his back, and could only kick and peep. No matter how often you stood him upon his yellow legs, over he went again, quite helpless.

"Cluck! cluck! Seeing I have one sensible chick, which knows enough to stay upon dry land, and come into the coop when it rains, I can stand eight venturesome giddy-heads, if they do damp my feathers when they come to be brooded; for, upon my word, they are smart youngsters, and I hatched them! But this miserable cripple will never be a comfort to himself nor an honour to the family," cackled the old hen, his stepmother, giving him a peck.

His brothers and sisters, too, being taught no better by their mother, stepped upon him with their broad-webbed feet as though he had been nothing but a plantain leaf, and never thought of helping him to a bit of grasshopper or a drop of water. So he must surely have starved or been trodden to death if it had not been for Daisy, who was just half-way between the oldest and youngest of the May children.

Now Daisy, either because she was always inclined to take the part of the unfortunate, or because her little heart was full of pity, had a particular liking for ugly or uncouth pets, and as soon as she saw this unhappy duckling she exclaimed, "Oh, see this poor little darling ducky! I will have him for mine, and his name shall be Johnny.""

So she left her sisters to admire the cunning ways of the eight well-made healthy ones, which were strong enough to look out for themselves, and gave all her care and love to Johnny. Care enough she found him too, for he was a troublesome little fellow, and the more she did the more he wanted done.

Daisy fitted up for him a pretty Indian basket, with nurse’s apron for a bed; but Johnny liked far better to be brooded between two soft warm hands, or to lie in somebody’s lap, to be stroked and petted and talked to. He found himself such miserable company, poor thing, that he was not contented to be alone at all. His voice being as strong as his back and legs were weak, if left to himself long he would disturb the whole household by his mournful, screaming cries. Sometimes he wished for flies; sometimes he would be satisfied only by a little swim in the bathing-tub; sometimes, in kicking about, he had floundered upon his back, and needed to be turned over and bolstered up again with folds of the apron. Certainly, at any and all times he insisted, like a spoiled child, upon attention and caressing in one form and another. And when you think how different his cramped up, crippled life was, from what the life of a duck should be, you will pity him yourself, though perhaps not so much as Daisy did.

The more we do for anybody or anything, the better we love it, you know; so Daisy was very fond indeed of the duck, and Johnny, in seven weeks, had learned to be very fond of Daisy. Week by week he was growing stronger, and then at last he could stand quite well, and even manage, half tiddling and half tumbling, to strangle along a few steps upon the grass. Daisy took him out for exercise several times every day, and though at first he used to scream pitifully if she went out of his sight, he gradually learned to stay quietly by himself, only showing his loneliness by giving a gleam of peep of welcome as she came now and then to look after him.

On this day of Aunt Marion’s wedding, Daisy had a great deal to do, yet nobody could have persuaded her it was possible anything could make her forget Johnny. But weddings do not come every day, and alas! we cannot answer certainly even for ourselves.

"Come, Daisy, come! Aunt Agnes want us to help trim the parlours. She is going to have lots of flowers; come quick!" called Rose.

"Yes, in a minute; as soon as I finish giving Johnny his bread and milk," answered Daisy.

But Johnny had a word to say to that, and he said very loudly he would not consent to be tucked away in his basket again, and would only be pacified by going out under an apple-tree among the clover and wood sorrel. Daisy was glad afterwards to remember that she kissed him as she put him down, before running off to Aunt Agnes, who was decorating the front parlour, where Aunt Marion was to stand in her lace gown, trimmed with orange flowers and japonicas, under the picture of Evangelino.

This parlour had gold-coloured damask chairs and sofas, with shining white walls and white window-curtains; and Aunt Agnes, who was always doing something surprising, put nothing in it but yellow flowers. The curtains were looped up with festoons of golden rod and golden Alexander. Crosses and wreaths of them hung above and beneath the heavy gilt picture-frames and mirrors; while on the marble-topped tables and mantel she arranged baskets and pyramids of orange and straw-coloured dahlias.

The back parlour had crimson furniture, and this room she trimmed with Japan and water-
lilies, clematis, vines, and fern leaves. So you may believe it took seven pairs of feet to run for the wild flowers down behind the house, on the hill above the railroad, and no wonder Daisy quite forgot poor little Johnny. Once, indeed, she remembered him; but going out and seeing him staggering comfortably about, and dabbing his bill among the grass as though at last he was finding some pleasure in life, she ran away and left him for awhile longer.

Just as Aunt Agnes was arranging the last vase, Mr. Harley, who was to be Uncle Ralph at seven of the clock that very evening, came.

"Run, children, run and dress before he sees you," called mamma from the stairway.

Then who could think of Johnny? poor little Johnny, whose weak legs had served him an ill turn in taking him out of the shade of the apple-tree into the August sunshine.

"Peep! peep! peep! I am too hot; my head aches and my legs are tired," he cried.

But nobody minded him. Daisy was out of hearing, off in the nursery, standing as patiently as ever she could, for nurse to tie the rose-coloured ribbons in her sleeves, and she had forgotten there was such a thing as a duck in the world.

Only Mr. Harley heard him, for the apple-tree was very near the window of the library, where he sat waiting for Aunt Marion, who was hindered by one of those despotic dressmakers; but never having heard of Johnny, he supposed it was merely a lost chicken, whose mamma would be sure to look it up in time.

Suddenly the peeping ceased.

"It has found the old hen," he thought to himself, and thought no more about it; for just at that moment the door opened, and instead of Miss Marion, whom he expected to see, Mrs. May appeared, with a troop of little girls, in fresh muslin frocks, with smooth hair, smiling eyes, and round red cheeks.

He had never seen these future nieces before, and having no actual knowledge of teething, measles, and -roup-of making gowns, mending rents, and sewing on buttons, he supposed such a charming bouquet, which he thought they were, was no more care and trouble than so many lilies of the field.

The lilies clustered together at first, looking shyly at him through each other's curls; but Mr. Harley had a wonderful way with children, and by the time Miss Marion had escaped from that persistent dressmaker, she found him an island of black broadcloth in a sea of white muslin, and on the best of terms with every wavelet, especially the tiniest one. Little Bud, indeed, would by no means be shaken off, but clung fast to him until he was really Uncle Ralph, and even then could be drawn away by nothing short of wedding-cake with the icing on. However, that was an hour later, and a sad tragedy came between.

"Oh, my darling Johnny! I haven't thought of him for ever so long!" exclaimed Daisy, of a sudden.

Ah, Daisy! you would be quite as happy never to think of him again, poor little Johnny! for there he lies, stretched upon his back, with glazed eyes and body stiff and cold, quite dead already.

Poor little Johnny and poor little Daisy!

"It was my own fault; he had a sun-stroke and died! Oh dear, me, if it wasn't for that I should not care so very much, for he was a plague if I did love him," sobbed she.

And then it turned out that Mr. Harley was as good a comfort as he had been playmate.

"They don't want anything of me in the house for half an hour at least. I will help you bury Johnny," said he.

Thus it was, when they came to tell Mr. Harley it was time to put on his white gloves and stand with Aunt Marion in the golden room under the sad-eyed picture of Evangeline, that they found him writing Johnny's epitaph upon a shingle, with Bud clinging to one arm, and Daisy smiling all over her dimpled face.

I wish I had time to tell you how sweetly Aunt Marion looked under her white veil, and how little wilful Bud would not be parted from Mr. Harley, but held fast to his finger, standing half covered by the lace curtains all the while grave Dr. Crawley was making him into Uncle Ralph. Also, how wisely she shook her small head, after she had been listening to the bridal congratulations, when Aunt Agnes happened to call the bride "Marion."

"Aunt Nesa, you mustn't say Marion, you must say Mistress Harley!" she exclaimed, severely.

"I have met with a great infatuation to-day in losing Johnny, but I have had a new Uncle Ralph, and I like him twenty times as well as ever I did that duck, so it has been a pretty nice day after all," said Daisy, after Uncle Ralph and Aunt Marion had started in the nine o'clock express train for Niagara Falls and the White Mountains, and she had grown so sleepy she could hardly untie her sash.

CHEERFUL MUSIC.—The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was always of an animating, cheerful, and gay description. Haydn's answer was, I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts which I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit.
The River Lee.

(County and City of Cork, Ireland).

By Elizabeth Townbridge.

Companion of my childhood! oft have I watched thy floods,
Laugh out in the bright sunshine, grow dark beneath thy woods,
Beside thy dimpled bosom how oft did I remain,
While in glittering showers, like diamonds, fell the sunlit summer-rain!
I have seen the gentle moonlight upon thee calmly rest,
And watched the fair rays tremble with the heavings of thy breast;
In winter seen thy brown tide swell’n by the rapid rills,
That ever in that season haste tumbling from the hills.
Into thy welcoming bosom, oh! broad and generous Lee,
From the far-off inland mountains, bearing message to the sea.
I know, too, that thy birthplace is ‘neath mountains grand and grey,
Where thou babblest, like an infant, at thy grandsire’s feet at play;
Till further on, grown older, thou art a sparkling rill,
Where the peasant-girls, at even, bend down their cans to fill:
That rill at Allua deepening, a broad, fair lake there lies,
Which, at eve, as each star rises, reflects the “kindling skies.”
I know lone Gougane Barra hears the whisper of thy waves,
That thy winding way doth bring thee to St. Owens’ crystal caves;
That the nest of many a song-bird by thy green edge is made
From Inchgeela’s fretted waters to Gill Abbey’s giant shade;
The little eel and the plump trout their home within thee keep,
And through thy dancing waters the silver-salmon leap.
Beside thee, like soft fringing, here first the new grass grows,
When Spring, from out her “green-lap,” the “yellow cowslip throws,”
Oft the loving land leans downward to meet and kiss thy brink,
Where the cattle, in hot noon-tide, wade lazily and drink;
Where the dusty, way-worn traveller can lave each weary limb,
Uplifting to his thirsty lip thy ever bounteous brim.
For thy pleasant-scented meadows “the mower whets his scythe,”
There oft is heard the carol of “the milk-maid, singing blithe,”
And ever on thy margin, in harvest’s plentiful reign,
The brown hands of the reaper grasp the sickle and the grain;
Behind them, sunburnt maidens, some to bind and some to glean,
Gay jests and merry laughter still passing all between;

Many a wheel thy swift stream turning, with busy, plashing sound,
Where “merriely the mills go,” that the corn may be ground,
Oh! fair, fast-flowing river, that look’st so pure and young,
Art thou the same, above which the Kerns of Ireland hung?
Didst thou the adventurous Norman, in all his mailed pride,
When first he stood amongst us, reflect within thy tide?
Art thou the same that roll’d by, in our Danish fathers’ day?
Was it by thee that Finbar used pause to muse or pray?*
The same; though many a strong place, and stately castle fall,
Were built along thy border, thou hast outlived them all!
Their gaunt ruins’ silent shadow within thy clear tide falls,
From thy birth-place in the mountains, to old Carrig-rohan’s walls;
Then at Cork, that all who see thee may know thy love and care,
Thy gleaming arms spread open to embrace the city fair;
Where oft, across thy bosom, the echo dies and swells,
Of their clear and pealing music when ring out old Shandon bells;
Till onward thou, ‘neath shadow of green branch and leafy tree,
Like shy maid, to meet her lover, stealst softly to the sea.
Oh! fair and shining river, thy limpid waters flow,
With soft, low, gurgling laughter, for ever as they go:
Full many a one has praised thee, with praise more worthy thee;
But none ever loved thee better than I love thee, River Lee!

* Saint Finbar, to whom the cathedral at Cork is dedicated.—E.B.

A Child’s Eye.—Those clear wells of undelfill’d thought, what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest! in joy, how sparkling! in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think. Speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love you in return. It will take, it is true, no measure or sounding of your thoughts; it will not judge how much it should believe, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and ingraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.
ROSE WREATH D'HOYLEY FOR THE TOILET-TABLE.

MATERIALS.—Boar’s Head crochet cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby, Nos. 14 and 20; waved crochet braid Nos. 1 and 5 also a piece of pink and white Anna Boleyn braid, crochet hook, No. 26, eagle gauge.

With No. 14 cotton make a chain of 9 stitches, and join in a circle; work 12 single stitches under it.

2nd round. 7 chain, miss 1 stitch, 1 single, in next, 7 chain, repeat; there will be 6 chains of 7.

3rd. 1 single, 9 double, 1 single, under each of the 7 chain.

4th. Commence in the centre stitch of one of the 9 double; 9 chain, 1 single in centre stitch of next 9 double; 9 chain, repeat.

5th. 1 single in each stitch all round, cut off the cotton.

6th. Take a piece of the Anna Boleyn braid and sew each wave to the edge of the single stitches; join it neatly.

7th. With No. 20 cotton, commence in one of the waves of the braid, work 3 chain; take a piece of No. 1 waved braid, and unite the chain-stitches to the second wave, thus: take the hook from the loop and insert it in the wave, and draw the loop through; 3 chain, * 1 single stitch in next wave of the Anna Boleyn, 3 chain; unite to the next wave of No. 1 braid, 3 chain; repeat from * all round, and join the braid.

8th. With the same cotton, commence in one of the waves, 5 chain, 1 single in next wave, 5 chain; repeat, cut off the cotton.

9th. 1 single under centre of one of the 5 chains, 5 chain, 1 single under next 5 chain; repeat.

10th. 6 single under each of the 5 chains; cut off the cotton.

11th. Sew two pieces of the Anna Boleyn braid together, sufficient to go round the circle, sew wave to wave; then sew it round the edge of the stitches, so that the outer edge will set perfectly even all round.

12th. With the 20 cotton, 1 single in one of the waves of braid, 3 chain, 1 single in next wave, repeat.

13th. 3 chain, take No. 1 braid, unite the chains to the 2nd wave; 3 chain, 1 single in the single stitch of last row, 3 chain, unite in the next wave, 3 chain, repeat all round, join the braid.

14th. With No. 14 cotton commence in one of the waves, 3 chain, 1 single in next wave, 3 chain, repeat, cut off the cotton. Now sew a piece of the Anna Boleyn braid round the edge of the stitches; sew 2 pieces of No. 5 braid together, sufficient to go round the circle; then sew it to the Anna Boleyn; be careful to sew it so that it will set quite flat.

FOR THE ROSES.

With No. 14 cotton make a chain of 10 stitches, unite into a circle, 5 chain, miss 1 stitch, 1 single in next, 5 chain, repeat; there will be 5 chains of 5.

2nd round. 5 double under the 5 chain, 1 single in the single; repeat.

3rd. 5 chain, 1 single in the single, 5 chain; repeat.

4th. 7 double under the 5 chain, 1 single in single; repeat.

5th. 7 chain, 1 single in single; 7 chain; repeat.

6th. 11 double under the 7 chain, 1 single in single; repeat, and fasten off neatly at the back; 11 of these roses will be required. Now join them together thus: Commence in one of the single stitches 7 chain, *1 single in centre stitch of the 11 double, 7 chain, 1 single in next single, 7 chain; repeat from * four times, 3 chain; take another rose and work 1 single in a single stitch, then repeat as before directed until all the roses are joined; place the wreath on the circle, and sew the waves of the braid at the back of the roses in a line with the 3 chain stitches which connect the roses together, so that the larger portion of the rose will fall over the circle.
THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—COUNTRY TOILETS.—
White foulard dress, scalloped at the edge of the skirt, and trimmed with a ponceau silk fluting. The front of the skirt has a fluting of the same description, set on en tablier. Figaro jacket, ornamented in the same way. The sleeves consist only of a foulard jockey, bordered en suite. Muslin under-body in plaits, separated by bands of linen. Gros-grain waistband, Chantilly black lace shawl. Pachon bonnet, made of tulle, and trimmed with a wreath of ponceau geranium.

SECOND FIGURE.—Linos dress with two skirts: the first is trimmed with two or three rows of black velvet, edged with narrow lace; the second skirt is trimmed with tabs. Under-body with Swiss plaits, Berisse waistband. Linos outer-jacket made almost tight. This garment, like the dress, is trimmed with black velvet, edged with lace; velvet waistband fastened with a handsome steel buckle. Hair dressed à la jeune, and intermixed with rows of beads.

I have remarked another very pretty walking dress, composed of toile de l’inde of a soft flax-coloured grey. The bottom of the skirt is cut into deep dents de loup, under which is mounted, in great plaits a flournce of groselle foulard, which shows between each indentation, on which falls a knot of black taffetas bordered with narrow black lace.

A Figaro jacket, cut in little dents, is worn over a chemisette either of groselle foulard, or of very fine white Nansook, ornamented before and behind with three bands of linen embroidered in black or groselle souchage. With this chemisette a groselle waistband bordered with black lace is worn. With the groselle chemisette, the waistband should be of the material of the skirt.

The outer garment to be worn with this demi-toilet is of the half-fitting form, of the same stuff as the dress, cut all round in dents de loup, bordered with groselle ribbon No. 5. The bottom of the sleeves, which are nearly tight, are finished with the same ornament, and have at the top a jockey indented and trimmed in the same way. Head-dress a little black hat of English straw, with a small white and black wing in the middle. Another robe is of maise-coloured mohair, garnished at the bottom with a Greek design, traced with a double bias of Mexican blue silk; between these biases a plain band of silk a row of blue buttons, hanging in the centre of each a little white pearl.

A little corselet of the material is worn with this skirt, which is trimmed with the same ornament. The corselet is held together by epauletts cut in the Greek pattern, and falling is a sort of sleeve over the under-body, which is composed of Swiss plaits, on each of these plaits a narrow blue velvet.

The assorted envelope is of the same material as the robe, very oval behind, and cut at the edge a petites greuges.

The round hat worn with this toilet is bowl shaped, with a flat rim, above which is rolled a green veil, fastened in its place by a swallow.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Under the Pear-tree."—The Editor is not responsible for the above tale, which should not have appeared in this publication: a mistake mainly resting with the printer.

Poetry accepted, with thanks.—"Late Tidings;" "The Building of Newark Priory;" "A Corner for Flowers."

Prose accepted, with thanks.—"Curiosities of Writing;" "Wardley Court;" "Mrs. T——’s Step-daughter;" "The Nibsey Family, or Village Sketches;" "May Goldsmith" [We must see the remainder of this tale before we can decide.]

Declined, with thanks, and posted to the writers.—"Our Vague Ideas;" "An Old Man’s Musings;" "One too Many;" "Marsh Murmurs in England;"

[We regret that this paper is not adapted to our pages]; "A Welsh Mountain by Moonlight" If the author’s composition were equal to his impressions we should be glad to accept this paper; as it is, we would advise him to re-write it.

EVERBRIGHT (Epaphrasia officinalis).—A small shrubby plant, with dark, deeply-cut leaves, and many whitish-grey flowers, pencilled with yellow. It is found on dry heaths, and downs beside the sea. Being at Weymouth, our correspondent will have no difficulty in finding it.

* * * Books, Music, &c., for notice or review, must be forwarded by the 10th of the month, to appear in the following number.

All unaccepted MSS. will be returned on the receipt of stamps for the purpose.

London: Printed by Rogerion and Truxford, 236, Strand.
THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. III.

In the course of the next day Mr. Surban, the musical professor, instead of writing his answer, came in person to settle the business. He was quite a little dandy of a man, and seemed much impressed with the idea of his own importance and powers of criticism. When he understood from Mr. Benvolere that I was so young, he hummed and ha'd, and seemed to fear my youth would prove a serious obstacle.

"Well, well! my good friend," at last said Benvolere, who endured his fine airs much as a good-natured Newfoundland dog views the tricks of some undersized puppy, "hear Mlle. Montafauconi play [I was to take the name belonging to Madame Theresa, and pass as her daughter], then judge of her musical attainments for yourself. I must introduce you formally" [as I entered from the back parlour, which by folding doors joined the front room]—

"Mr. Surban, Mlle. Montafauconi, my niece."

There were profuse bows from the little professor, who seemed so startled by my womanly appearance, that we were some time before we proceeded to discuss the business on hand.

"Certainly the young lady's name is greatly in her favour—foreign names, my good friend, as you and I know, go for much. She is English-born you say?"

"English bred, my good sir. But play this piece of Auber's, Isabella."

I did as Mr. Benvolere requested, and afterwards sang. But when Mr. Surban's raptures at my performance subsided, he seemed disposed to ask so many scientific questions about musical theory that my courage nearly failed. Benvolere, who was amused at the little gentleman's pedantry and consequence, "poohpoohed" his observations a good deal, and came to my relief, just as Mr. Surban was deep in a dissertation on the major chord of the flat seventh.

"The child, my dear Surban," he said, "is my own pupil. You know I am not likely to recommend an imposter. Mlle. Montafauconi knows how to teach, I assure you."

My looks, Mr. Surban observed, convinced him of that. Though how looks were a guarantee of musical abilities was best known to himself. At last we came to a definite arrangement, and it was proposed that I should be personally introduced by the professor to his numerous and, as he took care to inform me, highly genteel connexion at Fulham and its immediate vicinity. For this advantage I was to pay a certain portion of the emoluments arising from the various schools and families who were willing to accept a substitute of Mr. Surban's proposing.

This matter settled, the little gentleman took his leave with a great deal of advice, compliments, regrets, and adieux.

Benvolere, always alive to a keen sense of humour, indulged in a hearty fit of laughter after his brother-professor's departure.

"I remember that puppy," he said, "playing the kit for a little dancing mistress; and now he holds his head far above the man who gave him all his musical tuition, and that's myself; but, my dear, Sam Surban would scarcely venture to refuse me any favour I chose to ask him."

"Well! let me be grateful that I have found favour in his eyes, and, I trust, employment."

"And far more admiration for that sweet face than Mrs. Surban would at all approve of. Ah! my niece, you are too pretty to earn your bread."

"You make me blush, sir. Do not think me a spoiled doll. My face, alas! never brought me affection or favour at home; and, had I been ugly you would have loved me for my mother's sake. But I must not chatter: I am going to practise hard. I shall weary you; but I must not disgrace Mr. Surban's recommendation."

My duties, in fact, commenced a very few days after, and with Madame Theresa for a chaperone, as my supposed mother, I went with the professor the round of his pupils, and soon found myself in the midst of work—real hard work.

At first, I own, I was worried by such unceasing labour and responsibility. There were to be taught pupils of all intellectual grades—clever, stupid,
dull, and quick—varying with amiability and obstinacy; but I determined to put my shoulder heartily to the wheel, and soon learned how to conquer the difficulties presented by the various tempers of my pupils. I was cheered too, and supported by the thought that I was of some real use in the world, and all the patricular blood of the De Trevors and the Castlebrooks combined, could never have procured me such a pure and entire satisfaction as that one idea. Then how I was welcomed home, when, at the close of a long, hard-working day, I arrived at the dear cottage, whose inhabitants waited for their dinner till I could partake of it with them! And good Madame Teresa always had some delicacy prepared for her "good child"—her adopted daughter. Now, for the first time since I had quitted Miss Normans, I tasted the comforts of a home.

A quarter of a year passed thus, rapidly; and, at the end of that period, I had the gratification to find that, after the stipulated payment to Mr. Surban, there was sufficient to settle bills, which had been unavoidably contracted, and a little to lay by as a surplus for any exigency.

During all this time I had discovered no opportunity of writing to Colonel Tarragon, and was moreover inclined to adopt my master's half-hinted opinion that to do so would be a compromise of female delicacy.

It was, however, true that he could not write to me, ignorant of my refuge as he was. To say no thoughts of him intruded frequently, would be false; but I was too much occupied to dwell unceasingly on the recollection of his regard, and too confident in Vincent's faith and honour to have one misgiving as to his fidelity. I had discovered indeed, from the newspapers, that he was at Vienna. I resolved to trust in Providence for a happy meeting, and hoped that time might cause my love to be sanctified without a dereliction of duty. Meanwhile my profession entirely engrossed my time and thoughts.

Mr. Surban, who was much pleased at my success with his former pupils, wrote one day to inform me he had recommended me to a lady who had lately commenced a school. "I have arranged terms for you, my dear Mille. Montafaucon," wrote the little man, "and you will be good enough to visit Dahlia House, Brompton, at ten o'clock next Wednesday morning, to give your first lesson. I trust other arrangements will not interfere; for Mrs. Candy is strict as to punctuality, and the connexion seems a desirable one."

It was not exactly convenient, but I could not refuse any addition to an income which after all was but fluctuating, and with some difficulty I started for Dahlia House, which was situated in a newly-formed square, between Brompton and Chelsea. It was a very prim-looking mansion, and as I rang the bell, a feeling of annoyance sprang up at the reflection that I had to propitiate strangers. I was shown into a parlour highly adorned with the neck-nacks usually abounding in the showrooms of a ladies' seminary; Mrs. Candy, the servant said, would be with me presently. It was, however, some time before she came; and as I rose to greet her, my astonishment and, I may add, dismay were unbounded, as, with an exclamation, I recognized in my new employer, my former friend and teacher, Miss Phitsa!

Mrs. Candy, as she was now, had entered a trim of condescension and patronage; but, recognizing me instantly, she seized my hand, heartily shaking it, while the corkscrew ringlets, still in shining glory, danced about, as if they desired to aid in expressing her delight.

"Good gracious me! That stupid girl! I expected a new music-teacher, and she told me Miss—Miss—such a long name. I always forget it"—looking at the card I had sent in, with her eyeglass—"and to you, my dear Miss Castlebrook, grown out of all knowledge, too! At first I was puzzled, but your voice at once recalled my dear former pupil. And this music-mistress—"

"Is before you, Miss—Mrs. Candy I mean, though to find my old friend converted into a matron," I said, with infinitely more sincerity than politeness, "is as wonderful as anything I ever read in my favourite "Arabian Nights."

"Indeed!"—briding a little. "Well, I dare say it does seem strange. But what do you mean?"

"Only that I must request you to forget the existence of Isabella Castlebrook, and to accept the services of Mille. Montafaucon as your musical teacher."

"You amaze me. You, my dear—a young lady of birth and station in society—teach!"

"Even so."

"But your name is—"

"Dear madam, there is a history attached to my change of name; but—I know I may confide in you."

In fact, I had no alternative, so that I could take very little merit for being ingenious. I related, therefore, the main points of my story, omitting only the mention of Colonel Tarragon, which I did not consider essential to its development.

Mrs. Candy had been educated in a school of old-fashioned duty. She shook her head when I finished, and said:

"It was a great pity to run away from home, my dear."

"I should have been forced into a marriage my very soul would have detested."

"To be sure that would have been very bad; but remonstrance and interference on the part of your friends—"

"I have none; you know it. What could I, a poor weak girl, do, fettered and constrained—coerced even—by my father and his wife? Now I earn the bread of independence, and it is so sweet. Besides, what would Mr. Benvolere do without my assistance, aged and infirm as are both himself and his sister? Oh, madam, how blessed is the consciousness of being able to aid others!"

"You have a kind, feeling heart, Isabella,"
said Mrs. Candy, regarding me with one of those curious side-glances, for which as Miss Pittas she had been remarkable. "You were always ready, even when a child, to perform self-sacrifice."

"And I still am. I hope I shall always be so; but there is one thing I cannot endure, and that is personal chastisement—it is degradation."

"True, I agree with you there; I never would allow it in tuition. It hardens. It is bad enough for boys, but for girls most shocking."

"Then I may rely on your silence—you will not betray me to my family?"

"Certainly not, my dear. You are a young woman, and able to judge and reason for yourself—only, I don't know how Mr. Candy may view the matter, and I have no secrets from him."

"Was Mr. Candy in perspective when you lived at Mnemosyne House?"

"Well, my dear, yes; but it was in extreme perspective. I will tell you: George Candy and I were boy and girl together, and as we grew up we hoped to pass through life in company; but there came the old story. We were poor. He was educated for the church, and could get no preferment; I was a poor governness, who had to toil for all my family—marriage was simply impossible. You know how glad I was when Mr. Allison engaged me for his daughter, poor girl! She died a year ago. But her father, in the midst of all his grief, was very kind to me. He set me up in this school and, having influence with the holders of church livings, he obtained a moderate appointment in this neighbourhood for Mr. Candy. So we thought, though the best of our days had been passed in waiting and hoping against hope, that we might at least spend our old age together. And to be a clergyman's wife is very genteel, dear, you know, though we are far from rich, and school-keeping is a terrible anxiety. I am sure the butcher's bills alone would frighten any one."

"Would Mr. Candy, then, do you think, make it a point of conscience to discover me to his father?"

"I have not a notion how he might think it right to act. I always abide by his decision: a clergyman, you know, my dear, can't be wrong in matters of conscience; but I shall tell him how good you are to those poor old people, and how shamefully Lady Laura Castlebrook treated you. As for your father, why you know, my love, you were his own daughter, and he might perhaps think his right over your actions was supreme."

"Will you, meantime, accept me as a teacher?"

"Of course, my dear, and very gladly too; but however I am to recollect your new name, and whether it will be right so to aid in your— your—"

"Deception?"

"Well, I fear we cannot call it by any other name. You know, as a clergyman's wife, I am bound to look at things in their true light. Now, whatever is false is not true—and—"

"Would you have me teach, my dear friend, as Miss Castlebrook?"

"I suppose not; yet, in point of fact, it is quite bewildering. I wish I knew what Mr. Candy would say."

"Is he at home?"

"Yes, writing his Sunday's sermon. I will go and fetch him."

"He has known adversity. I cannot believe he will judge me harshly."

"I dare say not. He is a good man. Stay here, my dear. There is one of George's books to amuse you. I must tell him all about it from the beginning."

She left the room as she spoke, and I took up Mr. Candy's book, to see if, in its pages, I could trace anything of the mind or heart of the writer.

Not a glimpse. It was a dry theological treatise, neither likely to interest nor give information, and I was listlessly turning over its pages, when Mr. and Mrs. Candy entered the room. Mr. Candy was a tall thin ecclesiastic of fifty years old. Rigid as were his face and features, there was something about the expression of his dark eyes (which in youth must have been singularly handsome) that assured me these "windows of the soul" (as some one has called them) conveyed to the outward observer, the indications of a kind and feeling heart.

As I looked at him, I almost envied his wife the privilege of having a spiritual adviser—one, indeed, who would guide the erring wanderer safely through the tangled paths of duty. I feared now I had made an error in life; yet it was one I could scarcely repent. I felt as if a blind, inevitable destiny had impelled me for the last year of my existence to fulfil its behests. Then, again, I considered a Providence had guided me to the aid of Benvoliere, my dear master: and so regarding myself as an instrument in the hands of a Mighty Power, I felt consoled at losing the sense of responsibility.

I was now to submit this question to a grave authority—one accustomed to weigh actions against words, and disposed to think a child's obedience and submission, even to the harshest of parents, an inevitable duty.

I was questioned and cross-questioned so severely by this gentleman, that it was a great wonder the episode of Vincent Tarragon's attachment did not come out in the course of the examination. I became at last irritated at being viewed as a runaway rebel, when I was following a nobler impulse than the mere selfish one of self-preservation. As the heroine of my own book, I sought to represent myself, perhaps, in a more amiable light, because the heroines of modern books are invariably of natures so calm and angelic, that nothing can irritate them into a display of temper; but real flesh and blood women are possessed of temperaments frequently quite the reverse, and I am bound to state the truth. I
sudued, however, my rising anger, and pleaded my tie to Benvolere and his sister.

"If," I said, "I desert them now, they have no resource left. Oh! sir, be persuaded. Let well alone. I am safe: I am under honourable protection. I am happy in leading a useful life, and you would again throw me into the vortex of fashionable society—give me to the miseries of an ill-assorted marriage. I tell you, such a life would be hateful, now that I have known a freer, purer one. I should again elope. Next time it would be from a husband. I should be utterly lost, and this through your well-meaning efforts for good. Pray, pray, spare me."

"Young lady, there is, I fear, too much of passion in your nature to make you happy or good. Suckle such feelings, and learn to view life calmly and rationally, as a state of probationary suffering and inevitable sorrow."

"No," I said, vehemently, "I will not consent so to view the existence which a beneficent Creator has bestowed upon me. We have the power to make our life to be happy if I remain good. Human beings have caused by their vices and passions my unhappiness; but I deny that this world is meant to be all grief."

"My dear" [to her husband, from Mrs. Candy, who seemed anxious to avoid any controversy], "I trust you will not find it advisable to send Miss Castlebrook's abode to her father."

"My love, do not fear me. I know who tempts mercy with justice. May I be enabled to follow His example. But our hearts are deceitful. While we imagine they are leading us rightly, too often they betray us into a gulf of sin, and its sure attendant misery."

"But think," pleaded his wife, "of poor Mr. Benvolere—a most worthy person, I assure you."

"I do think of him, my dear Maria; you and I should feel for poverty, when we have experienced ourselves some of its bitter fruits. Young lady, there is a mixture of noble generosity, of self-devotion, with want of reflection and a dangerous yielding to impulse, in your character, which strangely puzzles me. In regard to your father's harsh usage, you should have borne it dutifully, with earnest prayer to the Giver of Grace that He would bestow a better spirit on your worldly, unloving parent. Yet, now I can hardly, in pity to those so virtuously support, counsel you to return home—still less can I interfere. If I err, I trust I may be pardoned."

"Oh sir, thank and bless you."

"Mrs. Candy has related to me traits of your tendency to good works, even as a child; but do not trust wholly to them. Have faith and submission, even while you benefit others."

He spoke like a book, and a very good book too. It was so long since I had listened to a man holy by profession, that I felt awed, and as much disposed to admit of Mr. Candy's infallibility because he was a clergyman as his own wife, who could not have treated him with greater reverence had he been a bishop, instead of curate to St. Junian's Chapel of Ease, Brompton. She listened to his exhortation exactly as she might have done to his Sunday sermon.

"And you will accept me as a teacher?"

"Yes, we shall be glad to see more of you. After all, it is something that at least you have renounced the pomp and vanities of fashionable life."

He took out his watch. "My dear, I must go round to my parish duties. Miss Castlebrook, I trust to have some other opportunity of improving the trials and difficulties you have experienced."

With this promise of another lecture, he went gently out of the room, and Mrs. Candy followed him with her eyes, as if he were a saint to whom she had the precious privilege of deferring. Mr. Candy was indeed a good upright man—one who thought religious persons were bound to exhort, lecture, and rebuke, but who in his heart of hearts would have greatly preferred to pity and console, soothe and succour. He was constantly struggling, I found afterwards, between the sternness he thought it a duty to assume, and a strong disposition to make people happy. Between his own ascetic notions, and his partner's fidgety ideas of propriety and gratuity, Mr. and Mrs. Candy were by no means so comfortable as they ought to have been, after their tough battle with the realities of life.

I gave my first lesson, that very day, to pupils who were more select than numerous; but Mrs. Candy had not long commenced school and her scholars were girls chiefly from the country.

When I departed, the kind lady shook me warmly by the hand, bidding me trust in Providence. Mrs. Candy's religious sentiments had become developed rather late in life, but her union with a clergyman seemed to make it a matter of obligation that pious precepts and serious exhortations should be perpetually hovering on her lips. I somehow fancied, from her reminiscences of Memnosyne House, that my trust in Providence had been greatly antecedent to her own.

CHAP. IV.

In his days of prosperity, Mr. Benvolere had been fond of assembling round him acquaintances who, while their own sun of fortune shone but dimly, were yet remarkable for qualities amusing in society and harmless in the individual. These persons were neither famous nor fashionable, though in some way or other all were possessed of talents, which, properly used, might have achieved worldly success. They still came to visit the host who in better times had treated them liberally with generous hospitality, and proved themselves worthy of his friendship, inasmuch as they were now quite as well contented with a repast of bread, cheese, and ale, as formerly they had been with venison.
and claret. Every man, I fancy, cannot say as much of his friends, or there would be fewer Timons in the world.

Each Sunday, once employment had enabled me to gratify the kind old man’s hospitable propensities, a party of these humble, cheerful friends were entertained to a plain, but plentiful dinner. Mr. Benvolere, indeed, at first expressed a wish that I would absent myself from table on these occasions, as he did not desire I should mix in society ungenial to my proper station, or expose myself hereafter to undesirable recognition. But I had always a keen sense of humour, and a relish for the observation of peculiarities, and the Sunday dinners presented abundant specimens of character, whose study I was by no means inclined to forego. Therefore, as I urged the matter, Madame Theresa and myself, with some tea-drinking acquaintances, and an old lady and gentleman who had been friends of Mr. Benvolere from his youth—and who, like him, had in their old age descended into the vale of poverty as well as years—joined the dinner-parties, adding thereto the attractions of a teatable.

Mr. and Mrs. Pope, the old lady and gentleman referred to, were by no means witty or entertaining themselves, but had a great admiration for those who were: Mrs. Pope, indeed, regarded Mr. Benvolere as the most fascinating and extraordinary of mortals. In former days he had been wont to give imitations for their enjoyment, and now, like Oliver Goldsmith’s “Digory,” they were always ready to laugh at the same old story. My dear old master, like all of us, had his harmless weaknesses. He loved to shine in the eyes of these poor and aged visitors; to them he was a star of the first magnitude, quite as good, indeed, to persons who had only been to play a great and rare event, as the efforts of the inimitable Mathews senior himself.

After all, your dull, unenterprising people it is, who make the best audiences for the wit who loves to shine. They laugh with the utmost mirth, and never dream of envying the powers which afford them such exquisite entertainment. Mr. Pope, however, had the disadvantage of being tremendously deaf, and it generally took the united efforts of two or three persons to convey to him accurately a single sentence. Kindhearted people, who were desirous he should lose none of the mirth going forward, generally added to his confusion by all screaming in his ear at once, the pith of the jest on hand, Mrs. Pope being the most energetic of the shouters. She herself had three exclamations to express all states of feeling—“Terrible!” “Astonishing!” and “Wonderful!”

These well-meaning persons were quite aware I was no daughter of Madame Montafauconi; but they had discretion, and took to me most kindly.

I remember one of these Sundays most particularly, for two strange additions to our usual list of oddities presented themselves to my admiring notice at dinner. We had, in fact, just commenced our meal, when a loud rat-tat came, and Mr. Benvolere looking behind him out of the parlour window, which commanded a view of the street-door, eagerly exclaimed, “there were Quaintly and Brunt, both arrived at the same time.”

“Very late,” said Madame Theresa, who was a little fidgety about punctuality.

“Good company, my dear, never comes too late,” her brother answered; and the kind lady smoothed a brow beginning to get somewhat ruffled as the guests glided in at the door, with the air of men who knew they were behind time.

These gentlemen, it seemed, were mutual strangers; for their host formally introduced them, first to the company, next to each other. Mr. Quaintly attracted instant notice. He was attired in just such a costume as in later years I have seen that celebrated mime, Mr. Wright (of the Adelphi Theatre), adopt, when portraying a gentleman of eccentric comedy, viz., a brown coat cut off at the sides, and exceedingly short-waisted, gilt buttons to the same, a nankin waistcoat [is that inestimable fabric lost to society?], a resplendently-frilled shirt, a high white cravat, and a stiff, high shirt-collar; neither garments of a striped material on a faint blue or cream-colour ground. Mr. Brunt was a full, burly individual, who had a confident manner and a very loud voice. I had often heard my master describe him. He called himself a philosopher, and was fond of reducing impartialities to common-sense views, as he called them. In a word, if you had a tendency to exalt a subject, he had also one, which was to drag it down into the most absurd or vulgar light in which it could be viewed—at the same time it must be owned, very amusing lights. Though Mr. Brunt was a philosopher, he was likewise a most hilarious man—a merry kind of cynic, who laughed at everybody, even himself.

“My dear Quaintly, welcome! it does one’s eyes good to see you!”—from his host. “Sit down, my dear fellows! No more ceremony: better late than never, Brunt, eh? What shall my sister help you to?”

“Of beef that is well done a slice I will take,” said Mr. Quaintly, regarding the joint with a very large eye-glass, suspended by a broad black ribbon round his neck.

“Beef, beef, by all means—the roast beef of Old England; there’s no humbug, at any rate, about beef,” said Mr. Brunt.

Madame Theresa smilingly helped the new visitors.

“Of fat that is browned I like a plentiful share, madame,” said Mr. Quaintly, whose inverted blank-verse style of colloquy set everyone staring.

Benvolere, at whose right hand I sat, informed me here, in a whisper, that our friend held the situation of fourth low comedian at Drury Lane Theatre.

“Quaintly,” he said, “poor fellow, has been
rather an ill-used man. He has been kept back in his profession through certain jealousies and cabals, in which I understand theatres abound, I have been told by judges that Quaintly has talent. For my own part, I have often thought his humour was richer off the stage than on the boards, though unintentional and of the drier kind."

Mr. Brunt and the person spoken of had meantime fallen into conversation, marked by Mr. Quaintly’s peculiarities so strongly that I could scarce resist an open laugh. Mr. Brunt was bald on the forehead, and to this circumstance Mr. Quaintly’s regards were directed.

"Of the army?" said he, interrogatively, to his new friend.

"No, sir."

"Of the navy?"

"No, sir."

"Then," laying his hand on Mr. Brunt’s forehead, "wherefore this paucity of knob-thatch?"

Mr. Brunt was some moments before he could comprehend this last singular compound word; when he did, it is but justice to say, his laugh resembled that of a jolly cyclops, whose sense of humour had been with difficulty tickled, but, when it was, was sufficiently resonant to wake the woods and rocks around.

When we had pretty well recovered from the effects of this vociferous mirth, Mrs. Pope expressed her delight and admiration by one of her three notes of admiration—"Astonishing!"

"By-the-bye, Quaintly," said Benvolere, "I perceived by the papers that the other night you played a new and original part; did you meet with success in it?"

Mr. Quaintly’s naturally comic visage elongated at this home question, which the questioner had made in all innocence and simplicity. He answered rather curtly—"Of recognition that was satisfactory much was not heard."

"Wonderful!" ejaculated Mrs. Pope, a lively-disposed old lady, who, on hearing that Mr. Quaintly was an actor, evidently anticipated much amusement—an expectation to which the comedian, who had not the slightest intention of being funny off the stage, did not seem likely to respond.

After waiting a few minutes in hopes of a flash of wit, Mrs. Pope presently resumed her dinner, keeping nevertheless her attention and her eyes briskly alive against the time when the actor should say something good. He opened his mouth once more:

"Of beer that is mild a glass I will take," quoth Mr. Quaintly, addressing nobody in particular.

"Astonishing!" from Mrs. Pope.

"Eh! what’s that?" said Mr. Pope, who thought he was losing the fun, and wanted someone to explain it.

"That gentleman, my dear." Mrs. Pope screamed into her husband’s ear, "asked for some beer, and he did so, you understand, in so truly comical a way, that it was for all the world like being at a farce."

"Been at a fair!" answered Mr. Pope, who never caught more than the last word, and usually misunderstood that. "No, I can’t say I ever was at one. Does that gentleman perform at fairs?"

Benvolere was convulsed with laughter at this contretemps, but Mr. Quaintly was highly indignant. He addressed himself to poor unconscious Mr. Pope, who was harmlessly smiling over his dinner:

"At theatres only that are patent, sir, I have acted all my life. Of strollers or their booths no experience have I had."

But Mr. Brunt had been silent too long for his own liking. He struck in with a torrent of words, uttered thick and fast, as if he feared interruption.

"Of all the humbugs of this life the theatres are the most barefaced. I, too, sir, have been an actor in my time. I joined a strolling company when I was a young man, looking for truth in the bottom of a well; and I repeat, of all the precious impostors this world boasts, I found the British drama to be the worst. Why, sir, they commit the greatest absurdities on the stage: and then the players are for everlastingly talking about ‘holding the mirror up to nature,’ and so forth. I’ve seen a man arrested for murder, tried, convicted, and sentenced in the open street (with a mob of stage peasants to look on) by two watchmen and a magistrate; and I’ve heard a man say, ‘By Jove, sir, if you do not do your duty, and hang the culprit, I will go and appeal for justice to the king!’ Stuff and nonsense! Does anybody in actual life kick up a row of that kind with a judge? Does a magistrate try criminal causes? or should I rush off to Buckingham Palace or Carlton House, and knock at the door, saying to old George, or the Prince Regent, ‘Here, I say, there’s a murder been done down in Ratcliffe Highway, and the judge won’t hang the rascal; just come and adjudicate, will you, please your Majesty, or your Royal Highness? Why, I should be tied up in no time—gagged, sir—put in prison; and yet they do these things every day on the stage, and tell you with unblushing impudence they are giving a matter-of-fact representation of real life!’"

I can give Mr. Brunt’s words: I wish I could paint his manner also, as with vehement speech, and authority not to be beat in any argument, he wound up his peroration to a climax.

"On an art little understood, to vent sarcasm is easy," said Mr. Quaintly, politely inferring that the commentator knew nothing about the matter.

"There’s a mistake again," said Mr. Brunt, catching up the subject as if someone was about to tear it from him piecemeal. "Sarcasm’s not easy. People say every day to me, ‘Oh, as easy as wearing your glove’: now a glove may be too tight—how can it be easy? It may split in half when you put it on—it is not easy to wear then; yet you’re told this every day! A man said to me the other day, when I was demonstrating to him a certain difficulty to be overcome, ‘Poo! pooh! it’s as easy
as shoeing a cat with walnut-shells! I had, him, sir, directly. I proved in no time it is not easy to shoe a cat with walnut-shells. First of all, common walnut-shells won't do at all; you must procure the large double sort—not easily got—then you must crack the nut to a nicety, or they split; then you must scrape them smooth inside—a difficult and a delicate operation—and then you must consider how you're to fit them on the animal's feet. Glue won't do; wax is of no use. You must bore holes, and tie them on the cat's feet, with strings which probably come undone; and twenty to one but the cat bites and scratches all your skin off before she is shod! Now, there is a demonstration that it's not an easy matter to shoe a cat; and yet a man says coolly of a difficulty, 'Oh, it's as easy as shoeing a cat with walnut-shells!'"

We all laughed heartily at this eloquence.

"Astonishing!" from Mrs. Pope, with a titter.

Mr. Benvolere now took the opportunity to explain to Mr. Quaintly the deafness of Mr. Pope; and the worthy, but somewhat obtuse, actor was pacified. He waved his hand towards the offender benignantly, and said, "To deafness most painful I once a victim, too, became."

"Wonderful!" said Mrs. Pope: "and how, if I may ask, sir, did you become cured?"

"Into a hackney coachman, madam, who his fare o'ercharged, I pitched—that is, I unto him a drubbing gave, and he upon my ears retaliated with a cuff. A noise that was rushing ensued, and henceforth as well as ever did I hear."

"Terrible!" said Mrs. Pope.

After that Mr. Quaintly grew less laconic over his brandy-and-water, and waxed loud on certain grievances connected, it appeared, with his profession, which he asserted had a tendency to keep true merit in the back-ground.

"Stuff!" said the realist: "you acting fellows all think you are individually the great A's of the dramatic alphabet. You get hold of a part, and you spout and mouth, and a sweep in the shilling gallery, who knows nothing about the matter, says, 'Bravo, Higgins!' and you wake up next morning and believe you're famous. Nothing of the sort: the public don't care for any one of you out of ten. You should just say to yourselves, 'I am getting my bread and cheese, or my mutton-chop, and half-and-half, by learning a quantity of rubbish, and mouthing it out to the British public every night, and must do it, or starve; and the quicker it is got over the better—and there's an end of it.'"

Mr. Quaintly would not subscribe to this view of the case. He could personally instance how genius was kept back; for example, on an occasion when the great actor of the day was, from some occurrence not uncommon, unable to appear in his celebrated character of Richard, if the manager, instead of running to minor houses after noodles, had in the dilemma ap-plied to him (Quaintly), he should have electrified London.

"Galvanized it, my dear fellow, you mean!" said Mr. Brunt, laughing loudly at himself.

Mr. Quaintly, who, for a jester by profession, had the faintest perception of a jest I ever saw in a humorist, became dignified instantly.

"Appreciation of my tragic powers," he said, "has never been vouchsafed."

"And never will," interposed Mr. Benvolere.

"Quaintly, you can play to the life one of Will Shakespere's fools: let that content you; don't aspire to his heroes. When Nature denied you the heroic element, she made you able to inspire mirth. Thank her for the gift: it is no mean privilege to make dull men laugh!"

"Of brandy-and-water that is warm I will take half a glass more," said Mr. Quaintly, suddenly changing the topic.

And doubtless many of my readers will exclaim at my old master's devoting the Sabbath evenings to hospitality and social intercourse. I know not that he needs defence. Both he and his sister, with many of their friends, were of the Catholic religion, which holds that, when the duties of the day are over, there is no harm in thus spending its remainder. And Benvolere himself, though professing the tenets of the Romish Church, was truly catholic in spirit, and believed every good Christian of any creed as near to heaven as himself. He had no touch of asceticism in his gentle, joyous nature. Stung as he had been in early youth by a great sorrow, infirm and paralyzed as he was, he yet enjoyed life fully even to the end—

The end—alas!

**LEFT HIS HOME.**

By Ada Trevanton.

When on the grey broke saffron streaks and white,
And soaring from his nest, the happy lark
Left the pink clover-bloom to dew and night,
I caught a voice betwixt the light and dark:

It told a tale of love and of despair;

Of a short passion that with crushing fate;
And then a hurried footstep trod the stair,
And some one pushed without the garden-gate.

I said my prayers, and sought the room below;
The morning sunshine beat upon the blind;
The window-plants were all in brightest glow;
No trace of change or sorrow could I find.

But in the hooded porch there lay a glove;
The ground was white with jasmine-stars new strown;
And down the lane, and in the little grove,
The mocking echoes said—"Where is he gone?"

And I had dreamt that night such happy dreams
(Perhaps, dear love, you kissed me in my sleep),
Now when the lake is lit by white moonbeams,
And wind-swept shadows float, I watch and weep.
They sought him in the wood, and on the wold,
'Neath the dread tarn where pale drowned forms have lain;
Oh! break, worn heart—life's weary hours be told
For he is gone—is gone—never comes again!
MY TOUR IN PALESTINE.

BY A NAVAL CHAPLAIN.

CHAP. I.

JAFFA.

The arrival of H.M.S.—at Jaffa gave her officers an opportunity of visiting the Holy City, and the various localities of sacred interest by which it is surrounded. Before entering on a detailed account of the proceedings of the tourist party, of which the writer of this sketch made one, it may not be out of place to say a few words descriptive of Jaffa; or rather, to make some short account of its history, appearance, &c., serve as the first chapter of these personal recollections of localities, the interest in which seems to be almost as undying as the manners and customs of the inhabitants are unchanged.

The town of Jaffa, or Yaffa, was anciently called Joppa, and of its antiquity there can be no doubt, seeing that it dates back to the distribution made by Joshua, when it was allotted to the tribe of Dan.

The writer of the Maccabees, and later still Josephus, make mention of Joppa. The history of the Crusades—were there no other record extant—gives celebrity to a town then called Joppa. Modern history tells us that few places obtained a more enviable notoriety than this locality did, when, during the career of Napoleon, a garrison numbering twelve hundred Turks were put to death, on the pretext of having broken their parole. Here, too, the monster crime of poisoning the sick and wounded soldiers of the French army took place, under plea of its being feared they might fall into the hands of a barbarous enemy; although it seems difficult to imagine what worse fate could await them, even in the event of such contingency. It is not, however, with the Joppa of ancient times nor yet the Jaffa of later days that this sketch has to do, but with the Jaffa of the year of grace 186,—and how it looked as starting point or departure stage of the writer's tour in Palestine.

"All eastern towns are the same," some wise- acre may exclaim, and exclaim with some modicum of truth I admit; and yet Jaffa and every other eastern town possesses—notwithstanding a general resemblance to its neighbours—distinctive characteristics; and of the truth of this statement any objector would be convinced, on visiting the locality in question. Our party consisted of some ten or twelve officers of varying ages, and got up in all the endless variety of that costume designated by naval officers "plain clothes." As soon as we had mustered on deck we descended into the cutter that lay ready manned to take us on shore, and were soon rowed to the landing-place.

The time required for the transit from our floating home to terra firma was barely sufficient to admit of our observing the commanding nature of the ground on which the town is built, and of speculating upon the extent of view attainable by an ascent of the tower which ornaments the eminence. Passing through a narrow channel we reached a pier built on wooden piles, and prepared to disembark—a proceeding in which our movements were accelerated by the assistance of some two or three good-humoured kamaula or porters, who eagerly stretched forth a helping hand. The region in the immediate neighbourhood was sui generis, being a wide space opposite trading stores, and seemed equally to afford repose ground to sleeping porters and weary donkeys, with here and there a camel crouchant to diversify the foreground. A foreign vessel had just landed her cargo, but for which event the appearance of trade presented by the unhoused bales of merchandise would have been absent. Scarcely had we emerged from the port ere our arrival became known to the more ragged of the population, and shoals of beggars and other idlers congregated around us, the former whining out the repeated solicitation "Hovadji, miskin, Hovadji, miskind," which being interpreted means "Traveller, a poor creature!—a poor creature, traveller!" the poor creature meanwhile suggesting by look and tone of voice, as well as by the stretching forth of his leather-coloured palm, that the miskin expected the hovadji would bestow some alms upon the suppliant. It is to be feared that the benevolences with which we were at first welcomed by the Jaffa mendicants were slightly modified ere we succeeded in extricating ourselves from the circle they formed; but be this as it may, we soon got clear of them, and under the guidance of a small native boy wended our way to the house of Mr. Kayat, her Majesty's consul. Whilst the preliminaries as to hiring of horses and engaging a dragoon, for the expedition to Jerusalem were being conducted to a successful issue, the Consul's son kindly conducted us to the "House of Simon the Tanner." In order to reach this, the great show antiquity of the locality, we had to travel countless steep rugged dirty streets. Turning at length into the doorway of a projecting arcade court, we were told we had entered the House of Simon! Modern travellers are, I believe, agreed as to this being—if any is—the house of Simon the Tanner; it is, at all events, the one always shown as such, and presents more claim that
any other, not the least part of which seems to be, that the Mahometans regard it as a sacred spot. The well, pointed out as the tan-pit, presents unmistakable evidence of great antiquity in the deep furrows in its stone coping, since ages must have elapsed ere the hempen or grass rope used to raise water from it could have left such traces of its friction.

The tomb of Dorcas, which fairly vies with Simon's house as an object of interest to travellers, we did not visit; nor were we very much impressed with the importance of the question as to its being really such, or merely a tomb so called: the question of proof once mooted, it would be, we concluded, out of our power to establish either the affirmative or negative; and so we left it to future travellers to examine.

On returning to the house of the Consul we found all the preliminaries of our expedition had been satisfactorily arranged; and, as it was now sufficiently late in the day for the contemplated start, we were soon on the saddle. To the Syrian saddles the proposition in could not with any truth be applied, seeing that what is designated a saddle possesses no resemblance to the European article; but is simply a rude framework of wood, not unlike in shape to the roof of a miniature house. The angles of the frame are softened by a padding of hay, a piece of carpet or woolly sheepskin being thrown over all. From this nondescript contrivance are suspended two flat iron pans to serve as stirrups; these are used both as resting-places for the feet and for striking against the horse's flanks, to urge him to greater speed.

Thus mounted we made the start, and under guidance of a dragoman, who was to defray the whole expenses of the road at the rate of 20s. per diem from each officer of the party, we made our way through the narrow streets. The crowd of unwashed, that had assembled to see us set out, gradually fell off as we proceeded.

The population is large in proportion to the size of the town, and amounts now to about 15,000, besides the constant tide of pilgrims which ebbs and flows during the whole of the summer. That the chief export trade of this place consists of fruit, silk, and corn, is evident to the most casual observer, and fruit was to be seen on all sides until we reached the gate of the city. We observed at the gate several solemn-looking turbaned figures, that reminded us, as they sat on stone benches, of the judges or elders who were wont to dispense justice of old. These ancient gazed solemnly but motionless upon us, who were only able to make this passing remark as, emerging from the town, we handed, that none were absent, before resuming the order of our march from the city whither Jonah repaired to flee from the presence of the Lord, and thence took ship to Tarshish.
the general elevation gives to the town its imposing appearance, was sighted, and the cavalcade moved briskly on towards Ramleh, known in ancient times as Armenath. The monks, who had been apprised by a messenger of our intention of passing the night under their roof, came out to meet us, as soon as the noise of our horses' hoofs were heard on the pavement outside the convent. To enter to the courtyard, dismount, and, committing the horses to the care of the dragoman and his attendants, to enter the hospitable doors of our entertainers, was but the work of a few minutes; and, as we were all as hungry as hunters, there was a general inquiry as to the hour at which dinner might be expected. A lay-brother soon appeared, and satisfied our anxious minds with the information that having expected our coming there would be no delay. The refectory for strangers, a large inner room, was meanwhile being made ready for our accommodation; and when ushered into it we beheld a long table covered with a coarse white cloth, at which we were desired to seat ourselves. The dinner led off with a thin white soup, followed by two courses, the former of which consisted of eggs served up in the shells, and the latter of meat; after these came cheese, followed by coffee and fruits. We remained much longer at table than at dinner, and at length, after reflecting on the necessity of an early start on the morrow, were unanimous in determining to retire for the night. A lay-brother, belonging to the monastery, now conducted us to our respective dormitories, and with the usual "buona notte" left us to pass the night, if not to sleep. To sleep, however, was out of the question, as we quickly discovered; the hum of the mosquito giving us fair notice of his presence in a bold declaration of war. Tired nature tried in vain to cast the dream-mantle around us; and, though for a time the effort seemed a success, soon a stinging sensation on the neck or wrist of the slumberer awoke us to the realities of life, and the tantalizing consciousness that the enemy had betaken himself to flight by the time we had become aware of his assault. Tossing from side to side, we endured the long hours, snatching occasional respite, until daylight relieved us of a foe whose venom was so great, that, had his strength or size been at all proportioned to it, we must have been inevitably annihilated.

Without waiting for breakfast we prepared to resume our journey as soon as morning had been duly announced to us by the dragoman. Before leaving the monastery, a donation was made to its funds by our attendant at the rate of a dollar for each of his party. This is not a fixed charge, nor is there, indeed, any demand made for remuneration; but the monks accept a pecuniary gift from travellers who can pay, to defray, it is said, the cost of entertaining poor pilgrims who cannot pay for their food or lodging. The sun had not arisen ere we were once more on the saddle, and riding away from Ramleh, but still passing through the plain of Sharon. The grey light of early morning sufficed us for mutual recognition as we rode side by side, over the even ground for a mile or two after we had left Ramleh.

The rising sun showed us a country the principal features of which closely resembled those of that through which we had ridden the day before. The early start, the desire of halting, and, above all, the sight of two baskets of provisions, which the dragoman had provided for breakfast by the way, created an unconquerable desire, especially on the part of the younger excursionists, to dismount and investigate the interior of the baskets in question. A level patch of ground protected by a rock, and further shaded by an overhanging fig-tree, made the question of breakfast irresistibly forcible; and so dismounting we fastened our horses, and prepared for the discussion of the viands that the dragoman was hastily spreading out on the grass.

Talk of the glories of a déjeuner à la fourchette! Ours was a déjeuner sans fourchette, and I have grave doubts as to whether any given number of fourchettes would have enhanced our enjoyment of it. All I can remember of that collation is that cold fowls, hard-boiled eggs, and coarse brown bread, formed the chief components, and that we commended up with a cup of coffee. The important business of breakfast being over, we again mounted our steeds and prepared to resume our line of march. The face of the country began from this point to change very much for the worse; and the smooth sandy road of the plain became rough and unpleasant. Soon all traces of any civilized life disappeared, and we began to ride over what appeared to be an old water course, or the dry bed of a river, and judging from its uneven aspect and the presence of huge stones, we concluded that it was in all probability the course by which mountain torrents descend in the winter.

After pursuing our journey by this unattractive way for some time, we at length emerged from it, and were glad to find ourselves once more upon tolerably level ground. With the exception of an attempt made by a few half-clad Arabs to extort backsheesh, we did not meet with anything of the nature of an adventure by the way, but rode on calmly, till we came in sight of the Holy City.

The first sight of Jerusalem, even though the city is not seen in its best point of view from the Ramleh side, is one that cannot fail to impress the beholder, however careless. Within these walls, and in the immediate outward vicinity of them, were enacted scenes so fraught with interest to the whole human race! The most thoughtless must pause, as the whole tide of early teaching—the lessons of childhood—crowd upon the memory. I remained uncovered as I gazed upon the city, until the approach of my companions broke my reverie; when we all rode briskly forward, and, entering by the Jaffa Gate, dismounted on Mount Zion.
The Holy City has been so often and so well described, that it may savour somewhat of presumption to try to say anything new on the subject. Descriptions geographical, historical, and even semi-prophetical already exist; and with none of these do I purpose entering the list. The following description was not originally written in my private journal, and subsequently published at the request of friends." Its publication is due to an altogether different cause. The materials from which it is compiled were hasty pencil-notes in my pocket-book, enlarged afterwards from memory; and its only claim on the attention of the reader is its originality. Thus prefixed, I must rush at once in medias res; and for that purpose transport the reader to Mount Zion. Here a spacious, but by no means ornamental structure stands, and is used for the accommodation of travellers, under the style and title of The Royal Navy Hotel; a name adopted by the proprietor in commemoration of the visit of Prince Alfred, who sojourneid within its walls during his stay in Jerusalem.

Our party had arrived—as narrated in the last chapter—in safety from Ramleh (sandy), and, after partaking of some refreshment, set itself resolutely to consider the future plan of action as to sight-seeing. The nearest object of interest was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; a good view of which we obtained from the terrace-like balcony under the windows of the Hotel. Thus viewed, the church seemed much nearer than it was in reality; and the cupola could not fail to be noticed as sadly needing repair. On inquiry we learned that the dilapidated state of the roof was owing to the feuds and mutual jealousy that existed between the Greek and Latin churches, neither being disposed to consent to its being repaired by the other, lest there might be hereafter some assertion of a prior right or superior possession deduced, on the ground of the claimant having repaired the roof of the church. The professors of the Greek faith, and also of the Latin (Roman Catholic), perform religious services under the same roof, and yet are allowing the roof to fall into decay between them.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, as seen from the elevation on which we stood, presented the appearance of a huge beehive of masonry; and was much more suggestive, as far as its shape was concerned, of its being a Turkish mosque, than a Christian church. To the right of this far-famed of the Holy Places, was the mosque of Omar, a splendid structure built on Mount Moriah. Farther still, and still to the right of the mosque, and of the town itself, lay the Mount of Olives, rendered especially conspicuous by the presence of the Church of the Ascension, as well as of a tall minaret, both of which are built upon its summit. The view above described showed us that whilst the Mount of Olives, and even the mosque, were too far off to allow of one visiting them that day, the hour being too far advanced to admit of any distant excursion, we might easily visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and satisfactorily inspect its interior, so as to see the localities of interest it professes to include within its walls.

Availing ourselves of the assistance of a guide, whose local knowledge was found very useful, we left the hotel, and were soon after exploring the narrow crowded streets of that part of the city nearest to Mount Zion. The more crowded of these are called bazaars—designation due to the presence of the number of windowless shops by which either side of the way is lined. From the bazaars we turned into the Via Dolorosa, which without any question as to the identity of its geographical position with that of our Saviour's way, when he went bearing his cross, suffices by its name alone to fix the attention, if it be productive of no higher feeling. Fourteen resting-places (or stations as they are called by Roman Catholics), are here marked; but of their accuracy no one could be satisfied who reflects for a moment upon the vicissitudes through which this, as well as every other part of the city, has passed. To believe that the house pointed out as that of Pilate, or another to which attention is directed as the house of Caiaphas, is such in reality, required no little believing power. A further strain was subsequently put upon our credence, when the house of Dives was pointed out at no very great distance from that of Lazarus! Passing over the many other localities, to each of which some interest is ascribed or name given, we came in a short time to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. On entering this spacious building, we found numbers of pilgrims of all nations there already, and conspicuous among these were Poles, Russians, and Wallachians; all of whom, to judge from their devoted appearance and reverent gestures and acts, were impressed with a thorough belief, not only in the identity of the sacred spot with that of Calvary, but an unquestioning acceptance of everything that was presented as an object of devotional interest. Pilgrims of the character here described invariably, we observed, stooped down, on entering the church, to kiss the broad marble slab, pointed out as the stone upon which the body of Christ was laid, to be annointed previous to its sepulture. On this stone we did not waste much time, but pressed forward, that we might see other and more reliable objects. Next in interest after the Sepulchre itself, and before it in the order of our progress, came Calvary; for, although the whole site of the church is, properly speaking, so named, yet there is within the walls one elevated spot, said to be that on which the cross was actually erected, and more immediately designated Calvary in consequence. Here stands a high altar, or rather shrine, rich in gold and precious stones, offerings of kings and other devout worshippers. Conspicuous amongst these presentations is a picture mounted in gold, and richly studded with jewels of value, the gift either of the late Emperor of Russia, or of one of his predecessors. Three
holes round the edge, each covered by a flattened ring of gold, mark the three spots pointed out as those on which the crosses were severally set up. The centre one is the largest and is said to have been that on which the cross of Christ was fixed. We could not fail to observe the apparently too great proximity of these gold-bound holes to each other; and but for the explanation that the central cross was highest, those of the thieves being equal in height to each other, we should have doubted the possibility of three persons being crucified upon so small a pace. To the right of the site of the crosses, a deep fissure in the rock is pointed out as the result of the earthquake when the rocks were rent. To determine whether the rent now exhibited be indeed a result of the earthquake that took place at the crucifixion was a labour we were not inclined to undertake, even were it possible to arrive at any satisfactory result on the subject. It suffices for pilgrims generally, that such is the account traditionally given to it; and to this we could only add the results of our own examination, proving it not to be artificially made—a conclusion to which we came when, upon pushing aside the grating used as a cover over the rent, we discovered that the sides of the fissure were the one convex and the other concave.

From Calvary we descended to the Greek chapel; where, as divine service was being performed, we did not remain. Finding that the Latin chapel was similarly occupied by the Roman Catholic monks, we were again about to withdraw; but that our guide informed us that the chapel in question contained some objects of interest sufficient to repay us for waiting till the close of the service. We had not waited very long ere the vespers were concluded; and some of the monks came forward to show us the great sight of this immediate locality, namely, a piece of stone said to be part of the pillar to which the Saviour was bound when scourged. The value attached to the safety of this relic is attested by the care taken to preserve it out of reach of all beholders; and for this purpose a strong brazen grating is fixed across the recess in which it is deposited. The modus vivendi is as follows: The monk who exhibits the stone does so by conveying a lighted taper through the bars. In order to accomplish this feat satisfactorily, he is provided with a long staff, around the end of which he wraps a flexible wax light, and, thus armed, makes the much-prized stone dimly visible. In the sacristy, which is close to the stone chapel, a huge two-handed sword, and brazen spurs of colossal size, with a massive gold chain and cross, are exhibited, as relics of the famous Godfrey de Bouillon, the far-famed crusade.

Having duly inspected these wonders, we resolved to penetrate at once to the Holy Sepulchre; this being the principal object of interest within the walls of the church. On our way to the sepulchre, we met a party of naval officers; who were like ourselves, on sight-seeing intent. These were, more Anglicans, proceeding in the most systematical way; one reading aloud from Murray's Handbook, whilst the others sought out the whereabouts of each object as described in that wonderful volume.

Before reaching the sepulchre, we had to enter the Angel Chapel. This portion of the building also possesses its relic, the stone in which the angels sat that announced the fact of the resurrection.

A low narrow stone archway gave us entrance, at length, to the crypt of the Holy Sepulchre. The crowd of pilgrims desirous of obtaining an entrance to this the most important part of the church rendered it no easy matter to go in; whilst a counter-tide of those within who desired egress made it still more difficult, who once within the vault-like recess in which the spot of Christ's interment is pointed out. We made our way with some difficulty to the front; and there beheld a broad slab of polished marble. This slab is said to cover the identical spot of the sepulture, and is regarded by pilgrims with much reverence. Many of those present stooped down and kissed the stone, with much apparent devotion. The shrine was guarded by a monk, whose principal occupation seemed to be the lighting of a number of long quill-like tapers, and vending them, for a few copper coins, to such visitors as desired to bear away with them these souvenirs of the visit.

As soon as the sepulchre had been sufficiently seen, we joined the out-going tide; and were by no means sorry to regain a free if not a fresh air outside, in exchange for the close and crowded atmosphere of the sepulchre. Passing through the various chapels without delay, as we felt we had now seen the principal objects of interest in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we were not long in reaching the door by which we had entered, and once more found ourselves in the street. The day was now too far spent to allow of further sight-seeing; and so it was resolved to return to our hotel to dine—a resolution which meeting with no dissentient voice, we at once proceeded to put in execution.

CHAP. IV.

JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS

(continued).

On returning to the hotel, we found the younger members of our party clamouring for dinner, as the result of a long day's exercise. The ringing of a "dressing bell" served in some measure to still the tumult, if not to appease the hunger of the middies. "To dress" was now the cry, and ere the second bell gave out its cheerful note we had all assembled in the long salle à manger of the "Royal Navy," where a rather formidable array of plates and glasses ornamented the board, but dishes or edibles there were none. What gorillas would do under circumstances so tantalizing I do not
pretend to say; but that the human and higher
animal, genus Homo, species Middy, did not ex-
hibit signs of any especial serenity of temper,
was manifested in the renewal of the clamours
for food. The roving eyes of one youngster
having rested for a moment upon the large
naval bell by which we had been summoned
to disappointment, it was quickly seized, and
rung with such good will as to bring the drago-
man, in haste, from the kitchen. Scarcely ven-
turing more than his head into the room, this
worthy delivered a message of peace; which,
though worded in the form of an interrogatory,
was understood as a promise, and rapturously
received. The message from our hostess ran as
follows:

"Gentlemen, madam she say sail you have
your dinner direkely."

Under cover of the laughter caused by this
announcement, the dragoon wisely withdrew—
a precaution not to be despised, since, had it oc-
curred to anyone to keep possession of him as
a hostage, his position would have been none of
the pleasantest. Dinner came at length, and
was served à la Russe; and had it been served
à la Chinoise instead, it would have been dis-
cussed with equally ample justice. *Multa docet
fames*—which being freely rendered served as
the motto of our banquet—was proved abundantly
true; as we learned to partake of what was put
before us without asking any questions. As
there was much to be done on the morrow in
way of sight-seeing, it was resolved to retire
early, and, by securing a good night's rest, not
only lay in a stock for present needs, but make
up for the loss of sleep at Ramleh. Next morn-
ing found us all awake and ready for breakfast
at an early hour. The dragoon had wisely
secured horses over night, in order to prevent
the possibility of any disappointment arising
from the necessity of providing for so large a
party. After breakfast had been despatched, we
went out to inspect the herd of "cattle"
waiting us—and no little time was consumed
in selecting such steeds as gave fair promise of
sure-footedness in themselves and some ap-
proach to comfort in the saddles. When at
length we were mounted and ready for a start,
the order to "march" was duly given; and we
moved off in the direction of the Jaffa gate, the
same by which we had entered the city the day
before.

Leaving the more particular description of
the several localities through which we now rode
to works of more pretension, I shall merely
chronicle the fact that we began our journey by
the Valley of Gibon. This valley is divided
into the upper and lower pools, by the remains
of a bridge, that forms the road leading to
Bethlehem. On turning to our left, we entered
the Valley of Hinnom, and from this could
plainly see the Potters' Field, the Mount
of Offence, and Jacob's Well, the last-
mentioned being at the foot of the valley.
Again turning to the left, we entered the
Valley of Jehoshaphat; and had the Mount
of Olives on our right, whilst beneath us lay
the brook Kidron. How different are the ideas
formed of the brook Kidron from the appear-
ance it actually presents! What it may look
like in winter I do not pretend to know; but
must say that the spot pointed out to us was as
unbrook-like as any locality must be that cannot
boast of the presence of one drop of water.
The Pool of Siloam, had it really been a pool,
would, I am certain, have been regarded with an
interest such as no effort of our will was suf-
cient to evoke in favour of the dry locality so
named. Here crossing over, we passed immedi-
ately under the tomb of James the Just, the
tomb of Zacharias, and Absalom's monument.
Ascending the hill, we passed through the Jews'
burying-ground and struck into the Bethany-
road. The spot where Martha met Jesus, the
house of Martha and Mary, as well as a cave
said to be the tomb of Lazarus, were all duly
pointed out by our guide, and inspected ere we
left the village of Bethany.

We now commenced the ascent of the Mount
of Olives—a work of no great labour, as the
slope is easy. On reaching the summit of the
hill (since mount one could scarcely describe it
to be) we dismounted, and committed our horses
in charge to some ragged boys who had come
up with us for that purpose. We now prepared
to ascend the minaret, built on the more com-
manding part of the ground, and from this en-
joyed a magnificent view. On the one hand lay
the village of Bethany, whilst the more distant
views were the Dead Sea and the dark line that
marks the course and direction of the Jordan,
and southward the mountainous hills surround-
ing Bethlehem. When we had sufficiently en-
joyed the beauties of the extensive view obtained
from the minaret's top, we descended, and were
conducted to the Church of the Ascension.
Here, on the ground floor, a stone bearing a
hollow mark is pointed out as the last impressed
footstep of the ascending Saviour.

Before leaving the Mount of Olives we plucked off small branches from the fine old
olive-trees, to be kept as souvenirs of our visit
to a spot, of the identity of which no doubt can
be entertained. In descending the Mount we
reached the place where the Saviour is said to
have sat when weeping over Jerusalem, and no
finer view of the city could well be imagined
than that which here meets the eyes; giving, as
it does, the Golden Gate on the right, and the
mosque of Omar (the site of the Temple) pro-
minently in the foreground. Continuing our
descent we reached Gethsemane.

Before entering the garden, the spot on which
the Saviour prayed, the sleeping-place of the
disciples, as well as the scene of the betrayal
by Judas, are all indicated by an intelligent
guide, and were duly noticed by the young man
who accompanied us in that capacity. The
Garden of Gethsemane is an enclosed space,
neatly kept by the monks who have charge of it,
and from its local position presents considerable
claims as to site. Here, or at all events notfar
from this spot, were enacted several of the later
scenes in the life of Him, after whose name we
are all called. No thoughtless person could reflect upon this fact without experiencing feelings of more than usual solemnity.

From Gethsemane we rode down by a portion of our former way, pausing for a moment to see some Arab women engaged in the performance of a dance for the dead. The performers were all clad in coarse blue dresses, and chantéd as they confusedly danced round. It was to be regretted that we could not understand the words of the dirge they sang; but we learned from our guide that its language was figurative, and the burden of it a repetition of some such words as "The light is taken away."

Passing on from this spot by a not very interesting way, and after a ride of considerable duration, we came in view of Bethlehem, which is attainable from a considerable distance. On entering the town, we made our way at once to the Church of the Nativity, connected with which is a Franciscan monastery. To the latter our dragon-man-guide turned, and having made the necessary request for luncheon, returned to conduct us to the church. A monk now presented himself as cicerone, and under his guidance we inspected the Armenian chapel, in which service was then being performed, the Tomb of the Innocents, that of St. Helena, and finally the school and tomb of St. Jerome. These minor objects did not occupy our attention, either for so long a period or so completely as to prevent our preferring a sight of the birth-place of the Saviour to them. The enshrined spot pointed out as that on which the Saviour was born was at length reached, and upon it, and its companion the site of the manger, we gazed with great interest; feeling certain that, whether these two shrines did really overhang the identical site of the nativity and of the manger or not, at all events the locality was the same, and one in or near which the identical site must be.

As soon as we had completed the inspection of the Church of the Nativity, we repaired to the Franciscan Monastery, of which mention has been already part of a frugal luncheon. When preparing for our return to Jerusalem we were beset by the entreaties of the men and boys, who sell rude carvings on shell of the Nativity, &c., as well as crosses and souvenirs of Bethlehem. Escaping from these persistent tormentors we succeeded in mounting our horses, and after a brisk ride we returned to Jerusalem. On reaching the Holy City once more, we rode at once to our hotel, and there found that a considerable addition had been made to its number of guests. The Admiral in command on the coast of Syria had, with a retinue of several officers, arrived to pay an official visit to the Pacha of Jerusalem. Now, as almost all the accompanying officers belonged to the same ship with ourselves, we were very glad to meet old friends, and talk over the sights we had seen. The visit to the Pacha was to take place the following day, and very naturally formed a topic of conversation to all of us, as all officers present were, if so disposed, at liberty to be present at the interview between our admiral and the viceroy. The risk itself, with such other sights as we saw in Jerusalem, must, however, be reserved for another chapter.

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**CHAP. V.**

**JERUSALEM AND ITS ENVIRONS.**

The visit to be paid to the Pacha of Jerusalem formed the all-absorbing topic of the morning following the day of the admiral's arrival. As the hour, however, at which we were to proceed to the vice-regal residence was not very early one, we resolved to visit the Armenian Convent of St. James.

The church belonging to this community is spacious and beautiful; and contains amongst other objects of reverent interest, a valuable tapestry, as well as the tomb of the Apostle; the latter is firmly believed by the faithful to contain the remains of the Saint. At a not distant from the Convent stands the Tomb of David, and thither we went in the vain hope of seeing David's tomb. The custodian who was in charge of the lower grounds pointed out to us a large mortar-floored room as the tomb of the Psalmist, but admitted that what he showed us was merely a cover constructed over the real tomb, a sight of which is not permitted to Christians.

In returning to the hotel we passed as closely as was prudent to the village of the Leper. This colony cannot fail to present a melancholy interest to the traveller. A cluster of hovel-shaped huts of stone or mud constitutes the village; but of what size the huts are, or at the number of the inmates, we could gain no information, and were satisfied to follow the advice given to Dante—"Behold, and pass on."

The sight of the village sufficed, however, to suggest the subject of leprosy as topic of conversation; and the conclusion we came to was that the fact of leprosy demanding the interference of the authorities and separation of the afflicted was the worse form of the disease. Minor forms of it, such as leprosy of the joints, do not, it seems, necessitate either; and persons afflicted with the latter form of the disease may be met with in the streets, or employed as shopkeepers in selling their wares.

On reaching Mount Zion again we found the courtyard of our Hotel the scene of busy preparation for the visit to the Pacha. The British Consul had arrived, attended by a posse consisting of interpreters and kawasses; the latter are functionaries whose employment is peculiarly eastern, and their use to clear the way before personages of distinction. The appearance of the kawass is strikingly oriental; and his dress pretty and picturesque. Armed with a long silver-headed staff somewhat similar to that of a drum-major, the kawass marches in state before his potentate, and either pompously strikes upon the ground with his staff, or directs it to clear away opposing obstacles and dis-
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perse knots of persons impeding his progress. Rough saddles, rough horses, and rough roads, all conspired to make our journey to the Pacha's residence much more imposing than comfortable.

Government House having been at length reached, we dismounted, and were presented in order to the viceroy by the admiral. We now seated ourselves on cushioned benches around the audience chamber; whilst the admiral and the Pacha occupying central positions conversed through the medium of an interpreter. The dialogue presented nothing of interest to the general company; and we were not sorry to perceive a diversion made by the entrance of servants bearing long pipes, the amber mouth-pieces of which were set round with diamonds. With the pipes came coffee, coffee of the peculiar excellence to be met with only in the east. Whether it is the roasting or the subsequent boiling that makes eastern coffee so much superior to any other I cannot say; but of its superiority no one who has tasted it can doubt. The Pacha and the admiral were, I have no question satisfied with each other; and at the close of their interview we took our departure, and once more applied ourselves to sight-seeing. Time being very valuable, we resolved to ride without delay to the Tombs of the Judges. The excavation pointed out as the resting-places of the sages who judged Israel are subterranean catacombs; and differ so little from others exhibited in another place as the Tombs of the Kings that they might be pointed out to visitors either for the other. We now proceeded to Mount Scopese; from which we enjoyed a comprehensive view of the whole surrounding country. The Tomb and Well of the Virgin, both of which are on the opposite side of Jerusalem, we duly visited on the same day. The following morning being wet we could not do much in the way of excursionizing; but the vendors of rosaries, crosses, pearl-shell reliquaries, and other souvenirs of Jerusalem made quite a harvest of sales. Besides the above-named souvenir-sellers there are vendors of photographic views, stereoscopic slides, &c., all of whom seem to drive a profitable trade with visitors. Conspicuous amongst the solicitors for custom at the hotel was one portly figure, that of a Jew named Rosenthal, whose trade was the engraving and selling of bloodstones for seals or rings. A young man, the son of the Jew, who accompanied his father, was most persevering in his endeavors to get custom; and by his earnest manner and broken English caused great amusement. He so often repeated "Cut your name in Hebrew for a dollar! What is your name? You like to see your name in Hebrew?" that the words became familiar to us, and were often repeated long after we had left the scene of his persevering labors.

The weather cleared in the afternoon so as to allow of our visiting the Wailing-place of the Jews; to which we were conducted by the younger Rosenthal. The Wailing-place is situated outside the boundary wall of the Mosque of Omar. Here a number of poor Jews, inhabitants of various countries, assembled regularly on every Friday in the year, to mourn over the departed glory of their race. On the occasion of our visit, there were with the men several women present. These latter, turning their faces towards the wall, uttered a low plaintive lamentation; whilst the men read, in a murmuring voice, from copies of the Hebrew Psalms. The particular locality selected as the Wailing-place of the Jews is so chosen, we were told, from the wall there being composed of stones once forming part of the Temple.

The Mosque of Omar now only remained to be seen, ere we could be satisfied that we had done all that was possible in a limited visit to Jerusalem. Many visitors have sought in vain for entrance within the sacred precincts of this mosque; and such would have been our lot, in all probability, had not the admiral obtained permission to visit its interior. To describe this wondrous building in a manner adequate to its claims was a work demanding greater powers than I possess, and a much less limited space than that at my disposal. It must suffice to say that we saw all the objects of interest in, under, and around the mosque; and amongst these, and most prominent, is the rock which is said to have followed Mahomet's ascent from the earth, until stayed in its progress by the hand of the angel Gabriel. The print of the fingers of the angel, as well as the foot of Mahomet, were duly pointed out to our incredulous eyes. On descending to the lower part of the building, our attention was directed to a stone, exhibiting, we were told, the footprint of the "Prophet Jesus," as well as portions of the foundation of the old building. Having duly investigated the subterranean portions of the mason work, we returned with some sense of relief to the upper air, and the enjoyment of the splendid views obtainable from the boundary walls. This was the last of our Jerusalem sight-seeing; and it now only remained to set out for the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Jericho.

The arrangements for this expedition had been already made, and the horses provided; so that we had but to bid farewell to some of our companions who could not accompany us, and then obey the cry "To horse." The Jordan party, as we were now for distinction called, did not number more than some seven or eight officers, but to these were added a dragoman and two attendants. A party such as ours was might be deemed sufficiently numerous to travel with safety "from Jerusalem to Jericho," without falling "among thieves;" but such was not the opinion of the authorities, and we were in consequence furnished with a guard by order of the Pacha. Our escort consisted of an officer, of unknown rank, and six troopers with a drummer at their head. The drummer was supplied with two metal bowls covered with parchment; these hung one on either side of his saddle-hoc, and were beaten from time to time with a short piece of leather strap. Noise rather than music resulted from the drummer's per-
formance; and I shrewdly suspect his presence was more ornamental than useful—unless, indeed, he performed the office of bell carrier to the flock. The dress of the escort was picturesque to a high degree; and our own was sui generis; each pilgrim—we had all become pilgrims now—that we were facing towards Jordan—having one or more tin cases, for carrying back some of the Jordan slung across his shoulders. Thus equipped, thus mounted, and thus escorted, we turned our faces in the direction of the Dead Sea and the Jordan.

CHAP. VI.

JERUSALEM TO THE DEAD SEA, JORDAN, AND JERICHO.

Before we had travelled very far on our journey we were brought to a full stop by the appearance of a venerable figure emerging from an Arab encampment. This proved to be the Bedouin sheik, come out to claim the usual "black mail" from travellers. The grey beard, flowing robe, and long staff of our new friend would have formed an étude. Picturesque though they were, however, they did not avail with our dragoman so much as the presence of the escort acted in counterbalance. After a brief parley we were allowed to proceed, moralizing by the way upon the weakness of a government that allows such a system of spoliation to exist within a few miles of the centre of authority. The fears of further robbery are supposed to be removed by a cheerful payment of the demand of each sheik, at least 'tis so whilst passing through the territory that acknowledge him as its hereditary ruler. To agree at once to the demands of a sheik is deemed the more prudent course, since by neglect of it a much greater loss in luggage is sometimes suffered. Whether the government could not, by prompt measures suppress this system of robbery, or in what manner we were benefited by the presence of the escort in this respect, are questions and points I must leave to those more skilled in the art of governing.

The road by which we travelled was wild and picturesque, and the further we proceeded from civilized life the more striking became the scenic effect. Our way seemed to lie along the side of a mountain, as a shelf cut from out its surface; whilst the deep ravine below marked the course of the brook Kidron to the sea. Wild, varied forms of the same scenery were visible now for a considerable distance, and the only thing we were at all certain of was that there was a convent of Greek monks somewhere ahead of us, at which we were to lodge for the night. A turn of the road brought us at length in sight of the convent of Mar Saba; which is half cut out of the solid rock, and half-built upon it. The dragoman now directed one of the escort to discharge the musket, as a signal to the monks of our approach; and well it must have served that purpose, the mountain and precipitous valley leading depth and roll to the report. No more romantic appearance than that presented by the convent of Mar Saba could well be imagined; and its history is as interesting and eventful as the position is striking. This convent owes its existence to the fame and energy of a hermit named Saba, whose sanctity obtained for him the prefix Mar, which is, being interpreted, Saint. Mar Saba was, tradition saith, a pious recluse, who lived in the fourth century, and having selected the site of the present convent as his retreat, lived in a cave, from which he first dispossessed a lion, its earlier tenant, by the moral force of his sanctity. The cave, which is still pointed out to visitors, proved the germ of the future monastery; and Mar Saba had the satisfaction—for saints are human—of attracting numerous followers to his rocky retreat. The accession to the number of the saint's imitators and admirers suggested the formation of a brotherhood, and to accommodate it, it became necessary to build a convent. It must have been a work of considerable difficulty to construct a building at such a height as that of the convent; and, as it now stands, it presents a lasting memorial of the untiring perseverance of the founders. During the time of building, the monks were much troubled by their Arabian neighbours; and even after they had completed their labours, there were frequent incursions of the barbarians. More than once, has the convent been the scene of bloodshed and plunder, and of these there are still to be seen representations rudely painted in oil, on the walls. These pictures exhibit a strong family likeness in plot and execution, and are almost all representations of fierce Arabs with flashing eyes and drawn swords, who grasp unarmed monks by the throat preparatory to the decapitation of them.

Various miracles are recorded as having been performed by Mar Saba, but these all depend upon oral tradition. A watch-tower and alarm-bell still remain, although it is to be hoped they are not likely to be ever used again for defence of the inoffensive community that inhabit the unattractive spot. We were hospitably received within the walls of the convent, but the repast provided by our dragoman was none of the most profuse or tempting. After the usual cup of coffee, a lay-brother appeared bearing a load of bedclothes, and proceeded to convert the long ottomans that lined the walls of the salle à manger into couches. Many of our party were thus accommodated with beds, whilst the remainder betook themselves to a second and smaller room.

Early next morning we were again on foot, and, but for the delay caused by the dragoons in packing up the luggage, might have been ready at once to resume our journey. When once en route, it became necessary, owing to the increasing wildness of the road, to keep our party in more compact order of march. We were already aware of the fact that a small
party of American travellers had lately lost all
their luggage here; and the fear of a similar
misadventure suggested the wisdom of not
riding too far in advance of the two pack-horses.
The same high, shelf-like road, and the accom-
panying deep ravine, were now present with us
for miles: one new feature, however, served to
make the way more monotonous—the constant
winding of the road, by reason of which we
could never see far ahead of our position.
Bedouin Arabs, on the look-out for plunder,
appeared from time to time on the distant hill-
tops, but without any more immediate anno-
Yance to our comfort than that suggested by the
sight of them. The dragoman pointed out one
locality through which we passed, as being es-
specialiy noted, from the number of robberies com-
mitted there, and called in consequence by an
Arab name, of which the literal translation is
"Bad man's place."

After a series of windings and turnings we
came at last in sight of the Dead Sea, and,
pushing on spiritedly, we soon galloped over
the sandy plain that leads down to its
shores. It is impossible to imagine any sight
more waste, dreary, and deserted than that of
the Dead Sea. No tree, no shrub, no blade of
grass was to be seen in the vicinity of our
resting-place, as, weary with the hot, dusty ride,
we flung ourselves upon the still hotter sand.
Some of our number bathed in the waters, and
others deferred that luxury till we should ar-
rive at the Jordan.

After gathering some of the Dead Sea apples,
and tasting of its bitter water, we mounted our
horses once more, and turned our backs upon
the site of the Cities of the Plain—that dreary
waste with which there is not one pleasant me-
morey associated. A brisk ride of an hour's
duration now brought us within sight of the
thick-wooded banks of the Jordan. Rich vege-
tation crowns this river on either side, and the
cool shade of its trees was a most grateful
resting-place, and contrasted favourably with
the arid shores of the sea we had left. On ar-
ri
ing at the bathing-place we at once cast our
horses adrift to graze at will, whilst we prepared
to bathe in the rapid, muddy waters of the far-
famed Jordan. The dragoman, meanwhile,
whose enthusiasm was not of the highest order,
applied himself to spreading out of such
dainties as he had brought for our lunch; and to
t huse we did ample justice after we had bathed
and dressed.

The duty next in importance to bathing in
the Jordan, is to fill such tin-cases and bottles
as the pilgrims possess with the water: this lat-
ter we duly attended to, and when we had made
them all safe for travelling we once more mounted
our horses. Jericho was now our destination,
and lay at no great distance a-head of us. Tents,
beds, cooking utensils, &c., had all been sent on
before us to Jericho; so that we had no weightier
care than to ride pleasantly along. Our escort,
in order to relieve the tedium of the journey,
improvised a tournament, and dividing into pur-
suers and pursued, rode hither and thither across
the plain. The fortune of the mimic fight
changed from time to time, and the pursued
became the pursuer; whilst all seemed equally
careless as to the fatigue of their horses, whose
lacerated flanks gave proof of the sharpness of
the stirrup's edge.

Jericho at length put an end to the furious
riding, and to our journey for that day. A huge
pitcher of lemonade awaited our arrival, and
never was nectar more rapturously received.
Dinner followed in due course, and as we were
now very tired, we retired early to our sleeping-
tents: scarcely, however, had we done so, ere
a number of Arab women assembled to serenade
us, with a wild, monotonous chant, accompa-
nied with clapping of hands and changing
about from one place to another.

As there was no "second part" to the chant,
and everyone joined in with a gratitude, and
flattered ourselves we might now retire in peace;
such, however, was not the case, for the woman
had no sooner announced their good fortune
than the men of the village assembled in hopes
of a similar reward. The war-song, or song of
welcome, as the case may have been, was in this
instance voted a bore, and the dragoman was
hastily despatched to banish these disturbers.
Sleep now came to our aid, and the long day's
journey was—albeit we were tormented by flies
all through the night—forgotten under shade of
his mantle.

Early next morning we were up, and out of
tent, inspecting the remains of ancient Jericho.
Of the city's exact position there are no doubts
that I am aware of; and portions of mason-
work are pointed out as its only relics. The Arab
village now called Jericho is so called by virtue
of its position only, and does not deserve any
detailed notice. To return to Jerusalem by the
short way was now the order of the day; and as
soon as we were all mounted and ready the order
to move was given.

Our returning journey offered little or no
incident or variety. Crowds of pilgrims of all
ages, the aged, the infirm, and the young riding
in panniers on the backs of camels and horses,
thronged the high road. These pilgrims were
almost all of the Greek church, and principally
Russian subjects, and each batch was accompa-
nied by its priest.

With the exception of a picturesque group
presented by a British tourist-party halting at a
wayside fountain, there was nothing scenic to
be met with on our return to Jerusalem. Ar-
riving once more on Mount Zion, we rested at
our old quarters for the night, and next day re-
turned to Jaffa, congratulating ourselves on
our successful performance in Palestine.
PAUL BLECKER.

PART II.

You do not like this Lizzy Gurney? I know. There are a dozen healthy girls in that country-town whose histories would have been pleasanter to write and to read. I chose hers purposely. I chose a bilious, morbid woman to talk to you of, because American women are bilious and morbid. Men all cling desperately to the old book-type of women, delicate, sunny, helpless. I confess to even a man’s hungry partiality for them,—these roses of humanity, their genius and species emphasized by but the faintest differing pungency of temper and common sense,—mere crumpling of the rose-leaves. But how many of them do you meet in the street?

McKinstry (with most men) kept this ideal in his brain, and bestowed it on every woman in a street-car possessed of soft eyes, gaiter-boots, and a blush. Dr. Blecker (with all women) saw through that mask, and knew them as they are. He knew there was no more prurient sign of the age of groping and essay in which we live, than the unrest and diseased brains of its women.

Lizzy Gurney was but like nine-tenths of the unmarried young girls of the Northern States; there was some inactive, dumb power within,—she called it genius; there was a consciousness that with a man’s body she would have been more of a man than her brother; there was, stronger than all, the unconquerable craving of Nature for a husband’s and child’s love,—she, powerless. So it found vent in this girl, as in the others, in perpetual self-analyzing,—in an hysterical clinging to one creed after another,—in embracing the chimera of the Woman’s Rights prophets with her brain, and thrusting it aside with her heart; after a while, to lapse all into a marriage, made in heaven or hell, as the case might be.

Dr. Blecker used no delicate euphuism in talking of women, which, maybe, was as well. He knew, that, more than men, though quietly, they are facing the problem of their lives, their unused powers, their sham marriages, and speak of these things to their own souls with strong, plebeian words. So much his Northern education opened his eyes to see, but he stopped there; if he had been a clear-sighted truth-seeker, he would have known that some day the problem would be solved, and by no foul Frey Love-ism. But Paul was enough Southerner by birth to shrink from all inquiry or disquiet in women. If there were any problem of life for them, Grey Gurney held it solved in her nature; that was all he cared to know. Did she?

After the regiment was gone, she went into the old work,—cooking, sewing, nursing Pen. Very little of her brain or heart was needed for that; the heavy surplus lay dormant. No matter; God knew. Jesus waited thirty years in a carpenter’s shop before He began His work,—to teach as to wait: hardest lesson of all. Grey understood that well. Not only a night or morning, but through the day, at the machine, or singing songs to Pen, she used to tell her story over and over to this true friend, as she loved to call Him: He would not be tired of hearing it, how happy she was, she knew. She did not often speak of the war to Him, knowing how stupid she was near-sighted, apt to be prejudiced, afraid to pray for one side or the other, there was such bitter wrong on both; she knew it all lay in His hand, though; so she was dumb, only saying, "He knows." But for herself, out of the need of her woman’s nature, she used to say, “I can do more than I do here. Give me room, Lord. Let me be Paul Blecker’s wife, for I love him.” She blushed, when even praying that silently in her heart. Then she used to sing grave songs, and have a good romp with the children and Pen in the evenings, being so sure it would all come right. How, nobody could see; who could keep this house up, with the ten hungry mouths, if she were gone? But she only changed the song to an earnest hymn, with the thought of that. It would come at last: He knew.

Was the problem solved in her?

It being so sure a thing to her that this was one day to be, she began in a shy way to prepare for it,—after the day’s work was done to the last stitch, taking from the bottom of her work-basket certain pieces of muslin that fitted herself, and sewing on them in the quiet of her own room. She did not sing when she worked at these; her cheeks burnished, though, and there was a happy shining in her eyes bright enough for tears.

Sitting, sewing there, when that July night came, she had no prescience that her trial-day was at hand: for to stoop-shouldered women over machines, as well as to Job, a trial-day does come, when Satan obtains leave in heaven to work his will on them, straining the fibre they are made of, that God may see what work they are fit for in the lives to come. This was the way it came to the girl: That morning, when she was stretching out some muslin to bleach in a light summer shower, there was a streak down yonder in among some of the low cow-hills along the Shuandoah, and half a dozen men were brought wounded in to Harper’s Ferry. There was no hospital there then; one of the half-burnt Government offices was used for the purpose; and as the surgeon at that post, Dr. Blecker, was one of the wounded, young Dr. Nott came over from the next camp to see to them. His first case: he had opened an office only for six months, out in Fortage,
Ohio, before he got into the army; in those six months he played chess principally, and did the poetry for the weekly paper,—his tastes being innocent; the war was been a grand outlet into a career for doctors and oldians of that calibre.

Dr. Not, coming into the low arsenal-room that night, stopped to brush the clay off his trousers before going his rounds, and to whisk the altar of roses from his handkerchief. "No fever? All wounds?" he asked of the orderly who carried the flaring tallow candle.

All wounds: few of them, but those desperate.

Even the rapid eyes of Nott grew grave before he was through, and he ceased tipping on his toes, and tittering: he was a good-hearted fellow, at bottom, growing silent altogether when he came to operate on the surgeon, who had waited until the last. "The ball is out, Dr. Blecker,"—looking up at length, but not meeting the wounded man's eye.

"I know. Cross the bandage now. You'll send a despatch for me, Nott? There is some one that I must see, before,—I'll hold out two or three days?"

"Pooh, pooh! Not so bad as that. We'll hope at least, Dr. Blecker, not so bad as that. I've paper and pencil here." So Dr. Blecker sent the despatch.

It was a hot July night, soon after the seven days' slaughter at Richmond. You remember how the air for weeks after that lay torpid with a suppressed heat,—as though the very earth held her breath to hear the sharp tiddings of death. It never was fully told aloud,—whispered only,—and even that hoarse whisper soon died out. We were growing used to the taste of blood by that time, in North and South, like bulls in a Spanish arena. This night, and in one or two following it, the ashy sultrines overhead was hint of some latent storm. It is one of the vats of the world where storms are brewed—Harper's Ferry: stagnant mountain-air shut in by circling peaks whose edges cut into the sky; the sun looking straight down with a torrid compelling eye into the water all the day long, until at evening it goes warily up to him in a pale sigh of mist, lingering to rest and say good-bye among the wooded sides of the hills. Our hill-storms are generally bred there; it was not without a certain meaning that the political cloud took its rise in this town, whose thunder has shaken the continent with its bruit.

Paul Blecker lay by a window: he could see the tempest gathering for days; it was a stimulus that pleased him well. Death, or that nearness to it which his wound had brought, fired his brain with a rare life, like some wine of the old gods. The earth-life cleared to him, so tired he grew then of puplcy words and thoughts, standing closer to the inner real truth of things. So, when he had said to the only creature who cared for him, "They say I will not live, come and stay with me," he never had doubted, as a more vulgar man might have done, that she would come,—never doubted either, that if it were true that he should die, she would come again after him some day, to work and love yonder with him—his wife. Nature sends this calmness, quiet reliance on the real verities of life, down there into that border-ground of death,—kind, as is her wont to be. When the third day was near its close, he knew she would come that night; half smiling to himself as he thought of what an ignorant, scared traveller she would be; wishing he could have seen her bear down all difficulties in that turbulent house with her childlike "He wants me—I must go." How kind people would be to her on the road, hearing her uncertain timid voice! Why, that woman might pass through the whole army, even Blecker's division, unscathed; no roughness could touch her, remembering the loving trust in her little freckled face, and how innocently her soul looked out of her hazel eyes. He used to call her Una sometimes: it was the only pet name he gave her. She was in the Virginia mountains now. If he could but have been with her when she first saw them! She would understand there why God took his prophets up into the heights when He would talk to them.

So thinking vaguely, but always of her, not of the fate that waited him, if he should die. Literally, the woman was nearer to him than his own soul.

The room was low-ceiled, but broad, with windows opening on each side. Overhead the light broke in through broken chinks in the rafters,—the house being, in fact, but a ruin.

A dozen low cots were scattered about the bare floor: on one a man lay dead, ready for burial in the moring; on the others the men who were wounded with him, bearing trouble cheerfully enough, trying, some of them, to hum a chorus to "We're marching along," which the sentry sang below.

The room was dark: he was glad of that; when she came, she could not see his altered face: only a dull scence sputtered at one end, under which an orderly nodded over a dirty game of solitaire.

Outside, he could see the reddish shadow of the sky on the mountains: a dark shadow, making the unending forests look like dusky battalions of giants scaling the heights. Below, the great tide of water swelled and frothed angrily, trying to bury and hide the traces of the battles fought on its shore: ruined bridges, masses of masonry, blackened beams of cars and engines. One might fancy that Nature, in her grand temperance, was ashamed of man's petty rage, and was striving to hide it even from himself. Laurel and sumach bushes were thrusting green foliage and maroon velvet flowers over the sand ledges on the rock where the Confederate cannon had been placed; and even over the great masses of burnt brick and granite that choked the valley, the delicate moss, unlaunted and indefatigable, was beginning to work its veiling way. Near him he saw a small square building, uninjured,—the one in which
John Brown had been held prisoner: the Federal troops used it as a guard house now for captured Confederates.

One of these men, a guerrilla, being sick, had been brought in to the hospital, and lay in the bed next to Blecker’s,—a raw-boned, wooden-faced man, with thick yellow whiskers, and cold, grey, sensual eye: complaining incessantly in a whining voice—a treacherous humbug of a voice, Blecker fancied: it irritated him.

"Move that man’s bed away from mine to-morrow," he said to the nurse that evening. "If I must die, let me hear something at the last that has grit in it."

He heard the man curse him; but even that was softly done.

The storm was gathering slowly. Low, sharp gusts of wind crept along the ground at intervals, curdling the surface of the water, shivering the grass: far-off moans in the mountain passes, beyond the Maryland Heights, heard in the dead silence; abrupt frightened tremors in the near bushes and tree-tops, then the endless forests swaying with a sullen roar. The valley darkened quickly into night; a pale greenish light, faint and fierce, began to flash in the north.

"Thunder-storm coming," said the sleepy orderly, Sam, coming closer to fasten the window.

"Let it be open," said Blecker, trying nervously to rise on one arm. "It is ten o’clock. I must hear the train come in."

The man turned away, stopping by the bed of the prisoner to gossip awhile before going down to camp. He thought, as they talked in a desultory way, as men do, thrown together in the army, of who and what they have been, that the Yankee doctor listened attentively, starting forward, and throwing off the bed-clothes.

"But he was an uneasy chap, always," thought Sam, "as my old woman would say,—in a kippage about somethin’ or other. But darned if this a’n’t somethin’ more’n usual,"—catching a glimpse of Blecker’s face turned toward the prisoner, a curious tigerish look in his half-closed eyes.

The whistle of the train was heard that moment, far-off in the gorge. Blecker did not heed it, beckoning silently to the orderly.

"Go for the Colonel, for Sheppard," in a breathless way: "bring some men, stout fellows that can lift. Quick, Sam, for God’s sake!"

The man obeyed, glancing at the prisoner, who lay with his eyes closed as though asleep.

"Blecker glowers at him as though he were the Devil," thought Sam, stopping outside to light a cigar at the oil-lamp. "That little doctor has murder writ in his face plain as print this minute."

Sam may not have been wrong. Paul Blecker was virulent in hates, loves, or opinions: in this sudden madness of a moment that possessed him, if his feet would have dragged him to that bed yonder, and his wrists been strong enough, he would have wrung the soul out of the man’s body, and flung him from his way. Looking at the limbs stretched out under the sheet, the face, an obscene face, even with the eyes closed, as at a deadly something that had suddenly reared itself between him and his chance of heaven. The man was Grey Gurney’s husband. She was coming: in a moment, it might be, would be here. She thought that man dead. She always should think him dead. He held back his breath in his clenched teeth: that was all the sign of passion; his brain was never cooler, more alert.

Sheppard, the colonel of the regiment, a thick-set, burly little fellow, with stubborn black whiskers and honest eyes, came stumping down the room.

"What is it, hey? Life and death, Blecker?"

"More, to me," with a smile. "Make your men remove that man Gurney into the lower ward. Don’t stop to question, Colonel: I’ll explain afterwards. I’m surgeon of this post."

"Your crotchety as a woman, Paul," laughed the other, as he gave the order.

"What d’ ye mean to do, old fellow, with this wound of yours? Go under for it, as you said at first?"

"This morning I would have told you yes. I don’t know now. I can’t afford to leave the world just yet. I’ll fight death to the last breath."

Watching the removal of the prisoner as he spoke; when the door closed on him, letting the head fall on the pillow with a sigh of relief.

"Sheppard, there was another matter I wished to see you about. Your mother came to see me yesterday."

"Yes; was the soup good she sent this morning? We’re famous for our broths on the farm, but old Nance isn’t here, and"

"Very good;—but there was another favour I wished to ask."

"Well?"—staring into the white-washed wall to avoid seeing how red poor crotchety Blecker’s face grew.

"By the way, Paul, my mother desired me to bring that young lady you told her of, hours with me. She means to adopt her for the present, I believe."

The redness grew hotter.

"It was that I meant to ask of her,—you knew?"

"Yes, I knew. Bah, man, don’t wring my fingers off. If the girl’s good and pure enough to do this thing, my mother’s the woman to appreciate it. She knows true blood in these men—or men—mother. Not a better eye for males is Kentucky than that little woman’s. A Shelby, you know? Stockraisers. By George, here she comes, with her charge in tow already!"

Blecker bit his parched lips: among the footsteps coming up the long hall, he heard only one, quick and light; it seemed to strike on his very brain, glancing to the yellow-painted door, behind which the prisoner lay. She thought that man dead. She always should think him dead. She should be his wife before God; if He had any punishment for that crime, he took it on his own soul—now. And so he turned with a smile to meet her.

"Don’t mind Paul’s face, if it is skin and bone," said the Colonel, hastily interspersing his
squat figure between it and the light. "Needs shaving, that's all. He'll be round in no time at all, with a bit of nursing; it's got no notion of dying."

"I knew he wouldn't die," she said, half to herself, not speaking to Paul,—only he held both her hands in his, and looked in her eyes.

Sheppard, after the first glance over the little brown figure and the face under the Quaker hood, stood, hat in hand, with something of the same home-trusty smile he gave his wife, on his mouth. The little square-built body in black seedy silk and widow's cap, that had convoyed the girl in, touched the Colonel's elbow, and they turned their backs to the bed, talking of hot coffee and sandwiches. Paul drew her down.

"My wife, Grey? Mine?" his breath thin and cold,—because no oath now could make that sure.

"Yes, Paul."

He shut his eyes. She wondered that he did not smile when she put her timorous fingers in his tangled hair. He thought he would die, maybe. He had not seen his face, he could not find a firmer root into the ground. A clammy damp broke out over her body. He did not know how she had wrestled in prayer; he did not believe in prayer. He could not die. That, which a believer asked of God, believing He would grant, was granted. She held him in life by a prompt cry.

"Were you afraid to travel alone, eh?"

Grey looked up. The little figure facing her had a body that somehow put you in mind of unraised dough; and there was nothing spongy or porous or delusive in the solid little soul either, inside of the body,—that was plain. She looked as if Kentucky had sent her out, a tight right, compact dril-sergeant, an embodiment of Western reason, to try by herself at drum-head court-martial the whole rank and file of Northernisms, airy and intangible illusions. Nothing about her that did not summon you to stand and deliver common sense; the faint down on her upper-lip, the clog-soled shoes, the stiff dress, the rope of a gold watch-chain, the pure diamond blazing on one chubby white hand, the general effect of a lager-bier keg, unmovable, self-poised, the round black eyes, the two black puffs of hair on each temple, said with one voice, "No fooling now; no chance for humbug here."

Why should there be? One of the Shelbys; well-built in bone and blood, honest, educated,—mule-raisers; courted by General Sheppard according to form, a modest, industrious girl, a dignified eminently sensible wife, a blindly loving mother, a shrewd business-woman as a widow. Her son was a Christian, her slaves were fat and contented, her mules the best stock imported. She hated the Abolitionists, lank, uncombed, ill-bred Yankees; despised the Secessionists as disappointed Democrats; clung desperately to the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws, not knowing she was holding to the most airy and illusive nothings of all. So she was here with Pratt, her son, at Harper's Ferry, nursing the sick, keeping a sharp eye on the stock her overseer sold to Government,—looking into the face of every Rebel prisoner brought in, with a very woman's sick heart, but colder growing eyes. For Buckner, you know, had induced Harry to go into the Southern army. Harry Clay (they lived near Ashland),—Harry was his mother's pet, before this,—the youngest. If he was wounded, like to die, not all their guerillas or pickets should keep her back, though, when he was well, she would leave him without a word. He had gone, like the prodigal son, to fill his belly with the husks the swine did eat; and not until he came back, like the prodigal son, would she forgive him. But if he was wounded,—If Grey had stopped one hour before coming to this man she loved, she would have despised her.

"Were you afraid to travel alone?"

"Yes, but I brought Pen for company, Paul. You did not see that I brought Pen."

But Pen shied from the outstretched hand, and had recourse to a vial of spirituous-looking liqueur-water.

It was raining now, heavily. By some occult influence, Mrs. Sheppard had caused a table to spring up beside the bed, whereon a cozy round-stomached oil-lamp burned and fleared in the wind, in a jolly, drunken fashion, and a coffee-pot sent out mellow whiffs of brown steam.

"It's Mocha, my dear,—not rye. I mean to support my Government, and I don't shrink the duty when it comes to taxes on coffee. So you were afraid? It's the great glory of our country that a woman can travel unprotected from one end to another. Well, but you are young and silly yet."

And she handed Grey a cup with a relaxing mouth, which showed, that, though she was a woman herself, capable of swallowing pills without jelly, she did not hope for as much from weaker human nature.

Paul Blecker had not heard the thunder that first hour Grey was there, nor seen the livid flashes, lighting up those savage heights in the mountains: his eye was fixed on that yellow door yonder in the flickering darkness of the room, and on the possibility that lay beyond it.

Now, while Grey, growing used to her new home, talked to Pen and her hostess, Paul's thoughts came in cheerier and warmer; noting how the rain plashed like a wide sweep of loneliness outside, forcing all brightness and comfort in,—how the red lamp-light glowed, how even the pale faces of the men, in the cold beds yonder, grew less dour and rigid, looking at them; hearing the low chirp of Grey's voice now and then,—her eyes turned always on him, watchful still. It was like home, that broad, half-burnt arsenal-room. Even the comfortable little black figure, sturdily clicking steel needles through an uncompromising pair of grey socks, fitted well and with meaning into the picture, and burly Pratt Sheppard holding little Pen on his knee, his grizzly black brows knitted. Because Mary, down at home there, was nursing his baby-boy now, most likely, just as he held
this one. His baby was only a few months old: he had never seen it; perhaps he might never see it.

"She looks like Mary, a bit, mother, eh?"—nodding to Grey, and steadying one foot on the rung of his chair.

Mrs. Sheppard shot a sharp glance.

"About the nose? Mary's is sharper."

"The forehead, I think. Hair has the same curvy twist."

Grey, hearing the whisper, coloured, and laughed, and presently took off the Quaker hood.

"For my soul, mother, it's a remarkable likeness. You're not related to the Furnesses, Miss Gurney—Furnesses of Tennessee?"

"Pratt sees his wife in every woman he meets," said his mother, toeing off her sock.

She had not much patience with Pratt's wife-worship: some of these days he'd be sold to those Furnesses, soul and body. They were a mawkish, 'genteel set'; genteel people might the Lord deliver her!

"Does the boy look like this one at all, mother?—I never saw my boy, Miss Gurney,"—explaining. "Fellows are shirking so now, I won't ask for a furlough."

"The child's a Shelby, out and out,"—angrily enough. "Look here, Dr. Blecker,"—pulling up her skirt, to come at an enormous pocket in her petticoat. "Here's the daguerreotype taken when he was just four weeks old, and there's Pratt's eyes and chin to a T, d'ye see? Pratt was a fine child—weighed fourteen pounds. But he was colicky to the last degree. And as for croup—Does your Pen have croup, Miss Grey? Sit here. These men won't care to hear our talk."

They did care to hear it. It was not altogether because Blecker was weakened by sickness that he lay there listening and talking so earnestly about their home and Grey's, the boy and Mary,—telling trifles, too, which he remembered, of his own childhood. It was such a new, cordial, heartsome life which this bit of innocent gossip opened to him. What a happy fellow old Pratt was, with his wife and child! Good fighter, too. Well, someday, maybe, he too—

They were all quiet that night, coming closer together, maybe because they heard the rain rushing down the gorges, and knew what ruin and grief and slaughter waited without. Looking back at that night often through the vacancy of coming days, Paul used to say, "I was at home then," and after that try to whistle its thought off in a tune. He never had been at home before.

So, after that night, the summer days crept on, and out of sight: the sea of air in which the earth lay colouring and massing the sunlight down into its thin ether, until it ebbed slowly away again in yellow glows, tintured with smells of harvest-fields and forests, clear and pungent, more rare than that of flowers. Here and there a harvest field in the States was mould foul with powder, mud,—the grain flat under broken artillery-wheels; canteens, out of which oozed the few drops of whisky; torn rags of flesh; and beyond, heaped in some unploughed furrows: a dozen, a hundred, thousands, it may be, or useless bodies, dead to no end. Up yonder in New England, or down in some sugar-plantation, or along the Lakes, some woman's heart let its fresh life slip out of it, to go down into the grave with that dead flesh, to grovel there while she dragged her tired feet the rest of the way through the world. Her pain was bad; but that was all that was blind. The wind touching the crimson moccasin-flower in the ditch, and the shining red drops beside it, not only, "It is the same colour; God will say shall be there," and went unsaddened on its appointed way. The white flesh, the curly hair (every ring of that hair the woman pined knew by heart), gave back their colour cheery in the sunlight, and sank into the earth to break their new work of roots and blossoming, and the soul passed as quietly into the next wide range of labour and of rest. And God's stern laws of sequence and order worked calmly, as remained under all.

This world without the valley grew wide vague to Blecker, as he lay there for weeks. These battles he read of every morning summarily no end: the cause stood motionless; only so many blue-coated machines rendered useless but behind the machines—what? That was what touched him now: every hour some men of Grey's, some word of the home-loving Kentuckians, even Pen's giant-stories, told as sat perched on Blecker's bolster, made his think of this, when he read of a battle. So many thousand somethings dead, who pulled trigger well or ill, for money or otherwise; so much brute force lost; behind that, a host somewhere, clinging little hands, a mass of aspirations, millions of tears and hopes, religious chances of a better foothold in the next life. It was that background, after all, the home-life, the notions of purity, honour, bravery absorbed there, that made the man a man in the battle-field.

So, lying on the straw mattress there, this man, who had been making himself from the first, got into the core of the matter at last, into his own soul-life, brought himself up face to face with God and the Devil, letting the outside world, the great war, drift out of sight for the time. His battle-field was here in this ruined plat of houses, imprisoned by peaks that touched the sky. The issues of the great struggle without were not in his hands; this war, what should he do with this woman, with himself?

He gained strength day by day. They did not know it, he was so grave and still, not joining in the heartly, cheery life of the arsenal-room, for Mrs. Sheppard had swept the half-drunken Dutch nurses out of the hospital, and she and Grey took charge of the dozen wounded men (many dainty modiste-made ladies, who that they are God-made women in this war). So the room had whitened and brightened every day; the wan, unshaved faces slept sounder on their clean pillows; the men ate with a relish; and Grey, being the best of listeners, had carried
from every bed a story of some home in Iowa or Georgia or the North. Only behind the yellow door yonder she never went. Blecker had ordered that, and she obeyed like a child in everything.

—So like a child, that Mrs. Sheppard, very tender of her, yet treated her with as much deference as she might a mild kitten. That girl was just as anxious that Bill Sanders’s broth should be properly salted, and Pen’s pinafore white, as she was to know Bank’s position. Pshaw! Yet Mrs. Sheppard told Pen pages of “Mother Goose” in the evenings, that the girl might have time to read to Doctor Blecker. She loved him as well as if he were her husband; and a good wife she would be to him! Paul, looking at the two, as they sat by his bedside, knew better than she; saw clearly in which woman lay the spring of steel, that he never could bend, if her sense of right touched it. He used to hold her freckled little hands, growing yellow and rough with the hard work, in his, wondering what God meant him to do. If they both could lie dead together in that great grave-pit behind the Virginia Heights, it would have been a relief to him. If he should let her go blindfold into whatever hell lay beyond death, it would be more merciful to her than to give her to her husband yonder. For himself—No, he would think only of her, how she could be pure and happy. Yet bigamy? No theory, no creed could put that word out of his brain, when he looked into her eyes. Never were eyes so genial or so pure. The man Gurney, he learned from Sheppard and Nott, recovered but slowly; yet there was no time to lose; a trivial accident might reveal all to her. Whatever struggle was in Blecker’s mind came to an end at last; he would go through with what he purposed; if there were crime in it, he took it to his own soul’s reckoning, as he said before.

It was a cool morning in early August, when the Doctor first crept out of bed; a nipping north-wind, with a breath of far-off frost in it, just enough to redder the protruding holes of the round gumtrees on the mountain-ledges and make them burn and flame in among the swelling green of the forest. He dragged himself slowly to the wooden steps and waited in the sunshine. The day would be short, but the great work of his life should be done in it.

“Sheppard!” he called, seeing the two square, black figures of the Colonel and his mother trotting across the sunny street.

“Hillo! you’ll report yourself ready for service soon, at this rate, Doctor.”

“In a week. That man Gurney. When can he be removed?”

“What interest can you have in that dirty log, Blecker? I’ve noticed the man since you asked of him. He’s only a Northern, rogue weakened into a Southern bully.”

“I know. But his family are known to me. I have an order for his exchange; it came yesterday. He holds rank as captain in the other service, I believe?”

“Yes,—but he’s in no hurry to leave his bed; Nott tells me.”

“This order may quicken his recovery, eh?”

“Perhaps.”

Sheppard laughed.

“You are anxious to restore him to his chances of promotion down yonder; yet I fancied I saw no especial love for him in your eyes, eh? May be you’d promote him to the front rank, as was done with Uriah,—what d’ye say, Paul?”

He went on laughing, without waiting for an answer.

“As was done with Uriah? Pah! what folly was this? He took out his handkerchief, wiping his face and neck; he felt cold and damp—from weakness, it might be.

“You will tell that man Gurney, Sam,” beckoming to the orderly who was loitering near, “that an order for his exchange is made out, when he is able to avail himself of it.”

“Won’t you see him yerself, Doctor?” insinuated Sam. “He’s a weak critter, an’ I’ll be monstrous thankful, I’m thinkin’.”

Blecker shook his head and turned off, waiting for Mrs. Sheppard. She was on the sidewalk, laying down the law to the chaplain, who, with his gilt-banded cap, looked amazingly like a footman. The lady’s tones had the Kentucky, loud, mellow ring; her foot tapped, and her nervous fingers emphasized the words against her palm.

“I’ll bred,” thought the young man; but he bowed, smiling suavely. “If I have been derelict in duty, madam, I will be judged by a Higher Power.”

“But it’s my way, young sir, to go to the root of the matter, when I see things rotting,—be it a potato-field or a church. We’re plain-tongued in my State. And I think the Higher Power needs a mouthpiece just now.”

And something nobler of men than good-breeding gave to Sarah Sheppard’s earnest, pursey little figure meaning just then, before which the flimsy student of the Thirty-Nine Articles stood silent.

“I’m an old woman, young man; you’re a boy, and the white cravat about your neck gives me no more respect for you than the bit of down on your chin, so long as you are unworthy to wear either. We Virginians and Kentuckians may be shelled up yet in our old-fogy notions; it’s likely, as you say. We don’t understand the rights of man, maybe, or know just where Humanity has got to in its progress. But we’ve a grip on the old-fashioned Christianity, and we mean to make it new again. And when I see hundreds of young, penniless preachers and old, placeless preachers, shoving into the army for the fat salaries, drinking, card-playing with the men, preaching murder instead of Christ’s gospel of peace, I’ll speak, though I am a woman. I’ll call them the Devil’s servants instead of the Lord’s, and his best and help-fullest servants too, nowadays. If there’s a time when a man’s soul cries out to get a clear sight of God, it’s when he’s standing up for
what he thinks right, with his face to the foe, and his country behind him. And it's not the droning, slovenly prayers nor hashed-up political speeches of such men as you, that will show Him to them. Oh, my son"—putting her hand on the young man's arm, her voice unsteady, choking a minute. "I wish you'd be earnest, a peace-teacher like your Master. It's no wonder the men complain of the Federal chaplains as shams and humbugs. I don't know how it is on the other side. I've a son there,—Harry. I'd like to think he'd hear some live words of great truth before he goes into battle. Not that I'm asking anything of the State, nor asking to go with the army. Not that I want to boast, but I want to think I could be of some service to him. If he was only with me, I'd speak the word that's worth speaking."

She was half talking to herself now, and the young man drew his coat sleeve out of her hold and slipped away. Afterwards he said that old lady was half Sceceh, because she had a son in the Rebel army; but I think her words left me meaning in his brain other than that.

She met Blecker, her face redder, her eyes broader bleaker than before, to ask, "You up and out, Doctor Blecker? Very well! You'll pay for it in fever to-morrow. But every young man is wiser in his own conceit, to-day, than seven men that can render a reason. It was not so in my day. Young people knew their age. I never sat down before my mother without permission granted, nor had an opinion of my own."

She stood silent a moment, cooling.

"Pha, pha! I'm a foolish old body; fretting and fuming to no purpose, likely. There's Pratt, now, laughing, down the street. 'Mother, if your going to have one of your arguments with that young parson, I'm off,' he says. He says,—'You're not in your own country, where the Shellys rule the roost.' What if I'm not, Doctor Blecker? Truth's truth. I'm tired of cant, whether it belongs to the New England new age of reason, their Humanity and Fourierism and Broad-Church and Free-Love, or what not, or our own Southern hard-bit, tight-reined men's creeds. Not God's,—driving men headlong into one pit, all but a penned-up dozen. I'm going back of all churches to the words of Jesus. There's my platform. But you said you wanted to speak with me. What's your trouble?"

Blecker hesitated,—not knowing how this sturdy interpreter of the words of Jesus would look on his marriage with another man's wife, if she understood the matter clearly. He fumbled his cravat a minute, feeling alone, as if the earth and heaven were vacant,—no back-ground for him to lean against. Men usually do stand thus solitary, when they are left to choose by God.

"You're hard on the young fellow, Mrs. Sheppard. I wish for my own sake he was a better specimen of his cloth. There's no one else here to marry me."

"Tut! no difference what he is,"—growning graver, as she spoke. "God's blessing comes pure, if the lips are not the cleanest that speak it. You are resolved, then, on your course, if you spoke to me last night?"

"Yes, I am, if Grey will listen to reason. You and the Colonel leave to-morrow?"

"Yes, and she cannot stay here behind me, if a certainty. Pratt is ordered off, and I must go see to my three-year-olds. Morgan will have them before I know what I'm about. I'll take the girl back to Wheeling, so far on her way home. As to this marriage"

She stopped, with her fingers on her chin.

The Doctor laughed to himself. She was deciding on Grey's fate and his, as if they were a pair of her three-year-olds that Government wanted to buy.

"It's unseemly, when the child's father is not here. That's how it seems to me, Dr. Blecker. As for love, and that, it will keep. Pha, pha! There's one suggestion of weight in favour of it. If you were killed in battle, the girl would have some provision as your widow that she could not have now. D'ye see!"

Blecker laughed uneasily.

"I see; you come at the bone of the matter, certainly. I have concluded, Mrs. Sheppard. Grey must go with you; but she shall leave here as my wife. If there is any evil consequence, it shall come to me."

There was a moment's silence. He avoided the searching black eyes fixed on his face.

"It is not for me to judge in this matter," she said, with some reserve. "The girl is a good girl, however, and I will try and take the place of a mother to her. You have reasons for this haste unknown to me, probably. When do you wish the ceremony, and where, Doctor? The church up yonder, sliding into her rag-dogmatic tone again; it's one of the few whole roofs in the place. That is best,—yes. And for time, say sunset. That will suit me. I must go write to that do-nothing M'key about the trousers for Pratt's men. They're boxed up in New York yet; and then I've to see to getting a supply of blue pills. If you'll only give one to each man two nights before going into battle, just enough to stir their lives up, you'll find it work like a charm in helping them to fight. Sundown,—yes. I cannot attend to it possibly before."

"It was the time I had fixed upon, if Grey consents."

"Pah! she's a bit of a linen rag, that child. You can turn her round your finger, and you know it. You will find her down on the shore, I think. I must go and tell my young parson he had better read over the ceremony once or twice to be posted up in it."

"To be sure, Pratt," she said, a few moments after, as she detailed the intended progress to the Colonel, farther down the street,—"to be sure, it's too hasty. I have not had time to
give it consideration as I ought. These war-
times my brain is so thronged night and day.
But I think it's a good match. There's an
honest, downright vein in young Blecker that'll
make a healthy life. Wants birth, to be sure.
Girl's got that. You needn't sneer, Pratt. It
is only men and women that come of the old
rooted families, bad or good, that are self-poised.
Made men always have an unsteady flicker, a
hitch in their brains somewhere,—like your
Doctor, eh? Grey's out of one of the solid old
Pennsylvania stocks. Better blooded the mule,
the easier goer, fast or not."

She shut her porte-monnaie with a click, and
repinned her little veil that struck out behind
her, stiff, pennant-wise, as she walked.

"Well, I've no time now. I'm going to
drop in and see that Gurney, and tell him he's
exchanged. And the sooner he's up and out,
the better for him. Dyspepsia's what ails him.
I'll get him out for a walk to-day; it's cool and
bracing."

It was a bracing day; the current of wind
coming in between the Maryland Heights fresh
and vigorous, driving rifs of gray cloud across
the transparent blue overhead. A healthy,
growing day, the farmers called it; one did
fancy, too, that the late crops, now after the
last withers about the town, did thrust out
their green blades more hopefully to-day than
before; the Indian corn fattened and yellowed
under its tresses of soft sun-burnt silk. Grey,
going with Pen that afternoon through a great
field of it, caught the clean, damp perfume of
its husk; it put her in mind of long ago, some-
how, when she was no older than Pen. So she
stopped to gather the scarlet poppies along the
fence, to make "court-ladies" out of them for
him, as she used to do for herself in those old
times.

"Make me some shawls for them," said Pen,
presenting her some lilac-leaves, which she pro-
cceeded to ornament by biting patterns with her
fingertips.

"Oth said, if I eat poppy-seeds, I'd sleep,
an' never waken again. Is that true, Sis?"

"I believe it is. I don't know."

Death and eternal sleep were dim, far-off
matters to Grey always,—very trivial to-day.
She was a healthy, strong-nerved woman, loving
God and her kin with every breath of her body,
not likely to trouble herself about death, or ever
to take her life as a mean, stingy makeshift and
cheat, a mere rotten bridge to carry her over to
something better, as more spiritually-minded
women do. It was altogether good and great;
every minute she wanted a firmer hold on it, to
wring more work and pleasure out of it. She
was so glad to live. God was in this world—
sure. She knew that, every moment she
prayed. In the other? Yes; but then that
was shadowy, and there were no shadows nor
affinity for them in Grey. This was a certainty—
here. And to-day —So content to be alive
that a something dumb in her brown eyes
made Pen, looking up, laugh out loud.

"Kiss me, Sis. You're a mighty good old
Sis to-day. Let's go down to the river."

They went down by the upper road, leaving
the town behind them. The road was only a
wide, rutted cowpath on the side of the hill.
Here and there a broken artillery-wheel, or
duck-shell, or a ragged soldier's jacket lay
among the purple iron-weed. She would not
see them—to-day. Instead, she saw how dark
the maple-leaves were growing; it was nearly
time for them to turn now; the air was clear
and strong this morning, as if it brought a new
lease of life into the world; on the hill-banks,
brown and ash-coloured lichen, and every shade
of green, from pale apple-tint to the blackest
shadows like moss in October, caught the sun-
shine, in the cheeriest fashion. Yellow butter-
flies chased each other about the grass, tip-tily;
the underbrush was full of birds, chattering,
chirping calls, stopping now and then to thrill
the air up to heaven with a sudden shiver of
delight,—so glad even they were to be alive.
Mere flecks of birds, some of them, bits of
shining blue and scarlet and brown, trembling
in and out of the bushes: chippies, for instance—
you know?—so contemptibly little; it was
ridiculous, in these sad times, to see how much
joy they made their small bodies hold. But it
wasn't their fault that they only have instinct
and reason. I'm afraid Grey, with most
women, was very near their predicament. That
day was so healthy, though, that the very bees
got out of their drownsiness, and made a sort of
song of their everlasting hum; and that old
coffin-maker of a woodpecker, in the hollow
beech down by the bridge, set to work at his
funereal "thud, thud," with such sudden
vigour, it sounded like a heartsome drum, ac-
ually, beating the revile. Not much need of
that. Grey thought the whole world was quite
awake. Looking up to the mountains, she did
not feel their awful significance of rest, as Paul
Blecker might have done. They only looked
to her like the arms this world had to lift up to
heaven its forests and flowers—to say, "See how
glad and beautiful I am!" Why, up there in
those barest peaks above the clouds she had
seen delicate little lakes nestling, brimming with
light and lilies.

They came to the river, she and Pen, where it
bends through the gorge, and sat down there
under a ledge of sandstone, one groping finger
of the sunshine coming in to hold her freckled
cheek, and soft, reddish hair. They say the
sun does shine the same on just and unjust; but
he likes best to linger, I know, on things whole-
some and pure like this girl. When Pen began
to play "jacks" with the smooth stones on the
shore, she spread out her skirt for him to sit
on—to keep him close, hugging him now and
then, with the tears coming to her eyes: be-
cause she had seen Paul an hour before, and
promised all he asked. And Pen was the only
thing there of home, you know; and on this,
her wedding-day, she loved them all with a
hungry pain, somehow, as never before. She
was going back to-morrow; she could work and help them just as before; and yet a gulf seemed opening between them forever. She had been selfish and petulant—she saw that now; sometimes impatient with her old father's trumpery rocks, or Lizzy's discontent; in a rage, often, at Joseph. Now she saw how hardly life had dealt with them, how poor and bare their lives were. She might have made them warmer and softer, if she had chosen. Please God she would try, when she went home again—wiping the hot tears off, and kissing Pen's disembodied face, until he rebelled. The shadows were lengthening; the rock above her threw a jagged, black boundary about her feet. When the sun was behind yon farthest hill she was going back, up to the little church, with Pen; then she would give herself to her master forever.

Whatever feeling this brought into her soul, she kept it there silent, not coming to her face as the other had done in blushes or tears. She waited, her hands clutched together, watching the slow sinking of the sun. Not even to Paul had she said what this hour was to her. She had come a long journey; this was the end.

"I would like to be alone until the time comes," she had said, and had left him. He did not know what he was to the girl. She loved him moderately, he thought, with a temperate appreciation that taunted his hot passion. She did not choose that even he should know with what desperate abandonment of self she had absorbed his life into hers. She chose to be alone, shrinking, with a sort of hatred, from the vulgar or strange eyes that would follow her into the church. In this beginning of her new life she wanted to be alone with God and this soul, only kinsman of her own. If they could but go, Paul and she, up into one of these mountain-peaks, with Him that made them very near, and there give themselves to each other, before God, forever!

She sat, her hands clasped about her knees, looking into the gurgling water. The cool, ashen hue that precedes sunset in the mountains began to creep through the air. The child had crouched down at her feet, and fallen into a half-daze. It was so still, that she heard far down the path a man’s footsteps crushing the sand coming close. She did not turn her head—only the sudden blooddyed her face and neck.

"Paul!"

She knew he was coming for her. No answer. She stood up then, and looked around. It was the prisoner Gurney, leaning against the rock, motionless, only that he twisted a silk handkerchief nervously in his hand, looking down at it, and crunching his cigar vehemently in his teeth.

"I’ve met you at last, Grey. I knew you were at the Ferry."

The girl said nothing. Sudden death, or a mortal thrust of Fate, like this, brings only dumb astonishment at first—no pain. She put her fingers to her throat; there was a lump in it, choking her. He laughed, uneasily.

"It’s a devillish cool welcome, considering you are my wife."

Pen woke, and began to cry; she patted his shoulder in a dazed way, her eyes never leaving the man’s face: then she went close, and caught him by the arm.

"It is flesh and blood"—shaking her off.

"I’m not dead! You thought I was dead, did you? I got that letter written from Cuba—toy ing with his whiskers with a complacent smirk. "That was the sharpest dodge of my life, Grey. Fact is I was terribly in debt, and tied up with your people, and I cut loose. So eh? What d ye think of it, Puss?" putting his hand on her arm. "Wife, eh?"

She drew back against the sandstone with a hoarse whisper of a cry, such as can leave a woman’s lips but once or twice in a lifetime. An animal tortured near its death utters something like it, trying to speak.

"Well, well, I don’t want to inconvenience you, shifting his feet uncertainly. "I—it’s not my will I came across you. Single life suits me— and you too, eh? I’ve been rollicking round these four years—Tom Crane and I: you don’t know Tom, though. Plains, Valparaiso, New Orleans. Well, I’m going to see the shindy out in the States now. Tom’s in it, head-devil of a guerilla-band. I keep safe. Let Jack Gurney alone for keeping a whole skin! But, eh, Grey?"—mounting a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses over his thick nose.

"You’ve grown. Different woman, by God! Nothing but a puling, gawky girl when I went away. Your eyes and skin have got colour lusive-looking! Why, your eyes flash like a young bison’s we trapped out in Nevada. Come, kiss me, Grey—eh?” looking in the brown eyes that met his, and stopping short in his approach.

Of the man and woman standing there face to face the woman’s soul was the more guilty, it may be, in God’s eyes, that minute—she loathed him with such intensity of hatred! The leer in his eyes was that of a fiend, to her—in which she was wrong. There are no thoroughbred villains, out of novels: even Judas had a redeeming trait (out of which he hanged himself). This man Gurney had a weak, incomplete brain, strong, sensual instincts, and thick blood, thirsty for excitement—all, probably, you could justly say of Nero. He did not care especially to torment the woman—would rather she was happy than not—unless, indeed, he needed her pain. So he stopped, regarding her. Enough of a true voluptuary, too, to shun turmoil.

"There, hush! For God’s sake don’t begin to cry out! I’m weak, yet I can’t bear noise."

"I’m not going to cry,"—her voice so low he had to stoop to hear. Something, too, in her heart, that made her push Pen from her; when he fumbled to unclasp her clenched hands—some feeling she knew to be so foul she dared not touch him.

"Do you mean to claim me as your wife, John?"

He did not reply immediately; leisurely st
muttered. "I begin to understand, eh? If he has a mind to the girl, I'm not safe. Jack Gurney, you'd best vanish to-night. Sheppard will parole me to head-quarters, and then for an exchange."

A CORNER FOR FLOWERS.

BY MRS. ABBY.

"Cultivate not only the corn-fields of the mind, but the pleasure-grounds also," was a motto of Dr. Whatley's.

Remember this saying—'tis worthy of praise
For its wisdom, its kindness, and truth;
Yet chiefly a moral to you it conveys,
Ye zealous instructors of youth.
I fail not to honour, I fail not to prize
The diligent care you have shown,
And plentiful harvests I trust may arise
From the seed thus assiduously sown:
By you are the faculties raised and refined—
You strengthen the reasoning powers;
But oh! when you lay out a map for the mind,
Forget not a corner for flowers!

Nay, blame not my counsel, nor think that I dwell
On your vigilant zeal as a fault;
Let Knowledge march onward—I love her so well
That I could not desire her to halt.
Your lectures on stars and on fossils prepare;
Bring forth your political tracts,
And give to your pupils the sound, daily sure
Of a "Grundtvig" succession of "facts!"
But bid them not plod on a dull, beaten track;
Through a series of weariest hours;
When tedium arises, 'tis time to fall back
On a bright little corner of flowers.

There are men, gifted men, who have power to engage
The homage of age and of youth,
And Fiction becomes, in their exquisite page,
The beautiful handmaid of Truth.
The wit brings a treasure of pastime and smiles
To brighten our home and our hearth;
The lay of the poet our trouble beguiles,
And lifts the rapt soul from the earth.
There often is tumult, there often is care,
In a world that is changeable as ours;
We sometimes must cease from our work, and repair
To a bright little corner of flowers.

The leisure, so long by your pupils desired,
Concerns not their welfare alone;
The respite from toil by their spirit required,
Is needed as much by you own.
The mind, when by multiplied burdens oppressed,
Will languish to attain:
The labour that knows not the blessing of rest
Must always be labour-in-vain;
But seldom shall lasting and serious ill
Result from the overtasked powers,
If the cure be at hand, and we turn at our will
To a sweet little refuge of flowers.
PROMETHEUS.

What is the meaning of that punishment inflicted by the King of the gods upon one, who, stealing from heaven celestial fire—that is, a spark of knowledge and intelligence—communicated it to a mortal? Why, in our sacred writings, do we see God banishing the first man from Eden, guilty of nothing save having tasted of the fruits of the tree of Science? Why was Lucifer, the Angel of light, represented by ancient tradition as the demon of evil? And I recall to mind those ancient sages of India and China, forbidding to the people the knowledge of reading and writing; an interdiction which the old Druids, their disciples, did not fail to propagate throughout all Celtic Europe.

Is man placed here solely to admire, and not to know? A spectator, not a commentator? Momentous question!

Seated in my garden, listening to the murmuring of my brooklet, or rather listening to nothing, lost in a sort of vague reverie, I know not how it was that suddenly there loomed up before me a mountain—it was Caucasus; and bound to it I beheld the unfortunate Prometheus, with the vulture preying upon his vitals. Thence followed the current of thought into which I lapsed, and I said to myself: "And yet, God has created man with all the instincts of social life, and what social state can exist without scientific progress? Is it not knowledge that raises us above the brutes, that draws us from barbarism? But perhaps between knowledge and science there is an infinite distance. Let us examine. Is it probable that man came from the hands of his Creator without any true conception of right and wrong, or depraved in soul like an escaped galley convict? It is repugnant to my feelings to suppose man naturally an idiot or ferocious beast. No: the savage state is not the state of nature; barbarism is born of our vices; there must have existed at the dawn of the ages a class of men, simple and ignorant perhaps, but guided by those honest instincts which I am always constrained to believe innate in all my fellow-beings."

While I reasoned thus within myself, Prometheus, his mountain and his vulture, all disappeared, giving place to fertile fields interspersed with rude cabins. Multitudes of beautiful youth—maidens and young men, not under the commands of a master, but subject only to the head of the family—were lightly and cheerfully performing their rustic labours. Mankind, less numerous then, had made choice of their abode in a fertile, salubrious land, on the banks of a lake or river, shaded with pine trees bearing luscious fruit. I imagined them domiciled in some country of the Orient, the Orient being always considered the cradle of the world; besides, I noticed that the leaves of the palm were used as covering for their cabins.

Among these labourers, bound together by the ties of consanguinity, the father or the grandfather, in all cases the eldest of the tribe, was both chief and judge; the three offices were combined in his person; his word was supreme, and the book of the law was written only in his conscience. They dispensed with other books in those days.

It was the patriarchal age, the golden age which, after all that has been said of it, must have something more than a mere form of expression. But this primitive civilization, barely outlined, in which the people knew not how to sound the depths of any science save that of happiness, cannot be counted in the march of human progress as more than the first stage.

Again the picture changed before me. Strange that I could thus shift it at will, but in the respect reverie is more accommodating than dreams.

The population had increased; families had multiplied into tribes, tribes into nations. The land not furnishing employment for the increased number of hands, disputes arose for possession. War mixed and disciplined the races, bringing in its train many miseries, but also many new ideas of heroism and devotion. Whatever may have been the opinion of Jupiter, Moses, the Indian or the Celtic philosophers, the law of progress is also the law of God. The need of employment for so many idle hands gave the first impulse to commerce, industry, and the arts.

There, where I had been seen by mental vision the rude cabins of the herdsmen and the cultivators of the soil, arose palaces, temples, and splendid monuments. Scarcely a few ages had flown, and yet science had opened her gateways of treasures, and placed them at the service of man. Man, in the illimitable expansion of his power, throned it in the midst of a paradise of delights which he himself had created.

The panorama of that wonderful civilization, to which may our western civilization never attain, then passed before my sight.

In the midst of a cortège of soldiers clothed in bright armour, appeared, in gilded chariots, beautiful young maidens enveloped in veils, their hair sparkling with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. Between the chariots and the throng appeared a double rank of slaves stripping flowers from their stalks, arranging, accompanying themselves on the harp, not, as might have been expected, with songs of love and triumph, but with monals, plaintive and tender.

Next, beneath a dais glittering with precious stones, a reliquary rather than a canopy, rested a human being, scarcely discernible through the mists of myrrh and incense which obscured the air.
In his train marched, in a body, the college of astrologers and the members of all the other academic societies, extending in a line as far as the eye could reach.

They halted in front of a grand palace. A man in the vigour of life, a royal diadem on his brow, came out from the chais, and, with a gracious gesture, dismissed the cortège and said:

"In a vast court with porticoes of jasper and marble an estrade was erected. There, by his command, were arranged along the graded elevations his most magnificent fabrics and tapestries, his jewels and precious stones, in fine all his treasures. His favourite slaves, his odlaliska, and his wives next took their position, adding to the glory of all this magnificence the splendour of their costumes, their youth, and their beauty. Soft music burst forth; the golden cassolletes shed their perfumes into the air, the slaves cast their flowers around, the women their smiles; then the representatives of all this civilization, the king of this people, the possessor of this palace and of all this wealth, the master of these women and slaves, raised to his lips a cup filled with delicious wine, and drank "To annihilation!"

At the same instant I saw flames issue from all sides of the estrade, and ascend from elevation to elevation. The estrade was nothing but a vast funeral pyre!

This Assyrian, Babylonish, Ninevithian civilization, was all summed up in one word: Sardanapalus! After having been nearly a thousand years attaining the culminating point of science and human glory, it suddenly expired, leaving behind only a handful of ashes.

Sardanapalus, that pampered son of Prometheus, was, like his people, enervated and deformed by vices and indulgences of both body and mind. His chief occupation and delight were in pleasures, exciting spectacles, animated discussions upon the arts, cookery, perfumes, and philosophy; his sword had fallen from his hand, and he no longer felt the energy to raise it, and meanwhile the enemy was howling at his door. After casting a look around him, and beholding only poets, savans, and voluptuaries, a voluptuous himself, he finished by pledging death in a last libation.

Succeeding these tableaux arose before me, in regular succession, the towers of Notre Dame, and of Saint Jacques, the column of the Place Vendome, the Luxembourg, the Legislative Chamber, then the Rue Vivienne, the Rue Saint Denis, the Boulevard of Sebastopol, finally the whole city of Paris, grand as Nineveh, like her peopled with savans, sceptics and epicureans. I shuddered at the bare idea of this analogous contact.

It seemed to me that, during my journey from Nineveh to Paris, however rapid and abrupt may have been the change of time and place, I had seen along the route the sinister shades of Tyre, Sidon, Athens, Rome, Byzantium, all those cities which have slept, turn by turn, on the funeral pyre of Sardanapalus.

And Paris, my dear Paris! was it destined, some day, not far distant, to perish like those ancient cities, from plethora, from an excess of science and material prosperity, those infaillible generators of the decay of races and the extinction of moral sense?

The progressive tendency of our age alarmed me. It seemed to me that our industry contributed much less to our wealth than to our artificial wants; I trembled lest our arts, in becoming perfected, should tend to enervate rather than to improve the present generation. But, above all, Science, with her daily miracles, excited my fears and forebodings. In the last scene she appeared to me, not as formerly, with a book or compass in her hand, but boisterous, raging, formidable; a giant sorceress with muscles of steel, her face besmeared with coal; around her an accumulation of bronze, iron, enormous tubes, engines of war, and machinery still more terrible.

And now I heard a voice address me thus:

"If revolutions sometimes fail in their object, if a time comes when they recoil fearfully upon themselves, it is when, after having broken their second wing, their second ear, they experience the inevitable necessity of replacing it by dividing the dominant party into two, for the sake of creating an opposition."

"Since antagonism is one of the essential laws of nature as well as of society, since both arrive at their normal development, only through struggles, beware in your political debates how you cherish hatred towards your adversaries; they are useful, indispensable even. Besides, a happy modification has taken place among you; for those implacable duels, in which the earth drank the blood of the contending parties, you have substituted a war of words, a battle of risings and sittings; to-day in your diets, the projectiles of war, instead of being hurled at your heads, are deposited in the ballot-box; this is an improvement, it will work! Upon this legal course, progress can advance a long time yet without danger to any one, thanks to the great law of antagonism which moderates it; live then in tranquility, and do not distrust Providence; God, in combining the two elements of fire, hydrogen and oxygen, has produced therefrom water, which will extinguish the fire; trust Him then; meddle not, but go and become reconciled to your two neighbours, whom you have cast aside, because they wound your ideas of moderation, by their two opposing poles, the right and left."

The voice ceased. Whence had it come? I looked around—I saw only Lalagé. Seated on the banks of the stream, watching its flowing, her head bowed down, her arms crossed, she seemed lost in meditation, apparently unconscious of my presence.

"Ah! Lalagé," said I, "would to Heaven you had interrupted me in that strange colloquy on social philosophy I have just held with myself! Why should I, who a few moments ago was sitting near you, enjoying the birds, the
flowers, and the sun, become suddenly occupied with our social state, our legislative chamber, our peasantry, our railroads, the manners and customs of the golden age, Nineveh and Sardas-napalus! I now recollect—it was Prometheus that appeared to me first. But why should I be thinking of Prometheus rather than of any other being?

Lalagé smiled, and pointed out to me, on the same turf upon which we were sitting, a pretty red-and-white Easter daisy.

"Only a few minutes ago," said she, "you were looking at that little flower, charming resumed of the large moon-daisy of our meadows; an insect came and lighted upon it, to sip from its disc. You recollect it? Next the daisy received a shock and swayed to and fro on its stalk; a very small bird—a wren, I believe—had just touched it with its wing, and when the bird disappeared it bore the insect away in its beak."

"I recollected the incident perfectly, but could trace no connection between it and the origin of my great philosophical, political, palæogeanian reverie."

Lalagé added:

"You then followed with your eye the wren in its flight, and your thought, soaring higher still, peered into the regions of space for the bird of prey, of which the wren was in its turn, perhaps, to be the victim; you thought of the kite, of the vulture; the vulture brought Prometheus to your mind. Thus, from the flower to the insect, from the insect to the wren, from the wren to the vulture, you were led to inquire what mystery of wisdom or of iniquity lay hidden in that ancient tradition; the rest followed naturally. The pebble which falls from the rock covers the surface of the lake with ever-increasing circles, all linked together in the same chain; thus the highest inspirations of man sometimes have no other first cause than the chirruping of the cricket, or the sight of a blade of grass; a breath of air may set in motion and start in its immense orbit a thought which can embrace, at the same instant, God, time, and space."

While Lalagé was speaking, I thought neither of interrogating her anew nor of replying to her. A single thought occupied my mind; it was that at that moment her voice bore a wonderful resemblance to the one which had sounded in my ear during my reverie.

VILLAGE SKETCHES: WARDLEY COURT.

BY L. CROWE.

The name bestowed on our "'ville" by its Anglo-Saxon founders, is, or was, Oakden; but this we mention more from a pardonable desire to exhibit our intimate acquaintance with the history of the county, than from any intention of misleading our readers; for alas! this pleasant-sounding designation—indicative as it was of those swelling hills, dotted with brave old trees, beneath whose shade the queen of Edward the Confessor is said to have hawked and hunted, and of those lovely meads, where the grass has a freshness of colouring the Emerald Isle may equal but cannot surpass—has long been barbarized into Hogsdon. An endeavour was once made by one of the vicar's curates to restore the ancient spelling and pronunciation; but it was received by the natives with such open opposition or utter indifference that he soon despaired of ever inculcating them with his own admiration of euphony, and Hogsdon it still remains.

Nothing can be more ruinously beautiful than the environs of our village—nothing more awkward and ugly than the village itself. As no word-painting can do justice to the loneliness of the surrounding scenery, so must all description fail to set before our readers in their dingy nakedness its long rows of rudely-built cottages, ungraced even by that tiny square of earth sparsely planted with dusty evergreens, which breaks the monotony of suburban streets. We may sacrifice too freely to Bacchus, as some heathen rudely commented, who counted fourteen publichouses and beer-shops within the limits of the parish, but we certainly do not sacrifice anything to the picturesque. Our very bricks are of a peculiarly dingy and disagreeable tint of red; that fresh coat of paint, which although it may offend the nose is always agreeable to the eye, is an undreamed-of luxury in Hogsdon; and the thatched roofs and leaden casements, filled with tiny lozenges of green and yellow glass, which look pleasantly rural in an artist's sketch, are very forlorn in reality, when divested of a carefully-painted background, and viewed without the tasteful adjuncts of jasmine sprays and climbing roses.

We are—pardon me, O Hogsdonites, for the disparaging confession—we are decidedly behind our neighbours on the route to civilization. Our Vicar is non-resident; his curate is in delicate health and easily snubbed; and the farmers, taken collectively, are old in years, and older in habits, adhering to the antiquated customs of their forefathers with true English pertinacity.

Nothing new ever appears amongst us but
fashions, and how they creep in with such regularity is something unaccountable, seeing that we are ten miles from the nearest town, and that our head-dressmaker has rarely been beyond her native place, and is still incredulous respecting the utility of sewing-machines. Indeed, we have a general distaste for inventions, as injurious to the labouring classes; and whenever a patent steam-thresher, with its dozen or so of smutty attendants, is dragged through the village by a team of powerful horses, on its way to some outlying farm, divers anathemas are flying after it; old Isaac the milkman loudly and publicly declaring it to be “a thing got up by mischievous rackets, for the scrubbing of poor men.”

By some strange and amusing accident, the female sex has the ascendency in Hogden. Our money-orders are changed by a postmistress; our letters delivered by a postwoman; the carrier has yielded his duties and the reins to his wife, who is one degree less stupid and forgetful of messages than himself; and all the estates in the vicinity have been, without exception, in the hands of spinsters and widows, from the amiable dowager-marchioness, who is residing at her secluded and beautiful dower-house, to Miss Mullins, the grocer’s elderly heiress, who has built herself an Italian villa, and may be daily seen in a pair of clogs, an enormous bearskin cape, and no crinoline, personally superintending the laying out of the grounds and building of a grove, which is to surpass the far-famed one at Oatlands. But the excellent lady of the manor has lately left us, to join her relations in the imposing family-vault near the west door of the church; and events being of such rare occurrence amongst us, that the christening of the blacksmith’s fifteenth baby, or the decease of a neighbour’s porker (we are very piggly here), is a nine days’ topic of conversation, it is not at all surprising if we have received the information that the deceased lady’s residence is to be let, or sold, with many speculative conjectures.

We have read and re-read the advertisement in the local paper with avidity; watched the movements of every stranger who put up at the head inn with grave interest; and have, finally, been rewarded by the discovery that the dapper little gentleman in deep mourning, who has twice stayed there for a night, has actually inspected Wardley Court, concluded a long and critical survey with an approving nod, and promised to forward his final decision to the agent in the course of a week.

He was a middle-aged gentleman, disputably a bachelor; this we ascertained from the landlord of the White Bear. He had walked through the village to Wardley; for the butcher, standing at his own door, had seen and directed him. He carried an umbrella, and had a cold in his head: this was on the authority of two old women who, though severally cross-examined, failed to afford any other personal details. And he had remarked to the sexton, whose labour in the church-yard he had paused to observe, that Hogden was appropriately named, for it was dirty and ugly—a remark which we consider excessively rude; but as it was followed by a warm commendation of the state of the crops and healthy appearance of the people, we are sufficiently placable to busy ourselves in everything which may concern his residence amongst us. The tradespeople have already, in imagination, monopolized him. What is there he shall ask for at their hands that they will not delightfully supply, provided the cash is forthcoming? The necessaries of life are all within reach, and its luxuries can be his also, if he will but fall into our regular routine, and consent to require them only at the bi-weekly intervals of the carrier’s journeys to and from the market-town. But the ladies—the gentle representatives of the landed gentry—the belle dames who constitute society in Hogden, how will they receive him?

Accustomed to see their wishes regarded as laws in our small community, whether they refer to the proper situation for the new organ (regarding which the curate, to the great indignation of the whole parish, ventured to differ, and is still regarded as a young man whose principles are not so orthodox as they ought to be), or the best method of apportioning the certain number of yards of cloth bequested to us by a charitable alderman, who appears to have been impressed with a fear that the inhabitants of Hogden were not overstocked with under-clothing, and remembered us in his will accordingly. How will they endure the interference of one of the usurping sex in such matters? A celibate too; a member of a class notoriously averse to feminine influence, and given to raising disagreeable objections, or asking impertinent questions at vestries, and to ridiculing sewing meetings for providing unattended babies with flannel nightcaps and other useful articles of attire. They have too full a sense of the duties they owe to themselves to testify any disposition to make friendly advances to this interloper, and there is a severity in their demeanours when they walk or drive through the village, and a keen watchfulness in the glances they cast at every corner from whence the stranger might suddenly emerge to catch them at a disadvantage, which may be easily understood to mean that they have enjoyed their rights and privileges in Hogden too long to yield them now without a struggle.

With all this, our ladies are tender-hearted to a fault, as witness their continual almsgiving, and their ready forgiveness of John Stokes, the sawyer, when, upon the complaint of Betsy, his wife, that the said John did pummel her unmercifully, and the indignant ladies personally remonstrated with him, he received their reprimand with tears of contrition. There were people malicious enough to assert that Master Stokes was always maudlin after his fourth libation, the said libation being the contents of a quart measure; but, this our ladies indignantly refuse to believe, and John Stoke’s melting mood brought such substantial tokens of their goodness to his cottage, that Mistress Betsy has
been heard to wish, with a sigh, that such
ingblessings could happen to her every week of
her life; but whether she includes in this her
better-half’s weighty arguments, is a doubtful
question we will not pause to determine.

With the party already in possession thus
charitably disposed and easy to be conciliated,
we are now desirous of knowing the tactics of
the new comer. Will he, relying upon the
strength of his sex, usurp pre-eminence? or
gracefully confess himself in the minority, and
yield all points at issue accordingly? Will he
prove churlish, and, entrenching himself at

Wardley Court, live the antiquated life of a
hermit? or, accepting the bread and salt our
ladies will tender in the less dry and objection-
able shape of toasted muffins, will he respect
their wishes, and become in return a spectated
pet with them all, whose worst trial will be to
play whist with three adversaries, like the in-
mortal Mr. Pickwick?

At present we are lost in vague surmises;
but two van-loads of goods have passed through
the village in the direction of Wardley Court,
and we are effervescing with excitement and
curiosity.

VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

When we look at a plant in full bloom, we
are apt to regard it as an organized being of a
very complex character, and to look on the
green leaves of its stem, and the several mem-
bers or component parts of its flower, as en-
tirely distinct in their derivation and character.
A more extensive acquaintance with floral struc-
ture soon, however, discloses the interesting
and important fact that all the beautiful and
highly organized parts of the flower are only a
series of progressively metamorphosed leaves
which have assumed these lovely colours, and
this peculiar arrangement and form, in conse-
quence of the peculiar functions assigned them.

The green leaves on the stem and branches
are concerned in the functions of nutrition;
they decompose carbonic acid gas, and, under
the influence of solar light, chlorophyll is formed
in their cells (χλαρός green, and φυλλαευ a leaf),
so called because it is the substance which gives
to the leaves their green hues. The leaves of
the stem take their peculiar colour and form in
consequence of their action on the atmosphere;
they take in food from the air, which, in con-
nection with that absorbed by the roots from the
soil, contributes directly to the growth or the ex-
tension of the parts of the plant.

The leaves which constitute the flower, on the
other hand, are concerned in the functions of
reproduction, and are therefore modified in their
structure, form, arrangement, and colour, so that
they are beautifully adapted to the exercise of
these functions. The organs of reproduction,
which are collectively designated as the flower,
are therefore only a peculiar modification of the
organs of nutrition. A flower-bud only differs
from a leaf-bud in having no power of exten-
sion. Like the leaf-bud, it is a shortened
branch, the axis of which has not been elon-
gated, and, however the parts of the flower
may differ from the ordinary leaves of the plant

in appearance, we shall presently show that they
may all be referred to the leaf as a type, their
nature being precisely the same, and appearance
dissimilar in consequence of a difference in the
functions assigned them.

The floral leaves are brought into close
proximity by the non-development of the stem
internodes, in order that the several whorls may
the more readily communicate with each other;
which immediate communication is necessary to
the production of the seed. Let us now
examine more particularly the two outermost
whorls of floral leaves, designated as the calyx
and corolla.

The calyx, so named from καλαος a cup, This
forms the outermost whorl of the floral leaves,
and consists in its usual state of a leafy green
cup more or less divided. The sepals or leaves
of the calyx differ but slightly in structure and
appearance from the ordinary leaves of the
stem; they are for the most part a greenish
hue, chlorophyll being formed in their cells,
and stomata or pores existing on their lower
epidermis; and in some cases of monstrosity,
they are actually converted into the ordinary
leaves of the plant. In proliferous states of
the rose, the calyx assumes a leafy aspect; while
in Gentiana campestris and Gentiana crinita, it
differs in no respect from the ordinary leaves of
the plant.

The stem-leaf passes into the sepal or calyx
leaf by means of an intermediate organ called a
bract. It is proper here to remark that the
flowers developed on the floral axis are either
terminal or lateral. Flowers are terminal when
the bud which terminates the axis of growth is a
flower-bud. This of course stops the
further growth of the plant in that direction.
Flowers are lateral when the bud which ter-
minates the axis of growth develops as a leaf-
bud. In this case, the floral axis goes on
extending itself indefinitely, and the flowers spring from the sides of the axis of growth, from the axes of the floral leaves or bracts. These bracts are situated all along the floral axis at the basis of the peduncle or flower-stalk, and are simply the ordinary leaves of the stem reduced in size in consequence of the absorption of nutriment from them by the flower. These bracts become smaller in proportion as they approach the upper part of the floral axis. Hence the leaf gradually passes into the bract in consequence of its development in the neighborhood of the flower, and the same proximity doubtless produces the abortive leaves of the calyx. The gradual transition of the bract into the sepal is well seen in composite flowers, such as the marigold, the involucral leaves of which is composed of numerous bracts and sepals more or less soldered together. The same transition is also visible in the common hollyhock of the gardens, the leaves of which approximate together, become modified in size and appearance, and slide, as it were, insensibly into a calyx.

The corolla (from "corolla" a garland) is that part of the flower situated immediately within the calyx, between the calyx and stamens. It is generally the most showy and beautifully coloured of all the floral organs, and is the part which is popularly called the flower. Thus the red leaves of the rose, the yellow leaves of the buttercup, constitute the corolla of these plants.

Structurally, the petals or leaves of the corolla are composed of cellular and vascular tissue, the latter consisting of spiral vessels and delicate tubes. The colour of the petals is produced by the refined and splendidly coloured juices elaborated from the sap by the walls of the cells which form their tissue or substance. This fact is easily verified by submitting to microscopic examination a fragment of the petal of a rose or of a camellia, when it will be seen that the colour does not exist in the walls of the cells of the petal, but is the result of the coloured fluids with which the cells are filled.

Sometimes, by the mere juxtaposition of the different cells in the petals, a mechanical admixture of their various contents takes place; thus is probably produced that delicate and inimitable shading seen in the petals of some flowers; at other times, the petals are spotted and variegated, as in the tiger-lily and balsam. Such spots result from the peculiar power, possessed by some of the cells, of attracting from the colourless sap these particular colours, and of which power the other cells appear to be deprived. No admixture of colour with the neighbouring cells takes place in this case. "In the petals of Impatiens balsamina (the garden balsam)," says Dr. Lindley, "a single cell is frequently red in the midst of others that are colourless. Examine the red bladder, and you will find it filled with a colouring matter of which the rest are destitute."

Every one must have noticed the regularity with which these spots are formed in the petals of certain flowers, which are in fact never without them. Such cells appear to have definite functions assigned them, the exercise of which is probably as important to the healthy vital action of the plant as that of the more elaborate organs.

MINT, ANISE, AND CUMMIN.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Morning prayers were over in the Stickley household. This diurnal ceremony in this pattern family was not the brief service which was held at the same season by some of Mr. Stickley's neighbours; a cheerful assembling together of parents, children, and servants; the reading of a short psalm, or other portion of Scripture, calculated to interest all, even the youngest; the chanting of a morning hymn, accompanied by the piano; then a prayer offered by the father, concise and fervent—a thanksgiving for the mercies of the night, and a supplication for the Divine blessing, guidance, and protection during the day, upon the active duties of which all present were now entering.

There were five young Stickleys—two girls and three boys; and were beside the laggard who was not ready to present himself in the parlour when the prayer-bell sounded! Mr. Stickley always rung it with his own august hands, and few discords affected the children's years so disagreeably as did the slow, prolonged tinkle, which was absolutely ludicrous in its affectation of solemnity. The Bible was read, as Mr. Stickley's father had read it before him, "in course"—that is to say, from Genesis to Revelation, without the omission of a single chapter; and conceiving—as Wendell Holmes says of good Dr. Honeywell's pulpit exercises—that a peculiar tone was more acceptable to the Almighty than any other, Mr. Stickley enunciated narrative, devotional passages, and whole passages of jaw-breaking genealogies, in a singing drawl that was peculiarly sleep-provoking to his youthful auditors. What imaginable edification they or he could derive from the 15th chapter of Joshua, or the 6th and 8th of 1 Chronicles, droned out as their share of Scriptural
refreshment for the day, I leave to other disciples of the same stamp to determine. But he drove straight through—not skipping a word, though halting at some of the tough proper names, and pronouncing all in a most un-Hebraistic style. "All Scripture is profitable," was his irreproachable argument, when a bold visitor boldly hinted that certain parts of Holy Writ were better suited for family reading than others. The chapter concluded, he carefully adjusted the ribbon marker in its new place, that he might lose no time in looking for the right starting-point next morning, and knelt down, the rest following his example.

There is a vast variety of ways of kneeling, and Mr. Stickley's was characteristic. He bent his knees—his body retaining its stiff perpendicular—grasped an arm of the chair he had vacated, in either hand, and having thus settled himself in a grim, solid fashion, he "went to work," as the wearied children used to say to one another when out of his presence, as "if he were in for all day." "I exhort," says Paul, "that prayers and supplications be made for all men," and Mr. Stickley began to obey this injunction literally. His petitions were stereotyped, trite, and verbose. I am afraid to say how many times his hearers had listened to that excellent compendium of Christian graces, delivered by St. Peter, commencing—"Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge," or how his pet phrase, "Have mercy upon the sons and daughters of iniquity," was regarded by the smaller children as referring to some mysterious race of savages, and invariably connected with the stories of South Sea cannibals; or yet, how great and general was the relief with which all hailed the petition—"Pity, we beseech thee, thine are a few and thy people the Jews"—this being, as all soon came to know, the token that the prayer was half done. I should invite criticism and rebuke from those whose principles I honour, and whose character I revere, were I to dwell upon these points; but I am not self-accused for my reprobation of this one of the many methods by which really good people help the devil to make religion distasteful to the young and lively. I do not forget who specified as one of the habits of the hypocrites that, "for a pretence they made long prayers," thinking that they should "be heard for their much speaking," and warned his followers not to "use vain repetitions, as the heathens do."

Whether or not Mr. Stickley was attentive to what he was uttering; kept in mind the truth that he was in the dread presence of Him who looketh at the naked hearts of His so-called worshippers—it is very sure that his auditors did not. Mrs. Stickley was a worthy, pious woman, but flesh and blood are frail, and it is not for us to judge her hastily, if her mind wandered now and then, from the very straight and heavy logs which her husband was piling upon the family altar, to the more animated interests of her store-closet, kitchen, and sewing. The children were mechanically still, but they opened their eyes when they were certain their father's were fairly shut, and picked up such crumbs of entertainment as the flowers of the carpet, the graining of the wood of the furniture, or a section of wall-paper afforded.

But, as I have said, the service had dragged its weary length to a close. Mr. Stickley arose slowly, the others, briskly or stilly, in proportion to the severity of the cramp in their knees and backs. Rob, the Benjamin of the tribe, an active boy of ten, gained his feet with a bound, and hurried from the room, breaking out in the hall, into a jocund whistle.

"Robert!" called the father. "Come back, sir!"

The boy obeyed.

"What were you whistling?"

"Dixie, sir," replied the little fellow, promptly.

"A secular and foolish—not to say profane song!" said Mr. Stickley, his brow gathering the darkness of holy horror at the sacrilege. "When you had just arisen from your knees, after family worship! I will not tolerate such sinful levity in my household. Sit down, sir, and instead of going into breakfast, commit the forty-sixth Psalm to memory. You can recite it to me, when I come home at dinner-time. Hannah!" to his wife, "is not breakfast ready? It is three minutes past eight o'clock."

The mother cast a piteous glance at her youngling, who, with his back to his father, was scowling over the sacred volume. But she knew too well the futility of interference, and went off to the dining-room, with no appetite for the meal from which her boy was excluded.

The Stickleys were a taciturn party at the table—not on this morning only—but always, unless there was company present. The father was narrow of mind, and—the usual consequence—bittered in opinion; the mother, commonplace in thought and timid in disposition. Their sons and daughters were superior to both parents in mental calibre, but free speaking and free thinking had been systematically discouraged. Except in religious matters, Mr. Stickley was not a harsh parent; but he was formal and punctilious, and utterly devoid of sympathy with the pursuits and subjects that delight and attract healthy youth. If he did not rule with a rod of iron, he held an icy sceptre that repelled, if it did not intimidate. Having lost three minutes of precious time, he drank his coffee and ate his toast in speechless haste, and was off to his business, looking into the purple as he went out, to see that the culprit was busy with his task. Rob seemed to be studying diligently when the survey was made. Before his father had gone two yards the Bible was cast aside, and the boy had taken his seat with those who still remained at the table, occupied by his brothers and sisters, and piled with sweet tea and hot toast by his fond mother.

"Just wait until I am a grown man!" he said, his mouth so full that the words could hardly find their way out, "and I will never open a Bible from one year's end to the other!"
I wish Goliath had killed David, while he was a boy! Then he couldn't have written any Psalms!"

"My son!" expostulated Mrs. Stickley, trying to look serious amidst the roar of laughter that greeted Rob's saucy—for he was the pet and wit of the family—"that is wicked!"

"Don't see it! My, how hungry I am!" exclaimed Rob. "I say, now, mother, did you love switches when you were a shaver? I've been punished with the Bible ever since I was a baby, and I hate it like poison—so I do!"

Mr. Stickley regarded fables as vain and foolish trash; but he and his fellow-formalists could learn a useful lesson from the story of the philosopher and the unbt bow.

Our business, however, is with him, not with those he left behind. Arrived at his warehouse, he entered his private office, and commenced the inspection of the heap of letters upon his desk, the yield of the morning's mail. Uppermost of all, lay a telegraphic despatch from his brother, who was at the head of a branch house of the wealthy firm of "Stickley and Co." located in another city. The message was short and pertinent:

"Take no more bills of the Iron City Bank. It is shaky!"

Now, it happened that there had been quite a deluge of these notes in circulation for several weeks back, and Mr. Stickley was smitten by an unpleasant suspicion that he had a large number of them on hand. The examination, which he instantly commenced, resulted in the display of a small heap of bills, old and new, of the doubtful denomination, to the amount of two hundred and fifty pounds. The astute merchant took counsel of no one—not even his junior partner—whose desk, by the way, was without the pale of "the office." The unsafe money was skilfully mingled with sound notes, and tied up in several packages, each with an unhesitating fastened on the top. This was done neatly and expeditiously by Mr. Stickley's own hand, for he carried his habits of order and precision into the least minutiae of business-life.

Then he summoned a clerk.

"Williams, here are several small accounts, which have accumulated in my desk. You will attend to the payment of them at once."

The lad took the packages, and departed. Mr. Stickley was certainly a prompt paymaster, having a wholesome dread of a press of unpaid bills. One of the "small accounts" had been presented by a poor carpenter, just struggling to establish himself in his trade, without capital or friends. He had engaged to make certain repairs and alterations in Mr. Stickley's house, at a lower rate than any regularly established builder would have done, and executed the work most carefully, in the hope that it would serve as an advertisement for him: indeed, Mr. Stickley had more than insinuated that this would be the case. He was fond of "taking worthy young artisans and tradespeople by the hand," after the foregoing style. The bill, which the mechanic gladly receipted and returned to the clerk, was for the sum of twenty pounds, and of the notes handed him, three five-pound notes were represented by the "promise to pay" of the Iron City Bank.

A dressmaker's account of three or four pounds; a whitewasher's of one; a gardener's for a week's work upon Mrs. Stickley's flower-beds, were paid almost entirely in the same currency. This sort of people was generally the last to suspect unsoundness in a rich man's money. Anything in the shape of "the needful"—to them, alas! this was no mere slang phrase!—was eagerly clutched. A grocer's quarterly account, and a harness-maker's estimate of a new set of double harness for Mr. Stickley's prancing bays, were satisfied by the judicious mixture effected by the debtor's expert fingers.

The clerk returned at the end of an hour.

"All right, sir!"

The merchant nodded, satisfied. Having issued orders to his salesmen to receive no more of the "shaky" bills, the Iron City Bank might break now, and welcome. Its suspension was not announced until two days later, and as money seldom lingers long in the keeping of "this sort of people," let us hope that the carpenter, dressmaker, gardener, and whitewasher had got rid of theirs before the printed rags were declared to be utterly worthless. If they had not, that was their look-out—not Mr. Stickley's. Self-preservation, the first law of nature, is, with many men, also the last and only ruling principle.

Mr. Stickley's talent for acquiring wealth was more than respectable in degree, and to this he added a keenness of sight and operation, that made him the fear of the uninitiated; the admiration of other sharp practitioners. He was hard and grinding with a fallen debtor; servile and glazing to the rich customer; exact with all. "Short credit—long friends," was his motto, yet he was not renowned for the number or durability of his friendships. He speculated, too, constantly, and always threw a lucky card. Having an abundance of ready money on hand and wide-awake agents in all departments of trade, he was a celebrated dabbler in that species of righteous robbery called "monopoly of the market." If butter, after sinking a farthing on the pound on Saturday, went up two or three by Monday; if flour, after a similar depression, arose faster without yeast than the most superfine levain could have elevated it; if the washerwoman's brown sugar cost her nearly as much again as it had done when she bought her last half pound, the public verdict was seldom far wrong when it saddled the blame of the scarcity of the commodity in question, and the inflation of the market price upon "that flinty-hearted gang of speculators!"—Mr. Stickley being not the least active and rapacious member of the fraternity. It was a legitimate transaction, he would say, if interrogated on this point. Perhaps so—but it kept
the faces of the needy frightfully near the grindstone.

Our merchant was a wholesale dealer in glass and china, and his profits from his able handling of these fragile commodities were large and rapid, yet they bore but a small proportion to the sums realized by outside operations. On this particular day, a venture in cotton (if that could be called a venture which was sure to accrue to his advantage) had netted him several thousands more than he had dared hope for, and this event conduced, with other gains, to enhance the complacency with which he took down his hat and drew on his gloves, preparatory to going home to dinner. Two of his clerks, who had watched for his appearance anxiously for some time past, met him as he emerged from his retreat.

"If you please, Mr. Stickley," said the foremost, "we would like to have a few words with you.

His embarrassed manner made the employer master of the situation in a moment.

"Certainly, gentlemen!" he responded, in his most polite manner. "Step in here!" re-opening the office door. "Pray, be seated!" he continued, when they were closeted with him.

The men knew him well enough to feel sure that this lavishness of civility boded no good for their suit, but the spokesman proceeded, firmly:—

"We find, Mr. Stickley, that the practice of the most rigid economy does not enable us to live upon the salaries we are now receiving. Family and personal expenses are double what they were three years ago, and the prices of labour in most departments of business have advanced proportionally. In view of these facts, we have resolved to ask you to consider the subject of an increase of our salaries. We speak in the name of all the clerks in your employ."

"How much it had cost the poor fellow to make the plunge, no one knew; but supported by the thought of wife and little ones, he gained the climax of his address and stopped.

"Really, gentlemen, you take me by surprise!" responded Mr. Stickley, composedly.

"I had expected a more just appreciation of my position from you, my fellow labourers. You forget that the very circumstances which cramp your expenditures must press with tenfold weight upon me. If I sell my wares at a high price, it is because I am forced to do so by the terrible rise in their original cost. In addition to this, my taxes are trebled; the risks of trade quadrupled, and my family expenses have increased in the same ratio with yours. I am, in point of fact, less able to pay your present salaries than I was two years since. It is my hope and prayer that these evil days may be shortened; but, while they last, it grieves me deeply to disappoint you, my dear young friends, but it is utterly out of my power to grant your petition. Let me recommend to each of you and to your families, what is now the rule in mine—thrift, frugality; the most scrupulous re-
trenchment in superfluities. 'A penny saved is a penny earned,' you know, and—"

How much longer he would have moralized to the fooled and racketed listeners was not to be seen, for a knock at the door broke off the sentence in the middle.

"Are you engaged, sir?" asked his partner.

"No," answered the senior, catching sight of the person behind the speaker. "These gentlemen have just finished their business."

"What success, boys?" inquired the junior, after ushering in the visitors, and shutting on himself and the crestfallen pair.

"A flat refusal, and a pious fatherly lecture upon the duties of Christian submission, and economy!" said one of them, savagely.

"I am very sorry!" returned the partner, sincerely. "But I hardly dared encourage you to make the application. A closer-listed man does not live—as I have reason to know."

"He can spend money!" observed another of the clerks, all of whom had now collected around the committee of two. "The cost of his carriage, horses, and coachman would, if divided amongst us, enable each of us to put more decent clothes upon his children and better food into their mouths. But he knows as well as we do, that, just at this crisis, there is little chance of our getting situations elsewhere."

"You belong to the church in which he is a deacon—don't you?" inquired he who had acted as spokesman in the late interview, turning to a quiet young man, standing a little aloof from the excited group.

"I do!"

"Then you had better leave! Sooner than take the risk of going to Heaven in the same boat with him, I would jump overboard and swim all the way. Outsiders stand a better chance than such professors as he. He always reminds me of a story I once heard of an old quaker, who used to call to his shop-boy, in the morning—'Bob! have you sanded the wagon and watered the whisky?' 'Yes, sir!' 'Then come in to prayers!'"

As we shall see, by and by, there was no context of scripture which Mr. Stickley quoted more impressively than, "Avoid the appearance of evil."

The above is but another humiliating illustration of the common failure among men to make practice agree with precept.

The two visitors who had relieved the great man of his troublesome petitioners, were a distinguished politician, to whom Mr. Stickley had the honour of playing boot-lick and parasite-general, and a millionaire, to whose money-bags the same discriminating personage made humble obeisance, in body and spirit.

"We won't detain you five minutes, Stickley," said the former, to his fawning tool. "Mr. Townsend and I are getting up a subscription for presenting Hon. Boonerges Claptrap with a silver dinner-service, as a testimonial of the grateful appreciation, on the part of his fellowscitizens, of his recent efforts in our behalf. He is aristocratic in his tastes, you know, and has
money enough of his own not to care for the pecuniary value of any present; so whatever we do must be on a grand scale. We design calling upon ten or twelve men only—liberal whole-souled fellows, who will be glad to contribute to such a cause. Then, when the plate is ready, we will have a public presentation—dinner, speeches, etc. I must not omit to mention Mr. Townsend’s proposition, which strikes me as being happy as it is novel; namely that each article shall bear, upon the reverse, the names of the donors in full. It will be a remembrance of each of us.”

“Very chaste and felicite!” assented Mr. Stickley.

Sprung from the people, limited in education, and defective in breeding, he was, like all other purse-proud men, essentially snobbish. The wily politician had played adroitly upon his instrument. To see his name in print, beside those of his honourable friend, Mr. Townsend, and a select number of other leading citizens; to take a part in the proposed presentations, and to have “Ebenezer Stickley” engraved upon the under side of the aristocratic Ciaprap’s soup-tureen, and figure, as his representative, at feasts where he could never hope to appear—all this implied a tremendous ascent in the social scale, to attain which our hero would have bartered conscience and right; would sacrifice that which, if his subordinates were to be credited, he rated more highly than he did either of these—money.

“Very chaste and appropriate!” he varied his econtentum slightly. “The idea is worthy of those who conceived it. May I inquire what the testimonial will probably—cost?” He had hesitated for a bigger word, but his stock of dictionary language was not redundant.

“About six hundred pounds,” returned the other, coolly. “You can put down your name for fifty, if you like. By the way we want you to head the list.”

Mr. Stickley wrote his name with a flourish; received the thanks of his visitors with a kind of self-satisfied humility, accompanied them to the front door, bowed them down the street, then started up town to get his dinner.

It was still daylight when he reached home. Upon the steps he overtook a young girl about fourteen, a member of his Sabbath-school class.

“Ah, Emma, my dear! I hope you are well this afternoon!” said the teacher, sweetly. “I am glad that I am here in time to open the door. Walk in! I will let Mary know that you are here.”

“I have not time to come in, sir,” was the answer. “She told me, the other day, that she had never read ‘The Heir of Redcliffe,’ and I have brought it for her. May I trouble you to give it to her?”

Mr. Stickley took the well-thumbed volume and opened it at the title-page. As he had feared, he found the words—“A Novel,” printed thereupon. Pointing to these, he said sorrowfully: “I am sorry that I cannot oblige you, Emma; but I never allow any of my family to read such pernicious literature. It is poison to the mind and morals. I am more concerned than I can express, to see this in your hands.”

“But, Mr. Stickley, there is a great deal about religion in it! Mamma read it aloud with us, and said that it could harm no one. She hoped we would all be the better and happier for having read it.”

Emma was too kindhearted to divulge that she had supplied Mary, from time to time, with dozens of other works of a similar character, not having suspected until now that her friend read them without her father’s knowledge, and in direct defiance of his prohibition.

“Nevertheless, my dear child, I cannot let Mary have this book. Religious novels are, according to my way of thinking, blasphemous. Such solemn themes are desecrated by being introduced upon the pages of a romance. I will discuss the question with your excellent mother at some future time. Meanwhile, my dear scholar, let me entreat you not to waste your precious time and vitiate your mind by reading this deleterious matter.”

Emma took back the book with downcast eyes and swelling heart, and went slowly down the steps, without asking to see Mary. Her father was not a professedly religious man, and happening to be by when the wounded and amazed girl made her report of her teacher’s scruples, he burst into a loud laugh.

“Upon my word, that is a rich joke!”

His wife gave him a warning glance. Since Mr. Stickley was a deacon and had charge of a Bible class, she felt it to be her duty to show him outward respect, as one in spiritual authority.

“I am discretion itself, mother?” said her husband. “Only, Emma, daughter, don’t write yourself down as the chief of sinners, because you have, in the course of your life, read a few pleasant books, selected by your mother. If brother Stickley takes you to task, in Sabbath school, for your sins in this respect, tell him that when you repeated to me his remarks on the subject, I told you to ask him the meaning of the text about ‘straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.’ That will settle him, I’ll warrant! ‘The Heir of Redcliffe’ is the smallest of midges in comparison with the mastodonts that he gulps down every day.”

Serene in the consciousness of having rebuked dangerous error and rid his soul of the fearful responsibility of abetting sin, Mr. Stickley entered his abode.

“Dinner is ready,” said his wife, meeting him in the hall.

“I shall hear Robert’s task first!” was the magisterial reply.

She had fondly hoped that he would forget it. The boy was called, and with sullen fire in his averted eyes, mumbled out—“God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in time of trouble”—

I cannot pursue the recitation! My soul sickens at the monstrous iniquity of making inspired truths—the very breathings of Deity—
which have been and still are the healing airs of Heaven to so many souls, the vehicle of punishment to a refractory child; the detested scourge for every peccadillo that happens to clash with the parent's will.

Mr. Stickley's trials for that day were not over yet.

"My dear," said his wife, while they sat at table, "the cook and housemaid have been to me to-day to ask for higher wages. They want 10s. a quarter more than I now give them. They say that calico, which used to cost them 6d. a yard, is selling for 1s., and that they cannot get a pair of stout boots for less than 7s. 6d."

"Then let them go without!" rejoined the master. "Now is the time for employers to stand their ground, and resist the impositions of the lower classes! I am sick of hearing this cant about unreasonable wages. Two of my clerks waited upon me, this evening, as a committee from the rest, with the same tale of high prices and hard times. I refused to assent to it in the smallest part, and I will not suffer you to raise the wages of your servants."

"I am afraid they will go, if I do not satisfy them," said Mrs. Stickley, meekly. "And they are such good girls that I shall find it difficult to replace them."

"Nonsense! You can find dozens of servants at half price, whom you can teach all they need know, in a month. Let the girls go, if they only stay with you for money's sake! That is as much gratitude as any of them have! With these two great daughters to help you, you might do your own housework. Many ladies are dismissing their servants and doing this, to aid their husbands at this crisis."

Mrs. Stickley knew that she would not be reduced to this strait, for her husband's respectability—or, as he would have said, gentility—would suffer, were this course adopted; but she understood that she was likely to lose two faithful, competent domestics, because she was not permitted to pay them honest wages, and her spirits sank.

Her eldest son came to her rescue, after dinner.

"Mother! I can't save 1£ a month out of the housekeeping fund, for Margaret and Bridget, without father's knowing it?"

"Yes, if he did not always insist upon balancing my expense-book. He gives me an abundance of money, but I must account for every halfpenny I spend."

"A false entry or two will overcome that difficulty," suggested the son. "The end sanctifies the means."

Mrs. Stickley looked reproachfully at the youth; but she was thoughtful, too. She believed in her husband's strict probity, although, secretly, she often accused him of illiberality; but was it the usual effect of severe virtue to produce laxity of conscience in those who had the best opportunity of witnessing its display? That her children were learning, every day, better to evade their father's rules becoming adepts in demure deception, she could not help acknowledging; nor could she deny that, many times, they had but too good a right to regard her as their accomplice in the unprofitable witty.

What was she to do? She dearly loved her boys and girls, and to refuse them the emoluments which were granted freely to their associates, and which she could not tell them she considered sinful, would be cruel; would alienate them from her also; destroy her influence over them. Yet, did she, by taking the contrary course, render honour and obedience to her wedded lord?

She is not the only wife in the land who has found herself in a similar dilemma.

Mr. Stickley was one of the indefatigable men who reproduce the idea of the necessity of recreation. If he spent the evening at home, he wrote business letters or ciphered up his account books. If he went abroad, even if his object were ostensibly to pay a friendly visit, he was apt to accomplish some end of his own at the same time, were it only to gain some hint as to his host's character, plans, or prospects, that would serve him in future, and possible business operations. It was his boast that he had never had a holiday since he was twelve years old, and that he would not know what to do with himself were he forced to take a day of rest. Acting upon this principle, he never attended fewer than three services on Sunday, besides the Sabbath school and the grumbled sorely at the indolence of the pastor, which obliged him—the zealous worshiper of ordinances—to seek another sanctuary, in order to get the afternoon sermon, his own chapel being open in the morning and evening.

When, therefore, he sallied forth, on this night, into the lighted streets, he was bound upon some pleasure excursion, but a round of duty. His first halt was at the house of a brother deacon, a merchant named Felton, whose offices was in the same block with the tall buildings of Stickley and Co.

He frowned, slightly, when he was admitted by the servant.

"Your master has company—has he not? I had better call when he is disengaged," for the sounds of lively music and the responsive beat of quick footsteps issued from the parlor.

"No, sir—it is only the children."

The servant smiled in saying this, for she knew Mr. Stickley, and had a suspicion that the entertainment going on within would displease him.

Mrs. Felton was at the piano, and four couples were dancing in the middle of the room—seven children, with their father at their head, his partner being his youngest daughter, a child of eight. The music ceased, and the dancers stopped, as the august deacon entered.

Mr. Felton advanced to meet him without betraying a symptom of confusion.

"I am in trouble upon your account," remarked Mr. Stickley, bowing low to Mrs. Felton, with the seraphic smile that often prefaced a covert taunt. "I hesitated to enter, for I imagined, from what I saw and heard..."
while in the street, that you were having a ball.”

Mrs. Felton smiled, now, as did also her husband. The inner blinds were closed and the curtains lowered, and they knew that not a ray of light, much less a glimpse of moving figures, could be discerned from the sidewalk. Brother Stickley was convicted, in their minds, of having fibbed, for the sake of heightening the enormity of their culpable breach of pious propriety. Unaware of his blunder, Mr. Stickley noticed each child in turn, beaming blessings from his bland visage upon their disappointed countenances, then, turning to his host, requested a private interview.

Mr. Felton led the way into an inner room, and the other opened his business. He had learned that Mr. Felton had, of his own accord, advanced his clerks’ salaries.

Mr. Felton admitted this count of the indictment.

“It was to be regretted,” Mr. Stickley added, “that Mr. Felton had not conferred with his fellow-merchants—at least, with those who were his neighbours and most likely to be injuriously affected by this step, before he announced his intentions to his employees.”

Mr. Felton could not see the expediency of this conference. He had acted conscientiously, after an examination of his affairs. Justice and humanity had combined to form his purpose. He asked no man to follow his example.

“But the precedent, my dear sir?” objected Mr. Stickley. “Already, to my certain knowledge, this act of yours has bred dissatisfaction in other establishments; given rise to unreasonable demands.”

“I am sorry to hear that the demands are unreasonable,” returned Mr. Felton, dryly. “If they are just, I hope they will meet with a proper response. As I said before, my conscience would not allow me to condemn a hard-working, faithful clerk, to semi-starvation, while I am living in luxury; but I do not dictate terms to others. I am responsible for this act to Him who has forbidden, upon the penalty of an awful curse, the rich to keep back the hirelings’ wages.”

Mr. Stickley flinched, but imperceptibly.

“You are a bold man, Brother Felton! you take the responsibility of many deeds which others would not dare attempt. I thought, as I came in, just now, that most church members would shrink from setting up a school of dissipation in their own houses.”

“Do you imply that I have done this?” questioned Mr. Felton, calmly.

Mr. Stickley hemmed. “You cannot be ignorant, my dear brother, that in our connection it is deemed inconsistent with a profession of religion to dance.”

“I know there is a prejudice against what has been perverted, in certain circles, from an innocent, healthful amusement, into a disgraceful and public exhibition of affectation and indecent levity of behaviour. My children do not attend balls, or figure at watering-places.

They do not banker after forbidden amusements, because they have lawful pleasures at home. I am willing they should indulge in all recreations in which their mother and myself are welcome participants.”

“You are stubborn in your prejudices,” smiled Mr. Stickley, rising to go. “I sincerely hope you may never find that what is now but the appearance of evil has led to downright, unmistakable sin and sorrow.”

“I have no fears upon that score,” was the reply.

“I trust that my plain speaking has not offended you,” pursued Mr. Stickley.

“Not in the least! I do not think that you could say anything upon this subject, or with regard to the beauty of consistency in religion, that could offend me, Mr. Stickley. You have your theory and practice, and I mine. The same Lord is the judge of both.”

“Bad! bad! he is the leastest thinker and speaker I know!” muttered our hero, when he was again upon the pavement. “A curse will overtake him yet. He and Dr. Bliss are close friends still. That argues sympathy of taste and union of principle. I will just drop in at the latter’s, and intimate to the doctor how his favorite is going on.”

Dr. Bliss was the pastor of the highly-favoured church that claimed Deacon Stickley as an officer. The visitor found him extended upon a sofa in the library, his head in his wife’s lap.

“Do not disturb your interesting tableau on my account, I beg!” said the deacon—like Carker, “all teeth with smiles”—as the minister raised himself to a sitting posture. “It does me good to see a man who can afford to rest. It is a luxury I never allow myself, which is, indeed, forbidden to one in my circumstances. I am often reminded of the blessedness of that thought, uttered, if I mistake not, by a clergyman, doctor—“Why need I rest here? I have an eternity to rest in.”

This was said in the most benevolent manner, after he had been invited to a seat. Mrs. Bliss refrained from correcting the phraseology of the quotation. She had long ago ceased to resent his feline ways, and only noticed this subtle scratch, by saying—“Mr. Bliss is suffering with one of his bad headaches. He has attended two funerals to-day, besides visiting a number of sick persons, and the fatigue has brought on the attack.”

The doctor was a man fifty years of age; a close student, a good pastor, and an earnest preacher. He had, moreover, large humanity, and a fund of quiet humour, that stood him in good stead on this and many other occasions. He guessed that the deacon was charged with some complaint of his less circumspect brethren, and no man understood better than he how to take the wind out of his sails in advance.

“We were speaking of you not five minutes ago, Mr. Stickley,” he said. “One of the funerals at which I officiated to-day was poor Ludlow’s.”
"Ah! is he gone, poor fellow?" interrupted Mr. Stickley. "It must be a blessed exchange for him, and a relief to his family. He has been a helpless burden upon their hands for these two years past. I trust that he was prepared for the solemn event, sir?"

"I hope and believe that he was. The destitute condition of his wife and children troubled him for awhile; but, at the last, he calmly left them in the Father's care, confident that He would not disappoint his hope."

"Very gratifying, indeed!" Mr. Stickley's countenance was edifying to behold—a whole volume of sanctified resignation.

"Mr. Felton and Mr. Ames rode in the carriage with me to the cemetery," continued Dr. Bliss, and we talked over a scheme of helping the widow and children. Mrs. Ludlow is an excellent woman, and has contrived to struggle on till now, without running into debt; but she confessed to me, when I questioned her yesterday, that she had not five pounds in the world. Mr. Felton collected within an hour a fund for funeral expenses, and our hope now is that we can raise enough, in a quiet, unostentatious way, to pay a quarter's rent in advance, and to purchase a sewing machine; then I will guarantee that family will get along without further aid. Of course we mean to allow you the privilege of assisting in this good work. We need about fifty pounds to accomplish what we desire."

"This is Mr. Felton's scheme, is it?" said Mr. Stickley, shaking his head, dubiously.

"Perhaps I may take the credit of devising the plan, although Mr. Felton seconded it warmly, and liberally."

"Strange, inconsistent man!" (mournfully.)

"He attended a funeral this afternoon—"

"This morning!" corrected the doctor.

"This morning, then—saw a fellow-mortal, a member of the same communion with himself, laid in the final resting-place of all flesh, and this evening I found him absolutely dancing with his children, while his wife played a jig-tune on the piano! What example for him to set! he a father, a deacon in the church, and the superintendent of the Sabbath-school!"

"His children are remarkably well trained," said the doctor, "and four of them are already within the pale of the church, as you may recollect."

"They had better be out of it!" ejaculated Mr. Stickley. "Such vain pleasure-seekers do more harm than good."

"If that is your candid conviction your duty is clear," replied the doctor, gravely. "You should cite them to appear before the proper tribunal of the church, charging them with conduct unbecoming the profession they have made."

"I! and earn for myself their enmity, and public odium besides?"

"Considerations which should not stay you for an instant, when opposed to the solemn obligation to rescue a fallen brother," argued Dr. Bliss, with inimitable seriousness.

"I cannot do it, sir; but—excuse me for suggesting your line of duty, doctor—but it seems to me that your interference is imperatively called for in this case. You are the spiritual leader of this misguided family. Already people are saying that your partiality for Mr. Felton blinds you to his many and grievous failings."

"Ah! then, if I arraign him to appear at our next session-meeting to give an account of the said demerits, I must call upon you to produce accusers and witnesses. I have heard of his guilt from no one else."

"The doctor will have his joke, I perceive, madam, even upon grave subjects!" said the deacon to Mrs. Bliss, who had been the amused auditor of this conversation. "Manage your ecclesiastical affairs in your own way, my dear sir. I beg your pardon for what you may consider my officious zeal, my undue desire to keep the flock pure, to maintain the appearance of the flock."

"A commendable wish!" said the doctor, pleasantly. "We shall not differ there; but, to leave this matter for the present—we may depend on you for assistance in carrying out our design of aiding the widow and the fatherless?"

"I must think the project over first!" Mr. Stickley suddenly bethought himself that it was nearly ten o'clock. "I am by no means convinced that it is the most judicious method of teaching the family self-dependence. Nor am I sure that it is in my power to contribute to this object just now. I am beset by incessant applications for money for this and that cause, and unless I exercise some discrimination in giving, I shall soon be a pauper myself. I hope your head will be quite well by the morning, my dear sir! Mrs. Bliss, I wish you a very good-night!"

The doctor took up the Bible for family prayers shortly after the visitor's departure. The elderly couple had no children, and kept early hours. His wife saw him smile, and then sigh, as he read the first passage upon which his eye fell when the book was opened.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

He read it aloud, without comment, as I leave it with the sagacious reader:—"Ye pay tithes of mint, and anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and faith. These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

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The Privileges of Poetry. — They who can turn aside from the hard and meandering road of dry duty and daily labor to wander amid the glades and flowery knolls of the imaginary world of never-dying poetry are privileged beings; for they have a sense and a sensation superadded to the ordinary dispensation of their fellows. They are for the time lifted "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot called earth," they are in another world, and they revel in unworldly thoughts and unworldly associations; they become denizens of the golden sphere of romance; and romance is the salt in the ocean of life, keeping its waters sweet and fresh amidst the turmoil and common-places of every-day action.—Cowden Clarke's Shakespeare Characters.
Down at the sea-side for a blow,  
Far from the City's fogs and vapours;  
Away from parties hot and slow,  
And scarcely within reach of papers—  
Something in health we hope to gain  
By change of scene and recreation,  
As from a pleasant country lane  
We forward this communication;  
In this, a calm and cool retreat,  
No printer's devil e'er intruded;  
But we post off a single sheet,  
From country quarters thus secluded:  
We have but small desire to write,  
It goes against one's inclination;  
Whilst bathing is our great delight,  
And yachting our chief occupation.

We do not envy Jones, in town,  
Who has resumed his irksome duties,  
And we can sympathize with Brown,  
Who cannot leave—"tis pity true "tis."  
A holiday, which is so rare,  
Meets with your critic's approbation,  
As, all day in the bracing air,  
We make the most of our vacation;  
In lieu of writing "Monthly Mem's,"  
We think that it is much more jolly  
Down on our knees to seek for gems,*  
Which is at least a harmless folly.  
We soon perceive the change of air  
Makes us as sleepy as a dormouse;  
Then we awake but to declare  
We have an appetite enormous.  
We take a stroll upon the shore,  
Perhaps the sea is smooth for crossing,  
If not, we like to hear it roar,  
So long as on it we're not tossing.  
We breathe the air upon the cliff,  
And view those bent on pleasure sailing;  
We see some ladies in a skiff,  
And wonder whether they are ailing;  
We leave compositor behind,  
And turn our thoughts to things aquatic;  
But, if for theatres still inclined,  
We can indulge our tastes dramatic.

There is a play performed each night,  
Including, perhaps, the last "sensation;"  
So, even at the Isle of Wight,  
The drama calls for observation.  
As we recline upon the turf,  
We feel it is indeed a rich treat:  
"Tis healthier here to see the surf  
Than in a theatre in Wych-street;  
Nor need we to the Adelphi go,  
And with the British public mingle,  
Since here are shells—"Jesso, jesso"  
As substitutes for "Solon Shingle."

Instead of sitting out dull plays,  
We much prefer the shingly beaches;  
And as around the coast we gaze,  
Perchance we hear the sea-gull's screeches.  
Established for a fortnight here,  
We banish care and smooth our wrinkles,  
And in a purer atmosphere,  
With whelks instead of Rip van Winkle's.  
E'en Mellon's Concerts we resign  
(Though free and welcome all the season),  
And, Alfred, what a band is thine!  
If we did stay, you'd be the reason.

It suits our inclination well,  
To idly catch the balmy breezes,  
Along the Strand—far from Pall Mall,  
Here "Your Bohemian" at his ease is.  
We stroll the pier, when there's a band;  
May be a steamer comes in sight, then  
We rush to see the people land  
From Portsmouth, at the Isle of Wight; then  
We think some day we will go round  
The island, as a slight diversion,  
Since there are vessels often bound  
For a delightful day's excursion.  
We wander up and down the pier,  
And criticise each belle and bonnet;  
Among them, many a lass is here  
On whom we might compose a sonnet.

Hats marvellously masculine  
Are seen of various shapes and sizes—  
Undoubtedly unfeminine,  
And sometimes rather strange disguises:  
Girls with their feathers all a-flying,  
Sport in the sun (their sole employment);  
Some children on the beach are trying  
To find (tis easy) some enjoyment;  
According to the morning's whim  
We walk away from rout and rabble,  
To have our usual morning swim,  
Which means an independent dabble.  
We pick up here and there some "weed,"  
Whilst lounging in an idle manner;  
Although we much prefer, indeed,  
The fragrance of our own Havannah.

Over the rocks we away we roam,  
Our muscles strengthened by the mission,  
Till we are forced to limp it home,  
In an unfortunate condition.  
That which would look so fast in town  
Is here deemed quite correct in dresses,  
Bellowered, and with hair all down,  
A goodly show of auburn tresses;  
Young lady-mariners of taste,  
Put on the regular sou'-westerns,  
And with their hair down to their waist,  
They furnish food for merry jesters.
Although some faces may appear
By such a process far from hideous,
Others are not improved, 'tis clear
(We would not be at all invidious),
But your Bohemian's savage breast,
Is somewhat soothed, 'tis quite diverting,
And he is prone, like all the rest,
To do a little harmless flirtmg.

We fancy that the streets of Ryde
Are almost steep enough for stalking—
At least they do not coincide
With our idea of pleasant walking.
The day is gone e'er we can say
"Jack Robinson," and we get through it
In an odd, dreamy kind of way:
We've nought to do, with time to do it.
The boatmen ask us if we care
To get on board and under sail weigh;
But we prefer to wander where
There never should have been a railway.

Sweet Shanklin and its pleasant Chine,
By means of train, we soon alight on;
And next to Ventnor, where we dine,*
Which gives us strength to get to Niton;
To bold Black Gang we go next day,
And halt at that convenient quarter;
Of course we visit Alum Bay,
And find fresh air at famed Freshwater.
At night we dream of shady groves,
And walks by slumber then begotten,
Of quiet, sheltered little coves
(Which sounds like slang and Mr. Hotten),
In spite of boat and coach and rail,
We sometimes meet a simple native,
With whom we very rarely fail
To have a word communicative.
One old dame says "she hears of crimes,
And that those papers quite unnerv her;
So she won't read the Ventnor Times,
Nor take the Isle of Wight Observer."
We cease to burn the midnight oil,
Which is in some degree a saving,
Though free from proofs, and suchlike toil,
There comes another kind of slaving;
For as up Ventnor's cliffs we climb,
Our age we feel there's no concealing,
Although we would, at such a time,
Give vent nor to our fears nor feeling.
The smallest church we ever knew,
Comes duly under observation,
Where there is scarcely room for two—
The pulpit and the congregation;
Where, gathered round the little door,
A knot of rustics are appearing;
They've often stood outside before,
And find it just as well for hearing.
For our misdeeds we there stone,
And after we have finished praying,
Although 'tis said "leave well alone,"
We take exception to the saying;

We put the vessel to our lips,
(Pure water is not our abhorrence,
So your Bohemian more than sips,
And feels refreshed by good St. Lawrence).

At Ventnor are we back, encore,
Next day through Bonchurch then returning.
We find ourselves in Ryde once more,
And pen these lines such things concerning.
On maidens fair why need we dwell,
By prim old dowagers attended;
They seem to smile upon us—well,
Perhaps the least said is soonest mended.
Of that Miss— we are afraid,
Her conduct strikes us as improper;
We never walk the Esplanade,
But there she is—will no one stop her?
Does she consider us a prize,
That she a persevering miss is?
'Tis folly to be—other—wise,
So long as ignorance such bliss is.

Your critic brightens up apace,
In looks and genial conversation;
It seems like a decided case
Of fierce (though innocent) flirtation.
We thought a face exceeding sweet,
With teeth particularly pearly,
So felt it prudent to retreat,
And leave our sea-side quarters early!
To be a stoic we don't pretend;
At Ryde we own the tender passion;
Patronically we unbend,
'Tis, we observe, a sea-side fashion.
Though wise in time to take the train,
Before we feel that we are undone,
Regretting that we are again
In formal, foggy, fussy London.

Ryde, Sept. 1865.

We may perhaps be allowed further space to
record, with much regret, the death of Mr.
Justice Haliburton ("Sam Slick"), whose sly
humour we remember in a speech he made at
one of the anniversary dinners of the Royal
Literary Fund; although it was difficult for those
at a short distance to catch the words that fell
from his lips, his immediate neighbours were
convinced with laughter. The last time we met
Haliburton was on the occasion of the trial trip
of the Pensular and Oriental Steam Navigation
Company's steamship "Rangoon" to Ireland
and back, rather more than two years ago, when
he appeared to be in failing health, though much
benefited by that short and agreeable cruise.

The announcement of the death of the widow
of Thomas Moore recalls an interesting literary
epoch. The deceased lady had not attained the
advanced age that might have been supposed.
The Times gave a long original paragraph about
Mrs. Moore at the top of a column; whereas
strange to say, that journal simply quoted from
a contemporary in recording the death of "Sam
Slick!"

We have been informed that "The Bunch of
Keys," which it may be remembered was the title

* At the comfortable "Crab and Lobster,"
of a little work published last Christmas, will be succeeded by another production by the same writers, entitled "Rates and Taxes."

A series of essays has been published in the Daily Telegraph, entitled "Notes by the Way," in which appeared a graphic description of Ramsgate, written, we believe, by W. J. Prowse, formerly a contributor to your pages, and now an established journalist, also one of the staff on "Fun."

When we fancied that every one was out of town we visited the Princess's to see "Arrah na Pogue," and had some difficulty in finding a seat. The chief attraction (to us) was the excellent performance of Mr. Dominick Murray, in the disagreeable character of the sneaking process server, and the last scene (we mean that succeeding the gymnastic efforts of Shaun the Post) we thought equalled, if not excelled, anything we had ever witnessed in the way of scenic effect. Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault have parts much on a par with those they performed in "Colleen Bawn." The "pianist" being enacted by such as are well up in the brogue, is of great value to the play, the weak points of which appeared to us to consist in the scenes between Mr. Vandenhoff and Miss Oliver. There are portions of the piece to which we would take exception, as, for instance, the scene with the Priest in the prison—an episode that runs the risk of offending the majority of the audience, without in the least assisting the general effect.

Mr. Jefferson has achieved a brilliant success as Rip Van Winkle, at the Adelphi; and Mrs. Billington, as his shrewish wife, acted with an intensity and truth that were of great assistance. The other characters, with little or no opportunity for display, were well supported, and the piece has been liberally put upon the stage. At the termination of the drama Mr. Jefferson, on being recalled, made an extremely modest speech, in which he expressed his obligations to Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Webster, and the audience.

In concluding this small instalment of London "Mems," we would protest, in no measured terms, against the reprehensible conduct of Mr. Levy, the "Levy-athan" cornet-player at Mr. Mellon's concerts. When that gentleman is not playing he has so little respect for his audience and his conductor that he turns his back upon them. We have even seen him read a newspaper in the orchestra when his services were not required.

Your Bohemian.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

My Dear C——,

We shall certainly be all roasted before the summer ends. In rain we also have abandoned the capital for shady groves and refreshing streams. The heat is intense everywhere, and the generally cool climate of Normandy is as sultry as that of Paris—not a breath of air anywhere! Oh for a good shower of rain to moisten the parched earth! And yet how beautiful the country looks, here, with its gently sloping hills covered with trees, its smiling little valleys, so fresh and green, in spite of the drought, and strewed with apple-trees loaded with rosy, but treacherous fruit!—proof that we are in a cider country, and that what is good for drink is not good to eat.

Château la Motte is full of sportsmen, come from far and near, for the opening of the shooting season: they pretend that the heat is the cause of their ill luck; that the game seeks shelter from the sun's rays in the standing crops of buckwheat, where their dogs are excluded; and that we shall have no hares or partridges, until the air is cooler. They do look most awfully crest-fallen. When at dinner, the ladies quiz them, and enquire the result of the day's sport, they prefer entertaining us with recitals of the ruinous losses England is now sustaining by the cattle plague; of which it seems, a few cases have appeared in France, in spite of the great precautions our Government takes to prevent the introduction of any animal coming from England or Germany. Several cases of illness from eating chickens attacked with a similar disease, have appeared in the hospitals in Paris. This unseasonable weather is said to be the cause of the distemper amongst the poultry, in the environs of the capital; so that you see cooler weather is requisite in every way.

The brothers Davenport have found Paris rather hot also, and, although they try to brave the storm, I fear that their spiritism is on the fall. Their first representation in public caused quite a tumult in the room. They themselves were obliged to escape; and the money was returned to the audience, whom seven or eight policemen were forced to calm. It appears that their supernatural powers became transparently natural, in the eyes of our clear-sighted Parisians; and our famous Robin, without pretending to any kind of prepotency above his fellow-men, after once seeing the brothers Davenport perform, produced the same wonders amidst the hilarity of his audience, to whom he explained the American mediums' tricks. These latter gentlemen have protested, and try to deny the facts of second cards and moving pieces of wood in their spirit-box; they declare that their intention is to continue their invocations of noisy little demons
in the dark, until the Parisian public is converted to spiritism.

The Sandon affair, which I mentioned in my last letter, is causing great emotion; the medical students having declared that after the present vacations they will summon Dr. Tardien, who is their "doyen," to answer Mr. Sandon's accusation, and will refuse to listen to his lessons until he does. A young doctor with whom I was talking about the case, answered me, "Oh yes, it is an abominable thing altogether, and Tardien is a villain; but then he is such a clever fellow, he will answer the young students, and bring them over to his side without any trouble; besides, after all, Sandon annoyed Billault, and it is no wonder that he should try to get rid of him." So if a powerful minister has an enemy, it is quite legitimate that he should send him to a mad-house for life, and that in a country of equality!

General Lamoricière is gone to his last home. He was one of the conquerors of Abid-el-Kader; and it is remarkable, that at the moment that the vanquished left Marseilles in state, Lamoricière died in an obscure corner in France, almost unnoticed. He was, however, buried at Nantes, with military honours. Walseski is named president "du Corps Législatif," and now occupies the former residence of Mr. de Morny.

Their Majesties are at Biarritz, and have received the visit of the King and Queen of Spain. It was hinted that they wanted to conclude matters between the Queen's eldest daughter and Prince Amédée of Italy; but that the marriage is not to come off. During the Emperor's visit in Switzerland, he was charged, they say, 30,000 francs for one night and one day, by the landlord of the hotel. Imperial visitors are rare I should think in those parts, so hotel keepers make much of them when they get the chance. The Emperor stayed several days longer than the Emperor on this trip, on account of the accident which occurred to three ladies of her suite, when their horses ran away. It was a wonder it was not more serious: the Princess Anna Murat had a rib broken, the Duchess de Montebello her shoulder-bone, and the beautiful Milly Bouvet, reader to the Empress, a few bruises only. Her Majesty telegraphed regularly twice a day to Madame Bouvet, on her daughter's health, which, of course very much flattered the latter lady. They already begin to talk of a wife for the little Prince Imperial. It is time: he is rather more than nine years old!

The intensity of the heat does not prevent our theatres filing every night; and in spite of all that has been said on the "Africaine," it still remains the event in the musical world; the first fifty representations produced 550,000 francs, and the opera-house is still as full as ever. Mr. Carvalho, at the "Théâtre Lyrique" has announced a new opera in three acts, "Deborah"—words by P. Flouvier; music by Devine-Duvrier, pupil of Halévy—for after the holidays. Charles Mathews is adding to his laurels by nightly success at the "Vaudeville," in "L'Homme blasé" and that much against the expectations of those who had been present at the rehearsals of the piece before-hand. The director and all who had been instrumental in bringing Mathews over here, trembled as they witnessed the bad way in which your celebrated comic mumbled over his part the day before the débüt; and great indeed was their surprise when Mathews, putting forth all his powers at the first representation before the public, called forth the most enthusiastic applause, which increases nightly. Talking of theatres, that at Lyons has almost been the cause of an insurrection. This old town was for several days in a great state of uproar, because the director would not let a débutant, protected by the young heads of Lyons, appear on his stage. The police got roughly handled in the fray: they were thrown down and rolled on the stones, amidst the hisses and screaming of the youths, always foremost on such occasions. "Hiss as much as you like," said one of the sergents de ville, as he managed to extricate himself, covered with mud, from his assailants, "but don't roll us on the ground; it dirties one's trousers!" "Bravo! Bravo! Oui le sergent de ville!" vociferated the mob, and they carried the policemen home in triumph. The director was obliged to give in, and peace was restored.

A very curious affair occupied the police the other day. Some time ago a young lady—very pretty, very accomplished, but very poor, although belonging to a good family—had been under the necessity of giving herself on the piano for a living. During that time she had been rather flirt; and, although nothing could be said against her virtue, yet she had written several letters on the tender passion that might render a husband jealous. A German baron, smitten by Milde, Edith, offered her his hand and fortune, which were accepted. When the baron remembered the letters written to another, became very much alarmed, and used every stratagem to get them again, and succeeded; but whether she had wished to read them before burning, or whatever other motive, instead of destroying them she locked them up in a secretary for a short time. One morning, about two months ago, she perceived that the letters had been stolen; she had discharged her maid the day before, so concluded that the woman, for some bad purpose, had taken them, and was in a great state of anxiety; when a few days ago a man desired to speak to her in private. He announced himself as a homme d'affaires, and declared to the lady that he had bought her letters of her former maid for a very large sum, and that if she did not pay him the price he required for them, he should give them to the Baron. The fellow was so insolent, and put such a price on them, that the Baroness, in indignation, ordered her servants to put him out of doors. Searce had the man arrived home, when a friend called in, and he related the circumstance to him, and the vengeance he intended to take. A young clerk overheard the conversation, and, burning with indignation, deter-
mined to baffle the rogue's designs; so, in his turn, stole the letters, and immediately carried them to the Baroness, without asking any reward. But the grateful lady, knowing that he would lose his place, rewarded him handsomely. She then revealed to her husband what had happened, and gave him the letters which had rendezvous so unhappy: but the Baron, confident in his wife's virtue, refused to read them, and threw them in the fire before her. The man, in the mean time, discovered that his prey had escaped him; and without thinking of what he was doing, went to the police, and had his clerk arrested for theft. The whole affair, after investigation, came out, and the biter has got bit; the homme d'affaires is in prison himself, accused of swindling.

At Montfermeil, a village near Paris, was born, about twenty-five years ago, on the same day, a boy and girl, one with its head leaning to the right, the other leaning to the left. As they grew up, a kind of sympathy drew them to seek each other's society, although of no relation to each other. A little while ago, some one undertook to cure them by electricity, and, after twenty trials, their heads now are straight on their shoulders, like the rest of their fellow-creatures; which happy event was crowned last week by a marriage between them, and was a public fête in the village.

With kind compliments, yours truly,

S. A.

LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

LENA'S COUNTRY VISIT.

BY NETTIE CARLISLE.

One morning in June the bright sun, as he proceeded on his daily journey, took the liberty of peeping into the room where little Lena Graham lay asleep, and was actually bold enough to send one of his beams full across her pillow. A moment it rested there, lighting up the pale face and clustering brown curls with a golden glory, such as we see in the pictures of the saints; the next minute two blue eyes opened, and took a sleepy survey of the room, then all at once became wide awake, and Lena sprang up, exclaiming, with a happy smile, "How could I forget? I'm going into the country to-day!"

Quickly the little busy fingers adjusted the morning dress, and then Lena ran down-stairs and jumped into her father's arms, saying, "I am so glad, I don't know what to do," then stopped suddenly and added, "But you'll miss me, won't you, papa?"

"Very much, my darling," he answered, and the merry voice trembled; "but you must put some roses into these pale cheeks, and then you'll come back to be papa's pet again. But here comes mamma, to say that breakfast is ready and unless you hurry, the train will be off without you."

Half an hour afterwards, Lena was seated by her mother in one of the railway carriages, waiting in the station, for the train to start. Papa lingered by their side as long as he could, till the locomotive gave what Lena called "an awful squeal," warning him that he must be off, and with one last kiss on the little pale face, he was gone.

"Hurrah! we're a-going at last," sung out a small boy on the other side of the carriage, at which his mother looked daggers at him, but young hopeful did not appear to care in the least.

Yes, going they were, slowly at first, through the dusty city suburbs, till at last they swept out grandly into the free air and sunshine of the open country. Lena almost held her breath with delight as she gazed on the beautiful scene, lighted up by the gorgeous June sunshine; the green fields covered with daisies and buttercups, where happy little lambs frisked around their mothers; the groves where the little birds were twittering; and the stately mansions, that looked down on the sunny slopes.

Then they passed grand old woods, where the sunlight seemed to sleep on the waving tree-tops, while all beneath was so dark and still that you could scarcely catch the faintest quiver of sunshine through the interlacing branches.

But all things must come to an end, and so did the pleasant ride. When the travellers alighted at the little country station, they found cousin Joe waiting for them, a great awkward boy, very sunburnt, and with rough hair which utterly refused to be brushed down, but good-natured and obliging, and now quite lost in admiration of the little fairy, in her straw hat and blue ribbons.

They stepped into the old family chaise, a vehicle apparently as ancient and nearly as roomy as Noah's Ark, which was drawn by an old brown horse, rejoicing in the name of Zachariah, or Zach for shortness, as Joe said. Joe touched the lazy old fellow lightly with the whip, and away he jogged, rather a slow mode
of locomotion after the lightning speed of the railway.

At length they arrived at the large farm house. A very pretty old place it was; a low, irregular building, nearly covered by the clustering ivy, which had also twined round one of two tall chimneys, standing aloof like sentinels. Within, a warm welcome awaited them, and they were soon doing ample justice to Aunt Hannah’s bountiful dinner. Lena was seated between her two cousins, Martha and Lizzie, the youngest of whom, a sunburnt gypsy of nine, seemed to take an especial fancy to the shy little stranger, particularly when she found that they were of the same age.

When Lena was somewhat rested Martha proposed a walk, to which she joyfully assented, and away they ran to the hall. For a few minutes there was a great fusing among the gingham sun-bonnets, to find one which would suit Lena; this being over, Lizzie shut the door with a bang, to announce their departure, and off they dashed through the lane, like young colts.

"Now, where shall we go?" said Lizzie, when she recovered her breath.

"Oh! to the brook," said Martha, "that is the prettiest."

No objection being made, the little party went on right merrily down the sloping green hill, where the sun lay so bright on the short velvet turf; through the apple-orchard, whose hard green knobs gave promise of something better in the time to come; then over a fence, which Lena, unused to climbing, managed by squeezing through the bars, to the infinite amusement of her cousins; and there they were at the brook at last.

A pleasant little thing was that same brook, now singing merrily as it rippled over the pebbles, now flowing still and tranquil in some quiet nook, while in other places it leaped and sparkled as it fell over the rocks, forming tiny cascades.

"Oh! oh!" called Lena, "look at the dear tiny little fishes, so many of them; just see how they jump around!"

"Pooh!" said Joe, boylike, "that's nothing to the creek, where we fellows go fishing; you ought to see the lots there."

"Now," said Lizzie, "let's go to 'Willow Glen.'"

This was a lovely spot, named by a travelling artist, who had sketched it some years before. On each side of the brook stood two weeping willows, whose graceful hanging branches nearly touched the water, on which they were mirrored; while the sunlight, which found its way between them, danced and flickered on the water in a thousand fantastic forms.

"Oh! Lizzie," said Lena, "do look at those funny black flies, jumping about on the water; dear me! won't they get drowned?"

"Why no!" said Joe! "don't you see they have India-rubber boots on;" with which, of course, Lena was completely satisfied.

As the sun was now sinking behind the treetops, Joe hinted that they had better follow the wise example of the little birds, and go home, which they did at rather a slower pace than they had started.

This was only the first of many delightful walks Lena took with her cousins. Then there was a wonderful little pony, which Uncle John taught her to ride, and many a pleasant crawl down the green lanes did she have when the heat of the day was over. Then as for climbing, which she dreaded so much at first, Joe declared that now she could go up the tall trees in the lane, "as well as any squirrel."

Thus pleasantly passed the time, till one bright morning, near the end of August, Joe proposed a blackberrying party; he knew a field some way off where there were "fine ones.

A blackberry party was something new to Lena, and she eagerly commenced to make ready. When the sun began to dry up the dew, you might have seen the little party start across the fields, each with a tin can, except Joe, who carried a large basket, declaring his intention of getting more than all the rest, though as Martha observed, considering the quantity he always ate, that was somewhat doubtful.

"A race! a race!" called Lena, as they entered a large field, pointing to the opposite fence. Away they all went; but Lena, light and agile as a bird, soon gained on her more clumsy pursuers, and reaching the fence, three tins and a tin can over on the grass, then mounting the top rail, stood nodding a laughing defiance to them.

"Aint she as pretty as a picture?" said Joe, stopping to gaze in admiration at the little figure on the fence. Very pretty indeed she looked at that moment. The brown wavy curls, escaping from the sun-bonnet which had fallen back in the race, fell in rich profusion to her shoulders; her cheeks were glowing with exercise, and a saucy smile danced round the half-parted lip, as she beckoned them on. Before they could reach the fence she was over, and snatching up her tin can, bounded off to the blackberry bushes.

A merry time they had, and the tin cans were all filled, notwithstanding the number of berries otherwise disposed of. As for scratches, nobody minded them—"no rose without a thorn," so there is no blackberrying without getting scratched; and then Joe bent all the tall branches down, to let the girls pick the berries, though somehow Lena always got the finest.

About noon they returned, very tired, very hot, but exceedingly proud of the large quantity gathered; and then there were blackberry puddings, and blackberry pies, and no end of making jam for two or three days afterwards.

Summer, with all its joy, was at length over, and when the golden autumn came, Lena and her mother took an affectionate farewell of their kind friends, and started for home, loaded with
good things; among these were a number of apples from Uncle John’s favourite tree, but which, he declared, were not half so red as the rosy cheeks little Lena would take home to her father.

A LITTLE CHILD AT PRAYER.
I saw a little child kneel down to pray, And these were the words I heard it say:

“Lord, hear the prayer of a little child, Who by nature’s sinful, rude and wild, Make me gentle, pure and mild.

“Guard my footsteps all the day; Teach me to tread the heavenly way; And when at night I seek my bed, May angels sweet their vigils keep Around my head!”

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O U R  L I B R A R Y  T A B L E.

THE SAYINGS OF LABIENUS: ON THE LIFE OF CAESAR BY NAPOLEON III. By M. Rogeard.—[Of all the literary criticisms which have budded under the sun of the French empire, none has attained the height of the Sayings of Labienus (Les Propos de Labienus), Mr. Rogeard has transported into the French language the elegance of Cicero and the conciseness of Tacitus; he has, nevertheless, been very wrong in adding one more demonstration to that truth so often proved, that the height of intellect and talent are not measurable by the height of the several positions of an author. He has humiliated his imperial antagonist, and should have expected what has happened to him. Why “discuss with him who has thirty legions? In a country which is not free, one should avoid meddling with contemporaneous history; and criticism as to such matters is impossible.” Poor Mr. Rogeard has experienced the extreme justice of his previsions; having been condemned to prison and to several hundreds of francs fine, for possessing more mind and taste than his betters. I hope that the free public will absolve him and read his work, as the finest specimen of literary criticism which France has produced for years.—TRANS.]

What followed took place in the year VII., after J. C., the thirty-first year of the reign of Augustus, seven years before his death. The principality had full sway, the people had a master. Slowly escaping from that vapour of blood which had reddened its rising, the star of Julius at length cast a soft light upon the silent forum. It was a fine moment! The wards were quiet, and laws were mute; no more word comitia, or assemblies of hundreds, took place, no more rogations, no more provocations, no more secessions, no more plebiscitum, no more elections, no more disorder; there was no republican army any longer, nulla publica arma. Roman peace was everywhere, gained by the Romans: a single tribune reigned—Augustus; a single army stood—the army of Augustus; a single will prevailed—his; there was a single consul—himselt; a single censor—himselt also; a single praetor—himselt; he was everywhere (1). Proscribed eloquence died away under the shadows of the schools; literature expired under the protection of Macro (2). Titus Livius ceased to write; Labon ceased to speak; Cicero’s readings were forbidden; society was saved (3). As for glory, that was abundant, as it should be in an empire which respects itself; there had been fighting about in all directions; the people of the north and south, on the right and on the left, had received an all-sufficient whipping; there were plenty of names to post up at the corners of streets, and on the triumphal arches; there were vanquished nations to be chained in basse reliqua; there were the Dalmatians, the Cantabrians, and the Aquitanians, and the Pannonians; the Illyrians, the Rheians, the Vindelians, the Salassians, and the Dacieans, the Ubians, the Sicambrians, and the Parthians, whom Caesar dreamed of conquering; without counting the Romans of the civil wars, over whom Augustus had had the audacity to triumph, but on horseback only, through modesty. The emperor had even led the command in one of these wars, and been wounded (4), which is the height of glory for a great nation.

Nevertheless, sesterces rained down upon the plebeians; the prince multiplied his distributions. You would have said it cost him nothing. He distributed all the time, and everywhere. He was so kind that he even gave to

(1) A clear allusion to Napoleon III., who concentrates all passions in himself, and might call himself the only Frenchman.

(2) An allusion to Michelet and Quinet, and other professors whose public courses were suppressed.

(3) An allusion to the expeditions to the Crimea, Italy, China, Cochin China, and Mexico, as well as to the revolt of the three days and the massacre of the second December.

(4) An allusion to Magenta.
little children under eleven (5), which is contrary to law. It is a fine time to violate the law, when you are better than it is.

(6) The only difficulty was where to choose. There were theatrical games, gladiators' games, games, Saint Cloud, and Fontainebleau, games in the circus, games in the comitia, nautical games, and Trojan games, without counting the races, huntings, and athletic wrestling, all of which did not prevent there being exhibitions of rhinoceroses, tigers, and serpents fifty yards long. Never had the Roman nation had so fine a time. Let us add that the prince frequently reviewed the horsemanship himself, and that he loved often to renew the spectacle of de-filing (7), a majestic, if not a varied one, which it would be unjust to fail to enumerate among the pleasures he afforded to the masters of the world. As for himself, his pleasures were simple; and, unless it should be that he gave a little too often the legitimate place of Scribonia or Livia, either to Drusula, or Tertulla, or Terentulla, or Rufulla, or to Salvia Titiscenia, or to others; and that he had the bad taste, when famine was everywhere, to banquet too joyously, disguised as a god, with eleven of his jolly companions, likewise deified (8); and that he was too ardently devoted to fine furniture and beautiful Corinthian vases, so as even sometimes to kill the owner to get the vase; and that he was fond of gambling and shaking of dice; and that he was still a little given to his uncle's vices * * * * except these and some other little things, which are hardly worth mentioning, Suetonius assures us that the rest of his time was passed in a very regular and irreproachable manner. Thus this Julian era was a very happy period, and the age of Augustus was a great age, and it is not without reason that Virgil, who was rather held off at first, and indemnified for it afterwards, claims that the reign of Saturn had come again.

There were some shadows in the picture, to be sure. There had been about ten conspiracies or so (9), and as many seditions; that spoils a reign; and there were the republicans coming up again. The most that could be, had been killed, at Pharsalia, at Thapsus, at Munda, at Philippi, at Actium, at Alexandria, and in Sicily; for Roman liberty is tough, and no less than seven butcheries of the mass, and seven slaughters, had been necessary to disable it

(5) An allusion to the orphan asylum of the Imperial Prince, and other benevolent societies, under the exclusive patronage of the Empress and the Imperial Prince.

(6) An allusion to the great number of new theatres opened, under the reign of Napoleon III.

(7) Napoleon, at the beginning of his reign, constantly reviewed the cavalry troops, accompanied by his wife.

(8) An allusion to the scandalous orgies at Con- piagara, Saint Cloud, and Fontainebleau, as well as to certain private parties at the Tuileries.

(9) An allusion to Orsini's attempt to assassinate

(10) Legions seemed to spring from the earth at the call of Pompey. These republicans, then, had been conscientiously killed; but how many of them? Three hundred thousand, perhaps, at most; that was pretty fair, but not quite enough; there were still some of them about. Hence some little drawbacks in the great man's life. In the senate, he was obliged to wear a cuirass and a sword under his robe, which are disagreeable, especially in a warm climate (11); and was obliged to surround himself by ten robust fellows, whom he called his friends, but who were nevertheless unpleasant companions (12).

There were also three cohorts, who dragged their clanking swords after him, in that same city, where sixty years before not so much as a little life could be brought; this might make one doubt the popularity of the father of the country a little. There was Agrippa, too (13), who was demolishing rather too much; but a fine marble tomb must, of course, be made for the great nation that desired to die (14). There was besides, the prefect of Lyons, Licinius, who drained his province somewhat too much; he did not know how to fleece the sheep without making it bleat; he was an ignorant rough administrator, who satisfied himself with taking money where it was to be found, that is, in people's pockets, proceeding without ceremony, and wanting genius in execution; it was he who took it into his head to add two months to the almanac, in order to have the monthly tax paid twice in his good city. As for the rest, it must be admitted that he shared honestly with his master the product of his administration.

The good people of Lyons not knowing how to shake this leech off their skin, had the simplicity to appeal to Caesar to recall their prefect—who kept his place.

There was, besides, a certain expedition to a distance, which was not exactly the thing to take airs about. The unfortunate Varus (15) had been whipped like a simpleton, with three legions, down there, beyond the Rhine, in the Sarmatian forest. This looked badly. War is like all good things, there is such a thing as having too much of it. It has the merit of being an absorbing spectacle; the most powerful of all diversions, I grant you; but it is a resource which must be economized. We should not play this terrible and insolent game too easily, it may turn against him who plays it; and when

the Emperor, to that at the Champs Elysées, at the Comic Opera, at Marseilles, and many others.

(10) An allusion to the Italian, Hungarian, and Polish uprisings.

(11) An allusion to the coat-of-mail, given by the Empress and worn by the Emperor, as well as to his body-guard.

(12) An allusion to the Imperial Guard.

(13) An allusion to Prefect Hausman.

(14) Probably an allusion to the government of Algiers, under Randon and Pelissier.

(15) An allusion to the defeat of General Lauroy in Mexico.
a man is a “saviour” (16), it is hardly becoming to send the people he has saved to be butchered. This may be made an objection; but who thought of such a thing? about twenty thousand mothers, and what is that in a great empire? It is well known that glory does not give her favours, and Rome was rich enough in blood and money to pay for them. Augustus merely run his head against a post and made a prosopopoeia, which for the matter has become classic (17).

There was Lollius, too, who had lost an eagle; it could be done without; and, as for finances, a new era was about opening; great administration was invented; the world was to be administered. The monster empire, with a hundred million hands and one stomach, unity, was founded! I will work with your hands, and you shall digest with my stomach; that is a clear matter, and Memmius was right; the opinion of the peasant of the Danube is no business of mine (18).

If this system led to some abuses; if from time to time there was a famine or so, that was but a cloud in the light of universal joy, a discordant note lost in the concert of public gratitude; and all these little misfortunes that peradventure ruffle the surface of the empire, were, sooth to say, but merry contrasts and frequent diversions kept for a happy nation by its good fortune, in order that it might rest from its happiness and have time to breathe. It was like the seasoning of the feast; just enough to break the monotony of success, temper jubilation, and prevent satiety. They were choking with prosperity; there are benefits which overwhelm and joys that kill.

Who, then, in this golden age, who could complain? Tacitus said, seven years later, when Augustus died, that there remained but few citizens who had seen the republic; still fewer remained of those who had served it; they had been carried off in the civil wars, or by outlawry, or by summary executions, or by assassination, or by prison, or by exile, or by poverty, or by despair. Time had done the rest. There remained some vexed spirits, some morose old men; and as for those who had been born since Actium, they had come into the world with a picture of the emperor in their eyeball (19), and they did not see any the better for that; there was reason to hope that they would be at least disposed to find the new appearance of things satisfactory, and even the most satisfactory of all, as they had never seen any other. Thus the bulk of the people of Remus (20) was content, and everything was for the best in the best of empires.

At this period lived Labienus. Do you know Labienus? He was a strange man, with an odd disposition. Just imagine, that he persisted in remaining a citizen in a city where there were no longer anything but subjects. Can one fancy such a thing? Cives romanus sum, said he; and you could not get him away from that idea. He wished, like Cicero, to die free in his free country; could anything be more utterly preposterous? A citizen and a free man: what a fool! undoubtedly he said that—as Polybius at a later day: I am a Christian!—without so much as knowing what he did say. The truth is, that his poor mind was wandering; he had a dangerous affection of the brain; at least, that was the opinion of the physician of Augustus, the celebrated Antonius, who called this species of madness an arguing monomania, and who had ordered the patient to be treated by imprisonment. Labienus did not take the remedy; so he was not cured, as you will see, when I shall have made you better acquainted with him.

(21). Titus Labienus bore a name honoured already doubly by good citizens. The first Labienus, Cesar’s lieutenant, had left him at the time when the Rubicon was passed, in order not to be an accomplice of his outrage; the second had served the Parthians better than the triumvirs; our hero was the third. A line of Seneca, the rhetor, already suffices to give us a glimpse of this majestic personage; for we find there the haughty words of Labienus: “I know that what I write can only be read after my death.” An orator and a historian of the highest order, having attained glory through a thousand obstacles, it was said of him that he had wrested admiration away, rather than obtained it. He then wrote a history, some pages of which he occasionally read within closed doors, to try friends. It was on account of this history that the condemnation of books to the flames was put into force for the first time, on motion of a senator, who became himself a sufferer, a little while after, by the penalty he had invented: and Labienus was thus the first in Rome who had the honour of an incendiary senatus-consulatum. This is what Mr. Egger judiciously calls “the new difficulties which the imperial régime caused to arise in history.” The poor scorched historian, not being able to survive his work, went to shut himself up in the tomb of his ancestors, to emerge no more. He thought his work had perished, but it was not so. Cassius knew it by heart, and Cassius, protected by exile, was, as he said himself, a living edition of his friend’s book, an edition which was not to be burned. Without doubt the book of Labienus was as insane as his life. A burned book: what a trifling matter! is that anything

(16). An allusion to the rôle of saviour, assumed by Napoleon, after the coup d’État, when he declared himself the “saviour of society about to perish.”

(17). “Empire is peace.” (Napoleon III.)

(18). It is impossible to better impersonate the present political system in France, and its so-vanished centralisation.

(19). An allusion to the present French generation.

(20). Probably an allusion to Romire.

(21). Everything seems to indicate that this is an allusion to Victor Hugo, whose father was a republican general under Bonaparte.
to kill oneself about? The Senate did not wish the death of the guilty man, but merely to give him a warning; it was needful to profit by it; but this man took everything in the wrong way, and always heard a thing backwards, when he heard it at all. He was well worthy of figuring in the long file of state suicides which had begun to form, and among all those heroic simpletons, those absolute and systematic opposers, insane and absurd, who made their very death an act of opposition, and imagined that, by opening their veins, they played the emperor a trick. Some even killed themselves solely to spite the prince, who laughed under his moustache, and was all the more convinced of the excellence of his policy, when he saw his work doing itself. Labienus was a man of this kind; you see he was an idiot; such was the man whose Sayings we wish to tell you, and you will see in those sayings, as in his life and death, that he was always the same, that is to say, incorrigible. He was a man of the old party, since the republic had gone by; a reactionary, since the republic was a thing of the past; one of the old régime, since the government of laws was the former régime; in a word, he was an old fogey (22). He was one of those quarrel-some men who must tremble under a strong government, in order that peaceable men should be secure, and that society, shaken to its foundation, should be able to rest again upon its basis. This is not all: Labienus was ungrateful. In the very midst of Caesarism, in the full tide of glory, amid that over-abundance of felicity and that vast festival of humankind he ignored the benefactions scattered with open hand by the second founder of Rome, the peace-maker of the world. He cherished, at the same time, the inimical passions and blind folly which make dangerous men and bad citizens. But you do not know him. His passion wanted air and space in the suffocation of the principality. Being able no longer to speak, write, act or move, he passed whole hours upon the Sublicius bridge, looking at the flow of the Tiber, motionless and mute, but with flashing eyes and threatening gesture, his bosom swelling with the spirit of former days; like a statue of Mars the avenger, like a petrified tribune. "It is sweet to sleep," said Michael Angelo, "or to be of stone, so long as shame and misery endure." Labienus did not sleep, but he was of stone, harder than the rock of the capitol (immobile saxum). Tyranny had no hold upon him, the empire could not clutch at him; he was a Roman of the old rock, which nothing could break. Alone, standing, like Coles, between an army and a precipice, he defied both; he defied Augustus and smiled upon death. In all this there was something good, if you will; but, at the same time, what a detestable disposition! what a surly turn of mind! Octavius in vain struck off a superb medal, with the three interlaced hands of the triumvirate and this sublime inscription: "The salvation of humanity." Even this displeased him; he asserted that he had been saved in spite of himself, and he quoted the line of Horace: "When thus to be preserved is not my wish or will. The saviour an assassin is, who thus preserves us still."

The old Labienus was one of those who had seen the republic; he had the folly to remember it; there lay the evil. He now saw a great reign, and he was not satisfied. There are people who never are so. He always thought himself on the day after Pharsalia, forty years of glory put his eyes out with their lustre, but without opening them; he looked like a man in a bad dream, and reality was only an infernal vision to him. He was a simpleton in his astonishment; he would not believe what had happened. Epimenides (who slept a hundred years*), when he awoke, was less astonished. Sad in the midst of universal joy, sombre at the Roman orgies, like the two philosophers in Cudorc's picture, he was there and seemed to live elsewhere: he was a death's-head at the feast. You might have thought him a corpse escaped from the tombs at Philippi, an inquisitive spectator who had come to look on. Sometimes a friend pitted him; he pitied his friend. Most often, all alone, he gloomed in his own corner; he looked at the empire passing. It was not possible to make such a man listen to reason. He belonged to another age, and was an exile in the new one; he had the home-sickness of the past; he had learned nothing and forgotten nothing; he comprehended nothing in the present epoch; he had all the prejudices of Brutus; he was infested with Greek opinions which had not been fashionable in Rome for some time past. He looked as old as the Twelve Tables; he still thought as people thought in the time of Fabricius and the long-haired Camillus. And what fantastic ideas and incredible manias; especially one very singular, inexplicable taste: he loved liberty! It is clear that T. Labienus had not come to love liberty! Do you understand that? It was a retrograde opinion, since liberty was a thing of old. The new men loved the new régime. He did not understand nicety of shades, nor had he the idea of time, or the comprehension of transition. Time had gone on, ideas also; he remained as firmly planted as a goal: he still believed in justice, in the law, in science and in conscience; he was clearly in his dotage. He talked of the party of honest men, like Cicero; he talked of the senate, of tribunes, of the comitia, and did not see that all these had melted away, like snow, into an immense sink, and that he was almost alone upon the outside. He still counted years by the consulate; for Augustus had left the name, in order that the thing might be believed in, and he hoped to resuscitate the thing by preserving the name. He prepared discourses to the people, as if there was a people; he in-

* The classic Epimenides scarcely slept so long; his trance endured fifty-seven years.—En.
Come! come! I know that you have been in a rage for thirty years, and that you have not laughed once since the triumvirate ceased to be; but here is my news: the Memoirs of Augustus have just appeared."

"Since when have murderers taken to writing books?"

"Since honest men have taken to making emperors."

"Alas!"

"You will not read these memoirs, then, dear Titus?"

"I shall read them: I shall read them, Galli-..."

"And you will reply to them, criticise them, write an anti-Caesarian, as Caesar has written an anti-Cato."

"No, Galli..."

"You do not wish to enlighten the public, then?"

"I do not wish to aid in deceiving them..."

"But it is promised that criticism is to be free; tyranny is to give literature a week's freedom."

"They can give but a false liberty, a liberty of December..."

"I am ill, if the empire is well."

"Well! everyone knows that you are always in a bad humour; but I have news for you."

"There is nothing that can be news to me if Augustus still reigns."

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(23) Probably Edmond About, or Provost Paradot. (24) An allusion to the coup d'état of the 2nd December, and to the promises of liberty as held out by Napoleon III., as the crowning of the edifice. (25) An allusion to the words of Octavius, so foolishly glorified by history: "Augustus no longer remembers the injuries done to Octavius."
his head to write history? A historian-king should begin by abdicating. He has not done so; it is a bad sign! I have read passages of it. He justifies outlawry and apologizes for usurpation. It must be so. And you, Galli- onus, wish me to criticize this work of falsehood and ignorance, clad in the approbation of two thousand centurions, and recommended to the reader, by veterans. Criticism! It is siege you would have. You do not see, my good Gallionus, that this is one of the best tricks that the son of the banker (26) has played the sons of the she-wolf, who, alas! unlike their ancestress, do not know how to bite. Ah! Gallionus, we are degenerate, we are Romans of the decline, fallen from Caesar to Augustus, thrown from Charybdis against Scylla; from strength to trickery, from the uncle to the nephew! Pah! No, I will not fall in this literary trap, nor be caught in the hole; nor will I cause others to fall into it; no, I will not write on the Memoirs of Augustus. The silence of the people is the lesson of kings. Labienus will teach it to Augustus.

"Be at ease, too; if you want criticism on this little morsel of imperial literature, if you want cunning appreciation, you will have it; if you want learned dissertation, it will rain down; if you want ingenious and frequent observations, reviews full of novelty, elegant and courteous discussion sustained in an exquisite strain by men belonging to the best society, you will have it; if you want controversy on its knees and rhetorical flat on its stomach, and epigrams thrown off, the point of which ticks instead of wounding, and bites which are caresses, and bitter reproaches which are pleasing, and adorably-graceful little lines slipped in under the guise of severe judgment, and pretty little words of the most charming description, delicately enveloped in the garb of a ferocious and warlike sentence, and bouquets of flowers of rhetoric, and waves of mellifluous eloquence, and arguments offered up or flung, and objects presented on a silver waiter, like a letter brought by a servant; nothing of all this will be wanting, my gay Gallionus. We shall see the muses of the state go through a dance, and Mucenus will lead the ballet. The chaste sisters have quitted Pindus for Mount Palatine, and Apollo belongs to the police. So Augustus is certain of his public, readers, judges, critics, imitators and commentators; he will find people for this work. Those who have made Virgil great, can make Aristarchus so; he needs them, he will have them!

(27) "All literature is merry-making ready. Varus is weeping with joy, Flavius is happy. Aristarchus is preparing his tablets; Haterius will lecture, and Tarpar will declaim. Pompellus Macer declares that it is a glad day for morality, and orders three luxuriously-bound copies, for the three public libraries which he has just organized; Fenestella will add a volume to his literary history; Metullus, who writes the prince’s speeches so beautifully, will enumerate the oratorical beauties of his book; and Verruis, the grammarian, will name over its grammatical beauties; Marathus, the historiographer, will give an analysis in his court-journal, and Athenardus, the protégé of Octavius, will draw up a paraphrase for the use of ladies, and little explanatory notes suited to princesses. I have mentioned ten men, but I know a thousand; all these people will defile before the Emperor, shouting aloud, like knights at parade: he, however, will assume an attitude full of modesty and majesty; his gesture will say: Enough! his smile will say: Once more and the crowd will split its throat anew. As he had the populace of the Seven Hills to applaud his act, so he will have to praise his book, the populace of authors; applause is certain, but it can only come from one side; it is even rather a funny consequence of his unique literary situation. The unfortunate man did not perhaps foresee it, but what do I care? he will succeed by order; that is hard, but I cannot help it. All-powerfulness is inconvenient to an author; the death of the crowned writer is not all roses. The situation is hard to bear, and Virgil would have lost his Latin in such a quandary. But a man must bear the laws he makes, and when shame is poured out, it must be quaffed down. Pay attention, my dear Gallionus; the holiday is about to commence, it will be noisy and crowded; the musicians are already in their places, tuning their instruments and playing the prelude to the concert; listen and look, if it suits your taste; I confess that the spectacle will be very entertaining to those who are still able to laugh.

(28) "I know that the work will comprise the last civil war, and even the last year of the reign of Julius Caesar. In good faith, my dear Gallionus, can you look at a thing so serious? Augustus publishing (29) a book upon the revolution he caused! What ought to be said, think you, of a criminal who would publish an apology for his crime? To my mind, he commits a second outrage, more difficult, it is true, than the first (for it is easier to commit a crime than to justify it); but this second outrage, if more difficult to accomplish, is as guilty and more hurtful, for the victims are more numerous, and the consequences more enduring. The first attacks the life of men, the other their conscience; the one kills the body, the other the mind; the one oppresses the present, the other the future. It is the coup d’etat of morality, the creation of disorder, systematized injustice, the organization"
of evil, the promulgation of no rights, the outlawry of truth, the definitive defeat of public reason, the general rout of ideas, an intellectual battle of Actium. It is the true capping of an edifice of rascality and infamy, and the only one possible. The Book of Augustus is his life raised up to an example; he is an innocent, his will made into formula as law; it is the code of malefactors, the bible of probates; and it is this book that you would attempt to criticise publicly, under the régime of his good pleasure! you would make literary opposition to Augustus? What folly! Criticism of Octavius? What a sorry joke! He made no criticism of Cato; he killed him! What! the miserable wretch who assassinates you, preaches a sermon to you upon assassination! and, before despaching you, asks your opinion as to his little composition, your sincere opinion, as to its matter and form; your political and literary opinion; for he is an artist and a good fellow, and he wishes your opinion of his works; and you give it him, and, with a knife across your throat, you will con-fabulate with the executioner! Gallionius, my friend, you cannot mean it!

"What could you say of Verras (30) writing a book upon property? Would you discuss with him? Are the Memoirs of Octavius anything better? Are they not the theory of usurpation, written by an usurper? They are a school for conspiracy, opened by an unpunished conspirator."

(31) "The author can, after all, only tell what he knows! he knows how to pilage a city, how to cut the throats of the senate, how to break open a treasure in a temple and rob Jupiter; he knows how to make false keys, false oaths, and false wills; he knows how to lie in the Forum and at the Curia, how to corrupt the electors, or do without them; how to kill his wounded colleagues, as at Modena; how to outlaw a mass of men at once, and how to play other princely games; he knows how, according to the method of the first Caesar, to borrow from some to lend to others, and make himself friends on both sides; he knows how, with a vigorous bound, to cross all barriers and all Rubicons; then, with a last leap, raising himself above divine and human laws, make the supreme effort, and, cutting a caper, come down a king. He knows how to do all this, but he does not know a word of history, nor of politics, nor morals, unless it is great morality, that is to say, the morals of the great, such as were taught in his family. There is nothing then in his book that one needs to know, and a profusion of what it is dangerous to learn. He is fond of old sayings, old coins and old armour, but not the old morals. Would you discuss with him on points of grammar, archaeology or numismatics? Fool! would you do him that honour? You see that would be falling into his trap, and playing his game. People like him feel themselves to be, do what they may, under the ban of society; they have left it violently through a crime, they wish to regain it stealthily by trickery (32). They have but one ambition, to insinuate themselves among decent people. To do this, they assume every disguise; they go about everywhere, seeking for their poor lost honour; they are seen crowned beggars, asking for esteem from door to door; it is the only alms that cannot be given them. Augustus is at this pass; this quaffer of blood has but one thirst, that for praise; this thief of the empire of the world can steal but one thing more: his rehabilitation. But he attempts what is impossible. The powerless and desperate effort in which he makes to save the payments of his wrecked reputation, the supreme effort to hang his honour to a last bough about to break—these last struggles of Cæsar against opinions which crush him—have I know not what about them, that is lugubrious yet comical, like the smile of the gladiator who would die gracefully. The book of Cæsar is like the toilet of the condemned, like the bow which the man about to be hanged makes to the crowd, as he goes to punishment. It is the coquetish display of his last day. Cæsar was so filthy, that the executioner would not have touched him; he has washed himself off a little, to embrace death. And he asks for readers! Readers of Cæsar! to what end? He dares, in a preface, to put questions to his reader; it is the licentious, which will reply (33)."

"While awaiting that reply, I will read the Memoirs of Augustus."

"And I," replied Labienus, "will read over again the Libels of Cæsius."

The Life-boat; or, Journal of the National Life-boat Institution. —The July number of the journal contains the commencement of a very interesting article on "Lights and Lighthouses," from the Phars of the ancient Greeks, erected by Ptolemy Philadephus, on an island of that name near the entrance to Alexandria, and which existed three hundred years before Christ, to the latest invented floating light, marking the shoals and sands upon our coast. A new life-boat has been placed by the Institution at North Deal; and at Tramore, and Ardmore in Ireland, and at Sunderland, and Holy Island in Northumberland, new

(30). A celebrated Roman extortioner.

(31). An allusion to the excesses committed by the soldiers, on the 2nd December, in Paris, and to the arrest and expatriation of the deputies, as well as to the stealing the funds in the bank of France, of those of the Caixa d'Espanol, and of the Hospices, to electoral corruption, to the assassination of General Cornemus in the Emperor's Cabinet, &c.

(32). An allusion to the Emperor's desire to fill a chair in the Academy of France, as his uncle did, in order to appear to be something in himself.

(33). The author could not have prophesied better; for he was himself condemned to five years' imprisonment, and five hundred francs fine.
boats of larger size, and of improved construction have replaced the boats hitherto in use at these stations. The expenses of these latter alterations have in each instance, save that of the Tramore boat (collected amongst the members of the Cambridge University Boat Club, (all honour to them for their humane generosity) and of the Sunderland life-boat from a fund collected for the purpose) been borne by benevolent individuals. Besides an article on the necessity of life-belts for merchant-seamen, and a short but comprehensive memoir of the late Admiral Fitzroy, F.R.S.; the usual special notices of the services of life-boats, and a summary of the meeting of the Committee appear. The first is replete as ever with tragic interest, and heroic deeds. It is all very well in the glorious open of a summer’s night, or by the ale-house fire at midwinter, when the wind blow high, for roystering landsmen to sing “Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,” but national egotism never inspired a falser notion. Far from ruling the waves, more British heads have succumbed to their power, more bones of British seamen stew the bottom of the “briny deep,” than those of any other nation; and neither improved charts, better ships, a more extensive acquaintance of navigation on the part of their commanders, nor our growing knowledge of the law of storms, appear to have reduced the numbers of shipwrecks in British waters, nor the dreadful loss of life entailed by them. Year after year the awful catalogue of disasters at sea rather increase than fall off, and the cry for more help, to aid in saving the perishing crews of storm-struck vessels driven on the dangerous rocks, and treacherous sands of the channel and seaboard, grows more important from the experienced benefit of such aid. Let us thank God that the benevolent and the wealthy are yearly becoming better acquainted with the great merits of this grand National Institution, and eager in assisting its means of help. Every report of the committee proves the growing interest taken by all classes of the community in the work the Institution is charged with. Quite a long list of Life-boats, the individual gifts of living men and women, to whom heaven has returned their charity a thousand fold, in the knowledge that their gifts have been the human means of saving many lives, and of preventing the sufferings of many households. Many others have remembered in their Wills the constant outgoings of the society’s funds, and have left large sums of money, or special bequests of boats to be built for the Institution; but the hold, this grandly conducted and noble scheme of relief has taken on the people’s hearts, is best seen from the fact that the Societies of Odd Fellows and Foresters have each subscribed amongst themselves, the cost of a Life-boat—and that the men employed at more than one factory have collected large sums for the same purpose. The time is at hand when dark winter nights, and stormy weather, will make these boats the harbingers of life to many a despairing fellow creature, who, but for them, must (seeing that heaven helps us through ourselves) have cried in vain—“Lord, help; or we perish!”

Donations and subscriptions thankfully received by all Bankers in the United Kingdom, and by the Secretary, Richard Lewis, Esq., at the Office of the Institution, 14, John Street, Adelphi.

C. A. W.

Creation, a Tradition of the Indians in British Columbia.—Captain C. E. Barrett Lenard, in his “Travels in British Columbia,” gives the following account of the opinion of the Indians in Columbia on creation: “The belief among the Northern Indians is first, that Yale (crow) made everything; that men possess a never-dying soul. The brave, who fall in battle, and those who are murdered, enjoy everlasting happiness in heaven; while those that die a natural death are condemned to dwell for ages among the branches of tall trees. The world was originally dark, shapeless, chaotic; the only living thing being Yale. For a long time he flew round and round the watery waste, until at length, growing weary of the intolerable solitude, he determined to populate the universe. He bade the waters recede, and the sun shine forth and dry the earth. The effect of this was to cause a dense mist to arise: out of this mist he created salmon, and put them into the lakes and rivers. Birds and beasts were afterwards created on land. After Yale had finished his work of creation, he made a survey of it, and found all creatures were satisfied with the universe in which they had been placed, with the exception of the lizard, who, having a stock of provisions laid up for winter use, and being moreover a great sleeper, preferred a request to be allowed for months’ winter. ‘Not so,’ replied Yale, ‘for the sake of the other animals there shall be but four snowy months.’ The lizard insisted on five, stretching forth at the same time his five digits; for in those days he had a hand like a man. The crow seized his hand, and, cutting off one finger, gave him to understand that the remaining number should indicate the months of the seasons, four rainy, four snowy, and four summer. The crow finding, as winter came on, that he had no house to shelter him, or to store the salmon he had prepared for winter use, made two men build houses. He then taught them how to make ropes out of the bark of trees, and to dry salmon. After a time, feeling the want of a helpmate, the crow began to look out for a wife. His first choice fell upon a salmon.”
THE LADIES' PAGE.

TREFOIL D'OYLEY IN CROCHET.

MATERIALS.—Boar's Head crochet cotton of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., Derby, No. 18.

Trefoil Pattern.—7 c join in a round, × 2 d in the round; 7 c; s in the 5th from the hook; turn (5c, 1 d, 6c, 1 d, 5c, 1 d) all in the loop; turn (4 d, 2 c, 4 d.) in each of the 3 loops; 3 s down the stem; 1 d in the round; repeat from the × 3 times more, joining the 2 c of the 1st division of the leaf you are making, to the 2 c of the 3rd division of the leaf, and the 2 c of the 3rd division of the 4th leaf to the 2 c of the 1st division of the 1st leaf, and joining the first and last d in the round; fasten off.

Diamond Pattern.—First diamond, 9 c join in a round. First round. 16 d, join the first and last d.

Second round. × 4 d on 4 d of the last round; 10 c, 1 d on the same d as the 4th d; repeat 3 times more from the ×; join the first and last d.

Third round. × 2 d on the 3rd and 4th of the 5 d's of last round; miss 1 (7 d, 2 c, 7 d,) in the loop of 10 c; miss 1; 1 d on the 2nd of the next 5 d's of last round; repeat three times more from the ×; join the first and last d.

Fourth round. × 1 s on the 2nd of 3 d's of last round, 2 c; miss 2; 1 s on the 3rd; 3 c; miss 1; 1 s on the 2nd; 3 c; miss 1; 1 s in the 2 c at the point, 4 c; 1 s in the same 2 c; × ×, 3 c, miss 1; 1 s on the 2nd; repeat twice more from the × ×, 2 c; miss 2; repeat 3 times more from the ×; fasten off with 1 s on the 1 s at the beginning of the round.

Work the second diamond like the first, joining the 2nd point to the 4th point of the first, and to the centre of one of the trefoils join the 3rd point to the centre of the 2nd trefoil; and to the centre of one of a 2nd set of trefoils, join the 4th point to the centre of the 2nd trefoil of the 2nd set.

Join the third diamond in the same manner, using a 3rd set of trefoils.

Join the 3rd point of the fourth diamond to 4th point of the 3rd, and the 4th point to the centre of the 3rd trefoil of the 3rd set. Join the 2nd point of the first diamond of the 2nd row to the 4th point of the 4th diamond of the 1st row. Join the 3rd point to the centre of the 4th trefoil of the 3rd set, and to the centre of a trefoil of the 4th set. Join the 1st point of the next diamond to the 3rd of last; and the 2nd point to the centre of the 1st trefoil of the 3rd set; and the 3rd point to the centre of the 4th trefoil of the 2nd set; and to the centre of the 1st of the 5th set; and the 4th point to the centre of the 4th trefoil of the 4th set. Join the 3rd diamond in the same manner, using a 6th set of trefoils. Join the 2nd point of the 4th diamond to the 2nd trefoil of the 6th set; the 3rd point to the centre of the 1st trefoil of the same set. Join the 3rd row of diamonds in the same manner as the 2nd row, and make the 4th row correspond with the first. Begin joining the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th rows at the top of the D'Oyley.

If preferred, the patterns may be worked separately, and joined afterwards with a needle and thread.

INVISIBLE HAIR-NETS.

As there are still many ladies who value the comfort and convenience of the hair-net, and who are desirous of retaining it as long as fashion permits, we are very happy to comply with the wish of a subscriber, and give instructions for making the newest that has appeared, which is the one that bears the name of the "Invisible Hair-Net." As its title implies, this net is scarcely distinguishable when worn upon the hair, as it matches it in colour, and is also remarkably fine and clear, the meshes being open. The silk used is much finer than the finest netting silk, and is strong, being a sort of raw silk. Commence by making twenty loops on a mesh one-third of an inch wide, and net as many rows, thus forming a perfect square, then gather up a little portion of the centre of this square, tie it round and attach it to the string of the netting stirrup, and then continue to net all round the edge of the square until the desired size has been reached. This size must be regulated according to the convenience of the proposed wearer, and this must depend upon the quantity of hair which it is intended to confine. When completed, an elastic must be passed through the last row of loops; the net must be moistened with a little weak gum-water, stretched over a dinner-plate, and left to dry. These invisible hair-nets are the best that have been introduced, and are, in fact, the only kind now worn.
THE TOILET.

(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—COUNTRY TOILETS.—Silk dress, with a double skirt. The body forms in front a jacket, sloping off at the sides, so as to leave the hips uncovered. The outer garment is a short paletot of faille silk. Tulle bonnet small, and in the empire shape. It is encircled by a wreath of periwinkle flowers; inside, the periwinkles are repeated. Square veil of tulle illusion thrown behind. Collar and undersleeves with linen bands.

SECOND FIGURE.—Dress of toile de l'Inde, ornamented at the bottom by rows of ribbon plaits set on in a trellis pattern; rows of the same trimming are laid on the seams. Body open in front, with lapels bordered by a No. 4 plaited ribbon. Sleeves half-tight. Hat in the gipsy Watteau style, with flat brims, turned downwards, and bordered with black velvet. Blue veil fastened at the side, by a swallow. Muslin under-skirt, with plaits frill. Collar and under-sleeves with linen bands. Yack lace shawl.

Visiting toilets:—Black-silk dress, double skirt, bordered with a violet trimming, ornamented with black pearls, the upper skirt looped so as to show the under one. Body long with square skirts, cut up at the sides, and behind, so as to form four lappets. Close-fitting sleeves. Black crape bonnet, trimmed with flowers to match the coloured ornament on the dress. Long black tulle veil falling behind. Valenciennes collar and under-sleeves.

A second model:—Dress of sky-blue satin, with satin bands wove in the stuff. Body with long lappets cut square at the bottom: Ceinture with three steel buckles in front, and buttons of the same metal on the body. Rice-straw hat with a blue feather laid round the crown; long blue veil hanging loose.

For seaside, and country toilets, we have robes des fantastie, innumerable. Dresses of two colours, and often two materials, are quite a rage; and the double skirts sometimes give occasion for very trenchant contrasts. I have just seen a toilet, composed of a first skirt of Mexican blue foulard cut in dents at the bottom, each dent ornamented with a flat straw button: a fine torsade of straw, borders each dent. The second skirt is of mobair, of a light shade of Havana, ornamented with two rows of blue fringe, separated by a straw trimming; the buttons relieving the second skirt are blue.

The corsage is of Havana-coloured mobair, like the second skirt, and is made with a round waist; but upon it is placed a corslet of blue foulard to match the first skirt. This corslet is cut, both at top and bottom, into round dents, on each of which is placed a little flat straw button. The lower part of the corslet is prolonged on the haunches, and forms a small basque behind. A jockey of blue foulard ornaments the upper part of the Havana skirt. Over the corslet, one may wear a waist-band of the shade adapted to the second skirt, fastened with a buckle of matted gold. With this dress a little basque of faille silk is worn, and a toquet of black straw, ornamented with a white wing. Linen collar with turned-down corners, and waistbands of the under-sleeves to match.

A N S W E R S T O C O R R E S P O N D E N T S.

POETRY received, with thanks.—"The Hero of Virginia;" "Wait and Hope;"

PROSE received.—"Whitby Abbey;" "Mystic Trees;"
"Masks;" "Two Scenes in a Woman's Life;"
"Last Appearance of the Wandering Jew;"

DECLINED, with thanks.—"Black and Red;" "A Chamber of Horrors;" "Gone to the Dogs;"
"The Double Duel;" "Away from England;"

"Doves and Serpents;" "My Summer Vision" returned to author.

* * Books, Music, &c., for notice or review, must be forwarded by the 10th of the month, to appear in the following number.

All unaccepted MSS. will be returned on the receipt of stamps for the purpose.

London: Printed by Rogerson and Tatford, 240, Strand.
THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAP. V.

At Mrs. Candy's school, I had a favourite pupil, a little girl who displayed traces of strong natural talent, and a gifted sensibility. Mrs. Candy, indeed, once thought herself bound to apologise for the admission of Mary Thornmead into a seminary which she was most desirous should emulate Mnemosyne House in the gentility of its connexions.

"A manufacturer's daughter only," she said, deprecatingly; "very wealthy people, but of low origin—but I had high references; and just in the beginning, you know it won't do quite to refuse connexion. Mary is a very lady-like child, I must say, to come from such a stock. I believe her grandfather was a rag dealer, or something equally horrid. Ah! I wish I could afford to be as select as I desire; ah! dear me!"

I said I thought Miss Thornmead had more talent than all the other girls put together.

"Yes, my dear, and, as a teacher, perhaps I might prefer talent to birth; but as the principal of a ladies' school, I own I prefer family and genteel connexion to all beside."

But in spite of Mrs. Candy's opinion, I still liked Mary Thornmead better than all the stiff and stupid girls who comprised my pupils in this school.

The little girl was exceedingly mild and loving. One day, for the first time, I found her attention wandering. "Mary," I said, reprovingly; "this is not like you, to give so much trouble."

She coloured, and cast down her pretty eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle," she said; "but Russell, my brother, is coming to-day, to see me; and I am—oh! so glad, I could not sleep all last night for thinking of to-day. Oh I wish he was going to take me home."

"Russell?" smiling at her. "Oh, I suppose he is at school, also, near London."

"Russell at school! dear no; how odd! I never remember him at school; but he is so clever. He is a man, Mademoiselle, quite old, like you; that is, I mean—"

"Grown up, my love. Well that will do for to-day. See! you are the last on the list. Must I report you the worst?"

The tears filled the child's eyes. "I am so sorry."

"But we are all careless at times, dear child—grown-up people as well as little ones. So, Mary, we must omit your name this time from the black list; and if this great brother of yours desires to hear you play, I hope he will find you improved."

She was so delighted to find anybody to sympathise with her gladness, that with a sudden impulse she threw her arms round my neck and kissed me.

"Russell loves music so much," she said. "Oh, if he could only hear you play and sing!"

"There is no chance of that," I said, smiling. "So good-bye, little Mary; be a good child next lesson."

I went away; but Fate, designing that I should become acquainted with Mr. Russell Thornmead, put forth one of those stratagems which mortals call accident.

Mr. Candy, having had his house recently attempted by thieves, had purchased—not a respectable-looking creature, such as should only have been on duty at a young ladies' school, but an ill-conditioned brute of a bull-dog, who chose to consider every one not of the family who entered or issued from the house, as thieves and burglars, without respect to sex or appearance. Since the advent of this amiable animal, I usually had to enter and depart, under convoy of one of the teachers, or a servant; and now, forgetting the grim Cerberus, I went out alone, and before I had proceeded two yards down the gravel approach, he bolted out of some unseen lair, and seizing my dress by the skirts in his vicious jaws, he pinned me to the ground. I was always a terrible coward at the sight of ferocious dogs; I therefore put in practice directly the usual feminine resource of a scream, which only increased my tormentor's fury. He quitted my dress, and flew at my throat—protected, luckily, by a fur tippet, which the brute seized instead of my neck. At that minute, a young man who had just appeared at the gate dashed it open, and in a minute had hold of Cerberus by the skin of
his neck, tearing him off with only the loss of my tippet, which the dog clenched fiercely between his teeth, glaring meanwhile at his assailant, with evident intentions of doing great deeds when he could get his head at liberty.

"Hallo! some one come here," shouted my champion, lustily: and Mr. Candy, armed with a whip and followed by a train of teachers, pupils, and servants, came to the rescue. Nothing but the sight of his master could have restrained the dog's fury. Mr. Candy muzzled him, and led him howling to his kennel.

As for me, assuredly I had not betrayed a single symptom of a heroine. I was very pale, extremely sick, and my limbs trembled so much, that, but for the sustaining power of shame, I should have fallen down. My champion had no sooner got rid of the dog, than he was again fettered. This time it was by the arms of little Mary Thornmead, who, coming along with the rest, had recognized and as suddenly embraced her brother.

"So, gently, little Poll," he said. "Is this the kind of cattle they keep at boarding-school? Surely you are not taught dog-fighting!"

Mrs. Candy, who was standing by, greatly shocked at this speech, began in some excitement to attempt an explanation; and Mary, blushing, yet unable to resist laughing at her brother's uncouth ways, begged Mrs. Candy to excuse him.

"Tut, Poll! never excuse me. But this young lady, she is terribly frightened; no wonder, she's but a tender morsel for a brute like that. Are you compelled, madam, to keep such a wolf to guard your lambs?"

Mrs. Candy, disdaining to answer, was glad of an excuse to bustle about; and I was conducted to the house, where several restoratives were offered all at once. I accepted only a glass of water from Mary, and then declared I was well enough to start home. Mrs. Candy was distressed. "How was I to go home alone? Mr. Candy had visitors, parish people; or he would escort me it was the girl's tea-time."

"You need not be uneasy," said my preserver, who seemed very blunt and plain-spoken; "I shall see the young lady home; shall I procure a carriage for you?"

I smiled. "No, thank you; fortunately I have preserved the use of my limbs; but very sincerely I thank you. The consequences, unromantic as was the attack, might have been distressing."

"I know little about romance," said Mr. Thornmead; "but I do know that a bite from that brute might have scared a strong man, let alone a piece of ginger-bread like you!"

"Russell, for shame!" from his sister—"how rude!"

"My little Poll, has boarding-school taught thee to despise thy homely brother? The young lady will forgive me: I am but a boor, I believe."

And, notwithstanding my gratitude, I believe I coincided in this opinion; yet this Cymon, spite of a countrified look, had somewhat of a gallant bearing. He did not offer his arm, but walked by my side with a protecting air, as if determined, spite of my efforts to decline it, to afford his escort! first, though, he kissed his little sister.

"Good-bye, Poll; this is a short visit: I will come back to-morrow—and Poll, mother has sent thee a plum-cake as big as thyself. Good little lass, don't cry!"

But Polly did cry, thus to lose her brother at first seeing him. I had to comfort her, and then we started.

Mrs. Candy's house was not more than half a mile from Mr. Bevolvore's modest little mansion. During our walk Mr. Thornmead, spite of his rusticity, did not betray any awkward bashfulness. He changed the homely dialect in which he addressed his sister for a better accent, and language which, certainly devoid of all superfluities, was yet straightforward and sensible. His sister, of whom he seemed both proud and fond, was of course the mutual theme of discourse. Two strangers, meeting for the first time, perfectly ignorant of each other's circumstances or connexions, could not otherwise have conversed save on the most English topic, the weather.

"I hope little Polly has not been spoiled by a London boarding-school?" was his remark after he had inquired about her musical progress; for the little girl, it seemed, had contrived to tell him in what capacity I visited the establishment. "You see, Miss—I beg your pardon—I scarcely heard my sister when she told me your name."

"Montafoucon," I replied.

A shade passed over the young man's face. "A Foreigner!" he said, in a disappointed tone.

"I should have hardly thought so."

"No, not a Foreigner?"—"I became slightly embarrassed—"only a foreign name."

"Indeed! I am glad to hear it. I should be sorry not to think you an Englishwoman."

I bowed somewhat haughtily. At that moment I was Miss De Trevor Castlebrook, and this young man was an insatiable plebeian taking the liberty to form an opinion about my illustrious self! He went on, scarcely heeding my scornful manner: "I was about to observe, we ourselves are very plain folks; very plain—sprung from the people; I am not ashamed to own, from the very dregs of the people; and, Polly, I think, would have been best brought up at home, with some good gentlewoman for a governess; but mother got some grand notions in her head, as women will do when they are set on a lofty hill, forgetting sometimes to look back on the valley they climbed up from. 'No,' said mother, when we talked the matter over—us four, for you see Polly is an only daughter; and an only son—our girl may rise higher in the world than ourselves; let her have a good education to fit her for any condition in life."

Women, he said, "are always thinking of rich husbands—"I beg your pardon, but even our good, wise housemother speculates on such matters; so,
though father and I shook our heads, mother
got her own way, as wives and mothers mostly
do, if they are prudent women: but
she hurt herself the most, for Polly is the darling
of her heart and the very apple of her
eye. "After all, mother," said I, at the end of a
long discussion, "I have my doubts about
boarding-school education being good for
much—or education (as it goes now as least) at
all. What is your opinion, Miss Montafau-
coni?"

"I would almost rather not give one. I was
brought up entirely at school; yet I have, I own,
known girls to depart, anything but well edu-
cated."

"Ay, because the head is so well looked
after, and so crammed, that there is no room for
the heart to expand: but little Polly's heart is
big enough, poor child, and crammed full of
love for home."

I warmly responded to his view of his sister's
disposition, and told him how fondly Mary had
spoken of him. His face glowed with gratified
affection. "After all," he said, "the child has
had the good seed sown which always bears
fruit. She has learned at home to love her
God, and to try to do His will on earth. And
other lessons Polly has had, her good mother's
teaching: she can make a pudding or a basin of
broth as well as mother herself; and the very
linen I wear is of Polly's sewing. So I think
she may bear a little polishing—I won't say but
I might have been the better for a little more
myself; but you see Manchester folk are a
rough kind, and can't away with much fettle-
ing."

I stared, and he laughed outright. Perhaps
he thought to elicit a compliment; and, had he
known all that passed in my heart at that
minute, he would have found no bad one. I
thought that I had never heard Colonel Tarrag-
on utter such good thoughts, homely though
the language was, in which the speaker clothed
them. I thought this, and I was sorrowful at
the thought.

"If Polly resembles the young lady who
teaches her music," said my escort, with some
hesitation, "I shall be only too glad.""

"Sire," I answered gravely, "you can only
judge of me externally; and I must observe, I
never receive the compliments of a stranger!"

I was again Miss Castlebrook. He was not
much abashed.

"I ask your pardon; but you look like a
gentlewoman; and some people say that is a
distinction born with one, and not to be ac-
quired. Now, naturally, as we are of plebeian
race, we desire to seem of better blood than we
are. My father is now a rich man, his cotton
mills are like a small town, so extensive are the
premises and so many the hands we employ:
but my grandfather was only a rag-picker, and
made his money by collecting what we should
call in these times rubbish: but John Thorn-
mead was an honest man; and his son, my
father" (he took off his hat), "is one of God's
own gentlemen, and no patent of nobility can
make a man that! As for me, Miss Montafau-
coni, I am one who holds that the people have
their rights as well as the lords and princes of
this land; and I hope, one day, to have the
power of preaching such a doctrine to more
purpose than before a young lady."

I had not the smallest sympathy with such
views. I had taken but feeble interest in such
politics as I heard discussed at my father's din-
ner parties, and knew little more than that Mr.
Castlebrook advocated liberalism, and practised
in his own family absolute despotism; neither
had I given the matter one thought, except that
I had a general idea that the working classes
were, as a rule, ruffianly, imposing, ignorant
of lamentable degree, but yet to be kept un-
educated for the general safety of society.
When, therefore, I heard this young man de-
liber opinions so opposite to what I deemed
right, I confounded him with those I had uni-
formly heard vituperated by all classes of poli-
ticians, viz., Cobbett, Hunt, and men of that
stamp, who were then universally denounced by
most persons of intelligence and knowledge. Mr.
Benvolere himself, enlightened and liberal, was
a strong Tory in his politics. I somewhat shrank,
then, from Mr. Thornmead, who, on his part, was
not slow to perceive that he had given a bad im-
pression of himself.

We were now nearly arrived at my home, and,
before turning down the avenue of trees which led
to Mr. Benvolere's house, I stopped, and making
a formal curtsey, declined Mr. Thornmead's
further attention. "I am now," I said,
"close by my home; my friends would not be
pleased to see me with a stranger. Once more,
sir, I thank you for my preservation from that
fierce dog, and for this attention. I shall be
happy always to hear of your welfare from my
sweet friend and pupil, Mary, for whom I assure
you I have the greatest affection."

Mr. Thornmead, I fancy, was hardly prepared
for so stately a dismissal; but he took it in ex-
cellent part, and, adopting a more ceremonious
manner than he had hitherto assumed, he hoped
that no ill effects would proceed from my acci-
dent, and that at some future time he might
have the pleasure of meeting me again. Then
he lifted his hat, and, turning back in the direc-
tion of Mrs. Candy's house, he left me. Not
greatly prepossessed in his favour—an avowed
champion of the people, one, moreover, who
took the liberty of regarding me as a mere
young lady, incompetent to judge of his op-
inions—he was not likely to enlist either my feel-
ings or my prejudices. My thoughts, though,
scarcely rested on him a moment after his de-
parture. The comparison which had mentally
arisen between his religious feeling and the total
want of such principles, which I feared was only
too apparent in Colonel Tarragon, caused me to
pursue a vein of thought into which I had lately
fallen oftener than was good for me. I had been
away, now, seven months from my father's
roof—how was it all to end? Should I live all
my days a hireling, teaching, grinding into dull
ears, the mere primer of the art I loved so well?
Then came the thought of the dear old man, the lover of my lost mother’s own youth; and then rose, ever and again, above all things, that one engrossing image which, alas, too often came between my God and me—Vincent, dear, beloved of my soul! As I thought and wondered, the distant sound of a horse galloping aroused me, and, turning into the main road, I had to step hastily back, so closely upon me came the steed and his rider. My veil was up; it was but twilight. With an exclamation strangely like an oath, the horseman pulled up his steed suddenly, and, dismounting, with one hand he held the animal’s bridle, with the other he seized my arm. Our eyes met—it was Vincent Tarragon!

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**CHAP. VI.**

For an instant we were both speechless. On my own part a sensation belonging to a culprit hindered me from expressing the joy I felt at this unexpected meeting, joy indeed equal to my great embarrassment. Vincent was the first to break the spell of silence, cast seemingly over both.

“Great heaven! is this really my Isabella?”

“Rather, Colonel Tarragon, is it indeed you?”

“Colonel Tarragon My o v a l o v e, then you do not know—?”

“What?”

“That my brother is dead: I possess his title, poor fellow.”

“Is it possible?—apparently so full of health! You then are ‘my lord,’ but are you still to me, Vincent, only Vincent Tarragon?”

He caught me in his arms. “Can you ask so cruel a question?”

“I have lost right of you so long.”

“Was that my fault? Did I run away from you?” (I coloured). “But, Isabella, why do I meet you thus alone, at an hour when no woman of fashion or birth, is abroad unattended?”

“I am no woman of fashion, but one who works for her living; and till this minute I have not been unattended, Lord Tarragon.”

“You will certainly drive me mad. What on earth can you mean?” Suddenly—“Isabella, how beautiful you have grown! far more so than ever.”

“I dislike even your flattery. If I look well, it is, perhaps, because I am happier than when I lived at home.”

“Why did you not answer the advertisements which your family, and I myself, since my return to England, have inserted in the papers?”

“I am not in the way of seeing newspapers; and, besides, I did not wish to see them. It would have been unavailing. I did not desire to go back.”

“But how on earth do you exist? and—”

“I have told you—by work. But now, Vincent, let me at least congratulate you on being your own master: your means, I presume, are increased by your brother’s death. Am I to understand that now no obstacle prevents your fulfilling the engagement to which I at least have remained faithful, and for the sake of which I have, for a time, renounced my station and home?”

He was evasive. I knew and felt he was though, an instant before, I would have staked my life on his sincerity.

“My love! you do not doubt my eagerness; but my poor brother’s death has done little for me, beyond giving me expensive rank to keep up. However, the Regent has promised to do something for me, and—”

“The Regent! you, who spurned his very name!”

Lord Tarragon, as now I must call him, coloured. “Oh I of course,” he replied. “But on my brother’s death, a friend presented me to the Prince, who paid me so much attention that it was impossible—in short—he will be of use to me in my future career. He has really a noble, forgiving mind. He is, indeed, the finest gentleman of his day.”

“And the wickedest, I believe,” said I, curtly.

“But, Isabella. This is not satisfaction. Where do you reside?”

I regarded him fixedly. “Vincent, I answered, “your sister aided in driving me from my father’s roof. If you are still faithful to the professions you once made, I know not. I believe now that I erred in clandestinely accepting them; but I am still very young, and have had little experience in the world’s ways. If you repent our engagement, tell me so plainly, and go your way, while I pursue mine; if not, I confide in you, but I must receive your word of honour not to betray my residence to my family, till, at least, I give you the permission.”

He was as eloquent, in professions, as ever. Was I not his promised bride? It was but waiting a little longer. The confidence I honoured him with, should be as sacred as his own soul. He freely tendered his word of honour. How was I to know that his honour was already a thing so blurred and blotted, that a falsehood more or less, signified nothing to the man who had sold his sole possession, for the hope of titles and rewards?

I told him all—his sister’s ill usage, my despair, my flight, and finally demanded that this should be our last interview till he could freely and honourably claim me as his wife. If I had expected any opposition to this last clause of mine, I was mistaken: he acquiesced at once in my desire. Was I weak enough to greater that it seemed so easy to obey me?

We parted at last, not before I had pointed out the poor dwelling, which in my hour of need had been a holy refuge. His kiss was still on my lips when I entered Benvere’s house, with an aching head, and a heart still more pained.

I related my adventure with the dog, and Mr. Thornmead’s escort; but I was silent about my meeting with Lord Tarragon. I felt I could
not discuss the matter. Love had already taught me one thing foreign to my very nature—
dissimulation.
I made my fatigue an excuse for retiring at once to rest; but I was long before I could
sleep; and then fearful dreams oppressed me.
Lady Laura hung over me with threats; her
brother repudiated me. My father again taunted me. I woke the next morning unrefreshed, and
ill with the agitation of my nervous system;
and my pale face and heavy eyes attracted no-
tice, even from the unobservant Madame
Theresa.

"Dear! dear!" she said, "I am sure, my
love, you work too hard; even the holidays
bring no rest to you, because of the private
training. My sweet Isabella, my brother and
I often deplore that you are wasting the flower
of your days on two old useless people; and
now your health gives way. Holy Mary! what
is to be done?"

I assured the good lady that I was well, only
rather tired. I was glad to escape Madame
Theresa's scrutiny, for I wished to reflect,
though reflection brought no pleasure to me.
Something would whisper that in spite of
Vincent's protestations he was changed. I
could hardly point out to myself how he could
have acted differently; and yet I felt that he
ought. In short, I was bewildered with a chaos
of doubt, mingled with distracted suspicious
love.

"Yes," I said, at last, to myself. "You
desired neither more nor less than that he
should have proposed an immediate union;
and pray what would have become of your fine self
sacrifice to Benolere, that in your heart of
hearts you think so much of? Lord Tarragon, it
seems, is not rich enough to keep a wife: could
he give support to these aged friends of yours
moreover, would he? I could not
answer that last question; and I was angry be
cause I could not, to my own satisfaction, do
so. Again the thought of the future flashed
across me, and the feeling which of late had oc
curred to distress me, that I had sunk from my
proper station, came in to irritate and annoy
me. I was not, I fear, in a very placable mood;
few of us are, when we fancy we cannot dis
tinguish between right and wrong. I went in
the afternoon to Fulham, where I had some
pupils, and after I had walked a short time, I
became conscious some one was walking by
my side. I looked up nervously, and beheld
Russell Thornmead.

"You are in, what people call a brown study,
Mademoiselle Montafoncini," he said, with a
smile. I never felt so strongly inclined to be
rude, in all my life.

Yet there was something in those large clear
grey eyes and the open intelligent face, that one
was forced to respect, and very possibly might
come to like, on intimate acquaintance. That,
however, was the last thing in my thoughts. I
cast a side-glance at my companion as he
started some trivial subject about the weather,
or the topics usually selected when people do
read faces or dispositions, needs moulding only to be as great as I believe it is already good."

"I am indebted for your good opinion, though hardly conscious of deserving it."*

"My speech is free, young lady; but I am a good many years older than you are, and besides, am a plain, blunt person, who speaks out when he feels interested, without thinking of the etiquette and formalities which quality folks, or those who ape them, deem necessary."

"Meaning me," said I, laughing, secretly pleased all the time to think that at all events I was really one of the "quality folks," and not of the mimics.

"No, I beg your pardon. If you were not perfectly natural I should scarce speak my mind thus at all; but one of my radical tendencies is a desire to see your sex assume a higher position than—pardon me for the rude inference—it takes just now in the great human family."*

"I am sure I don't know what you would have"—lightly, for I did not care to argue the "Rights of Woman" with this young political champion—rights very dimly recognized then, and a topic treated with even more ridicule than it is at this day. "We are said to influence men powerfully, directly or indirectly: directly by beauty, which I believe every man prefers to sense or worth; indirectly, by powers of fascination, for good or evil, as may be the character of the individual who exercises the fascination."

"You wrong men by believing them so much the slaves of mere eye-worship—at least good, true men. Still, beauty is never to be despised. It is, be assured, one of God's best gifts to woman, and, tempered by wisdom and religion, what results over men might it not achieve? But, used as it mostly is, for a snare to bind men, heart and soul, and then betray them, O God! is it not enough to make a man condemn the whole sex for the vile shame and degradation of one?"

His agitation was most powerful: drops of anguish rolled from his broad forehead; his features were convulsed, and his hands, even as he walked by my side, were clenched till the blood appeared ready to start from his fingers. Delicacy forbade my noticing this sudden unreserve, but my amazement was unbounded. "Good heaven!" I thought, "is this the man so self-sustained, who seemed to have no thought or care upon his mind but a few minutes back?"

He seemed lost in thought for a moment; presently he said, "Yet these things make what the old poets called 'Nemesis,' the Puritans a judgment: yes, sin is—retribution."

"Sir," I said, scarce indeed knowing what to say, in my ignorance as to whether this outburst of feeling was produced by remorse or reflection, "you call yourself a plain, unlearned man, but you have both read and reflected more, I apprehend, than most persons of your age, and,—forgive me—station. When I first left school" (I talked on to give him time to become calmer) "I was accidentally associated with persons eminent for talent: I never heard even these great persons more reflective. I should like to hear what you think of woman's true aims in life, and to what purposes her education should tend."

A few moments before, I was anxious to avoid conversation with Mr. Thornread; now I became so greatly interested that I longed to fathom the sealed book of this self-made mind. His provincialism entirely disappeared when he became excited in conversation. It was, perhaps, at all times, rather an assumption of homeliness, than the reality, as I have often noticed Scotchmen, proud of speaking their national dialect, when they were perfectly able to speak pure English."

He roused himself, and replied: "You ask a question (with a smile) which has interested and puzzled the wisdom of all ages. Some men desire you to be nonentities, but only those who are themselves false and tyrannical. You should be what you were destined for at the Creation—man's companion; his soother, comforter, consul; destined to elevate him from the brutes, to whom, without your presence and the purer influences which purge his grosser nature, he would assimilate. His coarser instincts would tend to drag him down: your mission is to raise his thoughts and bring him nearer to the Heaven which should be the true aim alike for man and woman, but which in youth is but dimly seen by him, and seldom sought. You should be able to teach your sons and daughters, not the mere fictitious arts and ornamental gilding of society; but the truth, the trustfulness, the sublime faith and endurance which alone can help failing mortals in the hour of doubt and peril. This should be your aim, the object of all your training. What it is, you who have, you say, seen so much of feminine school life, perhaps can better tell me."

And I had presumed to despise this intelligence—this man, who, in the toil and bustle of a life of commerce, found time to think, and think to a purpose! When had Vincent Terragon spoken thus? Pretending unbounded reverence for my innocence, he had always ignored my intellect, and treated me as a pretty child, a toy, rather than a feeling, thinking, living being, with living instincts.

"It is easy to say what women should be. Give us the means to develop higher qualities; give us the influences of happy homes, of family ties, family love. Oh! affection is so true a teacher. All—all is barren where love is not. To be loved for a year truly, unselfishly, would be worth a life's sacrifice—a life of cold, unloved years, neglected, illtreated."

At this climax, unnerved by recent feelings, I burst into tears. My demonstration startled my hearer, almost as much as his had astonished me.

"My dear Miss Montesauconi—psha! my sister calls you Miss Isabella, permit me to do so too—you must be loved! I fear it not; and love to you will be a sentiment of elevation, not disgrace."
"Disgrace! I trust not—but better never feel it."

"I forgot. Recollections overpower me sometimes. If I dared tell you of the past—but it is not a tale for female youth to listen to."

Then there was a story! After that I dared not, of course, ask questions. I abruptly changed the subject.

"After all, we have strangely veered from the point of politics, where we first started. Are your opinions really so levelling? Have you forgotten the blood with which France cemented her Revolution? Would you gain any thing, even for your people, if you altered England's Constitution in the same way?"

"God forbid! I am no leveller. Let each order stand by its own duties. Only let not the strong master the weak. The slave is free in England: I claim freedom only for her own sons of labour."

"But if there be not freedom in England, where are we to look for it?"

"My dear young lady, there can be but little freedom where there is no patriotism. The higher classes of society, however, must give example to the hewers of wood and drawers of water; and how is our country situated at present to do that? We have a Royal Family, embroiled with itself, and daily displaying levity, a scandal even to the most shallow morality. We have the most flagrant examples of Royal dishonesty, of faith broken with the people, of debauchery, trespassing on honest men's homes and hearths; a nobility pandering to Royal vices for place and power, scrupling not even to make their female relatives aid, by their disgrace, in such aims. How can you expect a country to be virtuous and free under such influences, such examples?"

A shudder came over me as he spoke, which perhaps Mr. Thornmead laid to the effect of his own eloquence. Alas! "wise judges are we of each other." I thought only, how nearly his remarks touched me in my own family. Lady Laura—my father's wife—how had she escaped the vileness to which her own unstable principles and vanity had subjected her life! He went on speaking:

"Narrow-minded views of life on the one hand," he said, "conventional etiquettes before the cultivation of home affections and the most selfish indulgence on the other, exercise baneful effects on the lower classes, and they who dare raise their voices in depreciation are called libellers, radicals, demagogues."

"I will be careful," I said, "how I think so of any one again. You have made me feel how foolish a thing is prejudice. I am at my destination. Adieu."

I gave him my hand, with the newly awakened respect I felt for the glimpse he had afforded me of his character. Instead of the slight pressure I expected, Mr. Thornmead raised it to his lips. I know not whose confusion was the greatest, mine or his. Doubtless, he perceived the haughty dislike which stole over my face, at what I justly deemed an unwarrantable liberty. He took off his hat, and bowed as lowly as to a princess who in a moment of enthusiasm he might have unwillingly offended.

And the princess made him a formal curtsy, and went her way.

COMMON JACK OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

I propose drawing a new portrait of the merchant-sailor, as he exists at the present day. In doing so I do not wish to impugn the fidelity of many of those which profess to depict him in the palmy days of the past. Jack has been peculiarly fortunate in the number, ability, and good-will of his delineators; and it is owing a good deal to this cause that his character has become invested with a romantic interest which pertains to few others, and which has rendered him a peculiar favourite with the public.

But time, that changes all things, has pressed with a particularly heavy hand upon our friend Jack. It is as difficult to recognize the merchant-sailor of to-day, in the racy descriptions given of him in books, as in the coarse-featured, bronzed, and bloated tar of forty to recognize the bright-eyed, lithe-limbed boy, that erewhile shinned up to his first royal with the agility of a young monkey, exulting as he climbed. It has been for some time evident that the profession has been going to the dogs. The abolition of the apprentice system struck a heavy blow to a calling which, above all others, requires early training and the first promptings of youthful ambition. The gold-diggings of California and Australia absorbed a vast number, who never found their way back to salt water, or, if so, in a totally demoralized state, like the wrecks of a defeated army; while steam navigation degraded him almost to the level of a day labourer, by substituting main strength and stupidity for the skill, activity, and daring, formerly requisite to his calling.

I ought to know Jack. I have warmed with him through many a long and lonesome midnight watch, under the stars of either hemisphere. I have cut my slice of salt junk, and gnawed
my flinty-hard biscuit from the same kid. Many a bitter night I have bent over the quivering yard, side by side with him, in vain attempts to shorten sail. I have seen him fresh from a foreign voyage, bubbling over with fun and excitement. Alas! I too have seen him helpless and forlorn, in the strong grasp of merciless land-sharks, plundered and shoved off to sea again, with the pleasant prospect of working out a mouth or two's dead horse for his remorseless plunderers.

There are two types of sailor character, so prominently recognized amongst themselves, that I shall adopt them as my "representative men." These are, Deep-Water Jack, and Western Ocean Jack. The former class includes all those engaged in the East India, South American, and China trades; the stormy Atlantic is the peculiar sphere of the latter. These two currents of marine character, though constantly meeting, rarely mingle. A considerable difference in character and pursuits keeps them apart, just as the Gulf Stream pursues its course for thousands of miles, amid the colder waters of the Atlantic, orderly and skilful in his calling, brought up to fear the skipper and honour the bo's'n, shuns the company of those to whom he applies the derisive epithet of "Blackballers." Western Ocean Jack, too, is not too anxious to test his accomplishments as a marlinespike sailor, by the various manoeuvres of rigger-work constantly going on in the fine weather of the tropics. Besides, even here, a difference of worldly goods exerts its baneful influence, and Deep-Water Jack, whose chest is like a dry-goods box in size, has no idea of putting himself and it in the midst of a crowd, who frequently carry their whole wardrobe in a canvas bag, or even a pocket-handkerchief, and who moreover have acquired a reputation for putting into force the principles of agrarianism. Deep-Water Jack may be regarded as in some sort the descendant of the old-fashioned English tar; but Western Ocean Jack belongs to that new generation of sailors that have sprung up in these latter days, who know not the Josephs of their profession.

I know you, Deep-Water Jack, just landing from a foreign shore, by your neat and sailor-like appearance; by your dark, chocolate-coloured complexion, deep-tanned beneath equatorial suns; by your hard, horny hands, deep-smeared with unsavoury tar, and tattooed in many a grotesque form with India ink; by your ponderous chest, bright with a new coat of paint, and ornamented with bequets impossible to any but a skilful sailor.

His face beams with anticipation and delight, and so strong is his yearning for old familiar spots and faces, that he prefers to be cheated out of his earnings by the same landlord who did it last voyage, to running the risk of getting his right from a stranger. His garments diffuse odours which cause unsuspecting passers-by to imagine they have been suddenly overcome by a Scotch mist of tar.

He brings rare shells and precious nicks, bright-tinted fans, and India shawls, the spoils of many a far-off land, which fall for the most part easy prey to the bewitching (alas! that I should say artful) smiles of my landlady's daughter, or the equally seductive glances of the white-armed maidies of the sailor's home. His conversation smacks of Cape Horn, of Farthest Ind, and isles beyond the sea. His treats are a gospel of glad tidings to droughty bar-rooms, which loaferes embrace gladly.

But who is he that cometh up from Wall-close Square, arrayed in a bran-new suit of slops, which, to use his own expressive phrase, fits him like a purser's shirt to a hand-spitke. It is Jack, who hith been beguiled into the ready-made clothing-shop of some cozening Jew, with whom he hath exchanged his homely woollen shirt and tarpaulin hat for a shiny suit of shore tops, showy in colour, frail in texture, antique in cut. He sports a watch which his great heavy fingers are not too skilful to wind, and jewellery whose genuineness he is at no pains to ascertain. Little boot-blacks espy him afar off, and follow, in his wake, like pills. Indeed, though the lustre of Jack's boots is as true an index of the state of his finances as the barometer of the weather. He puts himself under the hands of a barber, who trims his hair and whiskers with as much precision as the bo's'n of a man-o'-war would square his yards by the lifts and braces. Shall I add, he uses as much sweet-scented but not too healthy hair-grease as would serve that same bo's'n to slash down his top-masts? In short, his rig and equipments undergo so complete a change that it sometimes puzzles his own ship-mate to recognize him. It is to be noticed, however, that in the very hey-day of his delight, he never ventures to don a tile of the real chinoiserie order; that, among the insignia of a real gentleman, which he would no more think of putting upon his own caput than a good Catholic would the tiara of the Pope.

And so is rigged at last our gentleman of a week. It is now he begins to be the patron of the theatre, the singing house, the cab, and some more questionable institutions. But it is my landlord's bar that more especially plays the deuce with his funds; for now, as of old, when "tar meets tar, then comes the can of grog." About this time he is to be seen steering wildly along the side-walk, like a rudderless coaster, with the roll of a man-o'-war's man, and the wake of a cork-screw. Day by day the lustre of his appearance becomes dimmer—the coins in his pocket become less. His linen becomes soiled and dingy, but is not renewed. His garments come to have that wrinkled and taut appearance, as though he were in the habit of sleeping in them. He neglects the service of boot-black and barber. His treats become less universal in their character. At last, throwing off all attempts at disguise, he lays aside his dear-bought finery, or most likely hands it over to the pawn-broker, and descends at one step to
the level of a blue shirt, which, like the blue pter at his ship's mast-head, is also his signal for sailing. He is to be seen for a space disconsolately loitering around the shipping offices, and presently is off again to his home for another twelvemonth the vicissitudes of wind and wave, of storm and sunshine.

Once again on board, it is the old story of "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper." He assumes with a passing sigh his old tarry suit, and, after this overflow of animal spirits, subsides again into the old channels of every-day life. Except an occasional growl with the cook, whose lobscouse perhaps does not give perfect satisfaction in its relative proportions of bread, meat, and potatoes, or whose Sunday's "duff" bears too striking a likeness in "specific" gravity to the deep-sea lead, his days glide on as calmly and smoothly as the tropical seas he sails. His watches below are spent for the most part in repairing his dilapidated suit, which, in time, becomes a great confederacy of independent patches.

It is true that, in his watches long and lone, Jack at times takes a retrospect of the past, and has a glimmering of the dreadful future which he is fast drifting down upon. Then his book of fancies is unbounded, avaricious and despairing and forlorn. He resolves to bout ship and reform. He is going to take the proceeds of next voyage, sound the bottom, bring in stays, and come to anchor for the remainder of his day, on a snug little farm, under the lee of a petticoat; for, strange to say, this is the favourite day-dream of this rover of the ocean—the theme on which he most eloquently discourses in his dogwatch reunions. Alas! resolutions as easily broken as the biscuit he eats! Each returning visit sees the selfsame comedy repeated, till the night of age comes stealing down upon his life-time's proper noon. As he grows old, he relapses into an everlasting undertone of growingly, low, plaintive and monotonous as the roll of a distant surf. And who, let me ask, has a better right to growl than this child of the storm, the sport and plaything of two elements proverbial, even in their brightest moods, for their fickleness and treachery, and in their wrath terrible indeed? "Few days and full of trouble," for him has double the meaning that old Solomon ever intended. Suppose he escape the thousand dangers that attend a seafaring life, the subtle fever, the angry waves, the dead lee-shore, some fine day there is a passing bustle in the gangway, the flag is hoisted half-mast, a prayer, a splash, and Jack has gone on to that land where landlords, at least, cease from troubling; where, it is to be hoped, weary toils are at rest.

"Ah! little Kent thy mither,
That day she cradled thee,
The bands that thou shouldst travel to,
The death that thou shouldst see."

As his body sinks down beneath the wave, so his memory disappears from earth. Homeless, friendless, childless, he has left no more trace of his career through life than his ship of her track across the ocean; happy, if at the final reckoning, after climbing all his life-time here on earth, should he have a chance for climbing in the shadowy world to come.

It would not be fair to bid adieu to Deep Water Jack without doing him the justice of saying, that whilst this description is strictly true in the great majority of cases, there are still a considerable number who keep aloof from the peculiar vices of their class; who still keep a line fast to home and kindred, and lay by some portion of their hard-won earnings, for the rainy day. It is of this class that come those few hearty, hale old salts who are spared to sip their grog and spin their yarns, in a quay-berth, by the winter fire-side, and, covered with honourable grey hairs, peacefully descend the vale of years.

But the Western Ocean ranger is made of a very different sort of stuff, or at least moulded to a different shape, savouring far less of the old-fashioned English tan than of the modern New-York Bowery-boy. He has never been regularly bred to the sea, but has taken up his profession of sailor as impromptu as a Methodist minister his sermon. Most likely he is one of that vast Vandal-herd of desert land-lubbers, which, during the time of the California excitement, invaded Jack's ancient domain in overwhelming numbers, and, having driven him from his own element, succeeded in entirely changing the dynasty of the forecastle. Under the pressure of the high wages at that time paid to seamen, a motley assemblage of wandering shoemakers, travelling tinkers, canal-men, butcher-boys, and what-not, the rag-tag and bob-tail of nearly every profession under heaven, betook themselves to the sea. Skippers, whose ships, ready freighted and with favouring winds, lay waiting for their crews, were little likely to be nice as to the qualification of their men. And so it has come to pass that the forecastle has become a kind of pound, where the stray members of every other calling are pretty sure finally to bring up; and as sailors, a kind of mongrel race, half-sea and half-shore men, amphibious only in an opposite sense, they are at home in neither element of land or water.

This degenerate species of sailor affects a philosophic contempt for the fine shore-togs of his Deep-Water cousin. Still more he detests any approach to the peculiar rig of a man-o'-war's man, between whom and himself exists a mortal feud. Rigged out in a red Havre shirt, in trousers managed to maintain a precarious hold upon his hips, without the aid of suspenders; in thick-soled boots, which serve as a formidable weapon of offence in his numerous wars; and, above all, a Kossuth hat, cocked knowingly to one side, he struts the side-walk every inch a "packet sailor." His gait is that indescribable compound of a roll and a pitch, with a convulsive movement of the arm and shoulder, known among sporting circles as the fighting man's walk. He is skilful at a game of quoits or skittles; he has some pretensions to be a
shoulder-biter; but working Turk's heads, spicing, and knotting, and such other of the nicer operations of sailorman, would scarcely seem to have received that attention at his hands which their merits would seem to require. A traveller in strange lands, he compares one country to another, praises this or condemns that, by the relative cheapness or quality of their whisky. A witness at times to the sublimest scenes of nature and the most beautiful of art, his delight is in the reeking atmosphere, the gay allurements of a Whitechapel singing-house, the scrape of fiddles, and the whirl of dance. In his forecastle, and under his rule, the good old English sea-song has long ceased to be heard. A new song has been put in his mouth, which is pretty sure to be a negro melody.

But perhaps the most amusing trait of his character is his easy indifference in regard to name or address. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet" is with him a practical truth, daily acted upon. A shore-going man, if by any means obliged to change his name, would almost lose his own identity—would almost think he had lost a part of himself. Not so Jack. His own original patronymic was for private reasons long since dropped. Henceforth a name sits lightly upon his shoulders, is taken up and thrown aside again as carelessly as if with another man his coat. To-day he is Tom Brown of Newcastle; to-morrow Dick Jones of New York. "Call me Tom this trip; I'm tired of being called Jack," which I once heard an old salt address to another, expresses his sentiments on the subject exactly.

Like a football in the hands of his relentless landlords, Jack is kicked to-and-fro, from one side of the Atlantic to the other. He boasts that he never comes and goes in the same ship; he ships by the run, and his pay is the advance; but as this latter is eked out through the unwilling fingers of his boarding-masters, it is no wonder his funds are general in a state of hopeless and chronic collapse, and his wardrobe confined to such few and necessary articles as are much more adapted to save porterage than fitted to meet the exigencies of stormy weather. But this latter peculiarity is somewhat remedied by his perfect willingness to share with any, better off than himself, to the last that they possess; peace-loving men, though they may protest, dare not deny.

Dark as may be the tints with which Jack's character is here depicted, compared with the companions with whom he usually associates on shore, he is by far the most respectable figure of the group. His landlord, his grogshopkeeper, with the army of pimps and runners, they are at all times able to bring into the field, what an assemblage are they! If you can imagine these drinking-saloons, bright with the blaze of gaslight, as so many light-houses, planted on the dead lee-shore of hopeless ruin, what appropriate demons are these to stand waiting to plunder the poor human wrecks that come drifting down into their merciless grasp! I declare that when I last sometimes met a crowd of these wretches hurrying down to the docks to some newly-arrived ship, I have been ready to believe that I had met the inmates of a prison let out for a holiday. To mark the fearful lives that have imprisoned themselves upon their countenances, the brutal expression that glows from their eyes, one might be forgiven for supposing that humanity was going back to what some authors assert as its original state of all-fours. As for the female society he keeps, a single sentence will suffice, and that is, that as we sometimes read of shipwrecked people so far reduced by hunger as to make a meal of their old shoes, so we may suppose these knights of the tar-bucket so happy for female society as to accept that of these walking sepulchres, in lieu of the better which they cannot obtain.

Let no one for a moment suppose I would wish to intimate that every sailor is of the character here described. On the contrary, you will sometimes meet with foremost men, whom you will look upon with a strange feeling of pity and wonder—a wonder akin to that which a geologist would experience at finding some mineral specimen far a drift from that stratum to which it must have originally belonged. There are many, too, of that negatively good character, who merely drift through a lifetime, without sail or rudder, the sport of every wind that crosses their track. But the Blackballer (so called from a celebrated line of pilotships) is to be found in almost every forecastle; he is pretty sure to be leader in its councils, orator in debate, and its leader in war. He gives tone and flavour to the more inert mass around him. In short, he is the little leaf that leavenueth the whole lump.

This degenerate species of sailor rovers is an orbit, of which New York, Liverpool, and New-Orleans are the outlying points; an orbit from which he seldom, if at all, returns. And it was in New-Orleans especially before the commencement of the late war, that Jack experienced the summer of his eccentric course, the high tide of his good fortune. During the winter months his advance ranged from forty to ninety dollars. Now was Jack to be seen in his glory; his fun was "fast and furious," he exulted without care of the morrow. Alias poor, foolish Jack! Little now do you reck of the fierce nor'westers that come howling down upon the deep; of those huge crested waves that seem ever ready to hurl themselves onboard, with the force of a torrent; of those long bitter winter midnight watches, when you shall hang from the quivering yards, half-lifeless, and benumbed with cold. The opening leak, the hidden rock, the dead lee-shore, still, all are forgotten! "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Now may he be seen working traverses unnumbered up and down the street, like a wind-bound straw; taking the round of the sights and fashions; depositing his earnings in the bank of a landlord's till, of which he shall one day reap bitter interest in
ruin, wrinkles, aches, and chills. It is now, too, that old Time, taking pattern by his landlord's grog-bill, scores him two years for one, in those deep, ineffaceable lines, deeper than any which storm or hardship imprints, with which most sailors are branded, as with the mark of Cain. At last, when he has dispensed himself the full length of his chain, when fairly drifted down upon the miry flats of debt and dependence, he wakes from a drunken sleep to find himself once more upon the highway to Liverpool, with a bottle of shocking bad whisky, an aching hand, and a pair of very unwilling, if not utterly incompetent hands. And now occur those scenes of violence and brutality between Jack and his officers, themselves often only a little higher type of the same character, which have made ships in the American trade notorious throughout the world.

So much for the youth and prime of the packet sailor. The end may easily be guessed. For him the future is no longer mysterious; with a single glance of the eye he may follow his fate straight out to the bitter end. Whatever cards nature or circumstances may place in his hands, he is bound always to turn up Jack. He may read the closing scenes of his history in that of those poor, broken creatures, who hover like ghosts of the past, around the wharves and by-streets of every seaport; poor wrecks of humanity, more melancholy to look upon than the scattered hull of that ship from which hundreds of human souls were swept like insects into the sea; whose wrinkles have been ploughed by a more relentless hand than Time; whose hairs are blanched, but not with years; whose forms are bent with the riot of licentious passions, as their souls have been withered by the blight of sin and despair; a decay as much more hideous than any that mere time can work, as are the blackened remains of a burnt tree more melancholy than the withering but still beautiful foliage of approaching winter.

There is still another class of sailors comprehended in neither of the preceding, at whom it may be worth while to glance. It is you, Steamboat Jack! degenerate scion of a noble line; you, who have consented to leave your ancient and honourable service of the swift, invisible winds, to become a mere lobolly boy, to dance attendance on the freaks of low-born, greasy, and mechanical steam. It is you and your cousin stokers and flunkies that have especially brought disgrace and infamy upon the once honoured name of sailor. In the memorable instance of the Arctic, it was you that rushed first for the boats, when you should have been foremost to meet danger, whilst even heroic women caused us to blush for you. Methinks, could the shade of Nelson's men look down upon the tars of these modern days, they would rend their very pig-tails in uncontrollable wrath. How dare you even wear the traditional blue shirt of a sailor? you who have scarce to do at all with mast or yard; you, whose marline-spike are turned into broom-handles and wheel-baroons; whose hands, that once dripped

with honest tar, are now thrust into ignominious soap-suds, to wash paint-work? You, sailors! trundling travelling trunks fore and aft for every lisping landlubber that chooses to bluster and bounce! You, sailors! is your next trip be a voyage of discovery, in search of your lost skins, as completely buried under successive layers of sot and coal-dust as the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum beneath the cinders and lava of Mount Vesuvius.

Methinks I hear you say: "Is this the gay, generous, rollicking, simple-hearted being we are in the habit of associating with the name of sailor? What then has become of the Long Tom Coffins, the Ned Cuttles, and all those other salt-water worthies, who in the sparkling pages of the sea-novelist have so amused us with their charming simplicity, their exhaustless store of sea-metaphor, their absurd attempts to bring sea-faring tactics to bear on shore-going affairs?"

Allow me in reply to bring to mind that oftquoted, over-true line:

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

And if in the present instance the enchantment be at all in proportion to the distance at which most delineators of sailor character have kept themselves from the subject of their sketch, how great is that enchantment! To what degree of intimacy do you suppose these writers have allowed themselves to be drawn with the common tarry Jacks of the mercantile service! They would sink behind their wounded dignity in uncontrollable disgust, if one so much as touched the hem of their garments. They may indeed at times have caught the more salient points of his character, but there are still others which would no more appear in presence of their blue broadcloth and yellow kids than the fishes of the sea would pass in review before the speactacled eyes of some F. Z. S., for the sake of inspection and classification.

The truth is, Jack's character was stereotyped a good many years ago. Ever since it has been issued unaltered and unabridged. It is always the same bluff, hearty, open-fisted, true-hearted tar, with his blue shirt and white trousers, his tarpaulin stuck on the back of his head, with half a fathom of ribbon attached; with his pockets full of shillings (he scorns all smaller change); with his rollicking roll and unintellectual sea-slang; his ever-recurring "D— my eyes" and "Shiver my timbers." All this may have been true enough in the days when Cooper wrote and Dibdin sung. There may be in existence at this very day tars of this description, but they never came before my eyes. I would as soon think of dredging a Whitstable oyster-bank, in the remote possibility of finding a stray pearl-fish, as to go in search of that popular character in the forecasts of the present day. The animal doesn't exist: the race is as extinct as that of those Saurian tribes that flourished before the Flood.

The fact is, the praise of sea-life is all a vain bubble, begotten by rhyming sentimentalists,
moonlight evenings, when seas were smoothest,
when winds were gentlest, and when champagne
alone was "dashing free." If the author of
"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea" could have
the benefit of a month's drill at the ordinary
duties of a sailor (I would suggest tarring down
head-stays in a heavy head-sea, as one of them),
on a diet of hard bread and salt junk, and
lodge in that cross between a cave and a shed,
ironically called a "fore-castle," at the end of that
period, supposing his powers of sarcasm and
invective at all in proportion to his talent at puff
and panegyric, he would be able to compose a
song which would throw entirely in the shade
all his previous productions, and tend in some
measure to counteract the effect of the aforesaid
precious production upon the minds of his
young countrymen. And you, ye Coopers and
Mariners, recruiting sergeants-in-chief to old
Neptune's briny majesty, whose literary
property, stretching away in countless columns
of newspaper, pamphlet, and periodical, diversified
with woodcuts, and decked with many a naut-
ical oath and quarter-deck allusion, may be
reconciled by the message of this cord; how
shall you account before just Heaven for the
thousands of misguided youths whom your
rose-tinted imaginings have seduced from their
happy homes, by the bright rivers and woods of
England, to go ranging at large over the wide
world; in too many instances to live use-
less lives, and to fill unknown graves? I tell
you, there is many a one at this moment sailing
salt water, ready to rise up and call you—any-
thing but blessed; to whom, should the weav-
ing Fates ever place you in their power, your
names even in the shades will suggest
an operation sometimes resorted to, to reform
the manner of refractory sea-cooks.

As far as my observation extends, a "life on
the ocean wave" is little calculated to bring out
better points of human character. No doubt
in man it tends to develop the muscle, and in
woman the stride; but in the silence, the same-
ness, and the inaction of a life on board-ship,
the higher and nobler qualities stagnate and
dwindle. Little events usurp the place of great.
To eat, drink, and sleep, in the course of a long
cruise, become the great business of life, and
any interference with these great vested interests
is pretty sure to bring down a storm of venge-
ance utterly disproportioned to the occasion.
"All hands reef topsails" is like a ten-per-
cent. income-tax upon a thifty householder.
If, from some unforeseen event, the Sunday's
duty should be inferior in quality or quantity,
immediately some sea-lawyer is on his legs,
haranguing his fellow rope-haulers, with as much
zeal as a Grattan or an O'Connell uttered,
"Give me liberty or give me death," before the
House of Commons.

We are accustomed to talk of the solemn and
ever-changing beauties of the ocean; but to nine
out of ten seafaring men the whole gorgeous
panorama of nature, the glow of sunset, the
glitter of starlight, the majesty of storm, the re-
pose of calm, pass before their dull, unconscious
gaze, more unheed than the tinkling, clatter-
trap of a penny show. One would at least
suppose that, with "the blue above and the
blue below, and silence wheresoe'er I go," far
from the dizzy whirl of business, the reckless
race of ambition, peace and good-will toward
man would be certain to follow. Politics and
religion, those two bones of everlasting con-
tention on shore, are here out of the question.
Of the one they know, and of the other care,
nothing. So few in number, so continually in
the presence of those two mighty elements, their
continual warfare should hush all lesser con-
tentions. Fond dream and false! Embark on
board-ship for a single trip across the Atlantic,
and you shall quickly become convinced of these
two unappealable truths—that men are never too
few in number to quarrel, and that nothing is
too insignificant to fall out about. You will
find yourself surrounded by wars and rumors
of wars; forecastle rises up against forecastle,
Irish against Dutch, masters against mates,
cooks against cabin-boys. If, in addition to
the ordinary crew, you shall chance to have
passengers on board, you will speedily be some
beast confounded; for then national animosities
and religious feuds are thrown into the already
bubbling cauldron of dissension; then the steer-
gage becomes the seat of civil wars; the galley
a telegraph office of tattling and gadding; Babel
is re-enacted; "twixt the splutter of Dutch and
the brogue of Irish you are at a loss to know
whether you are acquiring an inkling of some
foreign language, or are fast losing knowledge
of your own native tongue.

We have already seen what sort of a man is
foremost Jack; but is the quarter-deck the
abode of those high chivalrous qualities that
we are in the habit of associating with it? I
fear, not. It is true, that to be the morning
intelligence of ship acts out in a passenger;
that they were things of life, those vast, most ingi-
nious, and beautiful works of man, frightened
with untold treasure, and still more valuable
human lives, is a proud position for any man to
fill. But there is something in the planks of a
quarter-deck peculiarly adapted to unduly de-
velop the latent seeds of pride and arrogance in
the human breast. The "boss" of a score or
two of working-men, on shore, does not, as a
rule, make himself particularly ridiculous by the
airs he assumes; but the skipper of the smallest
square-rigged craft that ever bluffed sea-water
walks his quarter-deck, spy-glass in hand, with
the tread of a conqueror, and issues his mand-
dates with the nonchalance of a third-rate trag-
dian. Like Robinson Crusoe surveying his
desert isle from some tall cliff, so he, from his
airy eminence of the poop, looks down upon a
kingdom in which he is monarch of all he sur-
veys, a monarchy far more absolute than poor
Crusoe's; for what skipper would think of ab-

mitting his second in command to so close an
intimacy as that which Friday seems to have
enjoyed? Ship government is one without
checks or balances. Whoever is weakest goes
to the wall. Except in extreme cases, there is
neither appeal nor redress. The master may harass you with unseasonable work; he may overwhelm you with undeserved abuse; he may deprive you of your proper rest; in short, he may 

haze you till your life is worse than a dog's, all within the strict bounds of his authority. I do not wish to intimate that ship-captains, as a class, are either better or worse than the generality of mankind; but I do mean to say, that absolute power is sure to work the most pernicious consequences upon character. It is unfit to be trusted in the hands even of those who are naturally noble and just; how, then, when it is put in the hands of those who are mean, overbearing, and vindictive? Oh! what smooth-spoken, soft-mannered, church-going, and psalm-singing skippers, on shore, I have seen transformed by the baneful influence of their own quarter-deck into selfish, tyrannical, and unreasoning bullies! as though, like man-of-war's men with their money, they had spent their whole stock of suavity and good nature on shore, and at sea have lost their part of their lost dog.

This, good sirs, is sea-life, without varnish, paint, or veneering. In conclusion, allow me to address a few words to such of my young countrymen as may chance to peruse this sketch. I know how naturally boys take to tar and brine; I know how eagerly you read tales of shipwreck and disaster—how bewitching appears a life of wandering and adventure. You long to tread those shores rendered celebrated in story and in song—to see those "isles that gem old ocean's purple diadem;" and you imagine all this is comprehended in the single phrase of "going to sea." But I want to tell you differently. The romance of going to sea is thinner than the veneering of a French clock. After the first excitement is worn off, life on the sea becomes as tame and monotonous as that of the treadmill. As for seeing the world, it is true a sailor sails upon strange seas, and enters foreign ports; but in the true sense of being a traveller, of seeing and appreciating the remarkable sights of the lands he visits, of mingling with the people, studying their manner and dispositions, he might as well be a stage-driver in the rural districts. Take a sailor just arrived from India: I wager that almost any bright-eyed schoolboy of twelve or fourteen will tell him of things in relation to that same country which he never dreamed of. What did he see there? Bamboo-square, a dozen or two of tawny, chunam-chewing, not too clean or healthy Hindoo girls, and mayhap the inside of the calaboose. The low and sensual atmosphere of a forecastle soon takes away all desire of seeing things more intellectual or refined. In foreign cities it is as rare a sight to see a sailor strayed away from the lowest haunts of vice as to see an alligator strolling over the hills. When by any chance Jack gets strayed away, out of sight of the "Three Jolly

Tars," and such similar institutions, into a more respectable neighbourhood, he becomes as fidgety and uneasy as the skipper of a fore-and-aft, which has been blown off-shore; presently it is up stick, and back again to his old resorts. To these he gives ('tis all he has) his few pitiful rupees; from them he gains ('tis all he craves) a few hours of reckless revel and sensuous delight. As an officer you will have even less facilities of seeing shore than when before the mast. You become almost as much an integral part of the ship as her kelson. Your duties confine you constantly on board. You will find yourself in Scotland without seeing mountain, lake, or castle; in Italy, without seeing Rome; in Alexandria, without visiting the Holy Land.

For all this, I do not deny you will meet with many things worth seeing. But I do believe, after all, that the chief advantage of travel is to open a man's eyes to the peculiar beauties of his native land. Brought up in continual contact with one fixed round of sights, our senses are benumbed by custom, and we fail to perceive the beauties that Nature has everywhere scattered with a lavish hand. How is it that we have so contemptuous an idea of the natural beauties of our own country, as though Dame Nature, like another country-girl, was here dressed in a suit of homespun; and, in order to see her in her Sunday finery, it is necessary to wander among Alps or Pyrenees, by Rhine or Po? The first time I passed the Land's-End—that gateway to the great world beyond, I imagined I had hitherto, to use somebody's happy phrase, been living on the wrong side of the pattern of creation. But another day came. It was one not long ago, and as on the gay deck of a steamer I skirted the craggy coast of Cornwall and the cliffs of Devon, methought the air was as clear and the sky as blue as that of Italy, and the waters sparkled as brightly in the sun. How finely the red shores contrasted with the dark evergreens with which they were crowned! The hues of the fresh green hills, of the golden grain, of the dark trees, were as bright and beautiful as in lands that a thousand times have been limned upon canvas, and sung of in immortal verse. On that day, O cliffs of my country, the fault was less in yourselves than in your unlucky stars that you were not addressed in strains as proudly exultant, if not as eloquent, as those of William Tell to his native Swiss mountains—

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!"

Yes, we go ranging through the world in search of ideal beauties, while our brown rocks, our sounding shores and bright waters can scarcely win a single look of admiration, though they array themselves in all the shifting costumes of the season.
CURiosITIES oF WRITing.

It has been remarked by a learned writer (the late Dr. Kitto) that "although it is a generally-received and popular opinion that writing was first used and imparted to mankind when the Decalogue was traced on the tables of stone,* yet the silence of Scripture on the subject would rather suggest that so necessary an art had been made known to mankind long before," and "that the history of the Creation, and the events subsequent to it, related by Moses, might have been copied from ancient documents in possession of the Israelites. This opinion has also been maintained by Calmet, in his Dictionary of the Bible, and certainly bears a strong impress of probability. It is not, however, our intention to enter into any speculations as to the origin of the art, but simply to bring to our reader's notice a few of what we may term the "curiosities" of the subject.

Writing, at whatever time it may have been first used, was no doubt reserved for important occasions, when a rock, or a stone, or metal tablet, probably was the material used. Job, whom chronologists assert to have lived at least 1,500 years before the Christian era, desired that his words might be written with an iron pen, and with lead on the rock. The works of Homer (1,180 to 800 b.c.) are said by some writers to have been written on sheets of lead. A number of documents (chiefly title-deeds of land) have been found in India, which if authentic, can lay claim to great antiquity: these latter are engraved on sheets of copper; and some of the MSS., on papyrus, found among the Egyptian antiquities, and which are written in the hieratic, or running-hand (as distinguished from that used for inscriptions), are supposed to be at least as old as the reigns of the earliest Pharaohs.

Papyrus appears, however, to have been used for public records only—probably from its costliness; and Sir Gardiner Wilkinson relates that he found various documents, including "a permit to visit a monument," a "soldier's furlough," and others, written on pieces of earthenware. Papyrus, as our readers most likely know, was formed from the rind of the Cyperus papyrus, which still exists on the shores of the Mediterranean in a few localities. The rind appears to have been cut in slips, which were placed transversely, and cemented together under pressure. The statement made by Pliny, and repeated by some modern authorities, that the water of the Nile possessed sufficient viscosity to serve as a cementing material, originated apparently in error; for the purity and limpidity of the Nile was noticed by writers before the days of the Roman senate, and is even now a boast of the modern Egyptians.

Papyrus continued in use for some time after the Christian era. We find the Emperor Theodoric remitting the portoria or import duty upon it—a duty which, on many articles, had then reached the excessive rate of 4th of the declared value.

To revert to more ancient times, the Assyrian antiquities, which date from a period seven or eight centuries before the present era, by the constant introduction of the figures of scribes, seem to indicate that public records were kept with some minuteness. The rolls on which the figures are writing appear to represent leather skins or parchment; but many of the records were inscribed on cylinders of earthenware: Dr. Layard discovered some of these inscriptions on which were so minute as to require the aid of a powerful magnifying glass to decipher them.

The long smooth leaves of many tropical plants were often used for writing materials, as they are still in some parts of India.

"In Arabic," says Sir G. Wilkinson, "the same word, waraka, signifies a leaf and a book. This is worthy of notice, when the wonderful richness of the Arabic vocabulary (compared with the limited number of ideas requiring expression) is borne in mind."

Many of the earliest Arabic writings were inscribed on the blade-bones of sheep—a custom which may have given rise to the belief, current in Turkey and Arabia, of the magic power possessed by these bones, just as a slip of writing played an important part until recent times in our own country, in the working of the charms of many an ancient crone. Boards covered in a preparation of bleached wax, the Punic wax of Pliny, were also common writing materials in ancient times. In one of Aristophanes' comedies, written about 260 B.C., a debtor proposes to elude payment of his debts by melting with a burning glass the wax on which they were recorded. In the time of the Romans these tablets were made of various sizes, with wire hinges and a rim around the waxed surface, so as somewhat to resemble a folding draught-board.

Quintilian (A. D. 80), when giving instructions for teaching young boys to write, remarks: "When the boy shall have entered on joining hand, it will be useful for him to have a copy head of wood, in which the furrows are well cut through them he may as it were trace the characters with his style. He will not thus be as liable to make slips as on the wax alone, as he will be confined to the boundary of the letters; neither will he be able to deviate from his text. By thus rapidly and frequently following a definite outline, his hand will become set"
without his requiring any assistance or master to guide it." The dexterity of the librarii, or slaves employed expressly in transcribing, would seem to have been very great. Martial implies that the whole of his second book of epigrams was copied in one hour (340 verses), giving an average of nine verses per minute. Even supposing that this is a somewhat exaggerated expression, there can be no doubt that the rapidity of transcribing was very great. In Roman households, in the Augustine age, these slaves, both male and female (librarii and librarie), appeared to have been almost as indispensable as the cooks. They were not only employed in writing from dictation, but also in making extracts from, or copying books not easily procurable at the book-shops. A curious contrast to these times appears in the middle-ages, when the art of writing was confined to a few priests only, and when we are told (tenth and eleventh centuries) that scarcely a layman could be found in all France who could either read or write.*

Another branch of the graphic art, the existence of which among the ancients is not so generally known, is shorthand-writing. The allusions in Xenophon and other Greek writers to stenography, no doubt refer to cipher-writing only; but there can be no doubt either, that a kind of shorthand was practised among the Romans. Cicero is said to have instructed Tiro, his freedman, in it; and Caesar is said to have employed shorthand-writers on several occasions. It would not, however, appear that symbols were used in the place of the ordinary letters, but simply that the words were abbreviated and contracted in a manner often practised in the present day. It has always appeared to us that the grammatical structure of the Latin language, and especially of the Ciceroan oratory, would be peculiarly favourable to short-hand reporting. The art was revived, or, we had almost said, invented in England in the 16th century; and, considering the important part our present system of reporting has played in facilitating the discussion of public matters, it is an interesting fact that not only its revival happened in our own country, but that it was for a long period considered a purely English art.

The different systems of arithmetical notations that have been in use at various periods also need a short notice.

The Egyptians, deeply versed as they were in mathematical science, would appear to have had a very limited notation, and the numbers in most writers are very unsatisfactory. The Hebrew, Greek, and Roman systems we need not notice. The Romans appear to have introduced the latter into all their provinces; and merchants' accounts were, we know, kept in England in this imperfect style till the middle of the 16th century, and in Scotland until even later. The Russians adapted their alphabet of 36 letters to the Greek system, thus obtaining distinct symbols for every number up to 10,000.

* Our royal autographs commence with Richard II.

This system, which we have not seen noticed in any mathematical work, was the only one in use until the time of Peter the Great, and is still, we believe, used in official documents on some occasions, and on monumental crosses.

A writer whom we have already quoted (Dr. Kitto) has asserted that there is reason to believe that the Hebrews were well versed in fractional arithmetic, but no particulars of the notation used by them or any other ancient people have come down to us. The earliest Greek writer by whom fractions are treated was Diophantus, whose writings are attributed to various periods of the first two centuries of the Christian era. In these writings the denominator is written as we now usually write the coefficient; thus substituting modern for Greek numerals the fractions $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ would appear as $1^{3}$ and $3^{1}$. In some of the earlier Hindū treatises on Algebra, as the Lilivati, which were supposed at one time to have an almost fabulous antiquity, but which appear to have existed about seven or eight centuries, about the age of "Domeaday Book," the fractions are written as in the system at present in use, but without the dividing line, $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$ thus appearing as $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$. Fractions to be added together were written in vertical columns, and those to be subtracted were distinguished by a point prefixed to them: thus the expression $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{3}{4} = \frac{1}{2}$ would appear as $\frac{3}{4}$.

The decimal point does not appear to have been employed by the Hindūs, although decimals were often used by them in calculation. Its introduction in Europe is generally attributed to Napier, the inventor of Logarithms. It is difficult to ascertain by whom the present system of fractional notation was first used.

We have searched a good many authorities without being able to discover the systems in use in China and Japan in the present day. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to give us some information on this point.

In conclusion, we would refer those who may wish to pursue this subject further, to the notes of Professor De Morgan, which have appeared at various times in "Notes and Queries," and which throw a good deal of light on this matter and its bearing on mathematical science.

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T. C.

THE OCEAN CEMETERY.—The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small, the rich and poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike distinguished. The same waves roll over all—

the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honour. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonoured, will sleep on until awaked by the same trump when the sea shall give up its dead.
BOULOGNE AND ITS VICINITY.

BY MRS. WHITE.

Despite the ill-paved, up-hill, tedious streets the open sewers, and consequent bad odours—the constancy of dust and whimsicality of climate—Boulogne has points of beauty so fresh and compensating, that one forgets its désagréments in admiration of them. The port (for all the sand of Capecurie, and its other abominations) is strikingly pretty; the rugged heights up which the fishing town clammers to the wooden cross, “élevée par les pêcheurs,” stretching its irregular frontage to the coast; the long line of handsome boarding-houses and hotels, leading inwards to the city, and speaking hospitably in our mother-tongue; the sloping hills, and wooded back-ground on the Capecurie side, with La Liane in the lap of the valley, winding downwards to the sea, introduces us with not too loud a note of introduction to the novelty and picturesque ness of the town beyond.

The Grand Rue (like nothing but itself) leads us abruptly through the Port des Dunes to the Haute Ville, atoning for the trouble of the ascent by the effect of its situation and appearance. A lengthy, wide, steep avenue of houses, grotesquely irregular in height and architecture, and yet preserving a local likeness from their uniform yellow colour—the prevalence of green persiennes, and the continuity of dormer windows on the roofs—the old grey church of St. Nicholas, with the guard-house reared against the wall close to the principal entrance, and the market-place at the gable end, is in itself a picture, and the glimpse of the ramparts as you rise the hill side sufficiently suggestive of feudal times to make it highly interesting in the present. These ramparts, converted from the purposes of war to the soft usages of peace, are to the Boulognais what the parks are to the promenaders and nursery-maids of London. The fosse, filled up with gardens, spreads (at this season of the year) a wreath of flowers round the base of the stone-faced bastions, against which vines and fruit trees are trained; and crowning the whole, are long avenues of trees, affording the pleasantest walks and the most charming views of the city and its environs.

Within these ramparts, which are said to be from forty to fifty feet high, and only to be entered or quitted by one of the three gates leading from them, stands the Haute Ville, the most ancient and interesting part of Boulogne—remarkable for the unfinished cathedral, which, for the third time, rises on the site of the original Notre Dame de Boulogne, and the antique Tour du Beffroi, the lower storey of which is supposed to date back to the ninth century, when the whole face of the country was studded with dungeons, for which purpose it was used. An oriellette exists beneath it, and here, in what is called “Le Cachot de Parenty,” was imprisoned a wretched culprit of that name, who suffered death in the Place d’Armes, under circumstances of the most horrific barbarity (à la rompre), for the murder of a notaire at the adjacent village of Marquise. It seems like something impossible, that sixty years since—a period within the memory of so many of the inhabitants—that in the broad light of heaven, and in the presence of thousands of his fellow-creatures (who filled the Place au Blé and Place d’Armes on the occasion—that men, in the name of justice, should have dared to outrage nature and humanity, by an execution of such revolting cruelty—sixty years back! and on the white and shining pavement of the place, where the little children played then, as now—under the blue, bright sky (for it was summer time), a scaffold and a wheel, a “Tripod de Fer,” as my informant (an eye-witness) called it, an iron tripod, with a human victim bound thereon. “I was but a boy then,” said Mons. N——, “but I can never forget it; it was much too horrible—the platform surrounded by gendarmes and soldiers—the mass of people with all their faces turned towards the scaffold—men, women, children, clinging to the lamp-posts, hanging out at the open windows, or seated on the roofs of houses—anywhere, above the dense mass of heads, that seemed to roll to and fro like the waves of the sea. Then the executioner, with his dreadful instrument of death, tipped up with a hand’s-breadth of sharp and shining iron; and the extended limbs, and pale and clammy face, and terrified expression of the patient. Mon Dieu! I hear the strokes through his wrist, and ankles, legs, and arms; and, ouch! the coup de grâce, the first of the three that crushed his breast, sounded above the murmur of the people’s voices “comme tombent!”—aye, but a drum that wakened heaven and humanity, and banished from the Place d’Armes this dreadful form of execution; Parenty was the last condemned to be broken on the wheel in Boulogne. At present the purposes of the Tour du Beffroi are strictly useful and benevolent; it is used as a watch-tower to overlook the town, and give notice, by means of a finely-shaped and sonorous bell, of impending danger. The hours for opening and closing the shops, watering the streets, &c., are also regulated by another in the same building; and one of the last acts of the ex-mayor, Monsieur Adams, the banker, has farther enhanced its utility, by placing a clock on its summit, one face of which, looking to the Place d’Armes, is illuminated at night.
Boulogne and its Vicinity.

Here stands the Palais Imperial, as it was called even at a time when the word "Royal," wherever it existed, had been expunged; and here the first Emperor, with his victorious eagles, had on the occasion of his coming to Boulogne their séjour. In this place is situated the Mairie, or Hotel de Ville; and here all public notices are proclaimed by tuck of drum, and public punishments inflicted. It is an ordinary sight on market days to see a platform erected, on which some wretched creature, with a rope round his neck, is bound to a post, there to suffer exposure for an hour, previous to being sent to the gallows. On these occasions the peasants, and other people who congregate in the place, gather round with expressions of sympathy, and make a collection for him in sous. In case of capital punishment, here was formerly the site of the guillotine; and Waorne, a ci-devant gendarme, who afterwards essayed the trade of murderer, suffered here some forty years since.

We must not, however, leave the vicinity of the Tour du Beffroi without taking our reader in imagination up the narrow, gloomy stairs, which leads from storey to storey to the summit of the odd-looking fabric, the upper part of which, faced with sand-coloured cement, is of (comparatively speaking) recent construction, a few hundred years or so old—a mere nothing in the existence of a foundation of the ninth century. One should choose a clear calm day to ascend it, when the view of the city and the surrounding country, which it overlooks as far as the sight can range, is of the most pleasing description. The sloping hill, rich with the ripening harvest, the green valleys dotted with red-tiled farm-houses, cottages, and gardens, with here and there a church, a windmill, or a château, making salient points of observation in the landscape. Now, breaking the monotony of the white roads (winding over or at the base of the hills), you see an azure cart with a white tint, creeping slowly along; or a waggon that looks like an elongated wicker-basket without ends, drawn by five horses, with rope harness, returning in a cloud of dust from the market; and at others (but this only on particular days), a solitary diligence that has survived the Chemin de Fer, which, by the way, is stretching out before us on the Capece side of La Liane; now, steering straight on by the bank of the river, with meadows and corn-fields beside it—meadows tented with perfumed pyramids of new-mown hay; now all but hidden under shadow of the wood, stretching upwards to Le Tour du Reynard; and anon wholly shut out by the watermill that seems to close the stream below Pont Briquet.

Cresting the hill above Capece, we see the cluster of cottages that forms the insignificant hamlet of Portel; and letting the eye sweep over the wide expanse of sea that washes the port, it rests upon the opposite side; and that strange finger-post of history, the column of Napoleon—strange, indeed, whether as regards the man who raised it, or him to whom it was raised!—grand, elevated, solitary, it stands upon the high outstretched heights, a mark for all the elemental shafts that nature hurles at it—now in sunshine, now in shadow—a mystery of the changeable fame with which the world generally regards the object and the creator.

To the right of the column, on the eminence of a little hill, lies the village and château De Macqueta, and glistening above the trees and buildings that catch the eye, on either side of it, the gilded image of the Virgin and Child upon the burnished dome of the chapel of the Convent of the Visitation. Not a stone's throw from it, close under the ramparts on the St. Omar road, appears the cemetery—the garden of the dead, as we might call it, where every grave grows flowers—so richly clustered, so divinely sweet, that even here the scent and hue of the roses reach us.

Leaving the Tour du Beffroi and the Place d'Armes, and crossing from the Rue de Lillie to the Rue de Chateau, we come presently upon the clumsy, hunchbacked building which gives its name to the street, where, by the way, we should have paused, for the memory of departed genius has made it sacred. Leaving the fountain of the two dolphins at the cathedral gate, you perceive over the door of a house, on the left-hand side of the street as you enter it, a small tablet, inscribed, "Ici est mort L'Auteur de Gil Blas, 1747." Poor Le Sage! How unsatisfactory a monument, but how suggestive of reflection! Here he died. A hundred years have seen him crumbling into dust. Yet in how many lands and languages are his lively writings at this present moment sharing the sunshine of his spirit with his fellow-men! Strange gift of immortality wedded to dust, which leaves existence to impalpable thoughts, while the visible and tangible perish! But to return to the château, than which nothing more shapeless, massive, and ugly can be conceived, we find inscribed over the gloomy portal the following curious memorandum:—"Philippes : cuens : de : Boulogne : fiens : le : Roi : Philippes : de : France : iat : faire : cest : chastel : et : fermer : la : ville : l'an : de : l'Incar : nation : MCCXXXI : Simons : de : Villiers : france : du : Senechans : de : Bolonnoisse." Which may be read thus:—"Philippe Comte de Boulogne, fils du roi Philippe de France, fit faire ce château et fermer la ville, l'an de l'Incar : nation 1321; Simons de villiers étais alors sénéchal de Boulonnoise." I do not remember anything of recent interest mentioned by Bertrand in his "Histoire de Boulogne," with regard to the château, which is still used as a state prison, and a magazine for arms and ammunition. The narrow stairs, stone floors, gloomy passages, and massive walls, send a cold chill to one's heart on entering it, even in the character of a visitor; but there exists within

* 1848.

* No. 8, Rue de Chateau.
the chapel (a building on the left-hand side of the archway, as you enter the oval yard round which the barracks are situated), a dungeon which realizes the worst one has read of such places. Those who enter it as prisoners leave hope behind, since none but the condemned to death are sentenced to incarceration in it. Here Waccony, the wholesale murderer, just mentioned as having suffered by the guillotine in the Place d'Armes, and whose name appears traced in bold characters on the wall of the chapel, was confined. It is sunken beneath the floor of the exterior apartment, nearly to a level with the moist; the walls, rough and damp, have chains fastened in them to which the wretched prisoners were attached. The floor is of humid earth: there is no place to rest—no ray of light—no sound to pierce the massive walls but the echo of their own despair, and the scrambling of the water-efis and rats that breed in the stagnant water that surrounds it. The walls of the chapel (which, though used at various times as a barrack-room, a guard-house, and a prison, still preserves its ecclesiastical form and architecture) are covered with rude drawings in charcoal and coloured earth; a huge lion in red ochre stares upon us on the right, suspiciously close to the names of Francis Thomas and Thomas Smith, familiar cognomens amongst the many as plainly French as there are English—a circumstance easily accounted for, when we learn that some hundreds of English prisoners were kept here during the war. Here a gentleman in full naval costume—there another in the same style (charcoal), in the helmet of a pionnier of the National Guards, figure on the wall; the entire of which, in fact, is more or less characterized with vain efforts at shortening captivity—boats, ships, anchors, implements of war, fish, rustic cars, and cottages, trees, names, dates, inscriptions. Alas, alas! how easily the heart translates them into language, and reads the story of vain yearnings hiero-

glyphised in them! A wooden guard-box capable of containing a dozen men, is placed here; and we were told that in winter time it is much preferable to the prison within the castle on account of its greater warmth. The three pillars which support the pointed arches and groined roof are each of a different order, and the stone muffins of the windows still remain.

On the opposite side of the archway, as you enter the chateau, with the window boarded up to the upper panes, and a net-work of wires over these, is the chamber in which Louis Napoleon was a prisoner during the few days that occurred between his landing at Boulogne and his consignment to Ham.* Leaving the chateau, we find ourselves on the ramparts, under the shade of wych-elm in full leaf. Yonder is the Port Gayole, leading to the Paris road—the port by which the French army entered to take possession of the fortress, on the occasion of the English giving up Boulogne, after six years' occupation of it: the reason for the movement appears to have been some dreadful illness, which is said to have swept off 10,000 persons in five weeks, and forced the English to compromise with Henri II. of France, and accept, as the price of their resignament, the sum of four hundred thousand crowns, instead of two million golden crowns, originally agreed upon between Henry VIII. of England and Francois I. of France, both of whom had died in the meanwhile. The keys of the city were presented by Lord Clinton on a blue velvet cushion to Françoise de Montmorency, who was charged to take possession in the name of Henri II.—a terminal statue of whom exists on the Esplanade, and as the French army defiled through the Port Gayole, the English went out at the Port de Calais, and Boulogne returned to the possession of the Bouonnaise, Michaelmas day, 1544.

* As some years have passed by since this description was written, it is probable that many alterations have been made.—Ed.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A GERMAN SINGER OF THE LAST CENTURY.

While listening to the magic strains of the Swedish Nightingale, we could but reflect that she, and those dowered with the like gifts in the same high degree, must frequently mourn over their evanescence. The warrior's laurel and the poet's bay are immortal; while the wreaths which fall at the feet of a far-famed singer scarcely perish sooner than her renown. The faded beauty can point out to her friends, and bequest to her grandchildren her fair, fresh charms on the 'undying canvas;' but what echo remains of voices which have thrilled the hearts of half the world? Surely it is a charity to consecrate one poor half-hour to the memory of a German singer, whose name, now utterly forgotten, was, at the close of the last century, familiar as a household word to the lips of all. The beauty and fashion of Christendom: while, in private life, her virtues, her unselfishness, and sweetness of disposition, bore a strong resemblance to our favourite Jenny Lind, who was, however, born under a more fortunate star, and we rejoice to think that the gentle heart of Madame Goldschmidt will never be wrung as was that of the no less gifted, but less happy, Madame Mara.

In 1749, that year so signalised by the birth of Goethe, Elizabeth Schmählung, the wife of a poor music teacher, in Cassel, died in childbirth, leaving her husband a sickly infant, the child of
his old age. Contrary to all expectations, the little creature struggled through its early infancy, almost to the disappointment of her remaining parent, whose paternal feelings were deadened by poverty, and the reflection that this little worthless life had been purchased by that of his beloved companion. As her father was too poor to command attendance of any kind, the neglected child passed the long hours of his absence in perfect solitude, locked in an almost unfurnished apartment, and her poor little feet fastened to a great chair. One evening, just after she had completed her fourth year, as Schmähling was returning, weary and heavy of heart, to his humble abode, his step was arrested on the stairs by the sound of a scale in music distinctly and perfectly played, proceeding from the prison-room of his little ailing daughter!

He listened again. Yes! he was not mistaken—he had the key of the door—no one could be there but the sickly child, whose existence he had felt to be so sore a burden. A new happiness, that of a father's pride and joy, visited the desolate heart of the poor old man, and entering softly, he found that the little Elizabeth had managed to reach an old violin, whence she drew the sounds which had so unexpectedly greeted her father's ears.

Now began a new life for these two human beings—a life of happy companionship. It would have been a fine study for a painter to watch the young musician, still almost an infant, propped up on her high chair; her features, to which even the common beauty of childhood had been denied, lighted up with the spirit of harmony, as the violin obeyed the little trembling fingers, and sent forth its sweetest sounds. Close by, on the only other seat the room could boast, sat the now happy father, urging on and encouraging the little one; at a very difficult passage proceeding little one could be noticed a rosy-cheeked apple, a rare dainty for Elizabeth, with which her exertions were to be rewarded.

After a short time, under the high patronage of the child's godfather, a rich tailor, and the sacristan, Schmähling and his daughter gave little concerts at the houses of their neighbours, an employment at once pleasant and profitable. They were enabled to make two additions to their household—a servant and a large dog; both accompanied them on their musical expeditions. The little procession always delighted Elizabeth; as her weak limbs would not support her weight, she was carried by her father; then came the maid-servant, carrying the violin, and lastly, the dog, who was intrusted with a little basket filled with violin strings, &c. Sometimes their auditors required ballads, or country songs, and then the servant joined her rustic voice; but this always displeased the old man, who was nevertheless compelled to obey the wishes of his audience.

Gradually, however, Elizabeth's fame spread among the richer citizens: the houses of the wealthy tradesmen were opened to the child-musician; and at length a rich merchant, who was going to the great fair at Frankfort, offered to convey Schmähling and his daughter there. The poor child, then hardly eight years old, could scarcely bear the jolting of the carrier's wagon in which she travelled; but she rested her aching head on her father's shoulder, and although her limbs were nearly frozen with the cold, he kept her hands warm, by placing them under his coat upon his heart. But her cold and weariness were forgotten completely when her father, at length, showed Elizabeth the city of Frankfort—then full of the life and bustle of the great fair—and told her that there she would play before the rich and great, and earn not only money, but fame.

Schmähling and his daughter lived for two years at Frankfort, succeeding so well as to be in comfortable circumstances, while every day seemed to develop the wonderful powers of the child; her health, too, improved, and she could walk, though with difficulty. The old man, whom poverty had bound for so many years to Cassel, loved a wandering life, and went from Frankfort to Vienna, where his success prompted him to take what was then an arduous journey, and the little German child appeared in London in 1760. But here she was not well received; her extreme plainness, the awkwardness of her movements, and the frightful grimaces she made while playing, gave a most unfavourable impression. The disappointed father prepared to leave England as quickly as possible; but one of the first singers of the day had made an important discovery—that nature had given Elizabeth a most magnificent voice. She urged Schmähling no longer to waste the powers of the child on violin playing, but to return to Germany with all speed, and place her under the care of the best masters; and this counsel, backed as it was by funds for the purpose, was followed.

The old Capellmeister at Leipzig—Father Hiller, as he was always called—heard Elizabeth Schmähling sing, and struck with her wonderful but ill-cultivated powers, adopted the young singer rather as his daughter than as his pupil.*

Hiller was one of the first musicians of his age, and eminently qualified to fulfill the charge he had undertaken. Elizabeth now entered with heart and soul upon her musical education, which proceeded as an education seldom does—the master unwarried in his teaching, the scholar never satisfied with learning.

He told her that she had not the beauty or grace so necessary for the theatre, but that her education must prepare her for the envied post of private singer to the king.

Hiller had the satisfaction of watching his pupil's dawning fame. The first token of princely favour she received was a summons

* The portrait of Father Hiller is given at full length in his pupil's life, and it is a somewhat grotesque picture, a real old German face, full of kind, lines and wrinkles, a red cap drawn down over his ears, and a large pair of spectacles in pinchbeck frames, on which almost every student in Leipzig, including Goethe himself, had written an epigram.
from the director of the royal private theatre, at Dresden; for the Electress Dowager, Marie Antonie, had heard of the rising star, and wished to judge of her merits herself. Hase's fine opera of "Semiramis" was chosen, and the principal part assigned to Elizabeth.

Father Hiller was almost in an agony of fear. "My child!" he exclaimed, "it will never do; you cannot, you must not be a queen; every one will laugh at us both."

Elizabeth herself gives a full account of the affair. She says: "I suffered patiently all that they liked to do with me. They painted my face red and white, and put a great patch on my chin. As this operation was being performed, in came the director, who, I saw, could hardly help laughing at my appearance. He said, he was commissioned to conduct me to her Highness, who wished to see me before I went upon the stage. I hastily threw my purple mantle round me, and followed the director, through some dark passages, to a little cabinet hung with crimson velvet. Here stood the Electress, and behind her stood three young ladies, who looked anxiously at me, as I stood in my splendour, like a doll under a Christmas tree. I held my secréte behind me, to hide my red, coarse arms.

"What have you there at your back?" asked the royal lady. At this question I produced my secréte, and, in doing so, unfortunately hit the director, who, in consequence of the fall I made, it bled. 'You must not carry your secréte so,' said her Serene Highness, with an involuntary smile; 'it should always be held before you; but I would advise you to lay it down; a queen does not always carry her secréte.' After this little lecture, I had permission to leave, which, you may be sure, I did very speedily. As soon as I reached the stage, the instruments struck up, and I had to commence my recitative immediately; so that, fortunately for me, I could think of nothing but the music. I forgot my false hair, my crown, my purple mantle, and crimson velvet train, that I was Queen Semiramis, and only remembered that I was a singer."

A few months after this adventure, Frederick the Great was told of the young German singer, and commanded that she should be brought before him. She was conducted into that famous little concert-room at Sans Souci, where Frederick was lying, in ill-health, and out of humour, on a sofa. He asked her roughly: "They tell me you can sing; is it true?"

"If it please your Majesty, I can try."

"Very well, then; sing."

When Elizabeth had finished the piece assigned her, the king, without any token either of satisfaction or displeasure, took up a music-sheet containing a very difficult bravura by Graun, which he knew she could never have seen. "Sing this, if you can," again commanded the imperious monarch. The young singer obeyed, and then withdrew, the king only remarking, "Yes, you can sing." But this interview decided Elizabeth's fate. A proposal was made to her to become the king's private singer, with an annuity of three thousand dollars secured to her for life.

In 1772, Elizabeth's evil fate brought her into contact with one of the most fascinating and most unprincipled men of his time—Mar, the violoncellist to Prince Henry of Prussia. In vain did her friends warn her; in vain were anonymous letters sent from every part to expose the true character of her pretended lover; she listened only to the protestations of her handsome fiancé. On her twenty-fourth birthday, Elizabeth laid a petition for the royal assent to her marriage before Frederick. The answer, which she found written in pencil upon the margin was more characteristic than courteous; it was—"You are a fool, and must be more reasonable. You shall not make that follow your husband." After repeated entreaties, and the delay of half a year, Frederick was brought to give the most unwilling permission. The marriage was solemnized; and now, in the midst of her success and honour, began the secret sorrows and shame of the unhappy Elizabeth Mara.

She soon discovered how fatal a step she had taken; her husband lavished her earnings at the lowest, both of his sex and her own; he was almost always in a disgraceful state of intemperance; and not content with heaping every neglect on his patient wife, he openly reproached her with her want of beauty.

Now, too, she began to experience that her position at Court was only a gilded slavery; for the king, who hated the worthless husband, made the innocent wife feel his anger. A request she made to be allowed, on account of her health, to visit the Bohemian baths, was refused; and on the edge of a petition her husband compelled her to present for orders to accompany him on a tour. She found written in pencil by the king: "Let him go, but you shall remain."

Mara was furious against the king, and behaved most brutally to his wife, who persuaded him in vain to keep a prudent silence; he complained loudly of Frederick's tyranny, and even wrote ridiculous pamphlets upon his wrongs. This was, perhaps, the most miserable period of Madame Mara's unhappy married life. The king showed his displeasure openly against her, and she shared the odium with which her husband was universally regarded; anxiety, grief, and distress threw her into a dangerous fever. Just at this juncture, the Grand Duke, Paul of Russia, a great admirer, almost a worshipper, of the "Colossus of the century," as he styled Frederick, arrived at Berlin. Among the festivities arranged for the occasion was a great operatic performance by Tomelli, in which Madame Mara was to sing the principal part. On the morning of the day on which it was to be performed, it was announced that Mara was very ill. The king sent her a message, to the effect that she could be well if she pleased, and it was his pleasure that she should be. She returned a respectful answer, saying that she was really very ill. All Berlin was in commotion, and eagerly watched
the result of a battle between Frederick the Great and his first singer. No other entertainment was arranged for the evening; the king commanded the preparations to be completed. Evening approached; the director, in despair, hastily donned his court-dress, and repaired to the king, to whom he represented that he had seen Mara; that she was really ill, and could not be induced to leave her bed. Frederick, who either really thought, or affected to believe, the indisposition feigned, merely said, "Do not disturb yourself: she will be present;" and, half an hour afterwards, one of the royal carriages, accompanied by eight dragoons, stopped before Madame Mara's door, and the officers announced to the terrified servants that he had orders to bring their sick mistress by force to the theatre. We will detail the story in Madame Mara's own words to Goethe. She says—

"I rose from my sick bed, and dressed, with the soldiers standing at the door of my apartment. Ill as I was, only thoughts of the direst revenge filled my soul. As I placed the dagger of Armida in my girdle, I wished with all my heart that I could slay my pitiless tyrant with it. "Yes," I said to myself, as the heavy diadem was pressed on my poor aching head, "yes, I will obey the tyrant; I will sing, but in such accents as he has never heard before; he shall listen to the terrible reproaches I dare not utter in words."

In this mood I went to the opera; the common people showed their sympathy, when they saw my guard of dragoons, my face wet with tears and wan with sickness. Some even rushed forward to rescue me, but they were driven back by the soldiers. The officers had orders to accompany me to the side-scene, and stand there until I was called upon the stage to sing my part. I felt sick unto death as I stood waiting; and my physician, who accompanied me, has since said that he feared the worst. I looked on the stage once, as the word "diadem" was announced, it seemed to me as if they were dancing on my grave. Now, I had to appear. I sang the bravura in a weak, trembling voice; but I felt very much vexed that I could only sing so feebly, for an ambition awoke in me. When, in the second act, I had to sing the 'Mi serame,' I poured out the whole sorrow and oppression of my heart. I glanced at the king, and my looks and tones said, 'Tyrant, I am here to obey your will; but you shall listen only to the voice of my agony.'

As the last piteous tones died on my lips, I looked round; all was still as death. Not a sound escaped the audience; they seemed as if they were witnessing some execution. I saw my power, even in my weakness; this gave me strength; I felt my illness yield for the time to the power of melody within me. Vanity, too, came to my assistance; she whispered that it would be an eternal disgrace if I allowed the grand duke, who had heard of my fame in a foreign land, to suppose that I was not equal to my part. This gave me the confidence in which I had to address Rinaldo, 'Dove cori, O Rinaldo?' and then I raised my voice, but did not put forth all my power, until I had to sing those burning words; 'Vivi felice? Indegno, perdio traditore!' My audience seemed overpowered; the grand duke leaned over his box, and testified his delight in the most evident manner. For some moments after I had finished, there was a breathless silence, and then came the full thunder of applause. I was sent for to appear again, and receive the plaudits; but no sooner had I got behind the scenes than I fell into a fainting fit. I was carried home, and for many days my life was despaired of."

Such was Madame Mara's account of this singular act of despotism, one worthy of Nero himself. "The Colossus of the age" certainly behaved like a petty tyrant to his principal singer. In vain she pleaded ill-health, and begged to be allowed to resign her honourable post; the answer was always the same—"You are to remain here." At length, urged by her husband, and heart-sick of her slavery, she attempted to fly with him; but the fugitives were discovered, and brought back as state prisoners.

Frederick, who desired nothing more than praise from the French press, had been rather mortified at the view taken by the Parisian journals of his barbarous violation of Mara's sick-room; they expressed, in the strongest terms, the deepest indignation at his conduct, and the most heartfelt pity for the sufferer. The voice of public opinion, added to a secret consciousness that he had gone too far, determined the king to inflict no punishment on Madame Mara herself; but he indemnified himself for this forbearance by making her husband feel the whole weight of his anger. The luxurious, pampered, royal musician was forthwith ordered to repair to Kustrin, in the capacity of drummer to a fusiliers regiment! Forgetful of her many wrongs, the faithful wife wished to throw herself at the king's feet, and beg that the sentence might be revoked. He would not see her, and sent her a large portfolio of music, with the following note: "Study these, and forget your good-for-nothing husband; that is the best thing you can do."

The unhappy drummer wrote the most piteous letters to his wife; touching her heart by complaints of absence from her, which he professed to find unspeakably bitter; and vowing that he had never felt his love for her till now, that absence taught him how dear she was. Poor Mara, unaccustomed to words of affection, and willing to be deceived, made the most urgent efforts to obtain his recall, and succeeded at last, when all appeals to Frederick's generosity, honour, and clemency had failed, by an appeal of a different nature, which was far more likely to weigh with the parsimonious monarch. She offered to purchase her husband's freedom with the resignation of half her annual salary; and the great hero of the eighteenth century was nothing loth to comply on these terms.

The sacrifice for so unworthy an object was the wonder and admiration of Berlin. It happened that the first time Mara appeared afterwards was in a little opera called "The Galley
"Skin cool, damp. Pha! pha! I thought that camphor and morphine last night would cure you. Always good for sudden attacks."

The little woman’s stumpy white fingers were very motherly, touching Grey’s forehead.

"I promised Doctor Bleeker you would see him in half an hour."

"It is not best," the girl said, standing up, leaning against the mantel-shelf.

"It is best. You say you will not consent to the marriage: are going with me to-night. So, so. I ask no questions. No, child. Hush!"—with a certain dignity. "I want no explanations. Sarah Sheppard’s rough, maybe; but she keeps her own privacy, and regards that of others. But you must see him. He is your best friend, if nothing more. A woman cannot be wrong, when she acts in that way from the inherent truth of things. That was my mother’s rule. In half an hour,"—putting her forefinger on Grey’s temple, and pursing her mouth. "Pulse low. Sharp seven the train goes. I’ll bring a bottle of nitre in my bag,"—and she bustled out.

Grey looked after her. Strong, useful, stable; how contented and happy she had been since she was born! Love, wealth, coming to her as matters of course. The girl looked out of the dingy window into the wearsome grey sky. Well, what was the difference between them? What crime had she committed, that God should have so set His face against her from the first—from the very first? She had trusted Him more than this woman whom He seemed glad to bless. There were two or three creamy wild-lilies in a broken glass on the sill. The girl always loved the flower.

"It’s hard," she said, turning sullenly away from the window.

Whatever the hours of this past day and night had been to her, they had left one curious mark on her face—a hollow sinking of the lines about the mouth, as though years of pain had crept over her. Suffering had not ennobled her. It is only heroic, large-brained women, with a great natural grasp of charity, that severe pain lifts out of themselves: weak souls, like Grey, who starve without daily food of personal love, contract under God’s judgments, sour into pettish discontent, or grow maudlin as blind devotees, knowing but two things in eternity—their own idea of God, and their own salvation. Nunneries are full of them. Grey had no vital pith of self-reliance to keep her erect, now that the storm came. What strength she had was outside: her child-like grip on the hand of the Man gone before.

"In half an hour."

She tried to put the thought out, and look at the chamber they had given her last night: odd enough for a woman, a bare-floored, low-ceiled room, the upper store of the fire-engine house: the same which they had used as a guard house; but they had no prisoners now. From this window where she stood John Brown had defended himself; the marks of bullets were in the wall. She tried to think of all that had followed that defence, of the four millions of slaves for whom he died whose friends in the North would convert their masters into their deadly foes, and be shotful in helping them yourselves. She tried to fill up the half-hour thinking of this, but it seemed to her she was more to be pitied than they. Chained to a man she hated. Why, more than four millions of women had married as she had done; society drove them into it. "In half an hour." He was coming then. She would be calm about it, would bid him good-bye without crying. He would suffer less then,—poor Paul! She had his likeness: she would give that back. She drew it from its hiding-place and laid it down: the eyes looked at hers with a half-laugh: she turned away quickly to the window, holding herself up by her shaking hands. If she could keep it to look at, at night, sometimes! She would grow old soon, and in all her life if she had this one little pleasure!

"I will not," she said, pushing it from her.

"I will go to God pure."

She heard a man’s step on the clay path outside. Only the sentry’s. Paul’s was heavier, more nervous. Pen came to her to button his coat.

"To-day are we going home, Sis?"

"Yes, to-day." God forgive her, if for a moment she loafed the home! "Pen, will you love me always?"—holding him tight to her breast. "I won’t have any body but you."

Pen kissed her, the kiss meaning little, and ran out to the sentry, who made a pet of him. But what the kiss meant was all the future held for her: she knew that.

Now came the strange change which no logician can believe in or disprove. While she stood there, holding her hands over her eyes trying to accept her fate, it grew too heavy and dark for her to bear. What Helper she sought then, and how, only those who have found Him know. I only can tell you that presently she bared her face, her nerves trembling, for the half-hour was nearly over, but with a brave, soft light in her hazel eyes. The change had come of which every soul is susceptible. Very bitter tears may have come after that, her life was but a tawdry remnant, she might still think for that foul lie of hers long ago; but she would
take up the days cheerfully, and do God’s will with them.

There was another step: not the sentry’s now. She bathed her red eyes, and hastily drew her hair back plain. Paul liked the curls falling about her throat. She must never try to please him again. Never! She must bid him good-bye now. It meant forever. Maybe when she was dead—He was coming: she heard his foot on the stairs, his hand on the latch. God help her to be a true woman!

“Grey?”

He touched the hand covering her eyes.

“It is so cold! You mean to leave me, Grey?”

She drew back, sitting down on a camp-chest, and looked up at him. He had not come there to tempt her by passionate evil: she saw that. This pain which he had fought with in his soul, all night, had left his face subdued, earnest, sorrowful. Perhaps since Paul Blecker left his mother’s knee he had never been so like a child as now.

“Yes, I must go. He will not claim me. I am glad I was spared that. I am going to try and do right with the rest of my life, Paul.”

Blecker said nothing, paced the floor of the room, his head sunk on his breast.

“Let us go out of this,” at last. “I’m choked. I think in the free air we will know what to right, better.”

She took on her hood, and they went out, the girl drawing back on the steps, lest he should offer to assist her.

“I will not touch you, Grey,” he said, gravely, “unless you give me leave.”

Somehow, as she followed him down the deserted street, she felt how puny her trouble was, after all to his. She had time to notice that drops of sweat wrung out on his forehead, and wish she dared to wipe them away; but he strode on in silence, forgetting even her, facing this inscrutable fate that mastered them, with a strong man’s desperation. They came to the river, out of sight of the town. She stopped.

“We must wait here. I must stay where I can hear the train coming.”

“The train,—yes. You are going in it? Yet, Grey, you love me?”

She wrung her hands with a frightened cry.

“Paul, don’t tempt me. I’m weak: you know that. Don’t make me fouler than I am. There’s something in the world better for us than love—to try to be pure and true. You’ll help me to be that, dear Paul?”—laying her hand on his arm, beseechingly. “You’ll not keep me back? It’s hard, you know,”—trying to smile, her lips only growing colourless.

“I’ll help you, Grey,”—his face distorted, touching her fingers for an instant with an unutterable tenderness. “I knew this man was here from the first. If there was crime in our marriage, I took it on myself. I was not afraid to face hell for you, child. But, Grey,”—meeting her eye, “I love you. I will not risk your soul for my selfish pleasure. If it be a crime, for you to stay with me, I will bid you go, and never attempt to see your face again.”

“If it be a crime? You cannot doubt that, Paul!”

“I do doubt it. You can obtain a divorce”—looking at her, with his colour changing.

She pushed back the hair from her forehead. Her brain ached. Where was all the clear reasoning she had meant to meet him with?

“No, I will not do that. I know the law says it is right; but Christ forbade it. I can’t argue. I only know his words.”

He walked to and fro; he could not be still a minute, when in pain.

“Will you sit there?”—motioning her to a flat rock. “I want to speak to you.”

She sat down,—looked at the river. If she saw that look on his face longer, she would go to him, though an angel’s arm stretched between them. She clenched her little hands together, something in her soul crying out, “I’m trying to do right.” Martyrs for every religion have said the same, when the heart crept closer over the fagots. They were true to the best they could discover, and He asks no more of any man.

“I want you to hear me patiently,” he said, standing near her, and looking down. “You said there was something better for us in the world than love. There is nothing for me. I’ve not been taught much about God or His ways. I thought I’d learn them through you. I’ve lived a coarse, selfish life. You took me out of it. I am not very selfish, loving you, little Grey,”—with a sad smile,—“for I will give you up sooner than hurt you. But if I had married you, I think it would have redeemed me.”

He was silent a moment.

It is a pitiful thing to see a man choke down such weakness. Grey would not see it: her eyes were fastened on her hands. He controlled himself, going on rapidly:

“I say nothing of myself. I’m only a weak, passionate man; but I mean to let your soul be pure. Yet I believe you judge wrongly in this. You think of marriage, as women in your State and in the South are taught to think, as a thing irrevocable. There are men in New England who hold other views,—pure, good men, Grey. I’ve tried to put you from my mind, and look at society as it is, with its corrupt, mercenary marriages, and I believe their theory is the only feasible and just one, that only those bound by secret affinity to each other are truly married.”

Grey’s face flushed. “I have heard the theory, and its results,” in a low voice.

“Because it has been seized upon as a cloak by false men. Use your reason, Grey. Do not be blinded by popular prejudice. Your fate and mine rest on this question.”

“I will try to understand.” She faced him gravely.

“Whom God hath joined together no man shall put asunder. Somewhere, when our souls were made, I think, He joined us, Grey. You know that.”
"I do know it."
She stood up, not shrinking from his eye now,—her womanly nature, clear and brave, looking out from her.

"I will not speak of love: you know what that is. You know you need me: you have moulded your very thought and life in mine. It is right it should be so. God meant it. He made them male and female: taught them by that instinct of nearness to know when the two souls mated in eternity had found each other. Then the only true marriage comes. The true souls, lovers, have found each other now, Grey."

He came to her,—took her hands in his.

"I know that,—her pale face still lifted.

"Then,—all the passion of a life in his voice,—"what shall come between us? I tell you, your soul's health and mine depend on this."

She did not speak: her breath camelaboured and thick.

"You will come with me, Grey. You shall not go back to the slavery yonder, dragging out the rest of time God gave you, in which to develop your soul, in coddling brats, and kitchennwork. There are homes where men and women enfranchise themselves from the cursed laws of society—Phalansteries—where each soul develops itself out of the inner centre of eternal truth and love according to its primal bent, free to yield to its instincts and affinities. I learned their theory long ago, but I never believed in it until now. We will go there. Grey. We will be governed by the laws of our own nature. It will be a free, beautiful life, my own. Music and Art and Nature shall surround us with an eternal harmony. We will have work, true work, such as suits our native power; these talents smothered in your brain and mine shall come to life in vigorous growth. Here in the world struggling meanly for food, this cannot be. That shall be the true Utopia, Grey. Some day all mankind shall so live. We, now. Will you come?"—drawing her softly towards him. "You do not yield"—looking in her face. "I am sincere. No human soul can reach its full stature, unless it be free and happy. There is no chain on women such as marriages like yours."

Still silence.

"I say that there are slaveries in society, and false marriages are the worst; and until you and all women are free from them, you never can become what God meant you to be. Do I speak truth?"

"It is true."

"You will come with me, then?"—his face growing red.
For one moment her head rested against the rock, languid and nervous. Then she stood erect.

"I will not go, Paul."

He caught her arm: but she shook him off, and held her hand to her side to keep down an actual physical pain that some women suffer when their hearts are tried. Her eyes, it may be, were wakened into a new resolve. It was useless for him now to appeal to feeling or passion; he had left the decision to her reason,—to her faith. They were stronger than he.

"I will not go, Paul."

No answer.

"I have no words like you,"—raising her hands to her head,—"but I feel you are wrong in what you say."

She tried to collect herself, then went on.

"It is true that women sell themselves. I did it,—to escape. I was taught wrong, as girls are. It's true, Paul, that women are cramped and unhappy through false marriages, and that there are cursed laws in society that defraud the poor and the slave."

She stopped, pale and frightened, struggling to find utterance, not being used to put her thoughts into words. He watched her keenly.

"But it is not true, Paul,"—with choked eagerness,—"that this life was given to us only to develop our souls, to be free and happy. That will come after,—in heaven. It is given here only to those who pray for it. There's something better here."

"What?"

"To submit. It seems to me there are some great laws—for the good of all. When we break them, we must submit. Let them go over us, and try to help others,—what is that text?"—holding her head a minute,—"'Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'"

"You mean to submit?"

"I do. I married that man of my own free will: driven, maybe, by mean fears; but—I did it. I will not foreswear myself."

She gained courage as she went on.

"I believe that God Himself, and that our Lord, taught the meaning of a true marriage as you do,—that without that affinity it is none. The curse comes to every woman who disregards it. It has come to me. I'll bear it."

"Throw it off. Come out of the foul lie."

"I will live no lie, Paul. I never would have gone with John Gurney as his wife, if he had claimed me."

"Then you are free to be mine,—coming a step nearer."

She drew back.

"I don't think He taught that. I cannot go behind His words."

"Grey, I will not drag you one step where your free will does not lead you. Last night I said, 'I love this woman so well that I will leave her, sooner than drag her into crime.' You should do what you think right. I will be silent."

"Good bye, then, Paul."

Yet he did not take the offered hand: stood modestly looking down into the water, crushing back something in his heart,—the only thing in his life dear or pleasant, it may be.

"Oh, if women knew what it is to sell themselves! They will marry more purely, maybe soon. I believe that Christ made the marriage vow binding, Paul, because, though some might break it with pure intent, yet, if it were of no avail, as it is in those Homes you talk of, and in
Indiana, women would become more degraded by brutal men, live fonder lives, than even now. I'm afraid, Paul,"—with a scowling smile,—
“men will have to educate the inner law of their natures more, before they can live out from it; until then we'll have to obey an outer law. You know how your Philanthropies have ended.”

While she spoke, she gathered her mantle about her. It was a good thing to talk fast and lightly, so that he would leave her without more pain. God had helped her do right. It was best for her to bear the loss she had brought on herself, and to renounce a happiness she had made guilty. But, if women knew—sitting on the rock by the water's edge, she thrust her fingers into the damp mound, with a thought of the time when she could lie under it—grow clean, through the strange processes of death, from all impurity. If she could but creep down there now, a false-sworn unloving wife, out of this man's sight, out of God's sight!

“Will you go?”—looking up with blanched cheek.
“Never were so noble as now, Paul Blecker, when you left me to myself to judge. If you had only touched my love”—

“You would have yielded, I know. I'm not utterly base, Grey. I am glad," his face<br growing red, "you think I have been honourable, and true. I want to act as a man of gentle blood and a Christian would do—though I'm not either.”

It was a chivalric face that looked down on her, though nervous and haggard. She saw that. How bare and mean her life seemed before her that moment! how all quiet and joy waited for her in the arms hanging listlessly by his side, as if their work in life were done! Must she sacrifice her life to an eternal law of God? Was this love so vile a thing?

“Will you go?”—rising suddenly. “While you stand there, the Devil comes very near me, Paul.” She held out her hand. “You would despise me if I yielded now.”

But I might, but I would love you all the same, Grey,"—with a miserable attempt at a smile. He took the hand, holding it in his a moment.

“Good bye”—all feelings frozen out of his voice.

“You've done right, Grey. It will be better for us some day. We'll think of that, always.”

“You suffer. I have made your life wretched”—clinging suddenly to him.

“No”—turning his head away. “Never mind. I am not a child, Grey. Men do not die of grief. They take up hard work, and that strengthens them. And my little girl will be happy. Her God will bless her; for she is a true, good girl. Yes, true. You judged rightly.”

For Blecker had taken up the alien Socialist dogma that day sincerely, but driven to it by passion: now he swayed back to his old-fashioned faith in marriage, as one comes to solid land after a plunge in the upheaving surf.

“Good bye, Paul.”

The sunlight fell on their faces with a white brilliance, as they stood, their hands clasped, for a moment. The girl never saw it afterwards without a sudden feeling of hate, as though it had scene at her mortal pain. Then Paul Blecker stood alone by the river-side, with only a dull sense that the day was bright and unfeeling, and that something was gone from the world, never to come back. The life before he had known her offered itself to him again in a bare remembrance: the heat to get on,—the keen bargains,—friendships with fellows that shook him off when they married, not caring that it hurt him—he, without a home or religion, keeping out of vice only from an inborn choice to be clean. That was all. Pah! God help us! What was this life worth? He glanced at the town laid in ashes. The war was foul indeed, yet in it there was room for high chivalric purpose. Could he so end his life? She would know it, and love him more that he died an honourable death. Shame! and cowardly too!—was there nothing worth finding in the world besides a woman's love?—he was no piling boy. If there were, what was it—for him?

He looked down at the dull sweep of the valley, heard the whistle of the train that was carrying her away, and saw the black trail of smoke against the sky, stood—silently watching it until the last bit of smoke even had disappeared. A woman would have worked off in tears or hysterical cries what pain came then; but the man only swallowed once or twice, lighted his cigar, and with a grim smile went down the road.

My story is nearly ended. I have no time to study dramatic effects, or to shift large and cautiously painted scenes or the actors for the mere ticking of your eyes and ears. One or two facts in the history of these people are enough to give for my purpose: they are for women,—nervous, greedy, discontented women: to learn from them (if I could put the truth into forcible enough English) that truth of Christ's teaching which has unaccountably been let slip out of our modern theology, that his help is temporal as well as spiritual, dear with comfort, most practical needs, and is sworn to her who struggles to be true to her best self, that what she asks, believing, she shall receive. That is the point,—believing. “Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.”

How many tragedies of life besides fine-spun novels would suddenly be brought to an end, if the heroine were only a common-sense, believing Christian of the old-fashioned pattern! Doctor Blecker, going into the war after the day he parted from the girl at Harper's Ferry, with a sense of as many fighting influences in his life as there were in the army, had no under-sight of the clear mapping-out of the years for him, controlled by the simple request of the woman yonder who loved him. She dared not repeat that prayer now; but it had gone up once out of a childish trust, and was safely written down above.

Let us pass over five or six months, and follow
Paul Blecker, to Fredericksburg, the night after that bloodiest day for the Federal forces in December. It was the fourth battle in which he had taken part. Now a man grows blest, in a manner, even of wholesale slaughter; he plodded his way quietly, indifferently almost therefore over the plateau below the first range of hills, his instrument-case in hand, drinking from his brandy-flask now and then to keep down nausea. The night was clear—a low, wan moon peering from the west, a warm wind from the river drifting the heavy billows of smoke away from the battle-field. He picked his steps with difficulty, unwilling to tread upon even the dead: they lay in heaps here, thrown aside by the men who were removing the wounded. The day was lost: he fancied he could read on the white upturned faces a bitter defeat. Firing had ceased an hour ago; only at long intervals on the far left a dull throb was heard, as though the heart of the Night pulsed heavily and feverishly in her sleep: no other sound, save the constant, deadening roll of ambulances going out from this Valley of Death. The field where he stood was below the ridge on which were placed Lee's batteries; for ten hours the grand division of Sumner had charged the heights here, the fog shutting out from them all the impregnable foe in front, and the bit of blue sky above, the last glimpse of life they were to see—charging with the slow, cumulative energy of an ocean-surf upon a rock, and ebbing back at last, spent, leaving behind the drift of a horrible wetness on the grass, and uncounted murdered souls to go back to God.

The night now was bright and colourless, as I said, except where a burning house down by the canal made a faded saffron-glaire. The Doctor had entered a small thicket of locust-trees; the moonlight penetrated clearly through their thin trunks, but the dead on the grass lay in shadow. He carried a lantern, therefore, as he gently turned them over, searching for some one. It was a Pennsylvania regiment which had held that wood longest—McKinstry's. Half-a-dozen other men were employed like the Doctor—Irish, generally: they don't forget the fellows that messed with them as quickly as our countrymen do.

"We're in luck, Dan Reilly," said one. "Here's the Doctor himself. Av we had the b'y's now, we'd be complete," turning over one face after another, unmistakably Dutch or Puriitan.

"Er it's Pat O'Shaughnessy yez want," said another, "he'd be after gittin' a'yon the McManuses, an' here they are. They're Fardowners on'y. Pat's Corkonian, he is; he'll be nearer th' imeny by a fut, I'll jingage yez."

"He's my cousin," (hard tugging at the dead bodies with one arm; the other hung powerless), "I can't face Mary an' her childer agin an' say I lift her man widout Christian burial.—Howd yer soul! Dan Reilly, give us a lift; here he is. Are ye dead, Pat?"

One eye in the blackened face opened.

"On'y my leg. 'O'Shaughnessy aghin' th' warld, an' th' warld aghin' th' Divil!'—while was received with a cheer from the Corkonians.

"Av yer Honor," inquired Dan, "wull a'stend to this poor man, we'd be proud to distur the friend you're in sarch of."

Blecker glanced at the stout Irishmen about him, with kind faces under all the whisky, and stronger arms than his own.

"I will, boys. You know him—he's in your regiment—Captain McKinstry. He fell in the wood, they tell me."

"I think I know him"—his head to one side. "Woodenish-looking chap, all run up into shoulders, with yellow hair?"

Blecker nodded, and motioned them to carry O'Shaughnessy into a low tool-house near the shed, half-tumbling down, from a shell that had shattered its side. There was a bench there where they could lay the wounded man, however. He stooped over the big, mangled bo'st, joking with him—it was the best comfort to Par to give him a chance to show how little he cared for the surgeon's knife—glancing now and then at the pearly embankment of clouds in the south, or at the delicate locust boughs in black and shivering tracery against the moonlight, trying to shut his eyes to the unceasing under-current of moans that reached him in silence.

Seeing him there with his lantern and instruments, they brought him one wounded man after another, to whom he gave what aid he could, and then despatched them in the army wagons, looking impatiently after Dan, in his search for the Captain. He had not known before how much he cared for McKinstry, with a curious protecting care. Other men in the army were more his chums than Mac, but they were coarse, able to take care of themselves. Mac was like that simple-hearted old Irishman in whom there was no guile. The camp had been perpetually imposed on by his mes-giving them treats of fresh beef and bread, and tracts at the same time. They laughed at him, but were oddly fond of him; he was a sharp disciplinarian, but was too quiet, they had always thought, to have much pluck.

Blecker, glancing at his watch, saw that it was eleven; the moon was sinking fast, her level rays fainter and bluer, as from some farther depth of rest and quiet than before. His keenly-set ears distinguished just then an even tramp among the abrupt sounds without, the feet of two or three men carrying weight.

"He's here, zur," said Dan, who held his feet tenderly enough. "Aisy now, b'y's. He's not bar's ye're liftin'." They laid him down. Fur up th' ridge he was: not many blue coats farther an. That's true," in a loud, hearty tone, "I'm doubtin'," in an aside, "it's all over wid him. I'll howd the lantern, zur."

"You, Blecker?" McKinstry muttered, as he opened his eyes with his usual placid smile.

"We've lost the day?"

"Yes. No matter now, Mac. Quiet a moment," cutting the boot from his leg.

"Not fifty of my boys escaped!—a sort of
spasm passing over his face. "Tell them at home they fought nobly—nobly."

His voice died down. Blecker finished his examination—it needed but a minute—then softly replaced the leg, and, coming up, stood quiet, only wiping the dampness off his forehead. Dan set down the lantern.

"I'll go, zur," he whispered. "There's work outside, here."

The Doctor nodded. McKinstry opened his eyes.

"Good-by, my friend," stretching out his hand to Dan. "My brother could not have been kinder to me than you were to-night."

"Good-by, zur." The rough thrust out his great fist eagerly. "God open the gate wide for yer honour, this night," clearing his voice as he went out.

"I'm going, then, Blecker?"

Paul could not meet the womanish blue eyes turned towards him; he turned abruptly away.

"Why! why! Tut! I did not think you cared, Paul," tightening his grasp of the hand in his jacket pocket. "Go, Dan. He dropped his eyes, he covered his face with his left hand, and was silent awhile.

"Go, Doctor," he said, at last; "I forgot that others need you. Go at once. I'm very comfortable here."

"I will not go. Do you see this?" pointing to the stream of bright arterial blood. "It was madness to throw your life away thus; a handkerchief, sliced here would have sufficed until they carried you off the field."

"Yes, yes, I knew. But the wound came just as we were charging. Sabre-cut, it was. If I had said I was wounded, the men would have fallen back. I thought we could take that battery; but we did not. No matter. All right. You ought to go."

"No. Have you no message for home?" pushing back the yellow hair as gently as a woman. The mild face grew distorted again and pale.

"I've a letter in my carpet-sack, in our tent. I wrote it last night. It's to Lizzy; you will deliver it, Doctor?"

"I will. Yes."

"It may be lost now, there is such confusion in the camp. The key is in my right pocket, inside the spectacle case: have you got it?"

"Yes."

Blecker could hardly keep back a smile: even the pocket-furniture was neatly ordered in the hour of death.

"If it is lost?"—turning his head restlessly—"light your lantern, Blecker, it is so dark—if it is—tell her"—his voice was gone. "Tell her," lifting himself suddenly, with the force of death, "to be pure and true. My loving little girl, Lizzy—wife." Blecker drew his head on his shoulder. "I thought the holidays were coming"—closing his eyes again wearily—"for us. But God knows. All right!"

His lips moved, but the sound was inaudible; he smiled cheerfully, held Paul's hand closer, and then his head grew heavy as lead, being nothing but clay. For the true knight and loyal gentleman was gone to the Master of all honour, to learn a broader manhood and deeds of higher emprise.

Paul Blecker stood silent a moment, and then covered the homely, kind face reverently.

"I would as lief have seen a woman die," he said, and turned away.

Two or three men came up, carrying others on a broken door and on a fence-board.

"Hyur's th' Doctor”—laying them on a hillock of grass. "Uh wish ye'd see to these pore chaps, Doctor," with a strong Maryland accent. "One o' them's t'other side, but"—and so left them.

One of them was a burly western boatman, with mop-like red hair and beard. Blecker looked at him, shook his head, and went on.

"No use!"—gritting his heavy jaw.

"Well!—swallowing, as if he accepted death in that terrible breath. "Eb, Doctor? Do you hear? Wait a bit"—fumbling at his jacket.

"I can't—There's a V in my pocket. I wish you'd send it to the old woman—mother—Mrs. Jane Carr, Cincinnati—'

The doctor stopped to speak to him, and then passed to the next, a fair-haired boy, with three bullet-holes in his coat, one in his breast.

"Will I die?" trying to keep his lips firm.

"Tut! tut! No. Only a flesh-wound. Drink that, and you'll be able to go back to the hospital—he well in a week or two."

"I did not want to die, though I was not afraid"—looking up anxiously; "but"

But the doctor had left him, and kneeling down in the mud, was turning the wounded Confederate over on his back, that he might see his face.

The boy saw him catch up his lantern, and peer eagerly at him with shortened breath.

"What is it? Is he dead?"

"No, not dead," putting down the lantern.

But very near it, this man, John Gurney—so near that it needed no deed of Blecker's to make him pass the bound. Only a few moments' neglect. A bandage, a skilful touch or two, care in the hospitals, might save him.

But what claim had he on Paul that he should do this? For a moment the hot blood in the little Doctor's veins throbbed fiercely, as he rose slowly, and, taking his lantern, stood looking down.

"In an hour," glancing critically at him, "he will be dead."

Something within him coolly added, "and Paul Blecker a murderer."

But he choked it down, and picked his steps through scorching winter stubble, dead horses, men, waggon-wheels, across the field; thinking, as he went, of Grey free, his child-love, true, coaxing coming to his tired arms once more; of the home on the farm yonder, he meant to buy; he, the rough, jolly farmer; and she, busy Grey, bustling Grey, with her loving, little fussy ways. Why, it came like a flash to him! Yet, as it came, tugging at his heart with the whole strength of his blood, he turned, this poor, thwarted, passionate little Doctor, and began
ogging back to the locust-woods, passing many wounded men of his own kith and spirit, and going back to Gurney.

Because—he was his enemy.

"Thank God, I am not utterly debased!"—
gnashing his teeth vehemently.

He walked faster, seeing that the moon was going down, leaving the battle-field in shadow. Overhead, the sinking light, striking upward from the horizon, had worked the black dome into depths of fretted silver. Blecker saw it, though passion made his step unsteady and his eye dim. No man could do a mean, foul deed while God stretched out such a temple-roof as that for his soul to live in, was the thought that dully touched his outer consciousness. But little Grey! If he could go home to her to-morrow, and, lifting her thin, tired face, hold it to his breast, and say: "You're free now for ever!" O God!

He stopped, pulling his coat across his breast in his clenched hands, then, after a moment, went on, his arms falling, his powerlessness: a ghost, like some unquiet spirit, Story, the surgeon, met the men. They carried something on a board, covered with an old patchwork quilt. Story lifted the corner of the quilt to see what lay beneath. Doctor Blecker stood in their way, but neither moved nor spoke to them.

"Take it to the trenches," said the surgeon, shortly nodding to them.—Your rebel friend, Blecker.

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"Story, I did what I could?"

"Of course. Past help. When are we to be taken out of this trap, eh?"—going on.

"I did what I could."

As the Doctor’s parched lips moved, he looked up. How deep the blue was! How the cold air blew his hair about, fresh and boisterous! He went down the field, with a light, springing step, as he used when a boy long ago to run the hayfield. The earth was so full of health, life, beauty, he could have cried or laughed out loud. He stopped on the bridge, seeing only the bright, rushing clouds, the broad sunlight—a little way from him in the world, little Grey.

"I thank Thee," baring his head and bending it: the words died in an awe-struck whisper in his heart—"for Thy great glory, O Lord!"

Will you come a little farther? Let a few months slip by, and let us see what a March day is in the old Pennsylvania hills. The horrors of the war have not crept hither yet, into these hill-homesteads.

Even now, if young Corporal Simpson, or Joe Hainer, or any other of the neighbours’ boys come home wounded, it only spices the gossip for the apple-butter parings or spilling-matches. Then the men, being democrats, are reconciled to the ruin of the country, because it has been done by the republicans; and the women can construct secret hiding-places in the meat-cellar for the dozen silver teaspoons and
teapot, in dread of Stuart's cavalry. Altogether, the war gives quite a zest to life up here. Then, in these low-hill valleys of the Alleghanies the sun pours its hottest, most life-breeding glow, and even the wintry wind puts all its vigour into the blast, knowing that there are no lachrymose, whey-skinned city dyspeptics to inhale it, but full-breasted, strong-muscled women and men—with narrow brain, maybe, but big, healthy hearts, and physique to match. Very much the same type of animal and moral organization, as well as natural, you would have found before the war began, ran through the valley of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

One farm, eight or ten miles from the village where the Gurneys lived, might be taken as a specimen of these old homesteads. It lay in a sort of meadow-cove, fenced in with low, rolling hills that were wooded with oaks on the summits, sheeep-cotts, barns, well-to-do plum and peach orchards creeping up the sides, a creek binding it in with a broad, flashing band. The water was frozen on this March evening. There was just enough cold crispness in the air to-night to make the two fat cows come down faster into the stable, with smoking breath—to bring out a crow of defiance from the chickens huddling together on the roost; it spread, too, a white rime over the windows, shining red in the sinking sun. When the sun was down, the nipping north-easter grew sharper, swept about the little valley, rattled the bare-limbed trees, blew boards off the corn-crib that Doctor Blecker had built only last week, tweaked his nose and made his eyes water as he came across the field, clapping his hands to make the blood move faster, and, in short, acted as if the whole of that nook in the hills belonged to it in perpetuity. But the house, square, brick, solid-seated, began to glow red and warm out of every window—not with the pale rose-glow of your antebellum, but fitful, flashing, hearty, holding out all its hands to you, like a Western farmer. That's the way our fires burn. The very smoke went out of no stove-pipe valve, but rushed from great mouths of chimneys, brown, hot, glowing, full of spicy hints of supper below. Down in the kitchen, by a great log-fire, where irons were heating, sat Oth, feebly knitting, and overseeing a red-armed Dutch girl cooking venison-steaks and buttermilk-biscuit on the coal-stove beside him.

"Put jelly on de table, you, mind! Strangers here fur tea. Anyhow it ort to go down. Nuffin but de best ob currant Miss Grey 'ud use in her father's house. Lord save us!" (in an under-breath.) "But 'f's fur de honour ob de family" (in a mutter).

"Miss Grey" waited within. Not patiently: sure pleasure was too new for her. She smoothed her crimson dress, pushed back the sleeves that the white dimpled arms might show, and then bustled about the room, to tidy it for the hundredth time. A bright winter's room: its owner had a Southern taste for hot, heart-some colours, you could be sure, and would bring heat and flavour into his life, too. There were soft astral lamps, and a charred red fire, a warm, unstingy glow, wasting itself even in long streams of light through the cold windows. There were bright bits of Turnerish pictures on the gray walls, a mass of gorgeous autumn-leaves in the soft wool of the carpet, a dainty white-spread table in the middle of the room, jars of flowers everywhere, flowers that had caught most passion and delight from the sun—scarlet and purple fuchsias, heavy-breathed heliotrope. Yet Grey bent longest over her own flower, that every childlike soul loves best—mignonette. She chose some of its sprigs to fasten in her hair, the fragrance was so clean and caressing. Paul Blecker, even at the other end of the field, and in the gathering twilight, caught a glimpse of his wife's face pressed against the pane. It was altered: the contour more emphatic, the skin paler, the hazel eyes darker, lighted from farther depths. No glow of colour, only in the meaning lips and the fine reddish hair.

Doctor Blecker stopped to help a stout little lady out of a buggy at the stile, then sent the boy to the stable with it; it was his own, with saddle-bags under the seat. But there was a better-paced horse in the shafts than suited a heavy country-practice. The lady looked at it with one eye shut.

"A Morgan-Cottrell, eh? I know by the jaw"—jogging up the stubble-field beside him, her fat little satchel rattling as she walked. Doctor Blecker, a trifle graver and more assured than when we saw him last, sheltered her with his over-cape from the wind, taking it off for that purpose by the stile. You could see that this woman was one of the few for whom he had respect.

"Your wife understands horses, Doctor. And dogs. I did not expect it of Grey. No. There's more outcome in her than you give her credit for"—turning sharply on him.

He smiled quietly, taking her satchel to carry.

"When we came to Pittsburg, I said to Pratt, 'I'll follow you to New York in a day or two, but I'm going now to see Paul Blecker's little wife. She's sound, into the narrow.' And I'll tell you, too, what I said to Pratt. 'That is a true marriage, heart and soul and ways of thinking. God fitted those two for one another.' Some matches, Doctor Blecker, put me in mind of my man, Kellar, making ready the axes for winter's work, little head on big heft, misjoined always: in consequence, thing breaks apart with no provocation whatever. There was a slight pause.

"Where did you get that Cottrell, Doctor? From Faria? Pha! pha! Grey showed me the look in his face this morning, innocent, nafs, as all well-blooded horses' eyes are. Like her own, eh? I said to Pratt, long ago—twenty he was then—When you want a wife, find one who laughs out from her heart, and see if dogs and horses kinsfolk with her: that's your woman to marry, if they do.'"
They had stopped by the front-steps for her to finish her soliloquy. Grey tapped on the window-pane.

"Yes, yes, I see. You want to go in. But first [lowering her voice] I was at the Gurney house this evening."

"You were?" laughed the Doctor. "And what did you do there?"

"Ah? What? Something is needed to be done, and I—Yes, I know my reputation" (her face flushing).

"You strike the nails where they are needed—what few women do, Mrs. Sheppard," said the Doctor, trying to keep his face grave. "Strike them on the head, too."

"Umph!"

No woman likes to be classed properly—no matter where she belongs.

"I never interfere, Doctor Bleeker; I may advise. But, as I was going to say, that father of Grey's seemed to me such a tadpole of a man, roving after tracts of lizards that crept ages ago, while the country is going to mash, and his own children next door to starvation, I thought a little plain talk would try if it was blood or water in his veins. So I went over to spend the day there on purpose to give it to him."

"Yes. Well?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I see. Then you tried Joseph?"

"No, he is in able hands. That Loo is a thorough-pacer after my own heart. — Talking of your family, my dear," as Grey opened the door. "Loo will do better for them than you. Pardon me, but a lot of selfish men in a family need to be treated like Pen here, when his stomach is sour. Give them a little wholesome ilkali; honey won't answer."

Grey only laughed. Some day, she thought, when her father had completed his survey of the coal-formation, and Joseph had induced Congress to stop the war, people would appreciate them. So she took off Mrs. Sheppard's foregown and bonnet, and smoothed the two black shiny puffs of hair, passing her husband with only a smile, as a stranger was there; but his dressinggown and slippers waited by the fire.

"Paul may be at home before you," she said, nodding to them.

Grey had dropped easily through that indefinable change between a young girl and a married woman; her step was firmer, her smile freer, her head more quietly poised. Some other change, too, in her look, showed that her affections had grown truer and wider of range than before. Meaner women's hearts contract after marriage about their husband and children, like an India-rubber ball thrown into the fire. Hers would enter into his nature as a widening and strengthening power. Whatever deficiency there might be in her brain, she would infuse energy into his care for people about him—into sympathy for his patients; in a year or two you might be sure he would think less of Paul Bleeker per se, and hate or love fewer men for their opinions than he did before.

The supper—always a solid meal in these houses—was brought in: Grey took her plate with a blush and a little conscious smile, in which Mrs. Sheppard called Dr. Bleeker's attention by a pursing of her lips, and then took her napkin under her chin, prepared to do justice to venison and biscuits. She sipped her coffee with an approving nod—dear to a young housekeeper's soul.

"Good! Grey begins sound, at the foundations, in cooking, Doctor. No shams, child. Don't tolerate them in housekeeping. If not white sugar, then no cake. If not silver, then not albatara. So you're coming with me to New York, my dear?"

Grey's face flushed.

"Paul says we will go."

"Sister there? Teaching, did you say?"

Doctor Bleeker's moustache worked nervously. Lizzy Gurney was not of his kind; now, more than ever, he would have cut every tie between her and Grey, if he could; but his wife looked up with a smile.

"She is on the stage — the opening—singing—in choruses only, now; but it will be better soon."

Mrs. Sheppard let her bit of bread fall, she ate it with a gulp. Why, every drop of the Shelby blood was clean and respectable; it was not easy to have an emissary of — a tawdry actress, brought on the carpet before her, with even this mild flourish of trumpets. Silence grew painful. Grey glanced around, then her quick blood made her eyelids shake a little, and her lips shut. But she said, gently, "My sister is not albataware—that you hate, Mrs. Sheppard. She is no sham. When God said to her, 'Do this thing,' she did not ask the neighbours to measure it by their rule of right and wrong."

"Well, well, little Grey"—with a forbearing smile—"she is your sister. You're a clean body. Your heart's all right, my dear. Putting the hard, nervous hand that lay on the table—" but you never studied theology, that's clear.

"I don't know."

Mrs. Bleeker's face grew hot; but that might have been the steam of the coffee-urn.

"We'll be just to Lizzy," said her husband gravely. "She had a hurt lately. I don't think she values her life for much now. It is a hungry family, the Gurneys"—with a quizzical smile.

"My wife, here, kept the wolf from the door almost single-handed, though she don't understand theology. You are quite right about that. When I came home here two months ago she would not be my wife: there was no one to take her place, she said. So one day, when I was in my office alone, Lizzy came to me, looking like a dead body out of which the soul had been crushed. She had been hurt, I told you; she came to me with an open letter in her hand. It was from the manager of one of the second-rate opera troupes. The girl can sing, and has a curious dramatic talent—her only one.

"'It is all I am capable of doing,' she said.
Paul Blecker.

If I go Grey can marry. The family will have 
sure support.'

"Then she folded the letter into odd shapes, 
with an idiotic look.

"Do you want me to answer it?" I asked.

"Yes, I do. Tell him I'll go. Grey can 
be happy then, and the others will have enough 
to eat. I never was of any use before.'

"I knew that well enough. I sat down to 
write the letter.

"You will be turned out of church for this," 
I said.

"She stood by the window, her finger tracing 
the rain-drops on the pane, for it was a rainy 
night. She said—

"'They won't understand. God knows.'

"So I wrote on a bit, and then I said—for I 
feared sorry for the girl, though she was doing it 
for Grey—I said,

"'Lizzy, I'll be plain with you. There never 
was but one human being loved you, perhaps. 
What he was dying of, he said, 'Tell my wife to 
be true and pure.' There is a bare possibility 
that you can be both as an opera-singer, but he 
ever would believe it. If you met him in 
heaven, he would turn his back on you if you 
should do this thing."

"I could not see her face; her back was to-
towards me, but the hand on her window-pane 
lay there for a long while motionless, the blood 
settling blue about the nails. I did not speak 
to her. There are some women with whom a 
physician, if he knows his business, will never 
meddle when they grow nervous: they come 
terribly close to God and the devil then, I 
think. I tell you, Mrs. Sheppard, now and 
then of your sex has the vitality and pain 
and affection of a thousand souls in one. I hate 
such women!"—vehemently.

"Men like you always do"—quietly. "But 
I am not one of them."

"No, nor Grey, thank God!"

"You forget your story, I think, Doctor 
Blecker."

The Doctor stopped to help her to jelly, with 
a serious face, and then went on.

"She turned round at last: I did not look up 
at her, only said, 'I will not write the letter.'

"'Go on,' she said.

"I wrote it then; but when I went to give it 
to her my heart failed me, 'Lizzy,' I said, 
'you shall not do this thing.'

"She looked so childish and pitiful, standing 
there.

"'You think you are cutting yourself off from 
your chance of love through all time by it—just 
for Grey and the others.'

"Her eyes filled at that; she could not bear 
the kind word, you see.

"'Yes, I do, Doctor Blecker,' she said. 
'Nobody ever loved me but Uncle Dan. Since 
he went away I have gone every day to his 
house, coming nearer to him that way, growing 
purer, more like other women. There's a picture 
of his mother there, and his sister. They are 
dead now, but I think their souls looked at me 
out of those pictures and loved me.'

"She came up, her head hardly reaching to 
the top of the chair I sat on, half smiling, those 
strange grey eyes of hers.

"'I thought they said, 'This is Lizzy: this is 
the little girl Daniel loves.' Every day I 
kneel down by that dead lady's chair, and pray 
to God to make me fit to be her son's wife. 
But he's dead now' (drawing suddenly back), 
'and I am going to be—an opera-singer.'

"'Not unless by your own free will,' I said.

"She did not hear me, I think, pulling at the 
fastening about her throat.

"'Daniel would say it was the devil's calling. 
Daniel was all I had. But he don't know. I 
know. God means it. I might have lived on 
here, keeping myself true to his notions of right: 
than, when I went yonder, he would have been 
kind to me, he would have loved me'—looking 
out through the rain, in a dazed way.

"'The truth is, Lizzy,' I said, 'you have a 
power within you, and you want to give it vent: 
it's like a hungry devil tearing you. So you 
give up your love-dream, and are going to be 
an opera-singer! That's the common-sense of 
the matter.'

"I sealed the letter, and gave it to her.

"'You think that?'

"'That was all she answered: but I'm sorry I 
said it; I don't know whether it was true or not. 
There—that is the whole story: I never told it 
to Grey before. You can judge for yourself.'

"'My dear,' said Mrs. Sheppard, "let me go 
with you to see your sister in New York. Some 
more coffee, please: my cup is cold!"

A clear, healthy April night—one of those 

bright, mountain-winded nights of early spring, 
when the air is full of electric vigour—starlight, 
when the whole earth seems wakening slowly 
and grandly into a new life.

Grey, going with her husband and Mrs. 
Sheppard down Broadway, from their hotel, 
had a fancy that the world was so cheerfully, 
heartily at work, that the night was no longer 
needed. Overhead, the wind from the yet 
frozen hills swept in such strong currents, the 
great city throbbed with such infinite kinds of 
motion, and down in the harbour yonder the 
rush of couriers came and went incessantly from 
the busy world without. Grey was a country-
girl: in this throbbing centre of human life she 
felt suddenly lost, atom-like—drew her breath 
quickly, as she clung to Paul's arm. The world 
was so vast, was hurrying on so fast.

Mrs. Sheppard, as she plodded solidly along, 
took in the whole blue air and outgoing ocean, 
and the city, with its white palaces and gleam-
ing lights. "People look happy here," she 
said. "Even Grey looks more, going down 
the streets. Nothing talks of the war here."

Paul looked down into the brown depths of 
the eyes that were turned towards him.

"It's a good, cheery world, ours, after all.
More laughing than crying in it, when people find out their right place, and get into it.”

Mrs. Sheppard said, “Umph!” Kentuckians don’t like abstract propositions.

They stopped before a wide-open door, in a by-street—not an opera-house; one of the haunts of the “legitimate drama.” Yet the posters assured the public in every colour that La petite Eise, the beautiful débütante, &c. &c., would sing, &c., &c. Grey’s hand tightened on her husband’s arm.

“This is the place—her face burning scarlet.

A pretty little theatre; softly lighted, well and quietly filled—quietly toned, too, the dresses of the women in the boxes; of that neutral, subdued cast that showed they belonged to the grade above fashion. People of rank tastes did not often go there. The little Kentuckian, with her emphatic, sham-hating face, and Grey, whose simple, calm outlook on the world made her last year’s bonnet and cloak dwindle into such irrelevant trifles, did not misbecome the place. Others might go there to fever out ennui, or with fouler fancies. Grey did not know. The play was a simple little thing: its meaning was pure as a child’s song. There was a good deal of fun in it. Grey laughed with everybody else: she would ask God to bless her to-night none of the worse for that. It had some touches of pathos in it, and she cried, and saw some men about her doing the very same—not just as she did, but glorifying at the footlights, and softly blowing their noses. Then the music came, and La petite Eise. Grey drew back where she could not see her. Blecker peered through his glass at every line and motion, as she came out from the eternal castle in the back scene. Any gnawing power or gift she had had found vent certainly now. Every poise and inflection said, “Here I am what I am—fully what Nature made me, at last: no more, no less.” Nature had made her an actress. La petite Eise had only a narrow and peculiar scope of power, suited to vaudeville. She could not represent her own character—an actress’s talent and heart being as widely separated, in general, as yours are. She could bring upon the stage in her body the presentment of a naïve, innocent, pathetic nature, and use the influence such nature might have on the people outside the orchestra-chairs there. It was not her own nature, we know. She dressed and looked it. A timid little thing in her fluttering white slip, her light hair cut close to her head, in short curls. So much for the actress and her power.

She sang at last: she sang ballads generally (her voice wanting cultivation), such as agreed with her rôle. But it was Lizzy Gurney who sang, not la petite Eise.

“Of course,” a society-mother said to me one day, “I do not wish my Rosa should have a great sorrow, but—how it would develop her voice!” The lady stumbled on a great truth.

So with Lizzy: life had taught her; and the one bitter truth of self-renunciation she had wrung out of it must tell itself somehow. No man’s history is dumb. It came out vaguely, an inarticulate cry in the songs she sang. That very night, as she stood there, with her grey eyes sparkling and happy (they were dramatic eyes, and belonged to her brain), and her baby-hands crossed archly before her, her voice made those who listened quite forget her. La petite Eise took them up to the places where men’s souls struggle with the evil one and conquer. A few, perhaps, understood that full meaning of her song: if there was one, it was well she was an actress and sang it.

“I’ll be hanged,” growled a fellow in the pit: “if she ain’t a good little thing!” when the song was ended. There was not a soul in the house that did not think the same. Yet the girl turned fiercely towards the side-scenes, hearing it, and pitied herself at that—that she, a woman, should stand before the public for them to stand and chatter over her soul and her history, and her very dress and shoes. But that was gone in a moment, and Lizzy laughed—naturally. Why? they were real friends to her there. When they laughed and cried with her she knew it. Many of their faces she knew well: that pale lady’s in the third box, who brought her boys so often, and gave them a bouquet to throw to Lizzy—always white flowers—and the old grandfather yonder, with the pretty, chubby-faced girls. The girl’s thought now was earnest and healthful, as everybody’s grows who succeeds in discovering his real work. They encored her song; when she began, she looked up and stopped suddenly, her very neck turning crimson. She had seen Doctor Blecker. “A tawdry actress! She could have torn her stage-dress in rags from her. Then her tone grew loud and clear.

There was a young couple just facing her, with a little child, a dainty baby-thing, in cap and plume. Neither of them listened to Lizzy: the mother was tying the little fellow’s shoe as he hoisted it on the seat, and the father was looking at her. “I missed my chance,” said Lizzy Ourney, in her heart. “Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight!” A tawdry actress! She might have stayed at home yonder, quiet and useless—that might have been. Then she thought of Grey, well-beloved—of the other house, full of hungry mouths she was feeding. Looking more sharply at Doctor Blecker while she sang, she saw Grey beside him, drawn back behind a pillar. Presently she saw her take the glass from her husband and lean forward. There was a red heat under her eyes: she had been crying. They applauded Lizzy just then, and Grey looked around frightened, and then laughed nervously.

“How beautiful she is! Do you see? Oh, Paul! Mrs. Sheppard, do you see?”—tearing her fan, and drawing heavy breaths, moving on her seat someway, her voice made those

“Shew never loved me heartily before,” thought Lizzy, as she sang. “I never deserved it. I was heartless; I—”

People applauded again, the old grandad
this time nodding to the girls. There was something so cheery and healthy and triumphant in the low tones. Even the young mother looked up suddenly from her boy, listening, and glanced at her husband. It was like a Christmas song. Doctor Bleeker looked at her, unspeaking, critical. She could see, too, a strange face beside him—a motherly, but a keen, harsh-judging face.

"Grey," said Mrs. Sheppard, "I wish we could go behind the scenes. Can we? I want to talk to Lizzy this minute."

"To tell her she is at the devil's work, Mrs. Sheppard, eh?"

Doctor Bleeker pulled at his beard, angrily.

"Suppose you and I let her alone! We don't understand her."

"I think I do. God help her!"

"We will go round when the song is over," said Grey, gently.

Lizzy, scanning their faces, scanning every face in pit or boxes, discerned a good will and wish on each. Something wholesome and sound in her heart received it, half afraid.

"I don't know," she thought.

One of the windows was open, and out beyond the gaslight and smells of the theatre she could see a glimpse of far space, with the eternal stars shining. There had been once a man who loved her: he, looking down, could see her now. If she had stayed at home, selfish and useless, there might have been a chance for her wonder. Her song was ended; as she drew back she glanced up again through the fresh air. They were curious words: the soul of the girl cried out to God in that dumb moment: yet in that moment a new feeling came to the girl—a peace that never left her afterwards.

An actress! but she holds her work bravely and healthily and well in her grasp, with her foot always on a grave, as one might say, and God very near above. And it may be, that, when her work is nearer done, and she comes closer to the land where all things are clearly seen at last in their real laws, she will know that the faces of those who loved her wait kindly for her, and of whatever happiness has been given to them they will not deem her quite unworthy.

Perhaps they have turned Lizzy out of the church. I do not know: but her Friend, the world's Christ, they could not make dead to her by shutting him up in formula or church. He never was dead. From the girding sepulchre he passed to save the spirits long in prison; and from the visible church now he lives and works out from every soul that has learned, like Lizzy, the truths of life—to love, to succour, to renounce.

LITTLE minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

Kind, earnest words, to every heart appealing!
Not only to the strong and brave you speak:
Yours is the nobler, better part of healing
The wounded spirit of the sad and weak.
How oft, when friends and fortune have departed,
Vainly we strive those blessings to regain!
Weak are the efforts of the weary-hearted;
The cruel world delights to mock our pain.
Where shall we seek for counsel and assistance?
How shall we learn with crafty feet to cope?
How shall we bear the burden of existence?
These words supply the answer—"Wait, and Hope."

Wait—'tis no office servile, mean, and lowly:
'Tis in meek faith upon the Lord to rest,
Biding His will in aspirations holy,
Secure that all He wills is for the best.
'Tis to be ever checking and repelling
The rebel thoughts that in the bosom lurk;
'Tis with the meek and humble to be dwelling;
'Tis to "let Patience have her perfect work."
Nor shall we want a guiding ray to cheer us, Nor soothling balm our sorrow to abate:
A guardian spirit over hovers near us,
Since we are told to "hope," as well as "wait."

How oft has Hope the heart's deep sorrow banished,
Painting each distant scene in rosyate hue,
And when her shining traceries have vanished,
She weaves a spell to form them all anew!
Hope deals not with a niggard hand her pleasures;
Afar she spreads her soft and silken thrall—
The poor, the feeble share her lavish treasures;
Freely she showers her priceless gifts on all,
Sad mourner, on thy staff in patience leaning,
Droop not: ere long a scene of joy may open
Before thy wistful eyes. A world of meaning
Lies in those words of comfort—"Wait, and Hope!"
AT WOKING COMMON.

It is curious in these days to notice the effect of railways on the growth of places—to watch the germ of a few fishers’ huts upon the coast, or a congeries of cottages in the country, which have probably remained unaltered and undisturbed for generations, develop, on the opening of a line in their vicinity, to the full proportions of villages or towns.

Swindon inland, and Seaham on the Durham coast, are instances of the creative impulse afforded by railways, while scarcely a station exists which is not as it were the lodge-gate to enlargement and improvement of the hamlet or town beyond.

Woking, as every gazetteer informs us, has been a market town for hundreds of years: its market-house bears the date 1665; but Richardson, in his addition to Dabois’s “Tour of Great Britain,” quaintly speaks of it as a “private country market-town, so out of the way that it is very little heard of in England.”

Nevertheless, since the rails of the South-western have been laid within a mile of it, this protraction is taken away; the town has roused itself out of centuries of stagnation, and its name is now as familiar as it was formerly unknown. But we confess that Woking proper is not the subject of our paper. Our business is with the wind-swept Common stretching for leagues, its peaty shallows, and sandy hillocks, the floor of a great natural amphitheatre of woods and hills.

A few years back, and the whole surface lay unbroken but by the sand and peat diggers, and without other signs of life than the red-tiled roof of a peasant’s cot, sunk in some sheltered hollow, “between two dottrel trees,” or a group of alders; or the brown tents of a tribe of gipsies, camping, out of the surveillance of farm-bailiffs or gamekeepers. The grey rabbits held it by antique right, and burrowed the sandy hillocks with comparative immunity, and the fieldfares and long-winged plovers shared their wide demesne.

The golden-furze, and yellow broom, and petty whin, the common heath, the purple bays of Erica cinera, and the large rose-coloured ones of Erica tetralix, covered its thousands of acres, and the ferns and brakes uncured their green fronds in Spring, grew red or golden in the Autumn sunshine, and made the beds and covers of a great host of animal life.

And still the wood-smoke curls up through the clear air, from lowly roofs sparsely scattered at long distances over miles of brown heath, and still thousands of rabbits merrily gambolling after sunset, or on moonlight nights, show their white scents amongst the fern and ling.

But a change is beginning to pass over the face of the wide Common, and while on the one hand, dwellings more lowly than those of past sand digger, occupy many hundred acres of the surface on the other, the church and principal buildings of a town unique in this country, the intended town of Unreason, if we may improve a name for a collection of houses intended to work the happiest results, and taking the hygienic quality of the air and the surroundings into consideration, no finer situation could be found for a sanatorium for mind or body.

It is to this conviction that we owe the present of another public building, the convalescent prison, a large imposing pile of masonry, in which sick criminals are sent from Portland, Millbank, and other prisons, for the recovery of their health; but in spite of the excellent dietary and generous treatment locally reported to be the rule here, it has recently been unpleasantly brought before the public. Only a short distance on the other side of the iron road, for the existence of which the Common would have still continued waste land for all the purposes of social life, stands that pet institution of our times, the Dramatic College, its iron colonnade and red-brick Elizabethan gable making a cheerful picture, reminiscent of many a scenic pleasure, of Crystal Palace days, and the fair faces of some who have beguiled us, in a two-fold sense, of tears and laughter, and which never look more fair than at midday, playing the part of bouquiniers with merchandise, the proceeds of which helps to increase the funds of this long needed charity.

On the same side, a mile and more away, lies the Silent City, or Necropolis, the name of which is familiar to most of our readers, and whose monuments gleaming against a background of dark pines, or breaking the beauty of the glorious flower-beds in the foreground, already makes a remarkable object on the South Western line.

All these points of interest are within a radius of a few miles; but putting every other object on one side, the cemetery itself, from the well beautiful site it occupies on the moorland plateau, seven miles of which are included in its circumference, might well induce visitors to see for themselves this wonder of western cemeteries, and which, whenever the two thousand acres of which the whole estate consists is brought into use, will form the largest place of sepulture in the world.

The arrangements themselves are deserving of notice, and are well calculated, by their simplicity and completeness, to assist in dissipating the lingering relics of that most vulgar of ill
At Woking Common.

vanities, the ostentation displayed in the senseless pageantry of undertakers' furniture.

The private entrance to the Station in the Westminster Road lands us upon the platform, and in view of the offices, the interior of which exhibits the most careful arrangements for carrying out in a perfect manner the duties with which the Necropolis Company is charged. The waiting-rooms, furnished as at other stations according to class, are separate, and offer entire privacy to their various occupants. The doors move noiselessly; the servants, quiet and respectful, take care that neither sight nor sound shall disturb or offend the feelings of mourners, and from the time one enters the premises till he is summoned to take his seat in the funeral train, not a sound above a footfall is heard, unless it be the locking of the doors of the hearse-carryage when all is ready for removal. But the scheme of the Necropolis Company begins at even an earlier period, and works in this way: Supposing that you, or I, or any other solemn, or visitus to the metropolis, without home or friends, fell down dead at a railway-station, or breathed our last in the street, or at an hotel or lodging. In the first instance there would probably be the ghastly sanctuary of the parish deadhouse, or the out-office of an adjacent inn—though as a rule innkeepers abhor the presence of a cold man (or woman, either matter), upon their premises, excepting always such as have met with a tragic end, have been self-slain, or murdered: then the morbid curiosity of customers amply compensates the temporary inconvenience. But we know what a shock such a presence gives to the living inmates of lodging or boarding-houses, and how eager, as a rule, the proprietors are to be quit of the silent inmate who has suddenly become indifferent to bad dinners or ill-made beds, and has tacitly repudiated all further claims upon him.

In such a case, if desired, the offices of the Necropolis Company receive the body the night before the funeral, and thus relieve the modern caravansary of its dead guests in twenty hours sooner than under ordinary circumstances. In this way also, it enables persons of modest means to avoid the costly funeral paraphernalia, and procession through the streets; which, however impressive in less crowded times and noisy thoroughfares than our own, has in these lost all its solemnity, and, under twelve pairs of tight-curbed, plumed, and prancing horses, mutes, feather-bearers, wands, and truncheons, scarcely attracts more than a passing glance from the passengers, too eager in the race of life to pause, or lift a hat, in presence of the formalities of death.

One wonders at this stolid indifference in large cities to the most solemn of all spectacles, and which appeals to our sympathies not only on behalf of the individual, but on our own; and yet a fallen horse in the roadway attracts more interest by its living struggles than half-a-dozen funerals, excepting under abnormal conditions. Out of the precincts of towns, in the quiet of some village church-yard (our suburban cemeteries are too crowded, and in too repulsive requisition to admit of it), or here at Woking, in the heart of the wide common, where the very vastness and solitude attunes the mind to contemplation, and abstracts it (so to speak) out of the wayfaring world into communion with the peaceful dead, we recognize and are affected by the solemnity of their presence. Far off, round the bluff of the great hill to the right as we enter the cemetery, lies Aldershot, with its busy camp-life and stirring military pomp, and active human interests, and passions, the very antipodes of our present stand-point. Far off, we said; yet not so far, but that the vibrations of the drums and files ruffle the thin air, and, the wind being in the right direction, the music of the bands floats over the graves at Woking.

Here some one tritely whispers to me, that a little while, and all these tens of thousands of soldiers, whose bravery and glitter make the heath glorious on field-days, and fleck the valleys and the dun hills with scarlet, shall lie down impasive and silent as the sleeping sentinels on either side of the entrance to the mausoleum of the Neilsons if we remember aright, which at this distance looks, amongst the trees, like the gable end of a little cottage, and is too far off for us to re-visit. We remember its handsome proportions and finely-executed sculpture, especially the figures of the weariest watchers at the door, and admit that it is the most beautiful of the mortuary monuments of the cemetery. Unfortunately for the public, it is situated at the far end of the enclosure, far away from the little church, which from its sixty feet of eminence overlooks every other portion of the ground, and in the vicinity of which the majority of the garden-graves and monuments are gathered.

Leaving this part of the cemetery to return to it by-and-bye, the broad path on the left, leading immediately from the platform, takes us to the separate burial-places of various public bodies and religious sects. The first space is set apart for members of the Dramatic Guild, and is not otherwise remarkable at present. The next section is occupied by the Swedish and Norwegian Lutherans, and here we recognize the grave of one whose name will be familiar to many of our readers. We allude to that of the late Madame Kinkle, whose womanly amiability and undoubted talent made her early death a source of regret to all who had the pleasure of knowing her.

A little farther on, surrounding the plainly handsome obelisk which marks the site, we find the burial-place of the Manchester Unity of Old-fellows.

Then a tall, white cross, marks the centre of the spot in which the Roman Catholic community are interred. A few white headstones appear, with the symbolic cross and customary inscription, "Requiescat in pace." But the majority of the graves are at present naked heaps of yellow sand, except where nature has mantled them with brown heath, or ling. The
same may be said of the greater number of those lying round a rather showy column, sculptured with the emblems of their order, and supporting a really graceful figure, which towers above the other monuments, and signals the place in which the fraternity of "Foresters" are laid to rest.

The aridity of the soil is one of the most noticeable features of the cemetery; the whole surface of the enclosure consists of peaty earth upon a substratum of sand and gravel. The antiseptic qualities of the first are well known, while the latter drain themselves and help to drain the entire of the ground. Hence a turf-covered grave is an impossibility, unless artificially nourished; and the innumerable third-class ones are sandy hillocks, overlaid, in many instances, with indigenous heaths, and just now rosy or purple with their blossoms.

Pursuing a wide sweeping path, with numerous smaller ones branching out of it, we find our way back to the higher part of the ground, and, in doing so, note a variety of exotic pines, which appear to be thoroughly acclimatized. Here an avenue of deodars, which, in spite of the unsheltered situation, are evidently flourishing, though the winds have bent their heads a little out of shape. Another avenue of "Wellingtonia gigantea" (an ancestor of which occupies a bay of the Crystal Palace) is also thriving, and the 

"arucaria" keeps its ground.

Some of the paths are planted with lines of the straight dark Irish yew, whose almost black foliage is at this season lit up with oval wax-like fruit of a bright cherry colour. But the true lovers of the soil are the so-called American plantae—the rhododendrons, kalmias, and azaleas, which thrive here as richly as in the neighbouring grounds of Mr. Waterton (to whom the chief beauty of the spring exhibition at the Botanical Gardens is due), and in early summer spread the ornamental parts of the ground with clouds of delicate or vivid colour. At this late period of the year the principal floral beauty of the cemetery consists of the great beds of pelargoniums, petunias, calceolaries, and other late-blooming and hardy plants, which continue in blossom till the frost sets in. Walking amongst a number of tombs of a conventional pattern, we meet occasionally with an original or an eccentric one. Not very far from the beautiful Gothic monument of Mr. Bent, of Walton, a huge rough block of serpentinite stands up amidst what should have been an entourage of flowers, weird and striking. A beautifully polished portion of the slab tells the usual story of a beloved wife's death, and at the same time shows the capabilities of the serpentinite, in which mineral the memorialist has a vital interest. On this discovery, we confess that our sentimentality suffered an eclipse. The innocence of the dove had been stung to death in us by the subtility of the serpent—or rather of the serpentinite—and we were moving away with a little bitterness of heart, over the worldly wisdom of that ingeniously-devised memorial, when our steps were arrested by the extreme luxuriance and beauty of a garden-grave at the foot of a white hard stone, on which, in a glazed niche similar to those so common on the monuments in French cemeteries, was a medallion representation of the Holy Family, in gilt relief, and chained to the foot of the stone, a mass of curiously conglomerated materials fused in the great fire of London in 1666, and offered by a collector and antiquary in honour of his wife! But his attentions to the remains of a helpmate over sixty years ago at her death does not end in passive sarcasm. In the garden and low rail surrounding it, which is freshly painted by his own hands almost every fortnight, attests to the undying nature of a faithful husband's regard, and served to modify our recent conclusions; especially when, a few yards further on, we observed lying alone in a wide space, which it is intended hereafter to enclose, an elegant coffin-shaped tomb of polished Purbeck and white marble, on which is served at top and bottom of the body-stone, an ornamental cross of gun-metal, in deference to the wishes of a regretted wife, who had desired that the shadow of this emblem might fall upon her grave. The chasteness of the design, and the beauty of the material and workmanship are remarkable, and the whole looks like an elegant expression of manly but Christian grief.

At a little distance on the other side of a wide path, not far from the heavy-looking monument of the Colquhouns, another grave, more singular than attractive, may be seen—a vault with a cover running on railway principles, so as to enable a visitor to push it back without assistance. A ladder leads to the interior entrance, and through a grating in the door a solitary coffin is visible; and here frequently comes a devoted survivor to grieve over, and probably anticipate the time when his own (for which a space is left) will rest beside it. There is little mystery about this tomb, which bears neither name nor inscription. A sister is said to lie there. But brothers do not mourn their sisters, as a rule, with a faceless grief, and with a morbid passion continue to visit these remains. We turn away with the words of a remembered song ringing in our ears:

"Gone is our happy dream of life,
Like a dried-up river;
I no husband, thou no wife—
Thus we part for ever!"

But, like an echo, comes back the last verse of the lyric, jubilant and full of hope:

"Those whom God made spouse and wife,
Let no man dare sever;
In the eternal land of Life
Thou art mine for ever."

Other note-worthy monuments, some of them the graves of men of "mark and likeness" no more, but our space will not allow us to particularize them.

We retrace our steps to the platform, from whence at a glance we review the cemetery, the
unbroken common in the foreground, with
the great ridge of wooded hills dusky
against the sky beyond, and the en-
ceinte, with its tall obelisks, and columns,
and statues, pale urns, crosses, headstones,
and altar-tombs scattered sparsely amongst the
evergreens, or showing white against an adjacent
plantation. The sky, bright and cloudless,
bows over the wide heath; the air, full of oxygen
and balmy with odour, fills us (as it were) with
a sense of new life; larks soar and sing as if the
summer had not ended—and still

“The chemist bee, with busy murmuring,
Extracts the soul of sweetness from each flower,”
and all is so fresh and sweet, and communica-
tive of a serene enjoyment, that we leave the
Necropolis with regret, and resolve at the earliest
opportunity to repeat our pilgrimage to Woking
Common.

C. W.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF THE WANDERING JEW.
22ND APRIL, 1774.

The celebrated legend of the Wandering Jew,
which occupied so large a share of attention in
the middle ages, and which is still believed by
many of the peasants of Europe, cannot be
traced in any chronicle further than the
thirteenth century, though kept in a traditional
form long anterior to that time. It probably
took its rise from some allegory in the mouth of
an eloquent preacher, who personified the suffer-
ings of banishment of the whole Jewish nation,
under the form of a single man. The decree of
Heaven condemning the Jews to drag their de-
plorable individuality over the whole world,
ever to be absorbed or effaced among strange
nations, is admirably symbolised in the history
of the Wandering Jew.

The crusaders were probably the first to bring
the story from Palestine, and, at any rate, it
attached itself to the terrors of the year One
Thousand, which was to be marked as the end
of the world, the appearance of Antichrist,
and the last Judgment. From this time every
imagination was struck with the marvellous
history; the theoretical doctors seized upon it,
and tried to make it agree with various texts:
some asserted he was Malchus, whose ear Peter
cut off in the garden; others that he was the
wicked thief, who thus received his punishment
in the world, or even Pilate himself. The mat-
ter was only settled in 1228, when an arch-
bishop, from Armenia, who came to England to
visit the relics and holy places, stopped at the
monastery of St. Albans, and was questioned
about the famous Joseph, who was present at
the passion of our Saviour, spoke to him, and is
still a witness to the Christian faith. The reply
of the archbishop, in his own tongue, was per-
fectly unintelligible; but a knight of Antioch
undertook to translate it, and it has been trans-
mitted to us by the old chronicler, Matthew
Paris, as follows:

"After Jesus had been judged in the Prae-
torium the Jews dragged him out of the hall,
and, falling down at the threshold, Cartaphilus,
the porter, rudely pushed him, striking him on
the back, and with a mocking laugh, said: 'Go
forwards, quickly, Jesus, go; why do you stop?'
Jesus turning to him, with a severe expression,
replied: 'I am going;' but, as for thee, thou
shall wait till I return!' So he is waiting, and
every time he reaches the age of a hundred
years he is seized with a strange illness, which
seems incurable, and ends in lethargy; after
which he becomes as young as he was at the
time of the crucifixion—that is, thirty years. He
has been baptized, wears the eastern dress, is a
man of holy conversation, relating all the par-
ticulars of the passion and resurrection of the
Son of God, and how the apostles separated to
preach the gospel: all this he tells without ever
smiling; for, plunged in tears and full of the
fear of the Lord, he is waiting until Christ shall
come to judge all men. He refuses the presents
that are offered to him, contents himself with
frugal living and plain attire, and places his hope
of eternal salvation in the ignorance in which he
stood with regard to Jesus."

After such a testimony on the part of so
venerable a prelate, doubt was impossible;
the legend passed from mouth to mouth,
spread over France, the low countries, and
Germany, where it appears to have been re-
ceived with more faith and sympathy than any-
where else. But one other contemporary his-
torian mentions it—Philippe Mouskes, bishop
of Tournay: and he only translates the History
of the Monk of St. Albans. We hear nothing
more of this wonderful person for three centuries,
at which time a letter, dated the 29th of June,
1564, written by some good Catholic at Ham-
burg, was widely circulated: from it we extract
a few particulars.

Paul d'Etizen, a doctor in theology and
bishop of Schleswing, being at Hamburg, on
a visit to his parents, saw standing, opposite a
preacher he was listening to, a tall man, with long
hair hanging over his shoulders, bare feet, and
a mantle reaching over his knees, about fifty
years of age. He showed the most marked at-
tention, bowing, beating his breast, and sighing
deply at the name of Jesus. Noticing his
strange gestures, d'Etizen inquired who he was,
and was told that his name was Aheuersus, a
shoe-maker by trade, who had been present at the
crucifixion. The bishop then spoke to him,
and heard various particulars of his life. Many
persons came over to see him and pass their
judgment upon him, the most common being
that he had a familiar spirit. If he heard any
one swearing he shewed the greatest excitement
and shed tears, saying: “Oh miserable man!
how dare you thus take the name of God in
vain and abuse it? Had you seen the bitterness
and grief our Saviour endured for you and me,
you would rather suffer for his glory than blas-
pheme his name.”

This letter made the Wandering Jew once
more the fashion, and every vagabond beggar
who asked for alms, reciting prayers and singing
psalms, was taken for him. A few years after,
the Wandering Jew presented himself to the
magistrates of Strasburg, saying that he had
passed through their city two hundred years be-
fore, which was verified by the public registers.
He spoke such good German that he was asked
to explain this suspicious circumstance; his
reply was that, by God’s permission, he could
understand and speak the native tongue as soon
as he set foot in any country. His stay in
Strasburg was short, and he expressed some
regret that he could not return, since his pil-
grimage would be ended when he had traver-
sed the West Indies, and that the last day was near
at hand.

In the course of the year 1604 he was
seen three times in France, and, as his appear-
ance was coincident with tempests and storms,
which blew down steeples and trees, the people
drew the conclusion that he was carried from
one place to another on a whirlwind: giving
rise to a proverb still in use among the peasants
of Brittany and Picardy, who, in the midst of a
sudden storm cross themselves and say, “C’est
le Juif Errant qui passe!”

During one of his journeys through the valley
of the Elbe, he left a prophecy, which is still
repeated. On one of the highest points of the
Saxon mountains, the Matterberg, now covered
with snow, there was formerly a flourishing
town, of which the Jew spoke in these terms:

“The first time I come here I find a town:
the second time that I shall come, there will be
nothing but wood; and at my third visit I shall
see nothing but snow and blocks of ice.”

Ocular witnesses spoke to the fact of his
being at Leipsic in 1642. Yet holy persons,
coming from Palestine, asserted that he was a
prisoner there under the Turks, who kept him
in a subterranean dungeon, having no other
recreation than walking up and down between
the four walls. He still wore his Roman cost-
tume, which was wonderfully good, considering
that it had been worn for sixteen hundred years.
This incredible story came to France in the
reign of Henry the Fourth, and being repeated
at the Court of Margaret de Valois, the wise
Pierre Louvet did not forget to give it a place
in his history. In any case, two citizens of
Brussels met him in the forest of Soigné,
clothed in a very ragged dress, cut after an
ancient fashion; he went into an auberge with
them, drank something, but would not sit down;
told them his history, called himself Isaac
Laquedem, and left them greatly alarmed.

His appearance was anxiously looked for
during the remainder of the century, the German
students at the universities made many inquir-
in his honour, and drank their beer to his health;
esays were written in the schools, but he was
no doubt far away in some sixth hemisphere
unknown. It was on the 22nd of April,
1774, at six o’clock in the evening, the date
being exactly registered, that the Wandering
Jew made his last appearance, passing through
Brussels into Brabant. Some peasants who saw
him remarked the immense length of his beard,
and the worn-out dress that he wore, and to the
people he repeated the well-known story. For nearly
ninety years he has not deigned to show him-
self among a people who might now give him
the benefit of the Mendicity Act, but literature
and poetry have given him no rest: ten French
plays are founded upon the legend; Schubert,
the German poet, Edgar Quinet, and Beranger
have made him the subject of poems; our own
Dr. Croly has written his “Salathiel,” and
Eugène Sue his “Juif Errant,” as the vestiges
of a tradition which will soon be effaced.

W A T C H I N G T H E R O A D.
BY ADA TREVANION.

The harvest-fields and coppices
Are radiant in the sun;
The waves seem liquid diamonds,
And glitter everyone.

In the distance past the village,
And the church and mill and stile,
Creeps the high-road, hot and dusty,
Winding on mile after mile.

Further still, the park’s oasias
Lift their graceful boughs on high,
And the calm, fair lake repose,
Sapphire-blue as summer sky.

There the roves, the past forgetting,
By the close-clipped walls of yew;
There she moves in robes of satin,
O’er the soft grasses blooming with dew.

Down the road come happy children,
Who have roamed by brake and beck,
And have woven wild flowers
Into wreaths for brow and neck—
Dainty travellers in their carriage;
Dusty travellers out of breath;
Bridal coach, with snowy favours;
Hearse, with sable plumes of death.

Now the golden day is waning,
And the reapers come in sight;
And the road no longer glaring
Grows a line of misty white:
Yet I watch it, watch it ever,
Though I know it is in vain,
For a black horse and a rider
I shall never see again!

Ramsgate.
THE ROUTE OF DE SOTO.

Among the followers of Pizarro, in his Peruvian campaign, was Hernando De Soto, a Spanish gentleman of high birth and great wealth, the latter principally achieved upon this expedition. Returning to Spain, De Soto could not rest quietly upon his wealth and laurels, but, having interest at the Court, had his request to Charles V. granted, making him governor of Cuba and Florida, the last of which he was to conquer and add to the colonies of Spain, at his own cost.

On the 6th of April, 1538, there sailed from the port of San Lucar, of Barrameda, a grand armament, in which was invested all the wealth of De Soto and his followers, many of whom, like himself, had achieved riches in former expeditions. With bands playing and streamers flying, they sailed out from the harbour, and bore away for Cuba, where they remained long enough to make all arrangements for the government of the isle during their absence, and then went onward to Florida, reaching the desired land, and casting anchor in a bay, which he named Espiritu Santo, but now known as Tampa Bay, in the month of May, 1539.

On this spot, before untrodden by the foot of the white man, he landed six hundred and twenty men, two hundred and twenty-three of whom brought horses, and on the following first of June set forth upon his march to the interior. Never before in the history of filibustering was such a sight seen. Over six hundred men, many of whom were gentlemen of education, refinement, and wealth, setting forth with a philosophy of enthusiasm to penetrate an unknown land, and carrying with them all the grandeur of material to which they had been accustomed in courtly Spain. With the clash of arms and armour were mingled the gay strains of music; the lowing of the cattle intended for stocking such parts of the country as they might conquer and colonize; the hoarse baying of the bloodhounds, to hunt down the oppressors of their progress; and over all, the tolling bell and loud prayers of the monks, who were to shed Christianity over the minds of the pagan captives. Notwithstanding all the show of arms and offensive demonstration, there is good authority for believing that Hernando De Soto started with pacific intention. He held certain enthusiastic ideas of civilizing the natives of the soil, and adding almost a continent to Spain, and wealth almost undreamed of to his own future; but the Indians, true to their traditions, refused conciliation, and impeded his march by every possible means.

He went his course to the north-east from Tampa, towards the spot where now stands Fort King. Near this point he met with a Spaniard, Juan Ortiz, who had twelve years before been left upon the coast by Pamphilo de Narvaez, and, having been captured by the natives, was carried into captivity. This man was a valuable addition to the party; he having learned their language, could act as an interpreter. Up to the point where Fort King now stands they fought their way, sealing every step in the blood of their opposers, with little loss to themselves. They crossed the With-la-coochee and the Su-Wa-nee, and then De Soto, finding it impossible to conciliate the people, commenced a war of devastation. He destroyed every native, and burned every dwelling, their occupants dying, as it were, to ask for quarter. In this way he forced his course to what is now the Georgia border, when, from the tales of some of his captives, who related wondrous stories of yellow metal, he changed his course westward, bringing up finally on the Apalachee Bay. By this time, winter approaching, De Soto determined to remain at that spot until spring. He fortified himself, sent out exploring parties, discovered the harbour of Pensacola, built a vessel, dispatched it to Cuba for supplies, to be brought the following year to Pensacola, or Ochouse Bay, and on the 3rd of March, 1540, broke up his quarters, and started once more for the place pointed out by the natives, where he was to find gold, silver, pearls, and gems. Under this hope they marched with the enthusiasm of old, and, as of old, battling their way on, burning and slaying whatever opposed their progress. They journeyed up the western bank of the Flint River, crossing it into Georgia, and passing over the ground where now stands Macon and Milledgeville, and finally, after fearful perils, reached Cofachiqui, on the head waters of the Chattahoochee, the land where they had expected to find these vast treasures, to see only an abundance of copper, as a reward for their toil and peril. The only treasure they did get was an abundance of fine pearls, but not enough to satisfy the cupidity that had brought them there. These pearls were obtained in great quantities from the streams flowing about the neighbourhood of Chattahoochee, probably the Lookout and Chattahoochee creeks, and the Chickamauga river.

On the second of July they once more started upon their march, and before evening encamped by a village called Acost. Here De Soto was met by their chief and fifteen hundred warriors, in a friendly spirit, which was almost immediately ended by some of the Spaniards attempting to pillage the houses. De Soto at once saw the overwhelming peril, and seizing a club, he rushed upon his own men, driving them before him out of the village. The act was taken by the chief as a proof of amity, and the difficulty was at once stilled, and he was invited to visit the encampment of the Spaniards. Once there, he was made captive, and held until the Indians
sued for peace and ransomed their leader. The next day they struck south, crossing the Coosa River, intending to reach Pensacola Bay, where they expected the return of their vessel with supplies. For over three weeks they passed on, treated by the natives in a friendly manner, making stoppages on the route, and reaching the principal town, called Cosa, or Coosa, where he was met by the chief, in a litter, borne upon the shoulders of his servants, and attended by a thousand warriors, richly arrayed and armed. The chief was of splendid presence, a crown of gorgeous feathers and gold encircling his head, and wearing a cloak of exquisite fur, embroidered with beautiful pearls. Their village contained five hundred spacious houses, and was plentifully supplied with provision, as well as articles of luxury and wealth. At this place they remained for almost a month, starting again on the twentieth of August, and arriving on the eighteenth of September at Tallisie, a strongly fortified town on the Tallapoosa River, and near the present town of the Tallassee, where he was met by an envoy from Tuscalusa, the great chief of the Choctaws. The envoy was a son of the great chief, and brought with him a large retinue of grandly-arrayed warriors. He came, in the name of his father, to invite De Soto to visit his dominions, an invitation that was accepted; and joining their escort, they crossed the Tallapoosa, and travelled southward, until, on the third day, they arrived at a small village, where Tuscalusa awaited him. The great chief was seated upon a throne, built upon the top of a hill which commanded the whole country, and surrounded by a large body of his principal warriors, gorgeously dressed and painted. Tuscalusa was of immense proportions, being at least eighteen inches taller than any of those by whom he was surrounded. He took no notice of anyone but De Soto, whom he greeted with sternness and gravity, but yet with dignity and grace. Accompanied by the great chief and his warriors, De Soto set out for the principal town, Tuscalusa, supposed to have been on the site of the present town of Tuscaloosa, which they reached in three days. Stopping a short time there, they once more advanced, and after travelling several days, arrived near a town called Manville. Here the chief sent forward messengers, as he said, to prepare a proper reception; but De Soto, doubting his hosts, despatched spies, and advanced on the place with one hundred horsemen and as many foot, keeping the chief with them as a hostage, and entered the town as quickly as possible, leaving orders for the balance of his men to follow as rapidly as they could. Manville was the capital of the kingdom of Tuscalusa, and very strongly fortified. It contained only eighty houses, but each of them was large enough to shelter a thousand people. No sooner had they arrived, than it was apparent that the Indians stood in a hostile attitude. Ten thousand warriors were gathered within its walls, and every woman and child had been sent away. De Soto secretly warned his men to be watchful, and then despatched messengers to hurry up the main body. He sent one of his officers for Tuscalusa, who refused to come; and a quarrel taking place between his messenger and some of the Indians, one of the latter was slain. This was the signal for action; and from every point the warriors sallied forth by hundreds and thousands, rushing upon the Spaniards with deadly ferocity. De Soto saw that he would be overpowered, and tried to escape from the town; but the onset was so fearful, that it was only through the most terrible slaughter that he succeeded; and even then his fate would have been sealed but for the arrival of his main body, who succeeded in repulsing the attackers, and driving them back into the city, but not until they had killed nearly all the horses of the Spaniards and were successful in getting all their camp baggage and property. They now stormed the town, and though several times repulsed, and the most terrible sorties made upon them, they finally, by the aid of their battle-axes, forced the gates of the town, and entered. Once inside, they made fearful work with the savages, mowing them down like grass, and driving them into their houses, which they set on fire. The Indians neither asked nor gave quarter, and Tuscalusa, among the rest, perished in the flames. Nine hours the terrible fight lasted; and when the night fell, it was upon the smouldering ruins of the once happy Indian town, with no squares and streets filled with reeking, blackened corpses. Six thousand of the Indians were killed, and about eighty of the Spaniards, while almost everyone of the latter was wounded; they also lost over forty of their horses, and all their baggage, which was burnt.

The effect of this terrible battle was to depress the Spaniards, that they instantly wanted to return to the coast; but the indomitable resolution and pride of De Soto would not give way, and overruling all persuasion and advice, he determined to go on, and on the eighteenth of November he set out northward, until he reached the Black Warrior River. Here the Indians, to the number of eight thousand, took their stand on the opposite bank, to give battle; but upon the Spaniards crossing the river, they fled after a few slight skirmishes. Still onward went the expedition until they arrived upon the Tombkebee River, where the Indians made another stand, to dispute the passage, but finally offered no fight, and disappeared.

The Spaniards, having now arrived at a spot called by the Indians Chicaga, and it being the middle of December, De Soto determined to winter there, and, as a first step, drove out the natives and took possession of their town. At first they made no resistance; but when seizing their opportunity, they murdered the sentinels and set fire to the town. Many of the Spaniards were slain and burnt to death; but finally they repulsed the Indians, and removed to a place called Chicagilla, where they remained until the first of April, when they once more marched northward, until they reached the Yassoo River.
Moral Courage.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

"Not to the ensanguined field of death alone
Is valor limited. She sits serene
In the deliberate council; sagely scans
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides;
And scorns to count her glories from the feats
Of brutal force alone."—SMOLLET.

The highest type of courage is moral courage. The heroism which dares and does amid the strife and perils of the battle-field is often sublime; but that which governs the moral character, and makes it a thing of beauty in the presence of the errors and disorders which deform human society, is sublimier. We have the highest authority for saying that self-conquest is the grandest of all human triumphs; for inspiration itself declares that "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." Alexander took cities and won empire; but he lacked the moral courage to conquer the appetites which conquered him. The great Macedonian monarch, with all his conquests, is not to be compared for a moment to that noble spirit who said, "I keep my body under subjection," and who arose from the crucifixion of himself, the sublime moral conqueror of the world! Truly

"This is true courage; not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason."

True courage is chiefly moral in its quality. No one possesses it who has not a large substratum of principle in his or her character. Strong virtue is one of its essential elements. There is such a thing as wrong or evil in the world—a principle which, unfortunately for the best interests of humanity, has too large a development in human character; and no considerable strength of personal virtue is necessary to resist and overcome its seductive influences. In this world of sin and selfishness there are not wanting motives which plead never so effectually with human nature against too rigid views of right and wrong in human conduct; indeed, there is so much that seems to associate our present interest with at least not too strict an observance of principle, that it requires no small sense of rectitude to pursue the straightforward path of duty and right. There was a world of wealth in that noble soul that felt in the silent depths of its own consciousness its own purity, and who therefore could say, "I'd rather be right than Emperor." Such is the moral sentiment of every true spi-
Moral Courage.

rit. Nothing is valuable, nothing desirable, which may not be acquired without the sacrifice of principle. He or she who is not brave enough to conquer the disposition or temptation to turn aside from the right way for a supposed interest—not strong enough to be just to the last degree in all the relations and duties of life—lacks the quality which makes the true man or woman. "Virtue never surrenders, because it never changes; hence it can never accept any price that may be offered for wrong-doing. In fact, fear itself is one of the characteristics of true courage, genuine virtue—the fear to do wrong. This fear protects the character and interests of our neighbour as it guards our own. Ben Jonson has well said—

"Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valor too."

What else but a hero of the noblest type was he, who on being summoned to the field of mortal combat, replied to his challenger, "I am not afraid of you, sir; but I am afraid to do wrong!" Virtue must be tested, and that severely; but it derogates nothing from its honour to decline the test of brutal force. It is, indeed, never so fearless, never so grand, as when it prefers to suffer wrong rather than inflict it. True courage can endure, can suffer misfortune, opposition, and trial, and "be strong;" but it cannot do wrong! The man who can patiently endure suffering for his principles rather than yield them, is the noblest of heroes. His is a courage before which the glory of an Alexander or Caesar pales into complete insignificance. Shakespeare truly says—

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

Another element of real courage is vigorous reason, strong common-sense. Courage is not a blind, reckless something, that dares to do anything—not like "the unthinking steel rushing into battle;" but it is a thinking quality that looks closely into the nature and bearing of things before it acts. The old proverb presupposes this, when it declares that 'discretion is often the better part of valour.' The wise man, in showing the value of discretion in human conduct, its relation to our security and welfare, says: "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished." The chief function of reason touching life and its moral conduct is to avoid that which is injurious, and pursue that which is good. No one ever purposely sought the contravention of his or her own happiness; yet thousands, for the want of reflection and common sense, have robbed themselves of happiness. There are men and women everywhere who are not happy, simply because they have not the courage to be so—not the courage to take rational views of life. and, if necessary, be unlike the multitude in their enforcement in their lives and characters. A certain amount of independence of thought is necessary to a positive character. Without this there can be no individuality, no courage, no true enjoyment. Those who do not their own thinking, but get others to do it for them, are destitute of the essential element of real manhood or womanhood. We have individual minds that we may have individual thought and action; and he or she is the veriest coward who lacks the nerve to follow in his or her daily life the suggestion of reason, even though it lead to a conflict with the opinions and sentiments of others. The mind that dares to think for itself about matters and things—dares to approve this and condemn that—has the true metal, the right quality. Such a mind will everywhere command respect for its independence and courage. In fact, one had better think wrong sometimes, if sincere, than not think at all, or not think independently. Beyond all doubt,

"He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unused."

The strong, independent thinker is the man of courage; he "dares to avow the courage of his sentiments"— something which negative minds dare not do.

Another quality of real courage is a determined will. Whatever elements enter into one's character, it is seriously defective if it has not decided power of will. Without this there can be no heroism, no courage. The men who have made names in the world—who have acquired distinction, wealth, and power—were and are men of will. Napoleon had never been Napoleon without that invincible will, which regarded nothing as impossible in the practicable world. Franklin had never been Franklin but for the indomitable will which conquered all opposition between him and his true niche in the world's history. Peabody had never acquired princely wealth without this unflagging, unyielding power of will. So with men in the roll of virtue's heroes. The Luthers, Calvins, and Wseysles, the Howards and Wilberforces, were all men of strong will. They made the world move in their day and times because they were men of courage and will. So it is today. The true man, the moral hero, has a will about him to conquer the oppositions and contrary elements of life. Nothing is too hard for a stout, brave-hearted will. Conquer it must.

We conclude, therefore, that the elements of true courage are strong virtue, vigorous reason, and a determined will. These are the qualities of the true hero the world over.
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

"No nation," we recollect poor Albert Smith to have said, "makes such a fuss about their ‘tea-kettle’ comforts as the English, and no people are so notoriously anxious to get away from them;" we would add that, after all, none are so anxious to return to them. Verily this is the undoubted opinion of one who, notwithstanding the absence of many of the domestic comforts aforesaid, might write himself down "Your Bohemian," instead of adopting his ordinary nom de plume, were it not that his powers of word-torturing should be reserved for a maiden effort in burlesque, or for "comic copy," "Y. B." (not to repeat the offence) is once more back in town, and has fallen into the well-greased groove of London life. Though we confess there is something inexplicably galling in having again to don the chimney-pot hat of society and to assume the frock-coat of propriety, in place of the slouch hat, loose dégagé costume, and brown hands of sea-side life, it is nevertheless very pleasant to be back in our own rooms, there to be again surrounded by our own familiar "household gods," albeit providential. Then, should we courageously essay our "Mems" whilst on our rambles. Once more have we returned to the grand metropolis, to find it settling down to its winter season in good earnest. Everyone is back save a few erratic stragglers, the glorious weather (never was there such a September known within the memory of man) has at last changed, and become what the grumblers call "seasonable if not reasonable," and the long evenings have set in with unexampled severity. We hear the tinkle of that dreadful muffin-bell—sure harbinger of the approach of a Londoner’s winter; the cattle-show and our bucolic country-cousins will be with us ere long. We begin to hear rumours of the pantomimes (for one of which the great Chang should at once offer his services), and to have unpleasant visions of Christmas-boxes and Christmas-bills.

We are seated at our desk with the pleasant recollection of the glorious "blue unclouded" at Ryde; of a snug little dinner, in the best of company, at Sandown; of the beauties of the Landslip and Undercliff; of the three graces by the name of Cass, at the Crab and Lobster at Ventnor; and of our exultation when (a "jolly dog" in spite of our aversion to Music-hall jolly dog-ism in general, and "the great" Vance in particular) we exclaimed, "Black-gang, here we are again!" At Ryde there has been a succession of "stars" at the little theatre so well conducted by its present manager, Mr. Wybert Reeve, during a three months’ season; Misses Amy Sedgwick, Herbert, and Kate Saville rapidly following each other, the latter actress creating a great impression as Rebecca in another version of "Leah," a character in which we hope she will be seen in London. During our sojourn Tom Thumb and party visited the island, and must have made heaps of money. Alas! to see St. Lawrence’s Well, of pleasant memory, we must now run the risk of being turned out of the private grounds by the Countess of Yarborough’s domestics, as the well has been enclosed within two gates bearing the ominous words "No Thoroughfare," and a new coach-road has been made; however, this did not deter us, and we defied the authorities, to find that neither was it permitted us to drink from the refreshing spring as of old. We have visited the heart of the hop-picking country, and found Tenterden a quiet out-of-the-way place, where, at a quaint old house—Finchden by name—we were the guest of the authoress of "Rambles in the South of Ireland," and could enjoy our octium cam-croquet to our heart’s content.

We have now, in fewer words, given our readers quite as much as they will care to wade through, in the entertaining style of the "Flaneur" of the Morning Star, who, by the way, has generously let out that he is one of the "Men of the Time," at least he says the author of "Broken to Harness" is, which is much the same thing, and which will doubtless raise him immensely in public estimation. How our friend contrives to go out of his way to sneer at people! for instance, when at the Lord Warden he finds a striking resemblance, in the head waiter to Mr. William Farren, and on that account can hardly refrain from shaking hands with him (the waiter). What necessity was there for the remark, which is a gratuitous piece of impertinence? However the "Flaneur" has long since established his claim to a first-class medal for his constant exhibition of impudence and bad taste.

If it were not for Mr. Ruskin, the Fenians (who, by the way, appear to be chiefly composed of tailors and tinkers), and the cattle-disease, what would have become of the newspapers? Apropos of the prevailing "rinderpest," or (in plain language) cattle-murrain, it is an ill-wind that does not blow somebody good, inasmuch as we observe that "a beautifully-executed chromolithograph of the head of a diseased animal drawn from nature can be sent, post-free, on receipt of thirty stamps" (see Times advertisement). Sir Bulwer Lytton protests against the absurdity of killing all the cattle.
because some are diseased. As it is, we are in danger of losing not only our beef but our supply of milk. Various remedies have been suggested, and seem to have been attended with success.

There has been, we hear, a plague this year among the wasps: certain it is that we scarcely saw one in our rambles. Would that it had extended to the flies! We have often felt inclined to exclaim "Plague take the flies!" whilst indulging in our afternoon siesta, instead of "Bother the flies!"—the title, we believe, of a comic song recently published, and which was sung in the Crystal Palace on the occasion of the last Dramatic Fête. The appearance this year of the "humming moth" having caused some attention, we may inform our readers that we saw one on the 22nd September, at Wooten, near Ryde, where we were told they had been frequently observed.

So the Fandanzes of our boyhood is doomed, the premises having been taken with a view to the enlargement of the Trafalgar Hotel. Well do we remember the place—we will not say how many years ago—in connection with a visit to the National Gallery, or before the delights of the play.

During the last few days the chief topic has been the death of the Premier, Lord Palmerston. To the Liberal party this must be a crushing blow, but it may also be truly said that we have sustained a national loss.

The world of science, literature, art, and music mourns such men as Admiral Smyth, Charles Richardson, LL.D. (at the advanced age of ninety-one), Dudley Costello, J. F. Herring, Julian Portch, George Linley, Ernst, Vincent Wallace, and Giuglini. The death of Mr. Benjamin Oliveira should also be mentioned with regret.

We would refer to the completion of "Our Mutual Friend," "Sir Jasper's Tenant," and "David Chantrey." Mr. Henry Holt's admirable novel of "The King's Mail" has, we perceive, been recently published in a cheap form which is very welcome; and Mrs. Winstanley is issuing "Fiction" in halfpenny numbers, "containing twenty-four pages by the best writers of the day" which, in the words of the advertisement, is "a marvel of literature."

We have received a copy of the first volume of the "Shops and Companies of London," a very interesting work edited by Henry Mayhew, who has contributed, amongst several other articles, an account of Bass's Brewery. A description of the Shops of America is by Sala, and the Odd Shops of London have for their chronicler Mr. Ashby Sterry, once a contributor to Sharpe. Mr Sterry has also supplied several other articles which contain much valuable information in regard to the working of the different trades, conveyed in an airy and agreeable manner, chatting pleasantly behind the scenes of the Counting House on that which would at first sight appear rather an unthankful subject.

We would call attention to a very temperate and logical pamphlet recently published b Dalton and Lucy, entitled "The Claims of Conservatism v. Liberal Liberality" by Mr. William Reade, a gentleman well known to most of your readers; and who has therein assuredly hit the Liberal government pretty hard. With regard to Denmark Mr. Reade justly remarks "no flood of words or ingenious reasoning, so picture of the horrors of war can alter the fact that the Liberal Government declared Denmark should not stand alone, and then left her to stand and fall alone." Similar judicious and indubitably true remarks are made by the writer in regard to our absurd non-recognition of the Southern Confederacy in the late American War. He says "the existence of an independent South would have checked the insolence of the gigantic Republic which threatens the world, and which has shown the worst phase of Mob Rule."

We should not omit to allude to the publication of the first two volumes of "Penny Readings in Prose and Verse," which are selected and edited by J. E. Carpenter, whose name is held dear wherever the English tongue is spoken or English songs are sung. These volumes will be a great boon to the promoters of penny readings; and both on account of their variety and the care and taste displayed in their selection will supply a want long felt by those who have had any connection with the movement. In the compilation of these volumes the Editor has evidently brought to bear his long experience, not only as a literary man, but also as a public lecturer and entertainer of some twelve years' standing. To quote from his preface, "the experience of two apprenticeships, during which it has been our privilege to read, lecture, and entertain some fifteen hundred audiences at all the leading institutions in London and the provinces, enabled us to form a tolerably accurate idea of what would be likely to prove useful and acceptable." The volumes before us are an earnest of the high character of those to come, and fully justify the great success which the work is said to have already obtained.

A selection from the writings of Artemus Ward will be acceptable to a reader able to assume the peculiar tone of the Yankee.

In the October number of "London Society" are some not very brilliant verses headed "A Tale of Croquet," in which "mallet," "spoon," "doute," and "unsullied," are so many poetical licences as rhymes to "recall it," "funky," "out," and "bullied," and in reference to the last illustration in that number, we would venture to suggest to the artist that a volunteer captain would not be likely to go to a picnic in his regiments.

A new sixpenny monthly magazine is, we hear, about to be started by Messrs. Sampson Low, called the "Argosy," in which there is to appear a new tale by Charles Reade, whose "Never too late to mend" in its dramatic form is merely a version of his "Gold," a play in five acts produced several years ago, the prison scenes which gave such offence on the first night being added in the present piece. These
Our Paris Correspondent.

Very few of your readers may be aware of the existence of a regular theatre which is
denominated “The Effingham;” it is in the classic Whitechapel Road; and thither we repaired
a short time ago, to procure a curiosity in the shape of a record of a performance of “Othello"
headed “5 Othello,” there being a different performer for each act, which must have had
rather a strange, not to say a ludicrous effect, the difference in voice and person being no doubt
considerable. We were politely allowed to take a peep at the interior, and were surprised at the
size of the house and the order maintained therein.

We suppose we shall not do wrong in alluding to a recent performance of Skylock by Mrs.
Macready, at an East-end theatre, as the greatest dramatic sensation of the hour.

Mr. E. T. Smith’s advertisements are generally couched in forcible language, but the follow-
ing is such a delicious morsel, that we are tempted to quote it:—“An imperative duty is
due to the public to at once intimate the necessity of securing places early (thereby preventing
bitter disappointment).” The italics are our own.

Your Bohemian.

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Our Paris Correspondent.

My Dear C——,
The fear of the cholera keeps the Parisians still far from Paris, and those who can are pro-
longing the season in the country, in spite of the cold that has at last declared itself. Every
quarter in the capital has had several cases, although it seems there are more recoveries
than deaths, and that, on the whole, our cruel guest is less cruel than on former visits. Of
course this is the great pre-occupation of the moment, and the timid take every little indispos-
ition for an attack of the malignant disease. At Marseilles the inhabitants kindle great fires
in all parts of the town, which do much good: the flames purify the atmosphere. The town of
Arles is completely abandoned: its inhabitants seek refuge from the contagion on board twenty
or thirty vessels floating on the Rhone. It was said that Nice had also been invaded by the
terrible epidemic; but the mayor of that town has declared that there has not been one case
yet. They are expecting the King of Belgium and the Prince of Wales to winter there. Two of
the Ministers of State (M. Drouyn de Lhuys and M. de Béhic) have proposed a conference
in order to discover the best way of preventing the frequent returns of this disastrous malady.
It appears that Constantinople will be chosen for the meeting, it being from the east that the
cholera always comes to us. A commission

sent out to examine the cause, think that the assembly of Mohammedan pilgrims of Djeddah
and Mecca sent it to us this year: their fatigue, their privations, their uncleanness, and their
mode of travelling render them apt for all kinds of distempers, and particularly for the cholera.
The clerical papers pretend that it is the wickedness of the times that has brought down upon
us this chastisement from God. Then, object the non-clerical papers, why are the good pun-
ished with the wicked? and why are not the Freemasons, whom the successor of St. Peter
has just excommunicated, more afflicted than the rest of mankind?

It seems that the splendid funeral of Marshal Magnan, grand-master of the order in France,
has greatly incensed his Holiness, and that he even gave vent to his ire against the French
Government on the occasion, and received a gentle admonition from the French ambassador
on it.

The great homage paid to the memory of General de Lamoricière by the Konish Church, and the
staunch Roman Catholic principles attributed to him by its members throughout his career, has raised a hue and cry
in the press. The Opinion Nationale has just published two letters—written by the late hero of
Castelidardo, when a young man, in Algiers—letters in which he declares himself an enthusi-
astic "Saint Simonian." However, let his faith have been what it may, everyone, of all opinions, acquiesces in acknowledging that he was a brave and loyal soldier, and worthy the respect of his fellow-countrymen. A certain priest was wont to say, when speaking of the General, that he certainly loved God sincerely, but was rather too fond of invoking him. This habit of swearing, it seems, often produced a singular effect: thus, one morning at mass, when, according to the custom in the Church of St. Philbert de Grandlieu, the collector went round with the plate, on which he made the great sous sound by way of asking your charity, in one hand, and a snuff-box in the other, the General gave his son and accepted a pinch of snuff; but finding it bad, "D—ed snuff!" he grumbled. This custom of offering a pinch of snuff when collecting at church is tolerated in several parishes in the Loire-Inférieure. The parish of St. Philbert de Grandlieu spends two francs a month for the needs of the faithful.

The Marquis de Bellune, grandson of Marshal Victor and brother to the Duke de Bellune, has just retired from society, and has entered the Seminaire de St. Sulpice, an establishment of young priests—a step which has very much astonished the beau monde of Paris, especially as the cause is unknown. This gentleman is a first-rate musician, has written novels, and several of his comedies have been performed at the Vaudeville. If the late young Duke Grammont Caderousse had reformed, and thus finished his earthly career, his family, I imagine, would have easily consented. This young madcap has, ever since he came of age, been the talk of Paris, lavishing his immense fortune on horses and women, until his family tried to have him declared incapable of directing his affairs, but in vain. He squandered his money on the infamous actress Mlle. Schéinder (a woman old enough to be his mother), until his death, and has left her a large sum of money, and the rest of his fortune to his doctor, determining that his family should not have a penny of it. How sad it is to see men pass through life, not only so uselessly, but so disgracefully, when they might have done so much good in the world, and have relieved so much misery! And, alas! how many we have, resembling this poor, foolish young man! But let me turn to something more refreshing to the heart.

You remember I spoke to you of the Empress's visit to La Roquette prison for young culprits? Her Majesty has had the poor children all sent from the prison into the country; they have been divided into so many parties, and sent to different agricultural establishments, where they are to remain until able to gain their own living. It is said that the Empress intends visiting the penitentiary house of Mettray, before the Court leaves for Compiegne. The Emperor and Empress returned to St. Cloud last week, just in time to see the King and Queen of Portugal, when they passed through Paris en route for Belgium. These latter Sovereigns are to spend a few days at Compiegne, on their return from England and Germany.

During the sojourn of the Court at Biarritz, M. Émilie Girardin lost his little girl, a child of seven years old. The Empress visited the sick child, and the young Prince Imperial hearing that it was essential for her to drink, which she refused to do, wrote her a very touching little letter, begging her to try, which she did, but died soon after. The Princess Clothilde and King Jerome had stood for her. Of course the grief is immense for the little Marie Clothilde, she being an only child. The papers have been full of words of condolence to the father, to whom the Emperor wrote also on the occasion.

At the Exhibition of Insects, which has recently been closed, after a distribution of prizes, the bee attracted great attention—one in particular, the American bee (the Melipone), which has no sting, therefore easy to be robbed of its honey, which it produces in great abundance. These little creatures live in large swarms in the hollow of trees. In Mexico, they sometimes inhabit earthen hives, suspended by cords to the roofs of the houses; a small hole is made on one side, just large enough for one bee loaded with honey to escape. At the entrance a melipone constantly stands as sentinel, and is obliged to move away every time another goes in. It has been proved by experience that the same bee will stand sentinel for a whole day. A Mönster Antoine, at Rheims, has also discovered a way to master bees that have stings without harming them. There were several other curious and interesting little things that I have not room here to speak of, but what was anything but agreeable to look at were those horrid little serpents or worms that wander about the human body; it made me shudder to see them, and made my flesh all alive for an hour after. I do wish that naturalists would keep such disagreeable secrets to themselves. A project of naturalists, Buffon has just had a statue erected to his memory at his birthplace, Montbard; the old château that he used to inhabit, may be seen from the train by travellers going from Paris to Lyons. When Buffon was asked whether he considered great men, he replied—not even modestly—"I only know five: Newton, L. Bacon, Leibnitz, and Montesquieu."

Watteau, whose graceful and sunny scenes the visitors at the Louvre have so often admired, had also a white marble bust, by M. L. Alvray, placed on his tomb the other day, at the village of Nogeit-sur-Marne, near Paris: there was a large assembly of pupils from Paris on the occasion; and what rendered the scene more interesting was, that after the mass that was chanted before the monument was uncovered, a M. Watteau, grand-nephew of the painter, a simple artist, came forward with a trembling voice to thank the assembly for the honour conferred on the family. There was luncheon after the ceremony, when no end of
leaves for the Little Ones.

The Ambitious Eagle.

An Eagle, a little vain, but of an excellent disposition, one day ventured on a longer flight than usual. He was urged thereto by an apparent friend, but a real enemy, who envied him his good fortune. He alighted on a far-distant rock in the ocean; but on preparing again to fly, he found his left wing was injured. He could not think how it had happened, but probably it was owing to over-fatigue having caused him to descend too precipitately.

Night came on, the next day came and went, and his sufferings grew very great. "Oh," said he, "that I were once more with my wife and children! never again would I be led into such an act of folly; bitterly do I repent, but what avails it? Here must I die, far away from all I love!" As he thus spoke he could scarcely repress a few tears; but being a noble bird, with only this one failing, he subdued the desire.

Night again drew on, and morning found him still unable to fly. Had a whole brood of chickens been within easy flight of him, he could not have helped himself to one of them. "Oh," said he again, "how often has my faithful friend warned me not to be led away by a vain desire for applause! But all is past: may my untimely end be a warning to my little ones to refrain from folly!" Having thus spoken aloud, he drew a deep sigh, and resigned himself to death. But he was not so near it as he imagined. He fell asleep; and not many hours had elapsed when, the sun shining with great splendour, he awoke, and found himself considerably refreshed. He was able to notice things around him, and gradually became aware of a strange sound, apparently proceeding from under the point of rock on which he lay. He hearkened attentively, and a sort of cooing was indistinctly audible. Hope began to revive within him. He turned himself round; but whether from the noise he made in doing so, or from some other cause, no further sound was heard.

He determined to bear his sorrows with fortitude. He lay perfectly still; and what was his astonishment and joy, when day once more broke, to see a large object high up in the sky. He endeavoured to attract attention by fluttering his wings. It drew nearer, and Oh! moment of rapture! he beheld a gigantic Falcon! his best friend, coming to his relief. Down he came, every moment nearer; and at length he alighted on the ground close to him. They gazed on each other with delight, and the Falcon proceeded to relate how he had found out the lonely rock. He told the Eagle that notwithstanding his great goodness and kindness, he had often feared his ambition would endanger his life; that he had overheard two wicked but powerful Eagles talking together and saying
they would destroy his influence for ever, that they would ridicule him, and he would thus
undertake a journey beyond his strength.

On hearing this conversation the Falcon had
felt great anxiety; but knowing the fault of his
friend he feared to speak to him on the subject,
but determined to watch over him. Unfortunately,
just at that time a neighbouring falcon had
requested his company to a spot several
miles distant, where a covey of partridges had
been discovered, and thus for several days he
had been unavoidably absent. What was his
dismay, on returning, to find that, unknown to
his loving wife and little eaglets, his friend had
flown away! He made many inquiries, but
when the two wicked Eagles were questioned
they took to flight, saying they mean to attend
their own business. At length he managed to
gain some information from a young Falcon to
what the Eagle had once been very kind, and
thus he had arrived at the rock. "But now," he
said, "what can we do? without food you
cannot return."

"Do not concern yourself about so foolish
a bird as I have shown myself to be," said the
poor Eagle. "Return to your loved mate; leave
me to the just punishment of my folly."

"Not so," said the Falcon. "Can I ever forget
your kindness to me? When a cruel accident
obliged me to remain in my nest, did you not
bring every day the sweetest pigeons and the
tenderest chickens for me and my young ones?"

While he thus spoke he observed at a
little distance what he at first thought was a
piece of white foam, but while he looked it was
withdrawn. He told the Eagle what he had
seen, and the Eagle then related what he himself
had remarked. Both remained still and silent,
and presently a little head was seen peering out.

Now the piece of ground on which they were
was high above the sea on a jutting rock. The
Falcon crept carefully down, and observed a
small fissure, through which he could see multi-
tudes of small birds. With great joy he told his
friend; and in the twinkling of an eye several
were caught and brought to the Eagle, who soon
became strong and vigorous. Before long they
resumed their flight; and in due time the two
birds regained their homes, to the delight of
all who knew them.

Never again did the Eagle venture on a longer
journey than he could well accomplish; and when any of the young ones boasted of his
strength, he related to them the sad consequences which were near occurring from his
weakness. He told it with so much humility
that it failed not to effect his purpose and to
turn them to the right path; and all his family
grew up strong, good, and sensible.

CHARLIE'S TRIALS; OR, THINGS OUT
OF PLACE.

BY COUSIN ANgie.

"Hang up your cap, my son," said a mother,
as a little fellow ran into the house and threw
that article on to the floor; "then you will know
where to find it when you want it; besides it
will get so dusty upon the floor."

The little fellow picked up his cap, at the same
time saying, "You are so particular, mother; I
don't see the use of always putting away things
the minute one is done using them."

"You know, my son, that if we leave things
thinking, 'I can attend to them some other time
as well as now', that time quite likely will not
come till either the things are injured or de-
stroyed, by our negligence."

"Ah, mother, I know you are thinking of my
kite that the cat tore to pieces last week, be-
cause I did not hang it up; and of your clothes
basket, that I did not bring in when you told
me, and the cow tossed and nearly spoiled. I
am so sorry about the basket, dear mother, I
will try and put things where they belong, and
mind you better too," and he sealed the promise
with such a warm, loving kiss, that I am in-
clined to think he kept it.

"Ah, Eddie, it must be that. 'If the con-
tin, one will put it on.' I did not even think of
the kite or basket. Are you in a mood for a
story? If so, I will tell you of a little boy that
saw a great deal of trouble, just because he
would not put things in their proper places; and
I think it will convince you that it will be for
your own good, and for the comfort of the whole
family, if you learn, while a little boy, to have a
place for everything, and everything in its
place."

As a matter of course, Eddie was eager for
the story, and was all attention.

"Years ago, Eddie, when I was a young lady,
I went to spend the summer with an old school-
mate and intimate friend, Kate Stanton. Kate
had one brother, named Charlie, a black-eyed,
fell-faced, rosy-cheeked boy of a dozen years,
as full of fun and mischief as ever boy could be,
and with a heart as full of love and kindness as
any that ever beat under a roundabout, and
nothing could induce him to intentionally cause
pain to a person or creature; but you will see
he often did this, and suffered himself also from
one bad habit. I had been there only a few
days, when one morning Charlie came rushing
into the sitting-room, crying out, "Oh, mother,
where is my arithmetic? I can't find it, and I
shall be late to school."

His mother had not seen it. Around flew Charlie, scattering books and papers. Kate and myself secured our
work-baskets, holding them with a tight grips
—while his mother, interested in hunting for the
missing book, never thought of hers, till Charlie
upset it, scattering the contents to the four
corners of the room.

"Oh, Charlie," sighed Mrs. Stanton, 'will
you never learn to be more careful?"
"Mother, I am sorry I upset your basket if you will let the things be till noon I will pick them up, but now I must find that book. Oh dear, where can it be? I shall be tardy! I do wish folks would let my things alone. I believe some one has hid it, just to plague me."

At this moment his mother remembered where she had seen him put it the night before, and inquired, "Did you take it out of the tree when you came into the house last night?"

"Oh no, I remember now;" and away went Charlie. The book was not in the tree, but he found it in the grass under it, its appearance not the least improved by its dew bath. Washing the cheeks in dew may improve their colour, but Charlie did not like to have the French receipt applied to his book again.

At that moment the academy bell rang for school, and though Charlie made all possible haste, the door was closed before he got there, and he was obliged to wait outside till the school was open, and tardy was written against his name. He sat down on the door-step in no very enviable mood, and, like many another, sought to put the blame upon other shoulders, and at last laid it upon the teacher.

"Why, mother," said Eddie, "how could he?"

"He saw the teacher close the door just as he entered the yard, and thought he might have waited for him—forgetting that he never waited for any one that was late."

Charlie began scolding to himself. 'This is a pretty way to use a fellow; almost shut the door in my face. I think he might have waited a minute or two, he must have seen me. My way of thinking, it was rather mean in him. To think I have been so near through the term, without a tardy mark, and here in the last week to get one. Now I shall lose the book promised me if I would not be tardy this term. Oh dear, it is too bad!' and the tears came thick and fast, and with them came a better state of feeling; for almost instantly he was ready to acknowledge that he alone was to blame, and that he had brought it all upon himself by not putting his book where it belonged. Throwing things down just where it happened was Charlie's great fault, and it often caused serious trouble.

When he reached home the night before, he found two cousins in the garden waiting for him. He was in such haste to play that he could not spare time to take his book into the house, and put it where it belonged, but put it in a tree, which really took him longer; for the tree was small, and the book required considerable 'fixing' before it would stay where he put it. His mother saw him at work, and kindly said, 'Charlie, had you not better bring your book into the house, and put it where it belongs? you may forget it.'

"'Oh no, no danger. I have to study by-and-by. I am sure I can't forget it.'

But you see he hadn't. His cousins spent the evening, and when they left it was too late, and Charlie too tired to study; and in the morning his mother had an errand for him to do, that kept him employed till about half-an-hour before school, then he said it was too late to get his books about, and he must rest; he would go and spin his new top. Quarter to nine the academy bell rung, warning the scholars it was time to be on the move if they intended to be in good time.

"Soon after this Mrs. Stanton called: 'Charlie, did you know the first bell bad rung?'

"'Yes, mother, I am all ready, and I can go in five minutes. I am watching the clock.'

"Five minutes before nine he went for his arithmetic, and you know the rest. When he came home at noon, his mother inquired if he was not tardy. He told her all about it, how angry he was, and just how unkindly he felt towards his teacher; and said he, 'I was so ashamed of it, that I almost wanted to ask him to forgive me for feeling so, though he knew nothing of it; and then to think I have lost "Robinson Crusoe," that father promised me as a reward for punctuality, only four days more of school. It is too bad!' and his black eyes were full of tears, and he felt very sad.

"'I am sorry for you, my son,' said his mother, and I hope you will learn a lesson from this, and put things in their places. Also, that it is not safe to play till the last minute, leaving only time to perform some duty in; something may occur to hinder you, as there did this morning, and cause trouble.'

"This affair did teach Charlie a lesson, for though sometimes tempted to do differently, he always after that put his books where they belonged, when he came in from school; and he went through the next term without a tardy mark, and received the promised 'Robinson Crusoe.' But Charlie had many lessons to learn from that stern teacher, Experience. Only a few days after this affair, he came into the house one warm afternoon, tired and heated with playing. Taking off his shoes he left them in the corner of the front hall, and threw his hat over them, and laid himself on the sitting-room lounge. His mother, passing through the hall soon after, said, 'Charlie, you had better put your shoes where they belong, and hang your hat up; there's no knowing what may happen to them.'

"'Oh, I guess nothing will happen to them; I am so tired I can't get up.'

"So the hat and shoes laid in the corner, and Charlie on the lounge, where he was soon sleeping soundly, and did not wake till called to tea. After tea his father went to the livery-stable, and returned with a nice horse and carriage to take Charlie and his mother to ride. Delighted, Charley run for his hat and shoes, but they were nowhere to be found, though mother and all the family joined in the search, looking into every possible and impossible place for them (Kate even looking into the jar of quince preserve), and he came to the conclusion that they had been stolen; for the outside door had been open during the afternoon. Yet he could not but wonder that coats and shawls were not taken too. Though Charlie could ride in
his slippers, he could not go without a hat, so he lost a pleasant ride because he did not put things where they belonged. That night, when the girl fed the puppy, she found in his kennel the pieces of a hat, that strikingly resembled Charlie's; and as his was never found, and his father had to get him another in the morning, before he could go to school, we may safely conclude it was all that was left of his hat. Some time after the shoes were found, in the garden, under the currant bushes, bearing the marks of the dog's teeth, and entirely spoiled by rain, I scarcely need tell you that after this Charlie's hat found the proper place, and his shoes their proper corner.

"During the summer, Charlie's Aunt Fannie visited his mother. Among other things she made Charlie a present of the 'Swiss Family Robinson.' This was one of the books he had long been wishing to own, and I cannot tell you how his bright, black eyes danced and sparkled when it was given to him, or how choice he was of it, scarcely daring to let anyone take it, fearing they would injure it. One afternoon he took the book and went into the summer-house to read. Soon Dash, the puppy that appropriated the hat and shoes, found him out, and tried, by frisking and scampering about him, to induce him to play. Now Charlie's kind, loving little heart would not permit him to do this, though he adored him. So after being convinced that there was no such thing as reading in peace until he had had a play with the dog, he laid his open book upon the seat, and went into the garden, intending to return after "one good run." But while taking that one run, a companion came to play with him. He had brought with him a small waggon, and proposed Dash he harnessed him away. So after passing pleasantly and quickly away, and Charlie never thought of his book again till the next forenoon, when the rain was pouring and he had grown tired of play, then he remembered where he had left it. The gardener went for it, but could find only the cover and a few scattered leaves. The wind and rain had destroyed his treasure. Charlie had a hearty cry over this, and resolved and re-resolved he would be more careful.

"But I should weary you telling you of all the 'haps and mishaps' from Charlie's bad habit. One more and I am done. One night the whole household were aroused by Kate's cries of "Murder! murder! Robbers! robbers!" In an incredibly short space of time the whole family, dressed in white, were collected in and about Kate's room. There sat Kate in bed, her face almost as white as the counterpane and her great black eyes seemingly trying to expand themselves to the size of saucers. Upon the floor sat Bridget, a stout Irish girl, rubbing her back and elbows, and declaring she was 'kilt,' and wishing Master Charlie would ever learn to pick up his things.

"And so Charlie is at the bottom of this, is he?" said his mother. "Well, I never saw the like."

"Charlie began to rub his eyes and cry, and declare he had not done anything.

"Upon investigation, it seemed Charlie had been playing marbles in the hall of the third story, and as usual had neglected to put them away. Bridget had been making herself a bonnet, and about midnight had crept up stairs with the utmost caution to her room. Kate's room was directly at the foot of the third story stairs, with only a narrow passage between. Bridget said she got by Miss Kate's door and along the creaking stairs beautifully, and was just saying to herself, 'Bridget Malone, you did that thing well— you did not wake a soul,' when she stepped on some of Master Charlie's marbles, that she did not see, and went thumpity bumpity down stairs, right against Miss Kate's door, bursting it open, and landing in the middle of her room."

"Bridget declaring she was 'kilt,' was assisted to her room, her bruises properly cared for, Charlie's marbles picked up and carried off by his mother, and the party dressed in white dispersed to dream of strange noises and robbers."

"It turned out that Bridget was more frightened than hurt; and so the next morning we did not hesitate to take the laugh we were all longing to enjoy. But Charlie thought it was a laughing matter when his mother forbade his playing at marbles again for six months."

"Charlie's boyhood is among things that were, and should you see that busy, middle-aged man, so orderly and particular, directing his clerks and workmen, and charging them 'to put things where they belong,' you would never recognize the Charlie Stanton of our story. He has become an educated and influential man; but he insists upon it that the most difficult thing he ever learned was that of 'having a place for everything and everything in its place.'"

"Eddie said he meant to profit by Charlie's experience, for he believed it would save him a great deal of trouble, and he never again should think mother too particular about his putting away his things."

**OUR LIBRARY TABLE.**

**The Naval Lieutenant: A Nautical Romance,** in 3 vols. By T. C. Armstrong.—(T. Coutley Newby, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.) —If the author of this interesting and stirring story of the sea be not a genuine son of it himself, he has at least been at the pains of making himself thoroughly master of his subject, and handles it in (so to speak) a ship-shape...
manner. He knows the proper meaning of sea phrases, and uses them not like an amateur, but as an old salt would do, in their right places, and, except that he overcrows his chapters with incidents closely similar in character and results, we have no fault to find with his production. The story opens with the disastrous storming of Santa Cruz, by the British fleet, and the defeat of the storming party, amongst whom is the hero, Augustus Chamberlain, a midshipman, waiting to have the rank of lieutenant (conferred on him by his captain) confirmed by the admiralty. He is shot down near the edge of the Mole, and rolls over, pitching upon a heap of slain, an incident that saves his life. He is wounded in the shoulder, and a second shot has struck him obliquely on the head; and the author’s description of his condition is so good that we shall let him tell it for himself:

How long Augustus Chamberlain lay there insensible he knew not; but it was dark when he raised his head, which had been pillowed on the cold breast of a dead comrade. The night wind was sweeping over the blood-stained Mole, and the wash of the sea—breaking in a sullen murmur as the tide rolled close to the ill-fated dead—roused him from his stupor, recollection gradually returned; and with a shudder, with difficulty he attained an upright posture. He felt dizzy and sick as wiping the blood from his face and eyes he staggered on in the dark, till suddenly coming with considerable force against a black object, he fell over it and pitched into the bottom of a large boat, and, striking his head violently against an iron bolt, again relapsed into insensibility.

The boat floats with the rising tide and drifts with our hero rapidly out to sea, and in an opposite direction from where the British ships are anchored. When he recovers his senses a second time the summer night had passed away and a dazzling sun threw its scorching rays over the white-topped seas, the clouds that had obscured the past night had vanished, and a clear, deep-blue sky had succeeded. With animation and appetite returns, and the appetite of a midshipman of nineteen, even with a wounded shoulder, is no slight thing. But, happily, the previous crew of the boat have left some biscuits and a jar of water in the locker, sufficient to keep life in him for some three or four days. With a single oar which he finds in the boat he improvises a rudder, and so contrives to steer her before the breeze, and after drifting in this way for some time, till, in fact, the last biscuit is consumed, he is fortunately fallen in with by a merchantship, bound from Liverpool to Bridgetown, Barbadoes, and is well attended and taken care of by her captain. Some planters, passengers on board, take great interest in the young lieutenant, and one of them invites him to make his house on the island his home, and places money at his disposal—a trait of West Indian gentlemen of the olden time which is perfectly true to nature. With one of them, after thanking Capt. Henderson, and distributing amongst the crew all the cash he had in his pocket, he goes on shore and takes up his abode till he can secure a passage in the first ship that calls at the island bound for Great Britain. But fate is busy with the future of the young sailor, and one day, in rambling along the seacoast, he is stopped by an abrupt point, which bars his ‘urther progress. Rather than turn back—and, by the way, this little incident gives us an instant clue to the character of the lieutenant—‘rather than turn back he commenced climbing the height, and after a sharp struggle gained the summit.’ We should think so, for the cliff was eighty or ninety feet high and rather precipitous. Looking round he finds he has trespassed into a plantation: a handsome mansion, with its lawn in front, a wide avenue bordered with plants and shrubs, a young lady on horseback curbing the impatience of her steed, while waiting for her companion, who is conversing with a lady on the doorsteps, while two negroes hold a couple of saddle-horses. This is the scene that meets our hero; and at this moment the young lady, tired of waiting, waves her hand to the gentleman, gives her impatient horse the reins, and he gallops down the avenue. Instead of turning away, struck with the grace and skill of this Barbadian Camilla, the lieutenant remained a moment watching her, when, just then, the animal trends on a sharp stone and stumbles: the sharp jerk, which nearly unhorsed her, caused the rider to lose her hold of the reins, and her horse, frightened and feeling himself free, plunged off at a mad gallop, cleared the ornamental fence, and the next moment would have plunged with his fair burden over the cliff, ‘had not our hero seized the bridle, and by a powerful jerk forced the animal back upon its haunches, on the very edge of the precipice. Catching the falling girl in his arms, but staggering with the impetus and the great exertion he had used, he lost his balance, and over the precipice he went, just having time and strength to push the girl back before he fell.’ Our readers comprehend the situation. Of course the sailor, who, like all of his profession, has proverbially as many lives as a cat, is not killed, though sufficiently hurt to necessitate his being taken to Mr. Mortimer the planter’s house, where he is nursed and tended through a very interesting convalescence by Mrs. Mortimer and the fair and grateful Annie. The usual consequence ensues to the young people thus thrown together; though, in their case, it only simplifies the pre-arrangement of their parents; for it turns out that Mr. Mortimer was the dear and intimate friend of the lieutenant’s father, and that they had agreed on the future union of their children, should they, upon acquaintance, desire it. The planter is about returning to England, with his family, and it is agreed that the lieutenant shall return in the same ship. It is as our readers are aware, from the first chapter, war time, and the ship is chased and taken by a French man-of-war, who makes sail for Brest. In the meanwhile, thick, blowing
weather comes on, and the Frenchman is, in turn, overtaken by two English ships of war, both of whom engage her in the midst of a tremendous gale. The incidents of this engagement, which are taken from "James' Naval History," are very graphically described. "The sea ran so high that the crew and people on the maindeck of the frigates were up to their middles in water, and so violent was the motion of the ships that the guns of the 'Indefatigable' drew out the ring-bolts, she had also four-feet water in her hold. Worn out with fatigue the crews of all the ships ceased from their fourteen hours' work"; and then a yet more terrible enemy assailed them, and the French ship, "Droits de l'Homme," found herself utterly helpless on a lee-shore. The English frigate very nearly shared the same fate. The wreck (which is capitally described) occurs on the French coast, and Annie and Augustus, who have been separated from the rest, are washed on shore from a raft and made prisoners. A Monsieur de Hautville has interest enough to induce the commander of the Pierrepoint Battery (where they have been cast on shore), Capt. Popatin, to give up these two prisoners to his keeping, instead of retaining them at the fort or sending them on to Quimper. And this part of the story, however much it eventually lends to its interest, is one of its weakest portions. From this point the romance thickens, and the plot becomes too complicated for us to attempt to unravel it in the course of our brief notice. The lovers are separated, and Augustus Chamberlain literally fights his way back to England, through hair-breadth dangers by storm and battle. Some of these adventures are excellently depicted, and will make Mr. Armstrong's volumes delightful to young and ardent readers. A counterplot, the scene of which is in London, runs on the while, and the whole is ultimately wound up by the reunion of the faithful pair; Lieutenant Chamberlain having, in the meantime, through the death of an uncle, become Earl Linwood, and heir to all his estates. That he deserved his good fortune will be readily admitted by all who read the "Naval Lieutenant;" and we foresee that the work will add not a little to Mr. Armstrong's reputation as a writer of nautical novels. The interest of the present volumes never flags, and the incidents follow one another with exciting rapidity, and are at the same time historically true.

Oddfellows' Magazine. (Manchester.)—We cannot help thinking that the utility and value of this Quarterly would be greatly increased by a less exclusive mode of publication. We inquire for it in vain at our London publisher's; "The Row" knows it not; but, though especially established for, and supported by, the large public body whose name it bears, its contents are of so useful and excellent a character so well calculated to do good by their practical teaching, that it is to be regretted it is not more generally diffused amongst the people. The number before us contains much interesting matter, besides special papers in connection with odd-fellowship. The editor, Mr. Charles Hardwick, contributes an interesting article on "Christmas and Yule-tide," in which considerable research is shown. Mrs. C. A. White's "Rue: a Tale of the Tally System," is continued. There are poems by Eliza Cook and Charles Swain, healthy and excellent; and, amongst more solid papers, we notice the "Physiology of Health," by A. G. Henderson; and W. Atkins' continued article on "Our Clothing and its Materials," a series very agreeably written, and containing many points of general interest, as well as valuable statistical information upon the subject. In this, his third paper, "Linen" is discussed—a manufacture at least as old as the time of Joseph, whose Pharoah clothed "in purple and fine linen." And that this fabric was absolutely one and the same with that produced from flax in modern times the mummies of the period bear witness. The cerecloth of the dead were woven of linen, and though the majority of them are of coarsest texture, some of them have been found of a fabric rivalling the finest cambic, while at the present day the flax of Egypt is the coarsest flax of commerce, and cannot be made into yarn, even with all our ingenious mechanism, suited for weaving into a web one-third as fine as the Egyptians, with the rudest appliances, 3,000 years ago prepared as wrappers for their dead. Russia produces the most flax, Belgium the best. The plant grows not only everywhere in Europe, but in South America and Australia. The soil and climate of Ireland are specially adapted to its culture. Already the adage that "out of evil comes good" is verified in the impetus which the cotton famine has given to the linen trade. "The linen yarn exported in 1863 was thirty-eight millions five hundred and fifty-three thousand six hundred and forty-three pounds weight, and its declared value two millions five hundred and thirty-five thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight pounds sterling."

A Smiley.—Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes a woman resemble an angel.
CROCHET COUVRETTE, OR ANTIMACASSAR.


This pattern can be adapted for a round couvrette or a square one, and is also pretty done in silk for a sofa cushion.

Make a chain of 4 stitches, and unite it.

1st round. Work into 1 loop a long stitch, make 1 chain stitch, work another long stitch into the same place, make 1 chain, repeat.

2nd. 3 long stitches into one loop, make 2 chain stitches, miss 1 loop, and repeat.

3rd. 1 dc into the 2 chain in last round, make 7 chain, and repeat.

4th. Into the 7 chain 2 dc, 5 long stitches, and 2 more dc, and repeat.

5th. 1 long stitch into the first dc in last round, make 9 chain, and repeat.

6th. Into the 9 chain 2 dc, make 4 chain, work 2 dc, repeat from 3 times more, make 5 chain, work a stitch of single crochet into the 2nd of the 5, make 1 chain-stitch, and repeat from the beginning of the round.

7th. 1 long stitch into the loop formed with the 5 chain, make 12 chain, and repeat.

8th. Into the 12 chain 2 dc into successive loops, make 4 chain, work 1 dc into each of the 2 next loops, make 1 chain, work into the 6th loop 1 dc, 5 long stitches, and another dc, make 1 chain, miss 1 loop, work 2 dc into successive loops, make 4 chain, work 1 dc into each of the 2 next, make 5 chain, and repeat. This completes the circle. 120 circles sewn together will make a good-sized couvrette, 12 in the length, and 10 in the width. If a round couvrette is wished, work 1 circle for the centre larger than the others; this can be done by repeating the 5th and 6th rounds; then sew 8 circles round the centre one, and increase the number of circles in each row till you have made it the size you wish. For the square one, tassels are required for the end and sides; these are made by winding the cotton over a cardboard 4 inches deep about 80 times, then twist 8 threads of the cotton into a cord, cut the cotton wound on the cardboard at one end, make 2 inches of the cord into a loop, and tie it firmly with the middle of the tassel, then turn it, tie a thread tightly round, about an inch below the cord, and net over the head; 40 of these tassels will be sufficient to make it handsome.

WINTER SHAWL.

Materials.—Six ounces of white, six ounces of cerise single Berlin wool; two netting-needles and meshes, one-third and three-fourths of an inch wide.

Make a foundation of 180 loops on the small mesh with cerise, and net ten rows; then net ten rows with white; continue alternately ten rows with cerise, and ten with white, till a square is completed, which forms the centre of shawl. For the border, with cerise net one in each loop in the sides and three in the corner stitches, and in one stitch at the sides next to the corner stitches on the large mesh.

2nd round. Net two together, then a second stitch in the same stitch, on the large mesh.

3rd. One in each on the large mesh, increasing at the corners.

4th. One in each on the small mesh.

5th. One in each on the large mesh, increasing as before at the corners.

6th. Net two together, then make a second stitch in the same stitch as first, on the large mesh.

7th. One in each on the small mesh; net seven rounds with white in a similar manner, then seven with cerise, seven more with white, and seven with cerise. For the fringe, cut skeins of wool in four lengths; take eight of these threads together, and loop into every other stitch, alternately using white and cerise wool.

Of course the colours can be varied according to taste.
FIRST FIGURE.—INDOOR TOILET.—Gray-silk skirt, ornamented at the bottom with a deep band of velvet or pou-de-soie. Muslin under-body, corset-awl, and waistband of blue velvet. Figaro jacket of the same. Muslin under-skirt, ornamented with two plaited flounces. Louis XV. slippers, with pompadour rosettes. The above toilet may be very prettily varied as to colours, and is very elegant even in less expensive materials; but whatever colour is made choice of for the jacket, and trimming of the skirt, must also be made use of for the head-dress. The latter is simply a torsade or bow of velvet in front of the head, with long ends behind or at the side.

SECOND FIGURE—OUT-DOOR TOILET.—Dress of black pou-de-soie, powdered with white or yellow stars. Albanian body. Sleeves half-tight, ornamented at top and bottom with tassels and gimp, the same colour as the pattern of the dress. Black velvet jacket, trimmed with fur. Empire bonnet composed of black velvet with a row of straw sequins along the edge of the front; the crown is of figured tulle, and has a narrow veil ornamented with sequins; long square veil of figured tulle, bordered by a narrow lace.

The Empire bonnet (in its greatly modified form) seems destined to become popular, it is now made of velvet as well as of straw, and is found not only comfortable but in a general way becoming. Landelettes quite flat to the head and formed of velvet are much worn in place of bonnet-caps. Occasionally a butterfly, humming-bird, jet ornament, a bow of ribbon, or tuft of flowers, is posed in the centre, and takes off the rather severe effect of the flat head-dress. Sometimes the band is formed entirely of feathers.

Steel is growing more and more popular, even bonnets and paletots are ornamented with it, the latter have patterns worked on them with steel beads; and steel tags, tassels, and buttons will no doubt be much used for ornamenting both robes and outside garments.

Chenille of bright colours is now often used instead of ribbon in the hair, either as a Great fillet, or in tying the waterfall. It is also worn round the neck tied at the back in long loops and ends, finished with tassels, or very large ornamental buttons.

The ever pretty, and convenient Figaro, has been renewed in favour, and promises to be the pet form of jacket for this autumn and winter wear. Black velvet, with a trimming of rock crystal penelope, has a very beautiful effect. By the way, this effective material promises to be a very favourite one for ornaments this winter.

Everything that looks bright is now andished not only on evening coiffure and bonnet caps, but equally on the bonnets themselves, which glisten like the head-dresses of Dutchwomen, with gold cords, fringes, buckles, and medallions.

Our latest style of ornamentation for round hats is to replace the feather or tub flowers with an animal’s head—questionable taste, you will say; but what can one do when the world is weary for novelty?

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poetry received, with thanks.—“Rain;” “Troubled;” “Dead;” “The Maiden;” “The Mother’s Forebodings.”

Received, but not yet read.—“Carpentium.”

Prose accepted.—“The Mice;” “Miss Peckham.”

We are overwhelmed with continuous stories, which are useless to us, and in want of short tales, sketches, &c., which are always in request.

Declined, with thanks.—“A Word in Season” (returned to author); “May Goldsmith;” “The Baltimore’s;” “The Pursue at Home;” “Anecdotes of Elephants” (returned); “The Prediction;” “Miss Joyce in the Federal Camp.”

** Books, Music, &c., for notice or review, must be forwarded by the 10th of the month, to appear in the following number.

All unaccepted MSS. will be returned on the receipt of stamps for the purpose.

London: Printed by Rogerson and Tuxford, 266, Strand.
THE COMMONER'S DAUGHTER.

Although I had at parting, hastily written my address on a card, and given it to Lord Taragon, I did not, as I fondly anticipated, receive a letter from him. And a new source of distress had arisen since this meeting. Benvenere's health, broken and shattered, now threatened to reduce him altogether to an entirely invalid condition. If I lost him, where should I find protection? Madame Theresa would probably not long survive her brother, and I should be shut out, not merely from my proper station, but from what was worse—love, companionship, and friendship. For my dear master's sake I was content to put up with those airs of patronage which people, especially people of mediocrity of position, think it necessary to bestow on those less fortunate beings who stand in the relation of teachers. I frankly confess, that the conditions which were attached to the work I should else have valued for its own sake, were greatly opposed to that failing of pride which had become strangely and wonderfully developed in my new sphere of existence. Humility was easy enough to the unloved daughter of Mr. De Trevor; but that of the sensitive teacher rebelled hourly and daily. I had many petty trials to undergo, such as appertain indeed, to every woman who dares venture forth single-handed in that great battlefield the world, and who must persevere in some of its strifes. Well for those who can don the armour of gentleness and patience, that has been well assayed in the fiery furnace; but I was still very young, of a hasty temperament, and possessed of a nature too impulsive to be very prudent. When, therefore, I was sometimes regarded scornfully by vulgar young ladies, or domineered over by their mamma's, I was extremely apt to express my contempt, not in words, but in a mode significant enough, even for the perception of common-place and arrogant minds. I became suspiciously susceptible about my dignity, and even fancied good Mrs. Candy made a distinction between Miss Castilebrook and Mile. Montafauncon. I wronged the kind-hearted but fidgety lady; she had her own troubles, and keeping a "select" school, with the expenses inevitable to gentility, was not among the least of them.

I was teaching at her house one afternoon, when a visitor was shown into the apartment which, having in it the best piano, did duty as a music-room as well as show-parlour. The lady talked so loud to a small and particularly youthful-looking male companion who was with her, that I was compelled to suspend my labours. She turned round—perhaps to apologise—and I instantly, to my great dismay, recognized Miss Jukes. She knew me in an instant. "My!" she exclaimed, with her old transatlantic intonation exaggerated, "I reckon I hardly knew you; you air grown quite tall and spry—you air that now, I tell you. Hav'n't left school yet! well, I guess British females are like British oaks—they take a long time to reach maturity; they just do now. American young ladies spring into perfection all at once. 'Ain't I right, Theophilus P. Spriggins?"

The individual so addressed, and who wore spectacles, was absorbed in Mr. Candy's last-published volume of sermons: he uttered some response, in a thin, querulous voice. The lady went on: "Of course you have heard that I am no longer Miss Jukes, but Mrs. Theophilus Prince Spriggins? Oh yes, for that genuine fact—this gentleman is my better half!"

If he were so, he decidedly did himself injustice by his looks, which proclaimed him not only his lady's inferior in size, but also in age by a good dozen years—not that I presume to infer that Mrs. Theophilus was stout, but there was a certain lanky amplitude, a large, though bony development of person, which obscured her insignificant partner's appearance, quite as much as if she had been obese.

I congratulated the late Miss Jukes, as evidently I was expected to do, on her change of condition. Luckily she was so busy in talking about her own fortunes, that she forgot to inquire about mine. In her own delightful mode of expression, she told me she had given up conducting the education of young females; that Theophilus P. Spriggins was the editor of a thriving New York journal, under the resonant title of "The Consolidated American Ladies' Emporium!" and that Mrs. Spriggins assisted the learned Theophilus in his editorial labours. They visited, she informed me, in the first circles of New York, and she was just giving me an invitation to the United States, as it would seem,
to take tea in a friendly way, when Mrs. Candy entered, and presently, to my great satisfaction, removed her guests to her family sitting-room.

My lessons having been thus delayed, it was nearly dusk when I left the school to return home. Mary Thornmead accompanied me to the door, and said she had hoped Russell would have called that afternoon, "And then, dear Miss Isabellas," said the little girl, "he could have seen you home." Feeling quite as well pleased that the young manufacturer was absent, I asked, as I stooped to kiss the child, how it was that her brother did not return home. She shook her head in the vague manner children sometimes have, and said she believed he had business in London which would keep him some time.

"Of which you are very glad, Mary?" said I.

"Oh yes, indeed. Russell is so good, and London is so dull— that is, school. Russell says I must try to grow up just like you."

"Better, Mary, I trust."

"Oh no; but I mean pretty and clever, and my brother says you are so pretty you must be good!"

"A man's reasoning," was my mental reflection. "Very good, Mr. Philosopher!" But I only told Mary that she must never praise people to their faces; and seeing her look disappointed at such rejection of her innocent offering of flattery, I kissed her again, and said I felt sure she would be all her brother wished.

All these matters delayed time; and though I made haste to get home, it was nearly dark when I reached the grove, which I have before said led to my home. I observed a carriage waiting at one end of this avenue, where few people were in the habit of passing; but I thought little of the circumstance, until I felt myself muffled in a cloak, and became aware that one or more persons were forcibly dragging me towards the place where the conveyance stood, to the driver of which they shouted to "come up!"

As I struggled, the voice of one of these persons sounded strangely familiar to my ear. Twice in my life I had heard those tones, and the individual they belonged to was— the Prince Regent! The instant this conviction came, it brought another with it, viz., that I was lost, unless some special Providence rescued me. I got my mouth free just as the "illustrious" person named, addressed me as "beautiful and beloved Miss Castlebrook!" and then with all the power of my lungs I uttered three or four loud screams.

With a coarse oath the principal personage in this affair desired some one whom he called "Mac" to stifle my cries, which was done, and I was just on the point of being lifted into the carriage, when I was wrested from my abductors by a powerful arm, and a form of speech came on my ears, which I had little thought would ever sound so grateful.

"Of villains that are infernal you seem to be the worst!"

There ensued a violent struggle, and succeed-

ing in tearing off my encumbrances, I found my preserver was joined by new aid, and that Mr. Quaintly's villains had jumped into their own equipage and were driving off.

"Of trophies that are valuable I have two obtained," cried Mr. Quaintly, waving his handkerchiefs triumphantly above his head.

By this time I became aware that the person who supported me—for, by reason of a not unnatural tremor and agitation, I needed support—was also known to me. It was, indeed, Mr. Thornmead, who personally seemed much more agitated than even the occasion warranted. He seized one of the handkerchiefs, and by the light of the dismal oil-lamp examined it.

"I thought so," he exclaimed—"cursed, thrice-cursed villain! I am always thus to cross my path?"

"Of ciphers that are royal," observed Mr. Quaintly, "this appears to be one."

And it was not merely appearance. "G. P." was interwoven in a very unmistakable manner. My surprise had been correct, and the Regent was even personally concerned in this disgraceful business. I turned to Mr. Quaintly, and, thanking him for his interference, I begged he would go home with me, and explain to Mr. Benvalore the accident by which I had been delayed. As I said this, an idea seemed suddenly to strike Mr. Quaintly with some astonishment. He put his forefinger on his lips, and, in his usual oracular manner, "Of mistakes that are curious this seems one," he said.

"There was no mistake in the matter," said my junior champion. "Royalty had seen a simple wayside flower, and desired to place it among his own sickly exotics of beauty—laugh!"

"By a name scarcely common he called you," said pertinacious Mr. Quaintly. "Castlebrook," I heard the stout man say, and yours is—"

"Some mistake, doubtless," in as careless a manner as I could assume. "But it grows late; Mr. Quaintly, I will not refuse your arm."

Mr. Quaintly still mused, though we walked quickly on. Presently he again commenced his notes and queries.

"But of names remarkable Isabella is one! He called you so."

"Oh, but that name is common enough, and with some confusion I saw Mr. Thornmead examining my face, which glowed with consciousness.

"Of coincidences that are odd—"

"Here we are, thank heaven, at home!"

But within there was confusion; voices rapidly speaking, feet running hither and thither. I was kept waiting till, impatiently, I rang louder at the gate, which in the evening was always locked. Our little maid-servant came presently, not in haste though, but sadly, and with a face pale as ashes—a face looking gaily, as the candle she held flared beneath it. She saw my companions. "Oh, Miss, are you ill? Stay a moment,"
"What for, Martha?" don't you see I am not well?"

"Master! Oh, sir, tell Miss Isabella, I—"

Mr. Thornmead stepped forward; his intelligence divined at once the fact, which, speechless with sudden terror, I dared not ask for.

"Mr. Benvolere is ill?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

The truth, spite of her caution, was written on the girl's face, though her tongue strove to soften the fact. I flew past all restraining power, and rushed into the house. No light was in the usually cheerful sitting-room. I ran to that which was Benvolere's; it was scarcely silent, but on the bed there lay a form I knew too well—senseless, motionless; and some persons, all strangers except Madame Theresa, were busied around in sad, but unavailing offices.

They told me he had only fainted. I frantically threw myself beside the couch, and upbraided the bystanders with giving no aid. As I raised the dear, dear form—as I held my hand to the noble, generous heart, which alone in life had loved me truly—as I pressed my lips to the forehead, even then damped with the recent agony, I felt the dread certainty that here was the solemn, irrevocable presence of Death—that presence men call an enemy, but whom reason and reflection tell the soul is rather a messenger of peace—so should we meet it.

I was no stranger to this visitor: I had seen my own mother shrouded, and Susan Liscombe on her early death-bed—Miss Norman, my revered teacher, in her coffin: but this last warning fell on me even still more heavily. I, who so needed a friend and adviser—I, who even now began to feel the strife of passion, knew that a colder, calmer guidance was needed for me than my own impulsive feelings and unrestrained love. "Save me from myself!" had been my prayer for many, many weeks, when self-knowledge told me I was pursuing that tortuous path which leads far from duty, far from peace, farther still from heaven.

Those women who have ever loved unworthy objects, will know how difficult it is to cease loving the sinner, even when we suspect his promness to sin. I knew of no positive crime, or even fault, Lord Tarragon had committed: but I had the innate, solemn, sure conviction that he deserved no good woman's love, a conviction which, whether it be instinct or previsiion, is so often the mirror which reflects a first passion in the female breast.

In that hour of agony, as these thoughts came rushing over my soul, with the strange pertinacity which thoughts, foreign to the calamity suffered under, so often exercise, I felt, rather than perceived, that there was an influence in the chamber of death which was quietly assuming a power over all. I was gently, but firmly told that all hope was over—had been, indeed, for two or three hours; and then—I knew not how—I was guided out of the room. Doctors had been brought, one after the other, without avail, and now noiselessly, without troubling the helpless mourners, needful aid came to perform the last sad duties the living can pay. Then, as Madame Theresa and I sat weeping, and bowed to the awful sanctity of the hour, Russell Thornmead, with quiet unobtrusiveness, came and sat with us. He was the Influence I spoke of, and by him, we were saved the distracting cares which come so inopportune to grief. When Madame Theresa became a little composed, she related her brother's seizure. He had complained, after my departure. How well I then remembered that, as I left him in the noon, he had called me back, and solemnly blessed me for my cares, and the trials which he said I went forth to brave for the old man! He had felt a pain at his heart, and begged his sister to lead him to his bed. She had scarcely done so, when he gave a sigh, and so departed—departed in perfect peace: such peace we trusted the good man had now, as passeth all understanding—peace which only crowns a life of virtue. No priest was in time to shrive my master in the moment of extremity; but the hearts of those who loved him had faith in that High Priest who, humbly adored and obeyed, is sufficient for the salvation of all his creatures who love him. We felt, a life so innocent and blameless could be trusted to the mercy of his God.

Grief is mostly unreserved. Although Madame Theresa knew Mr. Thornmead only by name, and from my previous descriptions, she seemed to cling to him as if he had been some new-found son. He was so thoughtful and suggestive, that he was of real value; and intense sorrow is, perhaps, somewhat selfish, and thinks little of any trouble but its own. I fear mine was so. In the indiscretion of the hour, he learned, indeed, that which, engrossed as I was, I could yet perceive shocked and amazed him—the fact that I was not related by ties of consanguinity to the family. But Russell Thornmead, with manners quite remote from the polish of drawing-rooms, was yet that truest gentleman—Nature's own. He had too much delicacy to pry into a matter with which he had no business. When he told Madame Theresa of the attack I had encountered, and saw her look at me significantly, could perceive that he was suspicious I had some previous knowledge of the persons who had made it; and this seemed to create in him more annoyance than really belonged to the occasion. Poor Madame Theresa, forgetful in her sorrow, and with her sudden confidence in Mr. Thornmead, quite lost sight of him not being in mine, and, clasping her arms round me, said, "I fear, my dearest Miss Castlebrook, your abode here has been discovered and betrayed." I could almost have felt anger with the sister of my departed friend, when I saw the start with which her utterance of my name recalled to Russell Thornmead's memory. Mr. Quaintly's previous remarks: but now anger and every other feeling was swallowed in one master-grief.

As for Mr. Quaintly himself, he had, I was afterwards told, left the house directly he heard
of his old friend's demise—left it, too, with one of his idiomatic remarks: "Of deaths unexpected," he said, "this has been the most sudden for long years encountered!"

Late that night, Russell Thornmead, who refused to leave the cottage while his presence could contribute to our comfort or consolation, led Madame Theresa and myself into the chamber where my dear master, clad in the last garments needed for earth, rested with a heavenly calm on his face. Sobbing and shuddering we fell on our knees, beside the still form, knowing the Inevitable Guest was there, full of unchangeable awe; and the dread Mystery, never to be explained till we ourselves resemble the dead, came over us with its shadow, bidding our human grief rest and be still.

Endurance is yet a greater trial than sudden grief. There was no rest that night, nothing but speechless woe. Mr. Thornmead left us at last. Two or three brief hours, had converted the acquaintance of yesterday into the friend to whose presence and counsel two helpless women clung. My hand at parting was placed in his unasked, and, save for a flush and a slight pressure, it was an acknowledgment scarcely returned. He asked permission to come in the morning, which Madame Theresa eagerly accorded, to which I made no opposition. My situation now was peculiar, and, apart from its sorrowful aspect, embarrassing, and I clung to the hope that even one so young might prove a friend.

I will pass over the details of that first night of bereavement. The oblivion produced every moment and then the anxious craving, the waking starts, which brought renewed grief, with a keener sting—all such feelings are in the experience of those who have suffered: they need no description.

Very early next morning Mr. Thornmead returned. He had taken care to send those who were to arrange the interment, and with the greatest foresight, in every exigency. But now I began to feel much uneasiness about pecuniary matters. I took occasion, when we were alone, to name to him expenses which had, I felt assured, been contracted on the preceding night—the women, who professionally attend the dead; the undertakers, who require security before they will build the last, narrow house—Oh grief! Oh human needs! I roused myself sufficiently for inquiry. I knew it would be selfish and inconsiderate to burden a stranger with the consequences of our loss. How much money was in the house I knew not. We had lived simply, and my income had been paid pretty regularly, I had only retained sufficient to dress plainly, yet in good style; but now, amidst my anguish for the dead, anxiety began to intrude, speculating about the future of the living.

I had some money in my purse, which I had received for private lessons on the previous day; I therefore insisted on Mr. Thornmead giving me the sum total of the monies he had expended on our behalf, and look out my purse to repay him.

His usual bluntness came to his aid then.

"I kept no account," he said, "and such trifles are beneath your notice or mine. Miss—" a pause, and fixing his eye on mine—"Miss Isabella—well that is your name, I believe. My father is a rich man, I never knew the want of money in my life; and I have always been taught that its true use was to assist those who did. I have found that is not a general opinion, but I hope it is yours; you work for your daily bread, so forgive me. You can hardly be rich, except in doing your duty: there I believe you are richer than I am."

"Nay, I am sure you wrong yourself. Mr. Thornmead, you have not asked my confidence, nor under ordinary circumstances should I proffer it; but minutes sometimes make people better acquainted than years. Last night no brother could be kinder; to-day, let me tell you that, which no one who was not related by blood, or, better still, kind deeds, would ever hear from me. You know my name is not Montefauconi: Mr. Benvolere was no relative, only a dear friend of my childhood—a child self which but for him would have been friendless and well nigh hopeless. He held another in opposition, he was the dear friend of a beloved mother. Accident led me to him when I sought protection from a deep wrong: he was then in penury and sickness—I, an idle creature in the scheme of Providence. I have felt grateful that I was of use to his declining years: it is the sole thought, indeed, that gives me any comfort now; for the future, I fear, has little of the hope or happiness to which youth naturally looks for ward. I am the daughter of a gentleman, who never regarded me as anything but a burden. I have a step-mother, whom no effort of mine could conciliate. I can never return home unasked, because I left it in wrath. I am called Isabella Castlebrook, and to your honour I learnt all that is secret for everyone."

I uttered this long explanation much faster than I can write it. Russell Thornmead listened gravely and thoughtfully.

"You were not, then, brought up to work for your living?" he observed, when I had finished.

"No; I was a purposeless being, viewed only as a slave to expediency, or to be got rid of as soon as possible."

"Got rid of?"

"Yes, by an ill-assorted marriage. I was commanded to marry one to whom my heart could never have been attached. How much better is work, with independence—how work not quite congenial—than uncongenial wel lock!"

"Young, indeed, for a sacrifice. Your—your heart was your own to give?"

I coloured. The answer did not come readily.

"Miss Castlebrook, forgive me: I felt I was far removed from you before, but now I hear it..."
is in station also. I am the grandson of a rag-dealer, you the daughter possibly of an ancient line. That all men are equal—is pah!—a vain dream, the fancy of a poet's brain.

"He who lies there," I said, pointing to the chamber of the Silent Presence, that filled the poor cottage, "can tell now, if such dreams are vain, or such fancies idle. If I ever showed symptoms of a pride, baser than any base-born human creature, forgive me. It is levelled now in the dust, to which we must all return."

I bowed my head, and my hand—that hand once so unwilling—was taken again, now though with the ardent impulse that before offended me. I felt humbled and abashed in this man's presence, as one who recognizes the power of a superior nature, to which her own spirit bows. I had never thus recognized moral force in Vincent Tarragon.

Oh! If he had been like Russell Thornmead! If he had been the true friend, aiding and helping with all his might, yet silent as a vain dream! There was yet another thought recurring ever and again with terrible force—Who betrayed to the Regent and his vile pander my abode? Who, indeed, knew it, save one?

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CHAP. VIII.

How dearly the next five days passed, when, the first acute anguish of bereavement exhausted, the heart yet preyed on the tortured mind! Mr. Thornmead called every day, but no further confidential conversation passed. He wrote notes, in my name, to the friends and families in which I taught, to inform them of my inevitable absence from my duties—duties which henceforth would lack the motive-power that had hitherto enabled me to conquer the difficulties accompanying them. As I looked on Madame Theresa, who, undemonstrative in her grief, had yet grown feeble and more aged in a few days, I thought of life passing away, and ending in a dull succession of irksome routine.

Mrs. Candy called one day. She was very kind, but had little sympathy with my acute grief at the loss of Mr. Benvolere. She came, however, to make a proposal which considerably alleviated one part of my anxiety. She was acquainted with a Catholic lady, elderly and rich, who needed a companion to superintend her household, and chat with her. Mrs. Candy's motive for her visit was twofold—to offer consolation and to ascertain if the situation would suit Madame Montafaucon. Theresa eagerly expressed her willingness to go. The salary was small, but the duties slight. "And, my dear child, I shall no longer be a burden to you, which indeed has been a terrible thought."

I kissed her, and begged she would not take that into consideration; but she seemed quite happy in the prospect, and thanked Mrs. Candy over and over again. On hearing of Mr. Thornmead's great friendship and services in our affliction, Mrs. Candy quite brightened up, and looked at me so significantly that I was forced to turn away lest my embarrassment should confirm that worthy lady in a mistake which I perceived she had taken up, and would be loath to part with.

"Ah, my dear," she said, at parting, "gentility is a duty, but it is a sad trial at times. Mary Thornmead's bills are always paid directly they are sent in, and no extras grumbled at. I wish I could say as much of some young ladies' accounts, whose birth and connexions are very much superior to the Manchester family. However, you know the rag-ancestor was two generations back. Why there might even be a title some day—money can do such things."

I hoped Mr. Thornmead might rise in the social scale, if he wished it; but I did not think he cared for titles.

"No, my dear; but if he married into a good family, it would be an advantage. Good bye. Mary desired her best love. How fond that child is of you! Quite sisterly in affection, I protest. Well, and thank you, Madame Montafaucon. I had rather not see poor Mr. Benvolere. My nerves, goodness knows, are tried enough, one way or other. I wish sometimes I was only a poor teacher again; but, there—one must make sacrifices in this world, and keeping school as the wife of a clergyman is, you know, one of the most genteel things in the world."

She kissed me, shook hands kindly with my companion, and departed in the fly, in which she drove about was—she thought, dear lady—the very acme of gentility.

Then came the solemn task of committing our dead into the bosom of the earth. It was, of course, a rite performed in Benvolere's own communion, and, with some of my dear master's old acquaintances, and Russell Thornmead for mourners, he was placed in his last rest, with every form of respect.

When we had returned home (for women followed funerals at that time), and the guests, after some slight refreshment, had left us with our saddened memories, Russell Thornmead begged permission to remain with us for half-an-hour; the tea had been brought in, and I was not really sorry to have an opportunity of conversing with him. Madame Theresa made our tea, and, with tender regret, we spoke of him whose presence had so lately cheered our every meal. A carriage was heard to stop at the gate. A loud peal was rung. The little maid, Martha, in her new mourning and weepers, ran out to open it. There was a bustle; heavy footsteps came up the gravelled walk; the parlour-door was violently thrown open, and—Mr. Castlebrook stood before us!

Two of our little party rose up. As for myself, I covered my face with my hands, as one on whom a terrible sight had fallen. If I had tried to shut out the fact of my father's arrival, he himself soon confirmed it, by the harsh tones of a voice which, even in its mildest accents, had always inspired me with dread. At present it assumed the form of sarcastic anger,
The Commoner's Daughter.

"I ought to crave pardon, Miss Castlebrook, for breaking in on so comfortable a trio. If you have no great objection, I have come to bring you to your home and a sense of duty. It has cost no little pains to find out your hiding-place. Where, madam, is the infamous old villain who has abetted your evasion of proper duties?"

"Gone, sir, from your abuse, to be judged by a higher Tribunal," from Russell Thornmead.

"And who [with a fearful oath] are you, sir?"

"A man, sir, who will see no helpless girl oppressed or degraded, by even a father's bad language."

"A man! pooh, a fellow! Sir, I talk only to gentlemen—unless [with another oath]—I should not be surprised. Are you in any way concerned in the affairs of this girl?"

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Thornmead, do not interfere. Father, Mr. Thornmead is but an acquaintance—one who has befriended your daughter in distress. Mr. Benvolere was buried only to-day."

"So much the better for him. As for you, sir—man if you please—leave this place quickly, or I will thrash you out, and my groom shall finish by kicking you," flourishing an ebony cane which he carried.

"Two words to that," said Russell Thornmead, catching the upraised cane in its descent, and calmly cutting across his knee in three pieces, which he flung on the table. "If it came, sir, to a question of thrashing, you might find me your master. Out of respect to your daughter, I will leave, however; but remember, Miss Castlebrook, although you may not resist a parent's authority, you are right to reject all attempts at unlawful coercion. Beware, sir, how you attempt it. I am not one of your order, 'tis true; but I have powerful friends in this country, among some who are. The Regent's personal friends are not in good odour: take heed how you bring your actions into public notice."

Mr. Castlebrook was purple with passion—his weapon of defence was gone, and dignity forbade the personal assault which I was in terror of witnessing.

"Harvey," he roared, "bring me the coachman's horsewhip."

"Harvey, you had best not, unless you wish to see me chastise your master. Fie, sir! before your own servants! Farewell, dear Miss Castlebrook: doubtless I shall see you again some day; till then, God preserve and watch over you. Good evening, Mr. Castlebrook; think on what I have said. Harvey [to the groom as he went out], "your master will only want the horsewhip for his coach-box now. Perhaps he means to drive himself."

"So, madam," from Mr. Castlebrook, when he had slightly recovered from the rage into which Russell Thornmead's evil speech had thrown him—"you have your humble servants it appears, to bully and browbeat your father. Come home!" with another fearful oath.

"Do not dare, father—yes, dare." I was completely aroused. "I say do not dare to asperse my fame. I left you to avoid degradation. I have not degraded myself."

"Oh, Isabella," said Madame Montaleone, weeping, "do not let this house of mourning become a scene of strife. Obey your parent, my love. Perhaps, sir, we were to blame in receiving her, but my brother thought it best. He was a good man: he was indeed. But he is in his grave now, and I cannot bear to hear him blamed. My love, go; you know I shall be provided for. You have done all you can."

"I will go. Be comforted, I will return home, sir. I have no alternative; unhappily, I am still a minor. But I will not suffer personal chastisement. Assure me at least I shall be free from violence."

"Yes, yes, I tell you. Come, I cannot stay in this cursed hole longer; let them put your things up."

"I will go, Isabella," said Madame Theresa, on whose timid nature, fear was working powerfully. "Martha shall bring them, and I will fetch your cloak and hat." She left the room trembling.

"Sir [to my father], that poor feeble soul has been a mother to me."

"Let her be—"

"Silence, sir; I will not hear oaths. Assure me also that I shall not be constrained to marry Lord Dorrington."

"Do not fear. Coronets and fortunes seldom ask a second time."

"Allow me to live in entire seclusion—and let me tell you, my engagement with Lord Targon still exists.

"Silence, girl. Do you know the character of the fellow you have made choice of?"

"Heaven help me, I know little, I fear of anyone."

"Then I will tell it you, dolt. He is a blackleg, my Lord Targon—a traitor to his professions, a place-hunter. Horses and mistresses have brought him to such a pass that he will try, he will—do anything."

"It is false. I cannot believe it. O sir, if you must separate us, do it not by falsehood."

"What does a confounded girl know about such things! You are mighty forward, madam, to confute me for your viles—Harvey [sneering]. The servant with an oath which I would writing], are these horses ready?"

"All right, sir."

"Come, madam—by the way, I have not told you—I have thank Heaven, a son, who I trust will not disgrace my name and blood."

"Lady Laura's child is living, then?"

"Greatly to your disappointment, no doubt [sneering]. The child is delicate, and requires more attention than his mother, who is compelled to go much into society, can give him."

"If you desire seclusion you are welcome to it. I see no use in wasting money on a girl who refuses to extend her family-connexion by a judicious marriage."

The thought occurred that a mother's duty was to give up society, if her child required
MYSTIC TREES.

The belief in sacred or mystic trees is a very widely spread superstition: traces of it may be found on the Egyptian monuments in the shape of the date-palm and sycamore tree: the sacred tree of the Hebrews figured beside the Cherubim in the temple, a symbol which was adopted by the Assyrians and Persians, and may be traced downwards to the Etruscans and early Christian mosaics. The ash-tree took the place of the palm among the Scandinavians, as symbolical of universal life, and is described in the Eddas as "penetrating by its triple roots to the region of the frost-gaunts, and its branches filling the world. It is sprinkled with pure water; whence is the dew that falls in the dales." The wands of the pagan priests were said to be formed of its branches, and it possesses a secret power against witches. The Highland farmer places a branch of it in his cowshed on the second of May, that his cattle may be safe from the spells of the unholo: the milkmaid of Westmorland ties a branch of it to her milkpail for the same reason, and puts a cross of it round her neck. The Norwegians are sure to nail a chip of its wood to the bottom of their boats, and could not catch any fish if a sprig were not tied to their nets. The branches are twisted round the cradle of the baby by the anxious mother, and the boys wear the leaves round their waists, that they may be the winners in their games. We learn from Bishop Heber that the same veneration for this tree exists in India, no wizard can rest beneath its shade; the Hindoos, too, wear it in their turbans, or over their beds as a preservative from the evil eye. It is alluded to in the song of Lardley Wood:

"The spells were vain; the bag returned
To the queen in sorrowful mood,
Crying that witches have no power
Where there is rowan-tree wood."

The oak seems to have been the favourite among the Teutonic races. Under the oak of Dodona was the oldest Greek oracle, the priests writing their prophecies on its leaves. In the Old Testament angelic appearances were often seen under this tree, and the same Hebrew word which signifies oak means oath also; and its root, meaning strong and mighty, is the name of the Deity in many languages. This monarch of trees was also the favourite of the Druids, who converted it into an idol by cutting off the boughs and fixing two of the largest into the stem at right angles, thus producing a rude resemblance to a man, on which they inscribed the Triad of their Deities. Solemn assemblies were held beneath it, both in Germany and England; and decrees were dated "sub quercus," or "sub annosa quercu." Shakespeare mentions it as sacred to Jove:

* The rowan is a name for the mountain asb.—Ed.
"And rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own belt."

In later times it was synonymous with gospeltrees.* Herrick in his "Hesperides" alludes to this:

"Dearest, bring me under that holy-oke, or gospeltree,
Where (though thou see'st not) thou mayest think on me,
When thou yearly go'st processioning."

In the court of an old fortress of Cronberg, Sweden, is a giant oak, which has a mystic reputation, and which no man dare touch. A peasant was venturing to cut down a sacred tree was startled by hearing a voice exclaim, as it fell, "You have made me houseless; so I will do to you," and the next day his house was burnt down. Such trees generally grow in high places, which have ever been dedicated to false gods.

In the parish of Carleby there is to be seen a sacred rose-bush which no Swede would venture to touch; the Trolls are supposed to hang their money on their branches when they count it, and the axe must be well tempered that would strike down such a tree; at midnight the whole bush shines like living fire with the gold that is hung upon it, collected from the mines known only to these earth-sprites.

The Glastonbury Thorn is a well known instance of a sacred tree in England: it grew on an eminence to the south of the town called Weary-all Hill, and on which Joseph of Arima-thea and his companions rested when fatigued with their long journey through England, preaching the Christian faith to the heathen; the saint stuck his walking-stick into the ground, and it immediately took root, and put forth its leaves every Christmas-day. There are said to have been two distinct trunks until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when one of them was destroyed by a Puritan, the other sharing the same fate during the Rebellion. The merchants of Bristol made large profits by the sale of the blossoms, which were esteemed miraculous and valued as great curiosities; so that not only English people sent for them, but all European countries. As there is a species of thorn which blooms at Christmas in Palestine, it was most probably brought from thence by a pilgrim. In addition to this, there was a miraculous walnut-tree near St. Joseph's Chapel, which never budded before the eleventh of June, the feast of St. Barnabas: this also has disappeared; but in their day they attracted crowds of people of every rank, and so late as the reigns of the Stuarts the king and his nobles paid large sums of money for the sprigs gathered from them.

The birch is also a sacred tree, and is called by the northern nations The Help of Thor, because on one occasion he went out to fight against the giants; and the Trolleys, being his enemies, raised a storm, which in its violence nearly carried him away, but seizing hold of a birch-tree he was saved.

The hazel-wood was generally chosen for the divining rod; it is known to affect some temperaments very powerfully, especially those of a nervous disposition. A young girl is mentioned who having taken up a freshly cut hazel stick could not relax her hold, and when it was taken away by force repossed herself of it, and after holding it a few minutes was thrown into a kind of trance.

The Castle of Cawdor could boast of its celebrated hawthorn-tree which was the subject of many traditions, and in olden time the guests collected round it and drank prosperity to the House of Cawdor.

THE MOTHER'S FOREBODING.

(Founded on a Welsh tradition.)

BY MRS. ARBY.

The rich hues of sunset had crimsoned the west,
The gale softly murmured its song to the trees;
Yet the mother was sad in that region of rest,
For she thought of her son on the far distant seas.

Amazement! What tumult is reigning around?
What mean those deep cries, and that terrible shock?
Her son is in danger—she lists to the sound
Of a ship that has suddenly struck on a rock!

What aid can she give? It must come from above;
She kneels—and in trembling, in tears, and in prayer,
She asks that the God of compassion and love
The son of the widow may graciously spare.

The son is restored to his mother once more;
He speaks of the perils and pains of the past,
And mostly he tells of a terrible hour
When the ship on a rock had been suddenly cast.

All shrank in dismay from Death's menacing stroke;
Each effort seemed useless, each hope was in vain,
Till a merciful wave on the rock wildly broke,
And the ship cleared the waters in safety again.

That day ever lives in the mother's fond heart—
The day when she bore in those dangers a share,
And meekly she acted the woman's true part,
Commanding her son to his Maker in prayer.

The legend is strange; yet how often in life,
I witness a mother's solicitous cares,
Who pictures her son in the world's busy strife,
Exposed to its evils, temptations, and snares!

At length he encounters the perilous hour—
He struggles with ill—may he hope for release?
He may—he escapes from the Tempter's fell power,
And treads in the calm, even pathway of peace.

Such aid, although Providence deals it alone,
By mortal petition in part may be won;
The mother, perchance, has the peril foreknown,
And craved the protection of God for her son!
MISS PECKHAM'S PARROT.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

I can bear easily enough with a cat, and consent to a "King Charles," or even a poodle with tolerable equanimity. Never having been subjected to a monkey—except sporadically, under my window, in the street-organ way—I am unable to "assert myself" with regard to that animal as a domestic institution. Yet I feel no hesitation in stating my conviction that I should consider a parrot a mockery. For Miss Peckham's parrot I would cheerfully have substituted a chimpanzee, or even a moderate-sized gorilla. Ever since the period of my martyrdom to that abominable bird, I have regarded the parrot tribe with unchristian feelings of hatred and abhorrence.

As many years have elapsed since that episode of my life, I have no objection to relate it to you, especially as it bears a moral, which I heartily wish you may discover.

I was about nineteen when the shadow—or rather, the substance—of Miss Peckham's parrot first darkened my horizon. Miss P., at that time, and for many years subsequently, I believe, kept "a select boarding-house for single gentlemen."

It was rumoured that, at some period in the recent past, Miss Peckham, even then beyond the peach-bloom epoch of maidenhood, had suffered a catiff blow, metaphorically speaking, from the "arch deceiver—man" (her own epithet), dealt her full in her virgin heart. This cruel wound was laid bare to the cynic world by a process termed "a suit for breach of promise," the result of which only added insult to injury, and left Miss Peckham doubly a victim.

Under similar circumstances some persons (generally, however, of the sterner sex) are wont to seek oblivion in the intoxicating bowl. Others, of a more trigal temperament, fly to suicide as a final refuge. Miss Peckham, animated and sustained by a spirit of comprehensive vengeance against the male element of society at large, conceived the project of subjecting a certain unprotected portion of mankind, at least, to an ingeniously system of domestic torments, from which, owing to their forlorn and dependent condition, they should find it difficult to defend themselves. To this end she opened "a boarding-house for single gentlemen."

Whether her parrot was originally intended to play a predetermined part in her household drama, I am unable to say; though I fancy that, as far, at least, as regarded myself, his role was purely accidental. Be that as it may, the parrot had seen a fixed fact in the domestic economy long before I became a member of "the family."

At this period I was a romantic youth, fresh from a Scotch college, and sent by a confiding parent to study the mysteries of medicine in the metropolis.

The "family" of Miss Peckham consisted of her niece—a very pretty, hoydenish maiden of sixteen, an orphan, and dependent wholly on her aunt, who did not specially exert herself to make Miss Jennie's life cheerful—six single gentlemen beside myself (most of them of mature years), and the parrot. The first intimation I had of this creature's existence as one of the "family," was on the morning after my instalation, when, descending the stairs to breakfast, as I passed by the partly open door of Miss Peckham's own apartment (which was the small room over the hall, on the second floor), I distinctly heard a hoarse angry voice within, exclaim:

"Philip, you're a villain! Philip, Phil—ip, you're a villain!"

Now, Philip being my own Christian name, this sudden and decidedly uncomplimentary assault on my private character from an unseen source somewhat discomposed me. I halted a moment in surprise and uncertainty; then, as the accusation was repeated even more energetically than before, my blood rose, and pushing open the door, I strode fiercely into the chamber. It was empty, and in some disorder; the bed yet showed the imprint of Miss Peckham's virgin form, and something white, of an indefinite shape, on a chair, I supposed to be that elderly maiden's night attire. A cap, with cherry-coloured ribbons hung upon one side of the dressing-glass, supported by a bunch of very thin, curling curls on the other; and a variety of neat boxes and bottles stood in array upon the marble slab, from one of which, the lid being off, glittered something very like a set of spotless teeth. As my eyes comprehended these objects in a searching glance around the room, and, encountering no living occupant, began to dilate with increasing wonder, the same hoarse voice again broke forth with: "A villain! a villain! Phil—ip, you're a villain!" apparently from overhead. I looked up, and the mystery was explained. Between the windows, about seven feet above the floor, an iron rod stood horizontally out from the wall, with a cross-piece of wood at its extremity; and upon this, with twisted neck, and one eye gravely scrutinizing me, was perched a large parrot, who, the moment he saw that I had discovered him, recommenced to assert, with great volubility, his conviction of my villainy, intermingled with a prayer, in quite another tone, that I would "take Polly down."

For a moment I thought of acceding to this request, with the subsequent intention of fatally
increasing the twist in Polly's neck. But further reflection convinced me that this operation was not calculated to secure Miss Peckham's confidence, and I virtuously refrained. Contenting myself, therefore, with bidding Polly "shot up," I left the room, resolved to seek an explanation of the origin of Polly's aspersion of my character.

In the parlour I found Miss Jennie and Mr. Podder, the occupant of the second storey front, with whom I was slightly acquainted—he having, in fact, been my sponsor to Miss Peckham.

Mr. Podder was a jolly bachelor of fifty odd, who, having a fair income, and with much leisure time on hand, devoted most of the latter, and not a little of the former, to the noble work of exposing the popular humbugs of the day. With this view, he sedulously frequented "spiritual manifestations," and presstitidigitory performances of all sorts, and purchased and experimented with an endless number of "specific" remedies for all kinds of ailments—upon himself in some instances, but more frequently upon those of his friends whose credulity, good nature, or despair of other relief, made them willing subjects. I regret to add, that, though he discovered and denounced very many tricks of the "spiritual" medical and other charlatans, his philanthropy did not appear to be rewarded by a proportionate decrease in the number or extent of successful impostures upon society. Humbug still continued to prosper, and credulity to be victimized. Mr. Podder, however, by no means discouraged, persevered in his "mission," only observing, from time to time, when some fresh triumph of quackery irritated him, that, "The fools were not all dead yet!" Which was undeniable then, and might not, even now, be considered an extravagant assertion.

"Morning Philip?" said Mr. Podder. "Miss Jennie, this is our new acquisition, Mr. Kent (Mr. P. always spoke of Miss Peckham's as 'our' establishment); Miss Peckham's niece, Miss Martin, Philip. There! now we're all in the family!"

I gazed upon Miss Peckham's niece, and wished, instantly, that I was "in the family"—by marriage.

What the nature of my remarks or her rejoinders were, I have no recollection whatever now. Nor had I any at the time, as far as I know. But in five minutes after my introduction to Miss Jennie Martin, I was—to the best of my knowledge and belief—deeply in love with her. This sudden sentiment I imparted in confidence to Mr. Podder when we went forth together. It was received by that gentleman in a manner wholly unbecoming the gravity and delicacy of the subject, I thought. For he laughed at me, and made a very absurd and unnecessary, as well as discourteous, request of me. In short, he asked me—"not to be a fool."

How was it possible for a highly intellectual gentleman of the mature age of nineteen, and but recently a graduate of a learned academy to be a fool, under any circumstances? and especially under those to which Mr. Podder so coarsely referred! However, I smothered my indignation, and asked him the mystery of Miss Peckham's Parrot. Upon which he told me the little history of which I have given a brief outline in the beginning of this sketch.

My resentment towards that bird subsided thereupon, and was merged in a vague feeling of pity for his mistress, accompanied, however, by a strong sentiment of indignation towards the original "villain" of her life-drama; though, I fear, this indignation was chiefly aroused by that person having had the audacity to dishonour the name of Philip. But could I have foreseen the consequences that the parrot's stigma upon that name was to produce, Miss Peckham would certainly have mourned the untimely loss of that interesting specimen of ornithology at an early period of my residence in the family, and this story would have had, if written, a very different moral.

My passion for the espielle Miss Jennie grew with the growth and strengthened with the stress of my intimacy with that damsel. And, in spite of Mr. Podder's ungenerous reception of my perhaps somewhat premature confidence in his subsequent conduct, certainly, through doubtless unintentionally, fostered the secret sentiments of my bosom.

This he did by constantly inviting Miss Jennie to accompany him to lectures, experiences, and other public expositions of his favourite humbugs, and invariably including me in the party; whereby, his whole mind becoming rapidly absorbed and his attention fixed, in scrutinizing the so-called phenomena of the exhibition, Miss Jennie and I were left in the position of a genuine tête-à-tête, and I had ample opportunity to feed my flame, as well as to kindle a reciprocal spark in the bosom of its object. Without vanity, I can assert that it did not take very long to accomplish this. Before I had been a month's niece, as Peckham's family's month, a blissful consciousness of having achieved this triumph was mine! Before another month had waned, the artless Jennie had pledged me her maiden troth (I believe that is the consecrated style of saying it), and nothing remained but to brim the cup of our mutual happiness, sure the enthusiastic consent of Miss Peckham and Mr. Kent senior, and the ceremony immediately consequent. On reflection, and consultation with each other, however, Jennie and I were not sanguine of arousing the desired enthusiasm in the breasts of the two elderly persons referred to.

Further reflection and consultation decided us not to try, for the present at least. We resolved to suffer and be strong, in silence, for awhile. I would pursue my professional studies to their conclusion. She would continue to cultivate her aunt's affection by assiduous attention to her wishes and caprices, and I was also to ingratiate myself with that respectable spinster as delicately as possible, during our weary, but
inevitable term of probation. We were, we thought, rather young than otherwise: at least, we should not be beyond a marriageable age in two years; and then, with my diploma as my peg, and our mutual patience and long suffering as our best advocate, I should—having easily won my honoured parent’s approbation—present myself to Miss Peckham as a suitor, long-affianced, for the fair hand of her favourite niece, Jennie Martin.

Under these auspices we felt success was sure! And the noble sacrifices we had made to win it would render that success tenfold sweeter, and our subsequent happiness tenfold more enduring and complete! The argument was rational, the plan was most admirable, the resolution to abide by it most praiseworthy! But, alas!

"The best-laid schemes o’ mice an’ men,
Gang aft a-gley!"

We had omitted—no, we had not foreseen—one obstacle. One absurd and insignificant trifle we had overlooked, or rather had not been prescient of (how could we be so?), which, like the grain of sand in the marksman’s eye, was destined to divert our hymeneal shaft far wide of the mark: we learned that we had reckoned without Miss Peckham’s parrot!

Though my first emotions of anger toward the parrot had subsided, after hearing the explanation of his apparently strange and unprovoked assault upon my private character, yet I could not bring myself to hear, with entire indifference or equanimity, his daily and hourly repetition of the announcement that “Philip was a villain.” It began to annoy me exceedingly, especially as the infernal bird seemed to know when I was within ear-shot, and to repeat, with particular and malicious emphasis, his monologue on these occasions. It pursued me up and down stairs; it interrupted me in my medical readings; it greeted my exit and my entrance; it invaded me through the interstices of my sleep, until it finally fairly haunted me.

When I reflect upon the stoicism with which, for Jennie’s sake, I bore the daily torture of that demoniac parrot’s persecution for four whole months, I cannot refrain from retrospectively contemplating myself with an admiration bordering upon awe! But there is a limit to everything, except eternity and feminine controversy, and I, at last, reached that of my endurance. I reached it the sooner perhaps—though, Heaven knows, it held out wonderfully!—from the lack of sympathy I experienced in my martyrdom. With the exception of Jennie, I met, in fact, with none at all. Mr. Podder thought the coincidence a capital joke; and when I remonstrated with him on his callousness, he repeated his former offensive request with reference to the character of my behaviour, which I have quoted previously in mentioning my confidence to him on the subject of Miss Jennie.

Several of the other members of the family, also, took the liberty to rally me impertinently about it, occasionally; and when I appealed to Miss Peckham herself to abate the nuisance, she indigantly replied that “I should make a pretty doctor, if I was to be made nervous by a parrot’s talk, and that it would be well for me if I didn’t live to deserve Polly’s accusation myself, some of these days, after all!”

This unexpected piece of brutality on the part of Miss Peckham, combined with the other aggravations above-mentioned, and with the fact that the lectures were on the eve of closing, and I of returning home to spend the summer, wrought me up to a desperate alternative, which I as desperately resolved to force, by moral suasion, upon my beloved Jennie. This was nothing less than a runaway match between us. I put the case to her, forcibly, somewhat thus: “My dearest girl,” said I, “this thing cannot possibly go on any longer in this manner. Our case—my case, certainly—is desperate, and we must resort to a desperate remedy. To live another season in the house with that atrocious parrot is beyond the physical and mental power of mortal Philip. I should become a hopeless lunatic in three months, more or less. I am now obliged to leave you for a protracted absence of at least two months, perhaps even longer. When I return, if I ever return—for who can foresee the future?—I must seek another. We must, if that abominable bird still lives. We shall thus be separated, and, knowing the cause of my secession from her household, your aunt will not make me a welcome visitor, even to her hearth. I have quarrelled with Mr. Podder, and cut most of the other members of the family on that bird’s account, so that I shall have no excuse whatever for coming here. Is not this a harrowing prospect, dearest? Your sobs confess that it is! Well, then, what alternative is left us? Only one of two, and of these two one is, certainly, of very doubtful promise. They are—either for you, during my absence, to assassinate the parrot; or for you to consent to be my own darling little wife before I go, and so go with me in that delightful character! Don’t you see it thus, my beloved girl?” “Yes; but you dare not, indeed you dare not leave my aunt in such—such without?”—“Then, idol of my heart, murder the bird!” “Oh, no, no! I never, never could do such a horrid thing!” “I don’t in the least think you could, dearest; and so let us fly together from persecution and tyranny to, love and happiness! When we have left this hateful roof, when the holy man has united us in the blissful bonds of matrimony, we will seek my country home, and fling ourselves at my good father’s feet. He will frown, perhaps, for a moment; but the next he will have seen your face made lovelier by your tears, and he will fold you to his heart as his accepted daughter!”

I went on in this eloquent style for a long time, I believe, and, naturally, I was victorious. Polly’s fate trembled in the balance at one time; but at last the brighter, less cruel, more romantic alternative won the day, and Jennie consented to fly with me to the secret altar!
As a very respectable number of writers have depicted real or fictitious lover’s feelings under similar circumstances, I will content myself with observing that, though I was resolved, and felt no coward wishes to back out or postpone the gallant adventure, yet, somehow or other, I occasionally had a sort of vague doubt as to whether I was acting in a strictly honourable and magnanimous way toward Miss Peckham, or Mr. Kent senior, or even toward my dear Jennie. And these shadowy feelings seemed to come over me more particularly during the intervals immediately following one of the parrot’s usual exclamations in my hearing. Had there been a longer period of suspense before the fated moment was to arrive, I am not sure that these feelings would not have grown into a distinctness sufficient to have prevented the enterprise.

But the flight was to take place the following night, when the household should be buried in slumber, and the modus operandi (excuse the professional phrase) was to be—and was, to a certain point—as follows. If the combination appears puerile and extravagant, the reader will remember the youth and very limited experience of the parties.

It was known to be my intention to depart by the early morning train of the next day. I proposed to leave, in fact, by that train, but going only to the first station, to return to the city by the next train passing. I would devote the day to finding a proper clergyman, and making other preparations, and at exactly midnight would let myself in to Miss Peckham’s house with the latch-key (which I kept for the purpose), as, owing to the sex of her boarders, Miss P.’s front-door was not locked at night. I would then proceed quietly to Jennie’s room (a small, quite small one, at the head of the main flight of stairs), and, taking possession of her light luggage, we would both, with equal quietness, leave the house. A carriage would be waiting not far off, which should take us to a distant hotel, where rooms had already been engaged for a gentleman and his sister, under a feigned name. Here we were to remain as brother and sister till morning, whence at a very early hour we would proceed to the altar, and thence by the first train to my father’s country residence, for his pardon and blessing, in the genuine (dramatic) runaway style.

This seemed to promise certain and easy success. For, even should I be heard in entering Miss Peckham’s, or in going up or down stairs, it would excite no suspicion, but it would be supposed to be one or other of the gentlemen of the family, whose exits and entrances were irregular, and often tardy, and nobody would open his or her door to see which especial gentleman it was. The only danger we ran—it seemed to us—was from the possible bond-fide entrance or exit of some one of the gentlemen referred to, and this we were forced to run, relying upon the protection of luck and Cupid. It was but a remotely possible danger, however, we felt confident, owing to the hour, which was either too early or too late for the probability of such an accident.

As to Miss Peckham herself, she went to bed regularly at half-past ten o’clock, first turning down the gas-jets in each hall and passage-way, to about the size and shape of the ace of spades, and locking up the silver in the store-room, together with everything eatable in the house, except the raw meat (which is not eatable in that state, in temperate latitudes), and a plate of hard crackers, which always stood on the sideboard, but were never regarded in the light of edibles by any member of the family save the parrot.

To assert that I was perfectly self-possessed, and thoroughly serene in mind, as I slid my latchkey into Miss Peckham’s street-door, with a somewhat tremulous hand on that fateful night at the appointed hour, would be to— in short, to exaggerate. I was not so! In fact, looking re- and introspectively from this distance of time, upon the state of my inner being on that momentous occasion, I fancy my feelings were not wholly dissimilar to those which a really felonious person (whom I rather resembled than otherwise in my outward demeanour) might rationally experience in a like crisis.

In spite of my conflicting emotions, however, I entered the house, closed the door, and proceeded slowly and firmly upstairs. The firmness diminished, and the rapidity of my gait proportionally increased, as I approached Miss Peckham’s chamber; but, with the exception of what seemed to me a stunning clamour, produced by the throbbing in my breast, I passed that dread portal in safety and silence. In another instant Jennie and I stood together on the upper landing, and after a terrible moment, devoted to gathering our mutual courage into a sort of concentrated form we began to look up. The silence was positively oppressive. Not even a stair creaked, though upon ordinary occasions they were all much given to that style of remonstrance. The beating of our own two hearts was, absolutely, all the sound we heard. We gained the last stair in front of Miss Peckham’s apartment; a few more steps, and life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—under difficulty, I admit—would be ours; when, at that awful crisis, the solemn silence was suddenly and fearfully broken by a deep, guttural, but terribly distinct voice, proclaiming, as if in our very ears—“Phil-ip! you’re a villain! Phil-ip! Phil-ip! Phil-ip! Phil-ip! you’re a villain!” The effect was immediate and disastrous. I started back, tripped on the stair, and, to save myself, dropped Jennie’s portmanteau, which struck with a horrible rattle against the banisters. Poor Jennie, utterly unmanned (perhaps I should say unmanned) by this unexpected terror, was unable to repel a quick cry, though, the instant after it escaped her, she clasped both hands over her mouth, and shrank down in a heap on the step.

Ere either of us recovered a vulgar fraction of assurance, Miss Peckham’s door opened,
like a trap in a theatre, and that lady appeared in its dark frame, draped in ghostly white, her eyes in a wild frenzy rolling, and brandishing a glittering weapon—which turned out to be the fire-shovel—in her weird right hand! At the same time the street-door closed sharply, and, almost simultaneously, the burly form of Mr. Podder was added to the awful tableau; while, from within the sepulchral gloom of the white apparition’s chamber, the deep, angry voice continued to issue, denouncing the villainy of the unhappy Philip!

The conversation—to put it mildly—that ensued, it is really beyond my power to transcribe. I can conscientiously assert, however, that it was exceedingly animated, and also that it lacked an essential element of polite intercourse, namely, harmony. But its results may be briefly and comprehensively summed up as follows:

First. The retirement of Miss Peckham and Jennie into the former lady’s boudoir.

Second. My own retreat—which was not quite so dignified nor brilliantly conducted as I could have wished, owing, chiefly, to the officious impertinence of Mr. Podder—and a little to a similar meddlesome disposition on the part of an inconvenient somebody or something, often called the inward monitor.

Thirdly. A challenge to that gentleman (Mr. Podder, not the monitor), which was treated with what I then regarded as the silence of pusillanimity.

Fourthly. A decidedly unpleasant interview with Mr. Kent senior, which terminated in the discovery, by that somewhat peremptory gentleman, that I was afflicted with a malady, for which a protracted sea-voyage would be of unquestionable benefit.

Fifthly. The said sea-voyage, and, I am bound to own, a consequent triumph of my father’s medical judgment.

And, lastly, the rooted antipathy in my sentiments—as expressed in the beginning of this sketch—toward all and every variety of the genus Parrot!

**MY FUNERAL.**

*(From the French.)*

Near my bedside stood the dear doctor, his eyes upon the second hand of his watch, his fingers upon my pulse, counting its beatings, constantly growing more and more slow and feeble. I felt his interrogating touch ascending the length of my arm. With an effort I half-opened my eyes, and saw him, his brow contracted as if about to burst, a negative sign of the head. Then I heard suppressed sobs in my chamber. “It is all over!” I said to myself, and sunk into unconsciousness.

Yet, it was all over; I had just died.

How was it that a moment afterward I was standing near the window, with folded arms, contemplating that lifeless, rigid object extended before me, and repeating to myself: “It is all over!” And if not with perfect composure, it was at least without any lively emotion that I stood a witness of all those cares, henceforth so useless, lavished upon what had been myself, or rather, that part of myself which M. Xavier de Maistre designates under a vile name.

I do not pretend to imply here that the mysterious personage, standing upright and attentive in a niche in that chamber of death, was the soul of the deceased; let us not trifile with such deep words. But I had dwelt in it as it now dwelt in me; I was not its soul, I was what the ancients would have called its simulacrum.

One examination nothing tended to substantiate my identity; I had preserved the form, the exact appearance of *l’autre*. I much prefer this appellation, “*l’autre*” (which besides is used by Plato), to that very distasteful one of M. de Maistre, *the animal!* fie!

I stood watching, then, while they were performing the necessary duties to my body. Saddened by the spectacle—for one cannot break off suddenly the connexion of a life-time without a pang of regret at the moment of separation—I left the chamber, passing and repassing through the house without the least echo of my steps upon the inlaid floors or through the corridors.

My domestics had already begun to lay violent hands upon various little articles which had belonged to me. Possibly, having little confidence in my testamentary dispositions, they were only thinking to secure some sacred souvenirs of their master.

I did not disturb them, and moved by a sentiment of curiosity, a little untimely perhaps, I passed into the street, without any need, thanks to my immateriality, of a porter’s services to give me egress.

It was a fine day; the heavens were blue, the sun was shining brightly, and, what struck me with astonishment at every step, the whole Parisian population wore their accustomed physiognomy; all were engaged in their ordinary occupations, duties, and pleasures. One would have said that nothing extraordinary had occurred. And yet I was dead!

True, the evening journals had not yet made the event public.

I paid a visit to some of my friends; a dan-
My Funeral.

gerous test, since there was nothing to reveal my presence to them. It was espionage of the highest school. Like the sun and the population of Paris, they were all pursuing their daily avocations, neither gayer nor sadder than on the previous day. Doubtless, they had not yet received the fatal funeral invitation.

The next day the horizon was obscured; the sun scarcely showed its face, the wind seemed to moan in the angles of the streets, a few drops of rain sprinkled the pavements. Paris, on that day, was really wearing an air of concern: at least, so I judged. The passers-by walked more slowly, with a more contemplative mien, and I noticed that many of them were dressed in black, or wore crape upon their hats. "The journals, not only those of last evening, but those of this morning also, have spread the news," said I to myself.

As I spoke, I saw an individual unfold his paper, examine it, then drop his hand suddenly and cast to heaven a look of reproach.

I had no doubt I saw before me one of those pairs, unknown friends, who set more value upon us, our works, and our glory than our most intimate friends, who are liable to grow envious and irritable by association with a superiority which renders their deficiencies conspicuous by contrast. I approached that excellent man, that noble heart; just then I heard him say aloud: "Always on the decline!"

I cast a glance upon the journal; it bore no sombre border, such as is customary on days of national mourning, and yet!—

Turning my eye to the column of amusements, it rested there a moment by force of habit. Not a theatre had closed, and yet!—

With a mechanical step and pitiful mien I directed my course towards my dwelling, when suddenly there burst upon my sight a spectacle calculated to compensate me amply for all the trifling mortifications inflicted upon my vanity as a defunct.

Black, long, thick, innumerable, silent, stationed upon the pavement, obstructing the sidewalk, extending even to the court-yard gate, barring the carriage way, surging like the waves of the sea, there stood a crowd, filling every nook from one end of the street to the other, in the court, high and low in the house, in the stairways, in the apartments! A magnificent hearse, drawn by six horses caprisoned in black and silver, stood before the gate.

Great was my surprise, I confess; I was nearly suffocated with modesty. My modesty was about to be subjected to a very different proof!

The cortège started on its way, and I perceived a host of police officers charged with maintaining order; a company of soldiers headed by a band of music led off the march, while the rear was closed by a squadron of the municipal guard in full uniform.

In asking myself what all these military honours were worth to me, a poet, I was forced to reply (all modesty set aside this time) that the affair must be regarded, after all, in the light of a national mourning.

When the hearse passed before my eyes, new astonishment! Not only was there an enormous crown of laurel, interwoven with leaves of gold, surmounting it, but there were also decorations of all kinds, French and foreign, constellating one of the extremities of the pall.

For an instant I fancied there must be some misunderstanding; this magnificent funeral cortège had undoubtedly mistaken the address to which it had been directed, and had come to bear me off, instead of the high dignitary for whom it was intended. But presently I heard them relating all around me that these honorific distinctions had been voted me immediately on the spread of the rumour of my approaching end. Besides, my chiffre whose resplendently from the escutcheon of the principal carriage, as also from that of the other carriages.

But the end of my surprises was not yet come.

One striking fact penetrated me with the proudest emotions, by revealing to me what part I had played, all unwittingly, in contemporary literature. The four cordons of the hearse were borne by Lamartine, Emile Angier, representing dramatic literature, the permanent secretary of the French Academy and the President of the Society of the Gens de Lettres. Men the most eminent in science and the arts, and my ex-confrères, the most distinguished writers of all styles, did not scorn to mingle in that throng; black, black, long, thick, innumerable, silent, which wended its way slowly along.

And the heavens, grey and sombre, seemed also to have donned their habiliments of mourning. All heads in that multitude were bowed, and the chromatic notes of the brass instruments mingled dolorously with the dull, heavy beatings of the muffled drums.

Every moment new comers swelled the cortège; in a thoughtless moment I also joined the crowd; I became one of that dense throng. After all, had I any reason to feel chagrined at the figure I was cutting there? More fortunate than Charles the Fifth—thanks to my invisibility—I could participate in my own funeral obsequies without any necessity for dissimulation.

When we debouched upon the Boulevard, an immense multitude lined its sides; the shops and cafés were hidden by crowds loaded with spectators; at the windows and on the balconies were groups of beautiful ladies dressed in deep mourning; at the approach of the body of the deceased the ladies showered offerings of flowers, and the gentlemen bared their heads, and I (such a thing probably never before occurred to a defunct) in my confusion returned their salutations.

In the midst of my embarrassment, however, I thought I perceived a sort of little ball, of a purple colour, rolling and bounding around the hearse. On examining it more closely, I
discovered that it had a semblance of hands and feet and a little flat head, a kind of fingers, the whole causing scarcely any deviation from its spherical form.

It was a sort of little red man, a deformed dwarf. What was he doing there? He continued to roll over and over by the side and in front of the hearse. Then I heard him utter shrieking cries and bursts of mocking laughter; but this, however, did not, in any way, interfere with the general solemnity.

I knew not why I thought of those insulteres gages of ancient Rome attacking illustrious men during triumphal ceremonies. I was astonished that he was thus allowed to execute his grotesque pranks, which he carried even beneath the feet of the horses at great risk of tripping them; but no one noticed him. Could he be, like me, invisible, and seen and heard only by myself.

After continuing to advance for an hour, the cortège entered upon the less densely populated, as also the less aristocratic portion of the Boulevard, without the least unnecessary delay appeared, and the balconies were far from presenting their groups of lovely women bathed in tears. A shower of flowers no longer fell from the windows. The men still appeared with uncovered heads; but I was so distracted by the cries and gambols of that furious little dwarf, that I neglected to respond to their salutations. Weared with heat and fatigue, some of the company lagged behind; others had abandoned the escort altogether. As we approached the common districts, deserts became more frequent. Some persons love to figure only before spectators worthy of them.

Suddenly the grey clouds which had hung over our heads obscured the sky; a shower of rain succeeded, which had the effect of diminishing still more the numbers of the cortège. The martial music, the brass instruments and muffled drums were no longer heard, and the hearse (I noticed the fact with stupefying amazement) was drawn by only four horses. I was looking around for the cause when I perceived the little red man perched upon one of the missing steeds, and leading the other by the bridle, taking both away and laughing louder than ever one of his diabolical laughs. It seemed to me that he had grown three feet.

The police officers and the illustrious bearers of the cordons still maintained their posts, and if the rear of the cortège, still imposing, was no longer, as an hour previously, black, long, thick, innumerable, silent, I had the satisfaction of thinking that the indifferent, the curious, the loungers, ever so ready to follow in the popular current, alone had detached themselves, and that the value of the remainder was enhanced by this desertion.

But I was still more surprised at the disappearance of a part of our horses when, on quitting the Boulevard, we came upon an abrupt, pebbly ascent, furrowed with ruts and escarpments, in which the hearse was in great danger of being overturned or buried. Several times the procession was compelled to come to a dead halt.

During one of these stoppages the cursed dwarf returned, and not only detached two other horses, but, still worse, scaling the hearse with strong grimaces and contortions, he gave the laurel-crown such a shake that its entire golden foliage was scattered to the four winds.

A powerless witness of these sacrilegious acts, I veiled my face. I know not how long a time passed; when I looked round me again, the road, more hilly and broken, seemed like a desert land; the cortège, wonderfully thinned, had lost all its regularity; many hats had resumed their wonted position; the people were marching here and there in groups, regardless of order, and talking of business and other matters. I gained the head of the column * * * * * Misery! The laurel crown, the French and foreign decorations, the escutcheon on the hearse, the waving plumes, the police officers, the permanent secretary of the Academy, the President of the Society of Gens de Lettres, the members of an infinite number of learned and literary societies, the show, the pomp, the glorification of the cortège, all had disappeared as if by necromancy. There remained as an escort to l'autre only a faithful few, the endurers unto the end, when finally the gates of the great necropolis were opened before us.

Then, I must confess, my disenchanted was succeeded by a moment of very sweet emotions. My old friends, those whom death had gathered first in his harvest (and they were many), all hastened to meet me, welcoming me with transports of joy. They made merry over my arrival; but while yielding to my delight at meeting them again, my thoughts recurred to the loved ones left behind, and my eyes filled with tears. They, doubtless, participating no longer in human weaknesses, rallied me upon my attachment to the other world.

"Mourning over yourself!" said they; and to make me ashamed of it they set up a boisterous laughter. At this, which the dead alone could hear, a multitude of graves half-opened, and new bursts of laughter issued from them.

The cemetery appeared to me very gay that night!

However, while abandoning myself to the revival of old affections, I recollected l'autre, and the last duties I had yet to fulfil towards it. Besides, I had no disinclination to hear the oration which was about to be pronounced over it.

I took leave of my old friends; but it was now night, and the heavens were black; I was utterly powerless to find my way, and was groping helplessly about when I felt a touch upon my shoulder. I turned, and recognized, thanks to the sparkling of his eyes, which shone in the centre of his purple visage like a pair of carbuncles, the little red man.

"They are waiting for you," said he, in a voice which sounded like a cracked bell; "follow me!"

I followed him,
At the extremity of a yew-tree alley, gloomy and tortuous, trimmed in the style of the lawns of Versailles, stood a large, square building, whose angles were hidden beneath a massive drapery of ivy. A little portico in the form of a semi-circle, and decorated with a double row of low, fluted columns, led to an iron door, over which was this inscription:

SILENTUM SEDES.

The dwarf, who by this time had attained nearly the ordinary stature of man, and whose flaming eyes had served me in place of a lantern during my walk, struck five blows upon the door with his clenched fist, which reverberated as if they had been blows of iron. I began to shudder. I had a foreboding of something unexpected, mysterious—something more than I had sought at the outset.

Finally the door opened, and I found myself in a sort of temple, lighted at regular distances by torches resting upon pilasters of the purest Ionic, and of the most rigid simplicity. A mosaic with a black ground, upon which were inscribed sentences in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Syracæ, covered the area of the building. Before me, several statues, larger than life, formed two distinct groups. Where was I? My anxious eye peered into the remote, dimly-lighted portions of the edifice in search of l'autre and the remnant of our cortège; I saw nothing to indicate a funeral oration or any funeral ceremonies; nothing, if we except, at the foot of a stone estrade, five little coffins, of different sizes, placed in a row upon slender trestles, which I had at first taken for ornaments in relief—a complement to the mosaic.

With the most business-like air imaginable, my ci-devant dwarf was at that moment busy placing a label on each of the little coffins. This completed, he returned to my side, and bending close to my ear, said in a low tone:

"Patience; your judges are deliberating!"

"My judges! * * * I saw around me nothing but statues. I had supposed myself in a museum; was I before a tribunal—the tribunal des silencienses? Was not that the correct translation of silentum sedes?"

I thought of old Egypt judging her dead. Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, of the Greek enfer, recurred to my mind. I believed I recognized them in the three tall, bronze images, which, seated upon a curule chair, in an interrogating attitude, occupied the upper portion of the estrade.

As if the enfer of our day had adopted trial by jury, twelve huge marble men, chosen from all ages, all countries, comprising a second group, seemed to assist them in their offices. Costumed in either the Greek or the Roman style, they held in their hands a lyre or a roll of papyrus—all in marble, understand; but this did not prevent their being coiffed in an ample periukè under Louis XIV. Their silence, their immobility, impressed me very singularly.

The only person endowed with motion in that place, solemn even to rigidity, was the dwarf, the red man, the man with the glaring eyeballs. Constantly passing from one statue to another, sometimes frolicking, sometimes uttering a crafty cry, he appeared to me a sort of link between those grave personages whose thoughts no outward sign betrayed. He might, with good reason, pass as the clerk of that supreme court.

Seeing him thus active, living, working, I softened in my dislike towards him, and beckoned him to me; he ran immediately, saluting me with a very gracious grimace.

"Whom are they judging here?" I asked.

"Yourself, master," replied he; "that is your literary merit. The object is to assign to you your proper place in this necropolis of the arts."

I breathed more freely. And yet, what could I hope from the indulgence of bronze judges and marble jurors? They would scarcely unbend themselves to the subterfuges of extenuating circumstances; but I counted upon their justice, and I called to mind the splendid, popular, universal ovation of which I had been the hero on the morning of that same day, and this remembrance reassured me.

"If that is the case," I replied, "if it is with me that they are occupied now, what do these five little coffins contain?"

"Yourself! at least your mind, divided into as many parts as you have cultivated different arts and sciences."

And he pointed to the inscription placed on the lid of each of the little black coffins; I read in succession the following titles:—Poetry, History, Philosophy, The Drama, Romance.

I was astonished at first; then, upon reflection, I came to the conclusion that this mode of procedure was both methodical and ingenious, and I was congratulating myself upon this division, which could not but have the effect of enhancing the glory of an encyclopedical genius, such as mine had been, when the red man, already returned to his post, cried out in a harsh voice:—"Listen! listen!"

And, in the midst of a profound silence, which had been interrupted only by the few words we had interchanged, I heard issue from the marmorean lyres of the twelve jurymen an accord of dead and confused sounds more strange than harmonious.

Then the president of the tribunal, bronze as he was, arose; the muscles of his face moved with a visible effort; several times his lips half parted, then closed, without emitting any sound; finally, he succeeded in articulating slowly this simple monosyllable:—"Pet!"

In an instant the torches were extinguished, darkness reigned throughout the whole apartment with the exception of the place where the little red man stood, whose eyeballs shot forth a pale light upon the five unequal sized beams, which some more brown, some more flesh and blood this time, were carrying out.

I alone composed the escort, and I followed after l'autre thus parcelled, stumped with wor-
PAUL, THE CARPENTER.

(A Story of Country Life.)

BY JOHN CHURCHILL BRENAN.

CHAP. I.

"NELLIE OF THE DELLS."

It was a warm, sultry evening in August; and Paul Dale, after carefully looking around him, closed and locked the door of Mr. Elton’s workshop, and walked leisurely through the little country town of Maybury, towards the bean and clover fields.

It had been a very hot day; and his fellow-workmen, glad to get away from the close workshop, had hurried off as soon as the clock struck six, leaving Paul to shut up the place. Adam Moor had gone to the “Blue Dragon,” to pass what he called a “social evening;” William Fenning, the teetotal Methodist, had gone to be lectured at by Brother Jenningham, in the schoolroom of his sect; Joe Marling, who always complained of hard work, even at the most dull season, was no doubt enjoying, by this time, his idea of earthly bliss—a long sleep under the trees in his back garden; Peter, the boy (in the first year of his apprenticeship), had hurried off to his “green,” to join other youthful members of Maybury society in a game of cricket, as if he was not hot enough already; and Paul Dale, the foreman, as I have said before, walked leisurely towards the bean and clover fields.

As Paul is to be the hero of this story, I may as well at once relate his history up to the evening of which I am now writing. He was one of those few men who have to do the work most suited to their personal inclinations, and bodily and mental acquirements. He was an only child; and his father, a gentleman’s coachman, had been able to keep his son at the village school until he was fifteen years old. There Paul learnt to read and write, and to have some knowledge of figures; and the religious education he received was such as to give him a real belief in the true religion, which no sceptic or atheist (of which class, I say, I am sorry to say, had a great many) were ever able to destroy: in fact, he knew just enough to enable him to thoroughly understand the trade he had to follow; and his head was filled with no superfluous learning, which, when a man has to make his way in a humble calling, is more likely to be against his advancement in life than otherwise. At fifteen, Paul was apprenticed to Mr. Elton, the builder; and so quickly did he learn the trade that, by the time he was twenty-
two, he was made head carpenter and foreman of the workshop, being a great favourite with his master as well. In fact, people said that as Mr. Elton was a widower, with no family, and few relations, he would most likely in time make Paul his partner. So the worldly prospects of Paul Dale were such as few men in his position could ever expect.

He was a strong, healthy young man, was Paul Dale—one of a class of men whom I am sorry to say are becoming rarer and rarer every day amongst the working population. Drink and dissipation, which have ruined the constitutions of so many foolish youths of the present day, were temptations to which he had at no period of his life fallen a victim. I do not mean to say, for a moment, that Paul was one of those would-be saints, like William Fenning, who think (at least, they say so) that the only chance of heaven is to avoid every pleasure (however simple and innocent it may be) in this dear old world. He liked his glass of ale after a hard day's work, as every healthy man should. He drank it because he knew it would do him good, and was far too wise, in his own way, to indulge too freely in that beverage, which, notwithstanding all the teetotters say (and I respect their teaching, though I cannot, as a rule, agree with them), I think is one of the causes of an Englishman's bodily strength over that of most other nations. He liked his pipe (he never smoked before the evening), and used to say that strange good thoughts would come to him when smoking, which he would never have had otherwise; and at their social gatherings—harvest homes, country fêtes, and such like—Paul was as fond of dancing, and could sing as good a song, as any man in Maybury.

If anyone has felt the least interest in the opening of this story, they will want to know why Paul Dale was leisurely walking through the bean and clover fields. To begin with, he lived in that direction—lived alone with his now widowed mother down Green-lane, which was about a mile and a-half from Maybury. But he was not going direct home; he left Green-lane a long way behind, and hurried off towards the little hamlet called "Cherry-tree Dells" (some twenty or thirty cottages), which stood in a hollow surrounded by large cherry orchards, from which the place took its name. There is no secret in Paul's visit to the Dells: he was going to see Nellie Raymond.

Dear little Nellie! If you could have seen her—shy, pretty, half-child, half-woman, as she was—you would have envied Paul. Every man, woman, and child in Maybury loved Nellie. She was very small: if her form had not been so neat and graceful, you might have almost called her a dwarf. But such a favourite was Nellie; so loving and simple was she herself, that it would have been thought high treason, at least in Maybury, to have said anything that was not in her favour.

From her childhood—from the days when she wore short dresses—she had been the pet and plaything of everybody with the least remnant of a heart in the neighbourhood. At the village school (Paul went there too, and, I fear, often wasted (?) his time, after school-hours, in "seeing Nelly home") she was more spoilt than ever. She might learn her lessons or not, just as she liked, for none of the teachers had the heart to say a cross word to her; and they would have as soon thought of caning the vestrymen themselves all round, as of punishing that pretty dear, Nellie Raymond.

I fancy some extra strictly moral people reading this, and turning up the whites of their eyes at the enormous neglect of duty on the part of the school teachers; but, as a rule, they were anything but indulgent, being conventionally strict with the other children, and only made an exception to Nellie because—well, I suppose it seemed natural for them to do so. And one May morning, in the year of which I am writing, Nellie woke and found herself sixteen, and came to the conclusion (as many girls have done before) that she must at least be something of a woman now, though, to see her child face and still more childish ways, it was hard to believe anything of the kind. To tell the truth, no one, except Paul Dale and the other young men in the place, did believe it; and the old people treated her just as if she still wore short dresses, and had not seen her twelfth birthday, to say nothing of her sixteenth. But whatever doubts they may have had about her growing up, they all agreed in one thing, namely, that she was the prettiest and dearest girl ever seen in Maybury or anywhere else; and when they wanted to give some idea of anything very beautiful that they had seen, they just said it was nearly as pretty as "Nellie of the Dells," and were understood immediately.

It was still twilight when Paul reached "Cherry-tree Dells," and entered through the half-open door of Mr. Raymond's cottage. The old man was always glad to see Paul, and felt pleased to think that one day the strong arm of the young carpenter might protect his dear Nellie, when he was beside his wife in the churchyard. Nellie, who was sitting by the open window nursing a venerable-looking tum- cat, looked up, pleased, when Paul entered, just as a child might do at the appearance of some playfellow who had come to amuse her when she was thinking how to pass away the hours before bedtime.

"Here we are again, Paul!" said Mr. Ray- mond, who had once seen a pantomime at Muddlewell fair, and was so struck with the entrance speech of the clown that he made use of it at every available opportunity. "Here we are again; and very kind of you to come, Paul. If it were not for your young fellows coming down here, little society should I see; for I find a walk to Maybury terribly knocks me up now, especially in such hot weather as this."

"It's worth while coming here, if only for the walk itself," answered Paul, "The fields and country make a fellow quite fresh, after working
Paul, the Carpenter.

of-fact as he was, seemed under some fairy spell as he gazed upon her—a spell which would be broken as soon as he talked of earthly things. But it was impossible to be silent; so the spell was broken.

"We are going to have a sort of flower-show to-morrow in the Manor House Gardens," he said, at last. "It has been got up entirely by working people; and Lord Denbigh has kindly given us the use of his grounds. My mother has been very busy for the last few weeks, in rearing some flowers to add to the collection. Would you like to go, Nellie?"

"Yes, Paul, if father would let me."

"O, he is sure to; and you will go with me, won't you? We leave off work early to-morrow, being Saturday; so we can go in the afternoon, and you will get back long before it is dark. Are you fond of flowers, Nellie?"

"Yes, I am very fond of them. We have a great many here, but not half so many as I could wish. I should like to have the room full of flowers: it would look so nice."

"I wish I had known that before—I could often bring you some. What flowers do you like best?"

How could Nellie answer such a question, when she dearly loved every flower she had seen, and longed for those of which she had only heard the names? But she was spared the trouble of making up her mind on such an important subject; for her father came back with the jug of old October, his face beaming with content and happiness.

"Here we are again!" he said. "I think you will find this ale better than any they sell at the 'Blue Dragon.' There's no adulteration here: you might drink almost any quantity without its getting into your head."

"I would rather not try, Mr. Raymond," said Paul, laughing.

And the old man, thinking he had said something very funny, laughed hilariously. They sat down again. The old man re-filled his pipe; and somehow the time passed so quickly that the church clock was heard striking nine in the distance, before they had the least idea that it was so late; and nine o'clock was considered very late at "Cherry-tree Dells." Even at Maybury few houses had lights in their windows after ten, except the "Blue Dragon," which generally kept open as late as the law would permit.

"I must go now," said Paul, rising. "I want to take Nellie to our flower-show. You will let her come, Mr. Raymond, I know?"

"Of course I will, my boy; and you must think a great deal of that; for I wouldn't trust my little girl with any other young man in Maybury. Do you want to go, Nellie?"

"Yes, father: I should like it very much."

"Ah! you put me in mind of old times. I was young myself once, Nellie, and so was your poor mother."

Perhaps he meant a great deal in that too. Paul took it as if the old man was willing to be a father-in-law whenever he was wanted; but
Nellie seemed perfectly unconscious of any such relationship being hinted at. At all events, the old man, in his enthusiasm, took a few steps backwards, tumbled against the table, and upset Nellie’s workbox (it was an old one, and had belonged to her mother), the lid of which was completely knocked off by the fall.

"O, father!" cried Nellie, "how could you? See! the lid is quite broken!"

"Why, so it is!" said Mr. Raymond, staring in a most comical manner at the needles, scissors, and reels of cotton, which were lying on the floor.

"Never mind, Nellie," said Paul: "I will take the box home with me to-night, and soon mend it. I can bring it back to-morrow, when I call to take you to the flower-show."

And then Paul went away, taking the workbox with him. It was a very dark night, and the clover fields looked particularly lone and dreary; but what was that to him? Had he not seen Nellie? Had he not been all the evening in her presence? And the thoughts he had would have been pleasant companions, and made the walk seem delightful, had it been twenty times as long. As he neared his home, he suddenly remembered that all his tools were at the workshop; and he had promised Nellie to bring her the box mended the next day. As they were to leave-off work early on the morrow, he knew that there would be plenty of work to employ him in the shop; and, as he could on no account disappoint Nellie, the only alternative left was to go to Maybury at once, get the things he wanted, bring them home, and, by rising an hour earlier the next morning, get the box mended in time to be off to his regular work. After all, it was only a few miles’ walk; and what is that to a strong young man of twenty-three when it is to serve the prettiest girl in the village?

Paul reached Maybury at a little before eleven. Every house was closed—even the "Blue Dragon" for wonder! There were but few lights in any of the windows; and the night was darker than ever. He soon came to Mr. Elton’s house, entered the workshop, and, as he had no light, left the door a little open, so as to be able to see his way to his bag of tools. Then he remembered having left them in one of the upper rooms, where he had been at work repairing a lock that very afternoon. He crept softly upstairs, for fear of waking the old housekeeper, found his tools, and was about to descend, when he fancied he heard a noise in Mr. Elton’s private room, which adjoined the workshop below. At the same time, the wind, coming through an open window, closed the door of the room in which Paul was; and, it being so dark, it was some moments before he could find the handle. Then he hurried downstairs, but no one was there; so, thinking it must have been the wind, he re-locked the workshop-door, and walked quickly home, too much engaged in thinking about the pleasant hours he would have with Nellie at the morrow’s flower-show, to trouble himself about anything else.

Paul felt very happy when he reached home. His mother was sitting comfortably by the fire (I know some old women in country places who like a fire all the year round); and supper was waiting for him on the table. And Paul talked about Nellie, thinking of the time when she might be sitting in that very room; and his mother (she was a good old soul, was his mother) listened to her son’s dream of future happiness with as much interest as if the world was new to her, instead of her having had some fifty years’ experience of the troubles and sorrows of life. Then he went to bed, placing Nellie’s workbox under his pillow (it was foolish, perhaps—to say nothing about being hard and uncomfortable; but, maybe, you, reader, have done things just as foolish in your time, and would have been exceedingly angry if anyone had laughed at you for doing so); and he prayed that he might live such a life as to be worthy of the girl whom he thought, in his youthful, honest simplicity, the greatest prize worth winning in this world.

CIRCUITING EVIDENCE.

Saturday morning. The bright autumn sun and Paul Dale rose about the same time. The sun, streaming through the window of Paul’s room, made the place look immensely cheerful. Paul, singing "My Pretty Nellie" (it was a favourite song of his; only he wished it had been called "My Pretty Nellie"), set to work at once at the box. He was as careful in mending it as if he had been repairing a watch for the Queen herself, and had only just finished when his mother came in to tell him that breakfast was waiting.

Now, Paul received good wages; and, as he spent very little, had managed to save within the last few years over thirty pounds. He did not like having such a sum left all day in his lonely cottage; so, having to go to the bank that morning with the money received the day before for Mr. Elton, he thought it would be a good opportunity to pay in his own savings.

When Paul reached Maybury, he found the people standing talking in excited groups, as if something out of the way had happened.

"Why, what’s the matter?" asked Paul of the first acquaintance he met.

"Matter?" was the answer; "why Mr. Elton, your master, has been robbed. Haven't you heard of it?"

"Robbed?" cried Paul, and he hurried towards the workshop. His fellow-workmen were already there, and William Fenning was talking to two policemen, who, as soon as Paul entered, seized him, exclaiming: "You are our
prisoner. You are charged with robbing your master of £31 17s. 6d."

Paul was amazed. For a few minutes he was unable to speak.

"I do not understand you," he said at last. "What robbery do you mean?"

"The money you received yesterday," said Joe Marling. "Why, it is in the drawer in Mr. Elton's private room. You saw me put it there, Joe, and you too, William Fenning."

"You put it in the drawer certainly," said William Fenning; "but you came here in the middle of the night and took it out again."

"Why, I came here," said Paul, "only to—"

"You had better not commit yourself," said one of the policemen. "Whatever you say now will be used as evidence against you."

"I am sorry for you, Paul," said Mr. Elton (who had arrived home early that morning), entering the workshop—"very sorry. You were the last I should have suspected—but you must come before the magistrate; and, if you can prove your innocence, no one will be more pleased than myself."

So Paul was taken to the police-court—Mr. Elton leading the way, his workmen following, and all the idlers of Maybury bringing up the rear.

The case occupied some time; but, as the magistrate decided that it should be tried at the quarter-sessions, I shall relate the particulars presently. I need only say at present that some one hinting that Paul should be searched, money equal to the sum of which Mr. Elton had been robbed was found in his pocket. In vain Paul tried to explain that it was his own savings; even the magistrate, who, on account of Paul's previous good character, had all along thought him innocent, changed his mind, and said he feared the evidence against the prisoner was very suspicious indeed.

Then the crowd dispersed, and Paul was taken in a cab to the county gaol, where he would have to remain until the day of his trial. Ever since he had been charged with robbery, Paul had seemed as if in some waking dream, and the sudden accusation had such an effect upon him that he was scarcely able to say a word in his own defence; but when he passed the Manor House, and saw the preparations for the flower-show, the whole truth burst upon him, and he felt himself ruined for ever. Presently he became more hopeful. He would be more collected at the Assizes, and able to prove his innocence; so that by the time he reached the prison, he had made up his mind to bear the few weeks' confinement like a man.

Yet in the afternoon, in spite of his resolve, Paul became again despondent. He wondered whether his mother had heard the news. And then the flower-show. They were all there now, perhaps enjoying themselves as much as if he had been amongst them with his name as much loved and respected as it was but yesterday. Yesterday! That seemed a long while ago now. And Nellie was waiting for him. She could not have heard as yet what had happened. But he dared not think of Nellie; the very idea that she too might think him guilty was enough to drive him mad.

The weeks passed slowly by. Paul's mother came to see him two or three times; she did not for a moment doubt his innocence, and gave him hope that it would be proved.

At last the day of the trial came. The court was crowded; and, after one or two unimportant cases had been heard, Paul was led into the dock, and the trial began. If anyone connected with the law should read this tale, let them remember that if the trial is not described in the usual way, it is not through ignorance, but to try and save the story from becoming tedious.

It was stated that Paul had received the sum of £31 17s. 6d. on account of his master, Mr. Elton; that in the presence of his fellow-workmen he had placed the money in a drawer in the private room; that he had locked the drawer, kept the key in his possession, and had been the last to quit the workshop; that he had been seen and owned to entering the shop at near twelve o'clock that same night; and that a sum of money, equal to that which Mr. Elton had lost, was found in his possession.

The first witness was William Fenning. He remembered the night perfectly well. He was present when Paul received the money, and saw him place it in the drawer. After work, he (witness) went to lecture, as was his custom on Tuesday and Friday evenings; and when that was over, he supped with brother Jerningham, reaching home shortly after nine. He lived at the baker's exactly opposite Mr. Elton's; and, as his room was on the ground-floor, even with the shop, could see what took place on the other side of the way perfectly well. The night in question being a warm night he was unable to sleep; so, lighting his candle, he sat up by the window, reading Dr. Blazey's work on "The Conversion of Heathens" (a book which he should be delighted to put into the hands of his worship, if he would accept a copy). He had been reading upwards of an hour, when, looking up, he saw a man on the opposite side of the street, whom, though it was a dark night, he recognised as Paul Dale. He saw him unlock the door, enter the workshop, and, after a few minutes, come out again with a large bag in his hand. He thought it strange; but, knowing Paul was in his master's confidence, and not thinking for a moment that there was anything wrong, he thought no more about it, and went to bed. The next morning he heard of the robbery, and had no doubt but that Paul was the thief.

Mrs. Grice, Mr. Elton's housekeeper, hopes his worship will speak a little louder, as she is rather hard of hearing. She heard nothing about the money until after the robbery, and was certain that no one had entered through the house, having locked the doors and fastened the shutters herself, and found them in the same condition when she came down in the morning. She knew nothing else.
Adam Moor, who had evidently been taking something to give him courage for any cross-examination, remembered the evening as if it was yesterday. After work he went to the Blue Dragon, it being a club-night, and passed the evening with some jolly good fellows. They talked politics and parish matters, but he never said a word about the money to anybody; and if he had, no one could have got into the workshop, as Paul had the only key, and the door was too strong to be broken open, even if it had been, which it wasn't. He was surprised to hear that Paul had taken the money; for he had known him ever since he was a boy, and there wasn't a more industrious lad in all Maybury.

Joe Marlings, who seemed to look upon a witness-box as a good place for a quiet snooze, said the evening in question was "awful hot." As soon as he reached home from work, he went to sleep under the trees in his back-garden, and did not wake till it was time to go to bed. Begging his worship's pardon, but, as the court was "awful hot" too, he would sooner be in bed than where he was. He wouldn't pick up a penny if he saw it lying in the street,—[A voice in the crowd: "No, Joe, you'd be too lazy to stoop"]—much less rob his master, the kindest, bestest—

Here he was told he might retire.

Peter, the boy, on account of his tender years, was excused from appearing.

In defence, Paul Dale said he was innocent, True, he entered the workshop alone at the hour mentioned, but it was only to fetch his tools, which he particularly wanted at home. While looking for the basket, he fancied he heard a noise in the room below, but, finding no one there, he put it down to the wind or his imagination. He had now no doubt that it was the robber he heard, though how he came and went so quickly, and by what means he opened the drawer, he could not make out. He did not think it was any of the workeemen, though they all knew the money was there. That found upon him was his own savings, which he was about to take to the bank; and no one was more surprised than himself when he heard of the robbery.

The Judge, in summing up the case, said that facts were very much against the prisoner. The story Paul had just told was very well of itself; but any thief could invent a tale like that when found out. He was known to have received the money; had the only keys of the private drawer and workshop in his possession; was seen to enter the place secretly, at a late hour in the night (the story of the footsteps below, the jury might believe if they could, but if William Penning watched Paul enter and come out again, he would surely have noticed if anyone else had entered the workshop in the meantime); and money equal to the amount of that stolen was the next morning found in the prisoner's possession.

The jury retired; and, when they came back a short time after, the foreman gave their verdict—"Guilty."

A scream was heard from the far-off end of the court, and Paul saw his mother being carried out insensible.

The Judge said that it was impossible to deal leniently with the prisoner, for it was no common offence. It was not like a poor man taking money to keep his family from starving; but here was a case of broken trust—of a man who had received every kindness from his master, had good wages, and yet could rob the master of a sum of money which had been left in his care. His sentence was seven years' penal servitude.

Paul was led away from the court with the maddening thought in his mind that his good name was gone for ever. However, there is no need to dwell on his grief, nor on that of his mother and the few old friends who still believed him innocent. Within a short time of his trial he was on board ship, in company with men who had committed every conceivable crime, bound for one of the convict islands.

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cap. III.

"AFTER LONG YEARS."

Seven years have passed.

Paul Dale has been the companion of criminals, has listened to their vile oaths and disgusting language, and has heard and seen so much that is wicked that he has sometimes wondered whether there was any good left in the world, or if he was not dreaming some hideous dream. But his own nature is the same. During the first few months of his transportation, Paul used to wonder whether it would be a sin to put an end to his life, thinking it would be almost impossible to live seven years in such company and not fall into some of their sinful ways; but when he thought of his poor old mother and Nellie Ray-mond, whose memory haunted him like some guardian angel, he would become calmer, and pray for help to live sinless through the bitter long years which were before him. Oh! what weary years they were! The same monotonous work every day; and when that was over, no companion but his own miserable thoughts. At first he hoped to find some one amongst the prisoners who was not hopelessly bad, or who had already repented, whom he might make his friend and companion; but his search was useless, and he was shunned, laughed at, insulted, and, if it had not been for his strong arm, would have been worse treated, merely because he was better (morally, for there were some there who had been "fine gentlemen" once upon a time) than the others.

And at last his time was up, and he returned to England.

But Paul looked careworn now—at least ten years older than he really was; not that any of his old friends would have recognised him, for
his sunburnt face, stooping shoulders, and long beard made him look quite a different man. Of course, as soon as he arrived in England, he hurried off to his native place. There we will precede him, and see what changes have taken place in Maybury since the day when Paul left the town a convicted felon.

Poor Mrs. Dale was dead! She had struggled with poverty for a long time, and her neighbours gave her all the assistance in their power; but from Mr. Elton she would not receive anything, saying that money from one who had appeared against her innocent son would only bring a curse upon her. At last, she was obliged to go to the workhouse; and there, one cold winter morning, she died, talking of Paul in her last moments. Adam Moor has taken the pledge, and is now one of the best workmen in Maybury. Joe Marlings is as sleepy as ever.

Mr. Elton, who was sorry for Paul, and yet felt inwardly that he had done right in appearing against him, has prospered in business, though his son he has never seen since that day. He is now thinking about retiring from an active part in the business, and the partner who will take his place is, so say the gossips, no other than William Fenning, the Methodist.

Now, during the seven years William Fenning's worldly prospects had changed more than those of any one in Maybury. Somehow, when Paul was away, William became foreman in the shop, and was soon as much in his master's confidence as Paul had been. Not that Mr. Elton could ever like the Methodist as he once did Paul Dale; but William was certainly a clever workman, and soon knew as much, if not more, of the business than Mr. Elton himself did.

Now William Fenning had been well paid, and, as he lived rent-free over the shop (Mr. Elton thought it safe, after the robbery, to have a man always living in the house, in case he should be again absent) had managed to save a good deal of money; so that Mr. Elton, inwardly disliking the man in his heart, though he could see no reason for it, had almost made up his mind to receive him as a partner. So far William had been prosperous; but there was something that made his days blank and cheerless, and kept him awake all night: he hopelessly loved Nellie Raymond. He had loved her long before Paul went away, though he knew well there was no chance for him; but when the young carpenter left, William thought he would try and court Nellie, and went over to "Cherry-tree Dells" often of an evening. But it was of no use. Nellie would scarcely speak to him; and her father, a strict churchman of the old school, disliked him merely because he was a Methodist and a teetotaller. In vain William would tell Nellie of the riches he was accumulating, and of the grand house she should live in if she became his wife; and all through the seven years he would haunt the house where Nellie lived, though he must have known that he was unwelcome. To make things worse, there had been a bad fruit season, and people said old Mr. Raymond had been obliged to mort-gage his cottage and orchard to pay off his debts.

Such was the state of affairs when Paul came back to Maybury. He arrived there one autumnal evening, and his first question was about his mother. You can imagine his grief, when he heard of her death, and the poverty in which her last days had been spent. And then he heard that William Fenning was expected to be made what he himself once stood a chance of being, namely, Mr. Elton's partner. His mother being dead, Paul thought it unnecessary to make himself known; so after taking a last look at the cottage in "Cherry-tree Dells," he would quit Maybury and seek work in some distant town, where neither himself nor his previous history would be known.

The clover fields looked just as they did when he walked through them full of happy thoughts seven years ago; but his old home had disappeared, and in its place a row of model cottages had been erected. How familiar the walk seemed! What dreamy memories came across him as he passed by the dear old scenes of other days! And there was "Cherry-tree Dells," looking the same as ever, and for a few moments it seemed to Paul as if the long years of his transportation had been a fearful dream, from which he was just awakening. As Paul reached Mr. Raymond's cottage, one of the upper windows was opened, and someone looked out at the stars. It was Nellie, looking almost as young and childish as when Paul had asked her to come to the flower-show. But she soon disappeared; and as there was a light in the lower room, Paul ventured to look in through the half-open window. Two men were sitting in the room, old Mr. Raymond and William Fenning. It may have been a wrong thing to do, but Paul listened, and this is what he heard:

"I think you are treating me very unkindly, William," said the old man, in a weak voice: "haven't I gone through trouble enough, without your wishing to turn poor Nellie and myself from our home to wander God only knows where?"

"You mistake me, Mr. Raymond," said William: "I was merely stating facts. You mortgaged your cottage and ground some time back; the money will be due in six weeks' time, and you are unable to pay it. Now, I, knowing what a hard man you had to deal with, bought the mortgage of him; so if you cannot pay me when it becomes due, this place is legally mine. But I do not wish to be hard upon you. I have loved your daughter Nellie ever since she was born, and I have loved your daughter Nellie ever since she was born. I love her now more than ever; and if you will only use your influence to make her consent to become my wife, I will tear the deed into a thousand pieces, and lend you enough money with which to begin the world again."

"But, poor Nellie! she does not love you, and would never be happy as your wife. However, I will ask her; but if she refuses, I will not force her to consent. I would sooner be turned from home, and go to the workhouse."

"Very well, Mr. Raymond; your fate is in
your own hands. If Nellie refuses, you know what will be the consequences. Good night.”

And William Fenning rose to depart. Paul had heard enough. He dared not stay until William came out, being afraid to trust himself alone with him; so he ran from the cottage, and did not stop until he was far away in the clover fields, when he thanked Heaven that he had been saved from lifting his hand against a fellow-creature, no matter how black the heart of that fellow-creature might have been.

Early next morning Paul left Maybury. He could do no good by staying, for he was too poor to help Mr. Raymond, though he would like to have done so. Even had he been rich, he could never have asked Nellie to become the wife of one who had been found guilty of breaking the eighth commandment; so after lingering by his mother’s stoneless grave he left the place, and soon obtained work as a labourer in a sea-side town some miles off, where they were making a dockyard.

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CHAP. IV.

CONCLUSION.

It was Mr. Elton’s birthday. A few old fellows like himself had dined with him, and they were now sitting round the fire, drinking their wine and cracking their walnuts. Maybe they were thinking what a nice thing it was to be sitting round a bright fire when the autumn wind was raging without, and the rain was beating against the windows. Their conversation was of that friendly kind which is only heard amongst men who have known one another many years; and many pleasant reminiscences of old times were talked over, and many of the battles which they had all fought in their youth, in the great struggle for existence, were fought over again. William Fenning was the only young man there; but somehow he seemed anything but comfortable. In fact, he had looked anything but comfortable for some time past, and when certain things were said, would start, as if he feared what was coming next; and then, having interrupted the conversation, would apologize awkwardly, saying he did not know what ailed him that evening.

“You don’t seem yourself to-night, William,” said an old fellow, sitting next the fire. “Why, when I was your age, if I had had only a few hours to wait before I became my master’s partner, I should have looked a little more lively than you do now.”

William did not answer.

“Young men have things to trouble them which we old chaps have long learned to laugh at,” said another old fellow, from behind a large cloud of smoke. “I dare say that somebody has been cross, and that is why William looks so miserable.”

“Young men very often make great fools of themselves,” said William, unable to keep silent any longer. “I have been one for a great many years, and will be one no longer. Nellie Raymond may marry the greatest lout in the village, or die an old maid, for what I care.”

He looked, though, as if he would have cared.

“Has Nellie rejected you, then?” asked Mr. Elton.

“Yes, this very afternoon. But enough of that now. It’s my belief she still loves Paul Dale; and if ever the thief comes back, I hope they’ll have a jolly wedding, that’s all.”

William said this savagely, as if he knew that such an event could never happen; but he never told Mr. Elton that, now Nellie refused to be his wife, he intended, in a few weeks, to turn her father from his cottage. He thought Mr. Elton was better without such knowledge of his character, until the deed of partnership was signed, or the old man might relent at the eleventh hour.

Before ten o’clock William said he was tired, and would go to bed; and somehow, they all felt a certain relief when he had gone.

“And so to-morrow that man will be your partner?” said the old man behind the cloud.

“Yes,” answered Mr. Elton. “I am getting old now, and want some one more active than myself, to look after the business. I don’t know how it is, but my memory fails me terribly of late. Why, what do you think? Two or three mornings I have found the drawer in my private room wide open, just as it was when Paul Dale robbed me.”

“But did you lock it the previous night?”

“I thought I had done so, but I must have forgotten it; and you will laugh at what I am going to tell you now. Why, the other night I fancied I saw a ghost.”

“A ghost!” cried all the old fellows, in chorus. “Let’s hear about it.”

“Well, I had been sitting up one night, long after William and Mrs. Grice had gone to bed, when, as soon as I quit this room, I fancied I saw a figure in white, in the passage. As soon as I saw it me it rushed upstairs. I told William next morning, and he said that sitting-up late had heated my imagination.”

“Why, bless me,” said an old fellow, jumping up, “if I don’t hear a footstep coming down stairs now. Perhaps it’s your ghost, Mr. Elton; suppose we all go and see.”

Mr. Elton took one of the candles from the table, and went quietly towards the door; and the old fellows followed, though feeling somehow what frightened. There was no one in the passage, but a sound of something gliding along was heard in the workshop below. Mr. Elton and the old fellows went downstairs; and there, in a long night-dress, was what Mr. Elton had taken for a ghost, but what they now knew to be a man, walking in his sleep. Mr. Elton held the candle towards him, and they recognised William Fenning, who held a key in his hand, and was about to enter Mr. Elton’s private room. Breathlessly the old fellows watched his proceedings. William walked up to the desk and, with the key he had in his hand, unlocked
outside the police-stations, saying that if Paul Dale would return to his native place, he would find the real robber had been found, and that he was proved to be perfectly innocent of the crime.

Paul Dale worked steadily at the dockyard. He had been there some weeks, and was becoming contented with his new life. Happiness, such as he had once dreamed of, had not disappeared. He was not without respect in this world; but for all that, he tried to do his duty, and be cheerful, hoping in time to forget the bitter years he had passed through, and live such a life that he might again win the respect and confidence of his fellow-creatures. Somehow it soon became known in the dockyard that Paul had been transported for robbery, and some of the men kept away from him as much as they could; but most of them were rough careless fellows, who either believed Paul when he said he was innocent, or else did not care whether he was guilty or not. But one cold frosty winter's morning Paul found himself treated as a hero, as soon as he came to work. There was a police-station near the yard, and the men, as well as the principals, had seen the bill proclaiming Paul's innocence. The latter had not noticed it himself, but when he heard the news he was almost mad with joy. Of course he at once obtained leave, and hurried away to Maybury; and there he found Mr. Elton ready to do everything in his power to make up for thepunishment which Paul had unjustly received. At first Paul was too proud to take anything from one who had appeared against him; but when he thought that Mr. Elton had only done what any other conscientious man would have done under such suspicious circumstances, and remembering his would-be kindness to his poor old mother, he shook his old master by the hand, and thanked him for what he had done.

I have little more to say. William Fenning, after a long illness, became a hopeless maniac, and ended his days in the county asylum. Paul was made Mr. Elton's partner. ELTON AND DALE is now painted over the shop; but Paul is the active partner, the old man being able to pass his declining years in peace, with the satisfaction of knowing that his business goes on as well as if he were there himself. William Fenning had some relations who were very troublesome about Mr. Raymond's mortgage; but when Mr. Elton heard of it, he immediately paid the money, and Paul was the bearer of the pleasant news to the cottage in "Cherry-tree Dells." Need, I say what happened then? Of course you can guess. He saw Nellie—simple, childish Nellie—who had loved him all along, and had resolved to remain single for his sake; and maybe they loved one another all the more after the long years of separation, which both had thought would last for ever.

And one spring morning Paul and Nellie were married; and when he heard the old familiar church-bells ringing for his wedding, which but a few months back he thought could never take
place, he thanked God, who had watched over
him in the time of his tribulation, and kept him
from wandering out of the right path. A few
years have passed since then. Several baby
voices make cheerful music in the old house
over the workshop, and delight Grandfather
Elton, as they call him (setting all laws of re-
relationship at defiance) in his old age; and there
is not a happier man in all Maybury than Paul
Dale, the Carpenter.

A CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was Christmas Eve, and the snow lay deep
in the streets of Seeberg, a small mining town
in Germany; but the neighbouring peasants
came down from their mountain homes, and
sought to forget the rigour of the season in
innocent festivity. Family groups assemble to-
gether, the voice of song and of childish merriment
resounds from many an humble home, and
preparations are being made for a general
illumination.

Christmas Eve in Germany is welcomed as a
season of rejoicing by the poorest peasant, as
well as by the wealthiest noble of the land.
But, amidst all these happy homes, there was
one lonely dwelling at least where no feast had
been prepared, where no sounds of merriment
were heard.

Veronica Madel had, for some time past, sup-
ported her blind father and a little brother by
lace-making. Once they had known better
days. The father had been a Slater, an industri-
ous man, but had lost his eyesight from the
effects of a conflagration which he had bravely
helped to extinguish. His wife did not long
survive this calamity, but died, partly of grief,
partly of over-exertion, committing her blind
husband and her infant boy to the care of her
daughter Veronica, herself still a child.

Veronica’s mind, however, had been pre-
maturely ripened by the care and sorrow which
had so early fallen to her lot; and she well ful-
filled the charge committed to her by her dying
parent.

On this Christmas Eve of which we speak,
the young girl had been seated before her lace-
pillow, working without intermission from early
morning till night closed in; then, poor child,
she was forced to pause in her labours, for she
could not afford a light. She made, however, a
good fire in the stove to warm her blind father;
and, having placed him in his easy-chair close
by its side, she yielded to her little brother’s en-
treaties that she would take him out to see the
illuminations.

The two children accordingly set forth to-
gether. Already the whole town was astir.
Miners in their characteristic costume marched
along in groups, with bands of music preceding
them; and ever and anon they passed before
the door of some wealthy citizen, and caroled
forth their Christmas greeting. Then the door
of the house so honoured might be seen to
open, and the master himself would generally
step forth and reward the leader of the serenade
by presenting to him some small gratuity.
Children, following the example of their elders,
wandered also in little bands from door to door,
singing their Christmas carols; and seldom
were the young singers dismissed without some
trifling present, accompanied by a kindly word.

As Veronica passed on her way, holding her
little brother by the hand, and gazing on these
varied groups, a new thought suddenly sug-
gested itself to her mind: “Why should she
not seek to win some trifling Christmas gifts
for her poor blind father?”

Timidly, and with a beating heart, the poor
child bent her steps towards a part of the town
where she was but little known. The character
she was about to play was very new to her; and
her heart well nigh failed her when she came to
the point; but love to her father nerved her to
the task; and, drawing her hood closely around
her, she stepped close under the window of a
house of lowly aspect, and sang in clear, though
subdued tones, the following verse:—

“Cheer up, ye miners bold,
Nor let your courage flag!
For earth, her wealth untold,
Yields to your patient toil;
Then joyous dig beneath the soil,
And still be your gathering-cry,
Cheer up, brave hearts, cheer up!”

Veronica’s voice was tremulous with fear
when she began these simple lines; but she
gained courage as she proceeded; and she re-
peated the burden of the song with spirit
and energy. She then paused, and anxiously
awaited the result of her efforts. Two or three
minutes elapsed; the time seemed long to poor
Veronica; she felt humiliated and confused, and
was about to withdraw; but at last the door
turned on its hinges, and a woman came out,
and placed in Veronica’s trembling hands a
cake, some sugar-plums, and a few pence.
The poor child could scarcely contain herself
for joy.

“Oh, my dear George!” she exclaimed,
“see what a happy beginning I have made!
You shall have the sugar-plum, but the cake
and the money are for father, that he too may
be able to keep his Christmas feast.”

The night was now far advanced; and Ve-
ronica thought she would make but one trial more before she turned her steps homeward. This time, she determined on trying her chance at the door of a rich man, an inspector of some mines. Clear and firm her young voice now rose through the still midnight air; and when her song ceased, the window on the first floor of the house opened, and an arm was stretched out, holding a slender pair of tongs, by means of which a piece of money was deposited in Veronica’s open hand. But scarcely had she received this Christmas gift ere a cry of pain escaped her lips—a cry which was responded to by a laugh of insulting mockery from the heartless wretch who was still standing in the open window. The penny which he had handed to the poor child had been drawn red hot from the fire. Veronica hastily dropped the pernicious gift, and, with many a bitter tear, retraced her steps to her lonely home.

When Veronica returned to her father’s side, and told him of the Christmas gifts she had brought, it cost her much to conceal her sufferings and speak to the blind man in cheerful tones. He, unconscious of the pain she was enduring, asked her to sing for him once more before she retired to rest; and then he kissed his darling, and bestowed on her his Christmas blessing; but Veronica’s hand pained her much, and she went to bed with a heavy heart.

* * * * *

In the mountain districts of Germany, the schools are very large, one master not unfrequently having charge of two hundred children. Under these circumstances, he can scarcely be expected to have any particular acquaintance with the disposition or tastes of each individual scholar, unless some casual occurrence chances to bring it to his notice.

“Is not your hand healed yet?” one day inquired M. Rossel, the parish schoolmaster, addressing his pupil Veronica Madel.

Veronica unfastened the bandage, which she daily tied on as well as she could with her left hand; and the worthy schoolmaster, seeing the inflamed state of the wound, became very indignant when he learned how it had been produced.

“Shameful,” he exclaimed, “thus to injure a child singing her Christmas carol! Will you let me hear your song, my little maid? I love music well myself. You know I am the parish preacher, as well as the schoolmaster.”

Veronica timidly obeyed. The schoolmaster was to her a formidable auditor; but the good man’s kindness soon set her at ease; and she sang with so much expression that M. Rossel was not only surprised, but deeply moved.

“Who taught you to sing thus, my child?” he inquired, when the young songstress paused.

“No one,” she replied. “My father is blind; he often finds the day very long, and I sing to him to amuse him. It is almost the greatest pleasure he has; and I am so glad of that, for we are poor, and he cannot afford himself many other pleasures.”

“But the melody itself, and the method—where did you learn all that?” inquired the schoolmaster.

Veronica looked perplexed, but after a moment’s reflection, replied: “I have often heard our miners sing that air.”

“My child,” said M. Rossel to the little girl, “I see how God often overrules the wickedness of man for His own wise purposes. The burn you received on your hand has caused you much suffering, and has prevented your working at your lace to earn money for your father; but if it had not been for this accident, I should never have noticed your voice, which will, I hope, prove to you a mine of wealth, and enable you to procure more comforts for him than if you had been working night and day at your pillow.”

Veronica did not very well understand the good man’s meaning, but she felt gratified for his kindness, and anxious to do her best to please him. From that day forward, M. Rossel gave her regular instruction in the art of singing, whilst, at the same time, he contrived to interest several benevolent people in the fate of this deserving family; so that the blind man’s wants were fully supplied, and his little daughter was thus enabled to pursue her studies with a cheerful heart.

Twelve years passed away. It was a fine autumn evening, and the wealthier inhabitants of Seeberg might be seen in full toilet, flocking to the town-hall. An event, rare in this somewhat secluded region, has set the whole town a titter. The first cantatrice of the capital, one who enjoys a European celebrity, is about to give a concert, in conjunction with her brother, for the benefit of the poor of Seeberg.

At the entrance of the hall might be seen the old schoolmaster and precentor, M. Rossel, who was filling the office of cashier on the occasion. His eyes beamed with delight as the money accumulated on his desk; and when he recognized an acquaintance amongst the numerous arrivals, it was with no small pride that the good man produced a golden snuff-box, and offering his friend a pinch of true Virginian, at the same time whispered in his ear: “This is a gift from a grateful pupil. See! it is engraved upon the lid; and when it was given to me, it was full of gold pieces. And look at this, too,” he added, drawing a handsome repeater from his fob; “this, too, is the gift of my former pupil.”

“You are celebrating your triumph to-night, M. Rossel,” observed one of the new-comers.

“Yes, it is a day of triumph for me, and for the town of Seeberg too,” rejoined the schoolmaster, “for she was born amongst us here, and I was her first teacher.”

At last all the company had arrived, the hall was thronged to the very door, and, at the appointed hour, Veronica Madel appeared upon the platform, accompanied by her youthful brother, and with her blind father leaning on her
A burst of enthusiastic plaudits greeted the young cantatrice as she gracefully curtseyed to the assemblage. A band of mountain musicians supported their parts admirably, and exerted themselves to the utmost to do honour to their countrywoman. George Madel accompanied his sister on the violin, to the admiration of all present, and Veronica herself sang as she had seldom been heard to sing before; her voice reached every heart and charmed every ear.

All the pieces named in the programme had been performed, a moment’s pause ensued, and, after repeated acclamations, the assemblage were about to disperse, when, suddenly, young Madel touched his violin. A familiar air arrested every ear, and Veronica, with a voice as pure and clear as in her childish days, commenced the verse so well known to all the miners of Seeberg—the same she had sung on that eventful Christmas Eve. At this moment the whole of the assemblage paused to hear their feet as one man, the band of musicians laid down their instruments, and every voice joined in the chorus—

"Cheer up, brave hearts, cheer up!"

The celebrated cantatrice was for the moment forgotten; and Veronica Madel was only remembered as the young mountain-peasant, the dutiful daughter, the loving sister, the obedient pupil. The good old schoolmaster, oblivious of his dignity, rushed to the platform, and, with tears in his eyes, folded to his heart the pupil who had so far surpassed his utmost expectations. Veronica, turning towards the assemblage, with a simple grace and humility of manner which touched every heart, owned that to this good old man, under God, she owed all her success.

The worthy citizens of Seeberg had prepared a banquet in honour of the young cantatrice; but during the interval which elapsed between the concert and the banquet, M. Rossel drew his former pupil aside, and speaking to her in the familiar tones of earlier days, he said: "Will you come with me, my good Veronica, for one half-hour? This money you have intrusted to my care is weighing down my pocket. I should like to distribute some of it this evening, and to deposit the remainder of the sum in safety at my own house."

Veronica, though somewhat wearied after the exertion and excitement of the day, could not bear to refuse her old master’s request, and, committing her father to George’s care, she set forth, under the escort of the kind-hearted schoolmaster. The darkening shades of evening prevented the young singer from distinguishing surrounding objects; and she allowed Rossel to guide her as he pleased, without inquiring whether he was leading her.

"I should like you," observed the old man, "to see some, at least, of those on whom your bounty is to be bestowed. On the ground-floor of the house we have now reached we shall find a family in deep distress."

Entering a dark passage, the preceptor, followed by Veronica, lifted a latch, and passed into a spacious, but gloomy apartment, lighted by a single candle, and offering a striking contrast to the brilliant concert-hall they had just quitted. A pale, careworn woman, miserably clad, was pacing the room, vainly striving to lull her infant to rest. Two other children, about three and four years of age, lay sleeping on a tattered mattress, in one corner of the room; whilst on a pallet, near the stove, lay a sick man, supported by straw pillows. The two strangers were received by this unhappy wife and mother with that cold indifference which is so frequently the companion of despair. "Is your husband asleep," inquired M. Rossel.

"Asleep! oh no!" replied the woman. "I know not what will become of us!"

The schoolmaster then approached the sick man’s bed, and addressing him kindly, said: "How are you to-day, Kunkelm?"

"Just as I am always," replied the sufferer; "and so long as I feel that piece of money burning in my throat, I shall never get better."

"Can you dismiss that delusion?" interrupted Rossel. "The doctor and I have told you a hundred times that that burning sensation in your throat is a natural result of your disease; and what is the use of indulging a fancy which only aggravates your malady?"

"I ought to know what I feel, better than either you or the doctor can tell it to me," rejoined the sick man, somewhat impatiently; "and I know that I feel one hard, burning spot in my throat, just as if I had tried to swallow a piece of red-hot copper. No water can cool that spot; it is always the same, always burning."

Veronica’s thoughts recurred to the suffering she had experienced when her hand was burned, and her pity for the poor man doubled.

"Well, Kunkel," replied the schoolmaster, "I can only repeat what I said before—this is all a figment of your own imagination. How in the world could a piece of burning money find its way into the centre of your throat?"

"Oh, I know it! I know it well!" exclaimed the sick man. "It was last Christmas Eve that I felt for the first time that burning spot."

"You felt it on that evening because the ulceration of your throat had just become more acute and widely spread."

"Oh, no! no! there was another reason than that!" groaned the unhappy man. "It was on a Christmas Eve, twelve years ago—stop! do you hear that cry under the window? It was just such a cry as that the poor child gave when I rewarded her Christmas carol by dropping a piece of burning money into her hand. Oh, I deserve all my sufferings richly, I too well know!"

As Veronica heard these words, a cry of dismay burst from her lips. It seemed as if the retributive justice of God had fallen upon this unhappy man before her very eyes. It was to her a solemn and overpowering emotion; and the young singer covered her face with her
hands, and burst into tears. The old schoolmaster, deeply moved, turned towards Veronica.

"Kunkel," said the schoolmaster, in a tone of deep solemnity, "here is the very hand which, twelve years ago, you were so cruel as to burn. This hand is now held out to you in token of forgiveness; and see! no trace remains of the wound you then inflicted; and no unkind thought harbours in the bosom of her who has now come to minister to your wants."

Kunkel raised his head, and looked at Veronica. "No! no!" he replied, sighing heavily; "it is impossible; that fine lady cannot be the same as the poor child whom I so cruelly injured twelve years ago. You are mocking me, M. Rossel."

"Believe me, Kunkel, what I have told you is true. Through God's goodness, that burning penny has turned to a mine of gold in the hand of Veronica Madel; and here, added he, laying a pile of crowns upon the table—"here is a share of her gains, which she has brought to you."

Kunkel, with an air of bewilderment, gazed alternately at Veronica, at his wife, who stood weeping by his side, and at the money which lay upon the table. "I wish I could believe what you tell me," he exclaimed; "but it seems to me impossible. Do you remember, lady, the song that was sung beneath my window that Christmas Eve? That song, and the cry of anguish which followed it, still ring in my ears. If you can repeat it to me now, I shall believe that what M. Rossel tells me is indeed the truth."

Veronica, with a voice tremulous from emotion, sang the well-known miner's song; and, as she sang, the little infant's cry was hushed, the broken-hearted mother listened in admiring silence, and the sick man, folding his hands across his breast, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Veronica seated herself by his side, spoke to him of pardon and of peace, until, at length, a ray of hope beam'd from the sufferer's eye. He stretched his wearied limbs, as though seeking that repose which had long been denied to him; and then, with a gentle sigh, he fell asleep.

The schoolmaster, familiar by long experience with scenes of suffering and of death, quickly perceived that the vital spark had died. He laid his hand upon the marble brow of the dead man; and, repeating the burden of the miner's song, he said, turning towards the weeping widow—

"Cheer up, sad hearts, cheer up!"

"I trust, my poor friend, that your husband is at rest after his long struggle; and you and your children shall not be forsaken. Put your trust in the God of the fatherless and the widow, and to-morrow I will come again, and see what can be done for you."

Veroniet Madel and her old instructor now quitted the house of sorrow; and it was with very full hearts that they repaired to the hospitable banquet which had been prepared for them by their fellow-citizens.

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THE MAIDEN'S DOWER.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

"If you think I'm dower'd with golden store,
Your wool is vain," the maiden said;
And she lifted to his her calm, sad eye,
And proudly erect rose her Queenly head.

He smiled as he answered, "I love gold well,
And the light of rare jewels I dearly prize;
And I hold that man unwise, at the best,
Who the value of either good gift denies!"

At his words lowly droop'd the bright young head,
As the hopeless tears she strove to hide;
While slowly and calmly she meekly said,
"Farewell, God be with thee, what'er betide!"

He has taken her hand, clasped her close to his heart:
"Yes, jewels and gold do I dearly prize;
But 'tis the rich wealth of thy golden hair,
And the loving light of those earnest eyes!"

"But more costly than all this earth contains
Is thine heart, in its truth and purity;
And may I not hope that its love is mine?
Then give thyself and thy dower to me!"

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TROUBLED.

BY ADA TREYANION.

October has tinged the skies with grey,
And the year is hastening to its death;
But the trees are dressed in rich array,
And the late blooms breathe a balmy breath.
I stand at the door, and watch the gleam
Of this still and golden afternoon;
And hear, in a kind of waking dream,
The distant waves and the winds aswown.

And suddenly, like a swift surprise,
Which touches me with a troubled joy,
A river and bridge before me rise,
And I watch an angling shepherd-boy
So silently that I do not turn,
When a god-like form comes o'er the lea,
Till I feel my cheek and forehead burn
'Neath the gaze of one who watches me.

'Tis gone: far as can range the eye
The landscape billows to hills of thyme;
The birds, preparing for flight, flock by,
And the herdsman chants a quaint old rhyme;
And around me are the balmy bowers,
Beloved of the dragon-fly and bee;
But I scarcely note the lulling flowers,
And the golden calm brings no rest to me.
1865.
A PLAIN CHRISTMAS STORY.

(From a Minister’s Wife.)

BY ALICE B. HAVEN.

How well I remember the excitement of the evening when my husband returned from the Annual Conference, and told me that he had been transferred to this large and important chapel.

We had been living in an obscure country village, among an agricultural people, on the one hand, very plain, very uncultivated; and on the other ignorance, hardness, and low vice that always prevail near a manufacturing town. The church was poor, and the salary small; the parsonage a plain two-storey house, where my husband’s only study was a sleeping-room, little better than an attic, with the children’s bed in one corner. We always called the children, “the children,” though there were three babies besides them; but they were all gathered in our own chamber. The kitchen opened from the little parlour, and in the kitchen we ate, because we were liable to interruption at any time, and visitors could not be shown up the crooked stairs to the attic study.

It made little difference to me how the parlour was occupied, for I scarcely ever sat down through the day, unless I was putting a child to sleep. A crown a-week was one-sixth of our little income, and could not be afforded for a woman-servant, and of course the half-grown girl could not manage washing, or ironing, or even a single meal, unless it were tea, without my assistance.

I hardly know how we did manage; but the children wore Holland pinafores and patched trousers—and an apple-pie was a treat. I have dreaded to see a neighbouring “brother” come into tea many a time, because the piece of butter on the table was so small, and there was no more in the house; or nothing to replenish the bread-plate with, for the flour was out, and I had not the courage to tell John of it, for such news always made a gloomy meal to me.

However, that was all over—for two years at least! The sermons studied in that little attic chamber had been heard of far beyond our circle, and the diligent spirit that was faithful over a few things had been called to “come up higher.” I shed tears of joy and thankfulness that night: I had not been so happy since Maria engaged her first five scholars.

There are some women who seem to me as if they had ceased to belong to their own families from the moment they marry. They are either absorbed in their new connections or in their husband and children; all their cares, and anxieties, and sympathies run in these new channels; but I am not one of them, I do not believe anyone ever went into a husband’s family with clearer ideas of new duty among them than I did when I went into John’s. I have worked for them, and sought opportunities for relieving them in trouble; I have sympathized with them, and prayed for them; but they never have taken the place of those who belonged to me before I had ever seen him.

Sarah’s quick spirit accused me of it; but she lived, poor girl, to find that, though her tastes hurt and wounded me, they did not change my course among John’s family or alienate me from her in the least. She had never been a wife, and could not understand how sacredly I accepted every duty the change of relation brought. After her death, when only mother and Maria remained, my heart went out to them more and more. I was a mother then myself, and began to realize the early struggles to rear and educate us which my mother passed through, and to grieve that her old age should have any care. As for Maria, when Sarah was no longer there to assist, the burden all came upon her, and my longing to help her has been at times positive anguish—to feel myself so helpless, tied hand and foot by my own cares, and not able to lighten their burden by a feather’s weight! There is one thing—I believe this intense but ungratified desire has helped me to bear my own, by drawing my thoughts away from it; and perhaps this is one reason why we are charged to cherish sympathy as a Christian duty, to “rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those that weep.” So, when Maria’s little school was fairly established, I had been so eager about it that it was like a great, good fortune happening to ourselves, and now our turn had come.

A rich chapel, a handsome parsonage, and two hundred a-year—nearly twice as much as we had lived on, and managed to keep out of debt. It was a fortune to us in prospect, and I felt as if all the petty, wearying cares of my life were at an end. I threw my arms around John’s neck, and laid my head on his breast, and cried, as I have said. Sleep seemed impossible that night, so many vague plans and calculations crowded my brain. Mother should have the warm shawl! I had been longing to give her, and Wesley a new Sunday suit made out of his father’s second-best, and John shine in the glory of new broadcloth, with seams that did not require a weekly sponging with ink, to keep them at all respectable!

A full-grown servant could be afforded now—in fact, our changed position would require it.
A Plain Christmas Story.

Alas! that is the secret of all the troubles that came upon us. It was another matter to do the work of the family in this house, with a regular study, and parlour, and sitting-room, and broad hall and staircase to be kept in order, and liable to visits, that were not meant to be intrusions, at any hour of the day.

When we lived at Factoryville, if good old sister Miller dropped in with a few fresh eggs or a basket of sweet apples, she always came where I was, and I could go on with mixing my bread or patching a jacket, and talk at the same time; but how could I ask ladies who never see the interior of their own kitchen more than once a day, to sit down in mine? or how could I take Mrs. Strong where I had not asked Mrs. Steele, when she was so jealous of "the rich members of the church," although her constant cry was "Christian simplicity"?

Everything had to be different here: no more going out to tea at four o'clock in the afternoon, and taking my work and children with me, coming home in time to put them to bed, and have a good long evening with my needle, and maybe John running out of his study to read to me for half-an-hour, if there was no evening meeting; and then, having mother and Maria so near us, I could save from the little household stores the kind farmers brought in, a few apples, a peck of potatoes, meal, and milk for them—a great help to such a small household.

We had been here nine months, and in all that time not so much as a peck of potatoes had been sent in. Hothouse flowers, and grapes from Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Lovett, more than once; but they did not replenish wasting "meal and oil," nor help me in saving towards that shawl which my mother's stiffened limbs required.

So far from saving, we were for the first time in all our lives in debt! I hate the words. Oh, how the miserable fact hung over me! but it would not do for the minister's wife to go to church all winter in a straw bonnet with dyed ribbons, and sit in the very front pew, to be criticized by all the congregation. How I grudged the money a corded silk one cost me, and the set of muslins that this constant going out to tea—which means a party of from ten to eighteen people arrayed in their best—demanded to keep my five years old black silk in countenance.

Then I could not be as much in the kitchen, and groceries did not go more than half as far, or meat either, and I missed the spare ribs and cuts of fresh beef or veal that were brought us when any of our people were killing stock. I used to weary of their lack of cultivation, at the dulness of their lives and minds, and long for educated, congenial society; that was one of the great charms this change seemed to promise me—that John would be more appreciated, and I should have friends I could really enjoy; but in all this community there is not one who enters into a single joy or care of my life.

When Maria's school was certain, I had to fly round to Mrs. Miller, and tell her all about it; and she knew how heavily the doctor's bill weighed on my mind, for fear we should not be able to meet it, and the expenses of John's illness last year. It was even better in Middlefield, though we were poor enough there; but I knew that was the beginning, and we had everything to look forward to, and I was young and strong; and Sarah was here to work for mother and help Maria.

Poor Maria, with her feeble health! and now, this last quarter, there has been another school set up, and she has lost some of her best scholars, and they are in a great deal of trouble!

I have known it all along! I felt it from October, when she only mentioned that the new school had commenced; her letters have been less and less cheerful, though she never complained, or asked for anything, or hinted that mother had a right to expect some help from me, till December came. I know how I must seem to them utterly selfish; for feeling so powerless, I have avoided the subject, as if I was indeed guilty; and poor Maria did not upbraid me then; she only said—

"I have not made as much by twenty pounds as I did last year, and it has cost us rather more to live, missing your kind help, though you know that nobody can manage better than mother, and indeed we have often not bought any meat for weeks together, and managed to do without butter since it began to be so dear, and mother has not been to church since the cold weather came, for you know I wrote you how unfortunate it was about the moths getting into her cloak. Sometimes I hardly know how we shall get through the winter. I dread to go to the shopkeeper's for anything, for fear they should refuse to trust me any longer, for you know it is sometimes two and three months before people pay up school bills."

Yes, I know from sad experience that school bills and a minister's salary is the last debts people ever pay, and even then both are grudged, while the value of physical service is recognized and discharged at once.

Hothouse grapes—and my mother and delicate sister starving themselves! I gave my portion to the children, and John wondered that I did not enjoy them. I could not trouble him with the letter, but I brooded over it all the more; it was a shadow that never left me. How could I help them? What could I give up? What spare? What sell? Alas, nothing! My ingenuity was already exhausted in economies, and every shilling that could be saved must go towards our own debts; how much they were we did not ask each other; it was a subject avoided by mutual consent. I envied the seamstress stitching away in Mrs. Steele's sitting-room; she toiled hard, but she earned something, and had the comfort of ministering to her lame sister. I worked harder, for my long vigil began when her day's work was ended, and for all that my sewing was never finished.

A minister must always be well dressed, you know; it is expected of him that he should ever be seen in the broadcloth which many a
man in his church of twice his means does not feel able to afford for daily wear. Then his linen must be spotless, and in the midst of other things John’s shirts were set out all at once, and I had to leave the children’s clothes and go to work on them. I never set about any task with a heavier heart; we had not the money by us to pay for the calico, and that must be added to our account at the draper’s: it was only putting off the evil day, for the bills were sure to come in at Christmas. The shop-keeper was very polite, and anxious to please me; but I felt like a thief when I saw him cut off his goods and do up the parcel, and I told John so when I came home.

It was hard for him, too; but he tried to cheer and encourage me. Many a man, at finding himself involved where he had every reason to expect that his cares had been lightened, would have thrown the blame on his wife’s bad management, and indeed it does seem like it; but God knows I have tried to do my best. When I said so to John last night, and that I wished I was back again at Factoryville, he answered—“We did not send ourselves here; it was God’s own appointment, and not our seeking; we have no responsibility but to do the best we can, and I believe we shall be carried through somehow.” So he took up his Bible, and read aloud—“Trust in the Lord, and be doing good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.”

But I didn’t see how; and besides my own case there was that letter, which I had not the heart to trouble him with. I know it seems as if people ought to live comfortably on two hundred a year and no house-rent to pay, and I have seen the time when I should have blamed anybody that did not do it. But try it, with the expenses that grow out of keeping up a respectable appearance in a rich congregation, where you are not only expected to go to tea-parties, but to give them, and are liable to have a presiding elder, or a city minister, or some one else who looks not only for Christian hospitality—which is such things as we have, and a willing mind, as I apprehend it—but such things as we never should have thought of having, but to entertain them and the brethren who drop in to see them.

Then, as I said before, one cannot march a family up the main aisle into the front pew with the consciousness that they are shabbier than the children of the man who makes their shoes and sits very near the door. I kept Wesley at home for three Sundays, until I could finish his new jacket; and Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Wise came to see me about it, and said it was setting a bad example, when the minister’s children were not in their places.

I felt really bitter towards John, that he could go so quietly to bed after our talk, feeling so peaceful, when I stayed up and ironed out the cloth which Bridget had shrunk, so as to have it cut out as soon as the work was done in the morning. I could have done it earlier in the evening but for going to Thursday night prayer-meeting; but that was “expected” of me too, and the mothers’ meeting, on Friday afternoon, and the Female Sanitary Circle, and the Wednesday evening lecture. It would have been a “bad example” if I had stayed at home and made my husband’s shirts!

I tried to get at them the first thing in the morning, and was doing pretty well when Mrs. Steele called. I heard the carriage stop at the door in dismay, for I knew I must leave everything, baby and all, and go into the parlour. I hurried up-stairs as softly as I could, for the baby had pulled my hair out of order and rumpled my collar, and forgot to take a shawl into the parlour, though there was no fire there. Mrs. Steele’s velvet cloak and rich furs kept her warm! I think, sometimes, that if we stood more on an equality I should really love Mrs. Steele; she has such lovely eyes, and a low, sweet voice, and such a gentle way. Her manner was so friendly that an insane idea of telling her all my troubles rushed into my mind. She always reminds me of Maria—of what Maria would be if she was in her position—and I felt as if she could understand my wretchedness. To think that Maria, with so much refinement and natural elegance, shrank before a petty grocer, because he had trusted her with ten shillings!

But I recollected myself in time. This favourite of fortune, whose furs alone had cost as much as Maria’s whole year’s earnings, could have no comprehension of any such distress; besides, might she not think it was a covert appeal for assistance? So my pride sealed my lips.

She had come to ask us to tea that evening. “Only a few friends, and she would send the carriage early.”

A minister’s wife has not the common refuge of an apology; it is expected of her always to accept an invitation thankfully, and be only too glad to get it. I thought of the baby screaming himself to sleep, because I was not there to undress him; that I was most likely have a visitor drop in, or drop out herself, leaving the house and children to their fate; of the shirts huddled together and left for another day; of the afternoon prayer-meeting, which I was expected to open; and that by six o’clock I should be tired, and fagged, and more out of heart than ever—yet I said that I would come.

The door-bell rang as Mrs. Steele rose to go, and we met Mrs. Strong in the hall. It would not do to ask her into the sitting-room when her rich neighbour had evidently been entertained in the parlour. Mrs. Strong was “as good as anybody,” to use her own frequent declamation; she would sit there and shiver first! Between them I lost the morning, and by the time I could help Lucy with the dinner things, and settle the children for the afternoon, and get dressed, it was time for the prayer-meeting.

I was thankful it was only my part to read; I could not have prayed without mockery; I
felt that I was committing sin to kneel down with the rest, and appear to listen. My mind was so full of my troubles, and, above all, of those who were dearer to me than myself. Was God a God of truth and love when my mother's old age seemed so forsaken? she who had served Him so faithfully, who delighted so in "the courts of the house of the Lord," deprived of her one great comfort for lack of a garment to shield her from the storms of winter? I looked round when they were singing a hymn. I counted six thread lace veils, either of which would have bought my mother a shawl; besides Mrs. Steele's, there were as many more expensive velvet cloaks in the little circle, and furs and French walking boots, and rich silk dresses. Did they serve God better than the humble, prayerful woman who was denied the necessaries of life? What a hypocrite I felt to be sitting there with such a grave, decorous face when my thoughts were like these! It required all the force I could put upon myself to go out that evening. I had not the slightest interest in any one or in anything. When I stepped into the luxurious carriage Mrs. Steele sent for us, I thought of Maria walking to her school-room twice a day, in cold and sleet and drenching rains; its ease was torture to me for her sake. We entered a hall as broad as the parlour of the parsonage, brilliantly lighted, and up a staircase so easy that the ascent was scarcely felt. The rich carpeting was soft and warm to the tread; the carved furniture of the chamber to which I was shown was so polished that it reflected light instead of absorbing it; and the drawing-room always bewildered me with the variety and elegance of its appointments.

I had worn my black silk on every visit I had paid since my brown lawn became too thin for the season, for my new mouseline de laine was part cotton; and, besides, no one among Mrs. Steele's friends wore anything but a silk on these occasions. They dropped in one by one till the room comfortably full—full of flounces and lace collars and sleeves, and more than one diamond brooch flashed in the gaslight; a great change since our communion first stood up against "putting on of apparel." Then we were ushered into supper, the long table, shining with silver and glass and china, covered with the finest damask, and filled by every delicacy of the season. There was game, and salads, and delicately arranged dishes of ham, and tongue, and cold chicken; crisp, delicious celery rising from its cut-glass vase; jellies quivering from their tasteful moulds, and rich cake heaped in silver baskets.

I set down my porcelain cup, with the fragrant coffee of Mocha, coloured by the golden cream; I could not drink it, I could only seem to eat the costly viands with which my plate was loaded. "We who often have not bought meat for weeks together, nor tasted butter since it became so high," rang in my ears. The glittering scene, the hum of pleasant conversation died away from before me; I saw the dull room, the poor fire, the scanty table they were enduring; and when Mrs. Steele said, "You are not well, I am afraid; you do not seem to eat," I forced myself to taste what my soul longed, and to smile when it seemed as if my heart was breaking.

I was bitter enough before I came upon the knot of ladies in the library, an hour or so after. I had been loitering by myself through the rooms, escaped for a little while from playing a part I could ill sustain, and envy and jealousy for the first time in all my life assailed me. But it was my own doing; I had broken down the defences of my life by indulging in murmurs and distrust, and the Adversary is not slow to take advantage of every departure from our only safety and defence. Yes, I looked at the rich hangings, and costly pictures, and heavy furniture. "All this and heaven too!" I repeated to myself bitterly. "No wonder that people forget the wants of others, when they have not one left to be gratified! They drive us out a pitance, and it is no fault of theirs if it does not meet our wants!"

I came suddenly upon the group in the library; the draperies of the arch and the soft velvet carpet concealed my approach. They were speaking loudly, too; discussing some matter with eagerness, and I heard some one say: "It does not look very well for a minister's wife in a congregation like this to dress poorly."

"O Mrs. Lovett!" Mrs. Steele began, and then some one cried "Hush!"—looking up and seeing me between the curtains.

They wished to spare my feelings, but it was too late. Angry, vehemence words ran to my lips; I burned to defend myself, when I knew that not one of them was denied a coveted object, and their lives passed in a dream of ease while I toiled! But I did not; I would have gone away, but they had seen me, and began to address me with some confusion, and a great show of warmth, on "a subject they had been discussing when I came up—a Christmas tree for the Sunday-school!"

So, they could stoop to falsehoods to cover their uncharitableness! How I despised them all! and sat there with a burning face, wishing myself with my children, or back to the once undervalued friends of our late home, for they were true at least.

Our denomination had never made much of Christmas, they said, but it was becoming so general to notice the day, and the children, seeing others, remembered and rewarded for good conduct, might feel it, and grow dissatisfied! So, after many arguments and a playful appeal to the purse of the gentlemen who came in after dinner, the thing was decided on, for there was but a week for preparation, and measures must be prompt. They intended to provide a book, or a toy, and bon-bons for every child in the Sunday-school. Trifling as the remembrances might be, it would cost—the calculations varied—but every one mentioned a sum large enough to pay our debts, as I thought to myself, and it seemed such a waste! I could
scarcely refrain from saying so, and John must have seen how coldly I looked at him when he entered into it heartily.

That was not the last I heard of the Christmas tree! O no! The committee fixed on the parsonage, at John's suggestion, as their point of meeting. They deliberated in the cold at least, for I would not have had a fire made if I could have afforded it. I felt so indignant at the waste of time, and thought, and means! "How much good such a sum contributed to the missionary society would have done!" I said to John, forgetting how nearly I had uttered the words of Judas, and that it had once been said "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." I grudged these little ones of His their innocent pleasure on the day that we have most reason to desire our thank-offerings to reach Him, through them.

I checked my own children sharply when they began to discover and wonder about the wonderful tree. "There will be nothing for us," I said, and I knew I wrested His words when I added, hardly, "To him that hath shall be given." The children they are working for will be loaded down with gifts already, and your father and mother cannot give you so much as a doll.

The bills came in that week. Mr. Johns, who had sold me the shirting, apologized for sending it so early, but he knew the salary was drawn on the first of the month, and he needed the money, and thought it would make no difference to us. The grocer and the shoemaker did not soften the sum total of their demands by any kindly words. They were both members of the church, and paid their pew-rent regularly, and expected to be paid in turn.

I seemed to feel each bill in turn as it came near the door. I stood with the yellow envelopes in my hand, suspiciously free from post-marks, more than a minute before I could summon the courage to open them. It was little enough to you whose accounts reach hundreds, and you have only to hold out your hand for a cheque to meet them with, but to me ninety-seven shillings was appalling.

I laid them on John's plate with a most unloving feeling.

"He takes it all so coolly," I said to myself; "let me see what he will do now!"

"It is more than I thought for, Eunice." And he glanced up with a troubled expression in his wolutely calm face.

"I dare say; bills always are! What have we got to pay it with?"

"Five-pounds is everthing we can call ours," he said, gloomily; for my words were almost taunts, and he felt them. "But I will not distrust my Master. He said the labourer is worthy of his hire, and He will see that mine is paid."

I had never entered into John's entire faith or reliance, though at times I had been made to feel that God provided for us, but now our position seemed too desperate. I started up from the table, careless of the presence of the wondering children, and walked the floor wringing my hands. "And Maria and mother are starving." I burst out; "and I have not so much as a morsel to give them, and you sit there so calmly, saying, the Lord will provide I cannot bear it!"

It was not his fault that I had not been comforted by his sympathy, which was always ready, nor mine either. I had withheld my cares, feeling that he had much to bear, but now I was unjust enough to feel that he was indifferent to them.

"There, you can see for yourself." And I drew the still unanswered letter from my workbasket, and threw it down before him. I had not written them one word: what had I to say? He sighed heavily when he had finished it; yet he did not resent my unkindness. His dinner was untouched, but he set back the plate, and rose and went into his study. He had neither silver nor gold, but he went to give them his prayers, and it was a keener reproach than words would have been. If—I had not even prayed for myself since the trouble came upon me. He prayed for me. I do not doubt it, though he never told me so. The fierceness of my pain left me; I only felt a sullen rebellious aching, like the low returning ground-swell washing up on the beach after a storm. It lasted all the night, and even the boisterous Christmas greetings of the children did not drive it away.

"I will get the children ready, and you can take them," I said at breakfast, when they all talked and wondered over the magic wealth of the Christmas tree. "I shall not go," I added, as John looked up at me inquiringly.

"Yes you will, Eunice; I wish it," he said, with more firmness than he had ever used towards me.

To anyone less fully bent on bitterness of spirit it was a lovely sight to see that cheerful crowd of happy faces, so eager, so radiant as they looked towards the great fir tree, loaded with its golden fruit, and faintly burning tapers struggling with the sunshine, though the room had been darkened, and the teachers scarcely less happy, and the fathers and mothers looking on. I knew I had spoken falsely then. To many of them this was the only gleam of Christmas that shone in on their toiling, burdened lives.

It was acknowledging this to myself, and listening to the sweet unbroken childish voices singing a Christmas hymn to the dear old tune "Coronation"—which my mother loved so well—that began to soften my frozen heart; and when the distribution commenced, and the little ones passed by me so elated with their treasures, and my own had been remembered so bountifully, I began to take shame to myself for seeking to deny it to them.

"See, this is for you, mother. Mr. Steele said I was to give it to you," Wesley said,
almost dropping a sugar-toy into my hands, in the overflowing of his own store.

"A sugar-toy, when our very closets were empty!" I thought, with returning bitterness; for, as I listened to the mirth and merriment going on around the tree where John stood speaking a kind word to all who came, I saw that he too had received some baby prize decorated with ribbons, and gay with gilding. I crushed my own in my hand as I listened.

Ah, it was not as hollow as I thought, nor as empty; for the sugared nut had its own rich kernel—a bank bill that went fluttering to my lap. A motto, as I thought, was fastened to it; but as I grasped it securely, believing that it was real and for me, I read, "Ten guineas from the ladies of the congregation, for a silk dress."

Yes, ten guineas! Oh, if they would only let me use it as I liked; it would more than pay those dreary debts; and as I thought of that in a strange tumult of surprise and pleasure, and shame—for I understood now what they had been talking about that evening at Mrs. Steele's, and why they hushed each other as I approached—Mrs. Steele herself came quietly up to me in the crowd, and meeting my grateful glance, whispered, "That is only a suggestion; we want you to do just exactly as you wish with it," I felt more than rebuked, utterly humbled before God, and to all whom I had judged so harshly. But this was not the end. There was a stir, and buzz, and hum around John, and I heard him say, "Dear brethren, you are too mindful of us; I do not know how to thank you"—and some one near me said, "Only think, a hundred pounds in gold; he found it in that little drum; doesn't he look astonished!" And after awhile John came and put it in my hand, and said, "Dear wife, will you believe me and trust the Lord now?"

I hardly know how I got home, or how that letter to Maria was written, but I folded up my share of the Christmas-tree in it; and not until John himself had taken it to the post-office and returned to tell me it was gone, did I begin to realize that we were not only free from debt, but rich beyond all that we could ask.

I felt that I ought to confess to Mrs. Steele all my bitter injustice, when they were doing so much for us, and it was the beginning of a true, helpful friendship that has made my life here very happy. I see how pride and prejudice come between the hearts of the rich and poor, derailing them from the mutual comfort and aid they might receive, and I have been more tender towards Mrs. Strong's jealous envying ever since, and have tried to persuade her out of them.

My mother is sitting in the sunny south window of our cheerful sitting-room, teaching Wesley his hymn for Sunday-school, and as I hear the fervour with which she repeats to them—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."
NIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

Chancing to take a memorable walk by moonlight some years ago, I resolved to take more such walks, and make acquaintance with another side of Nature. I have done so.

According to Pliny, there is a stone in Arabia called Selénite, "wherein is a white spot, which increases and decreases with the moon."* My journal for the last year or two has been selénitic in this sense.

Is not the midnight like Central Africa to most of us? Are we not tempted to explore it—to penetrate to the shores of its Lake Tchad, and discover the sources of the Nile, perchance the Mountains of the Moon? Who knows what fertility and beauty, moral and natural, are there to be found? In the Mountains of the Moon, in the Central Africa of the night, there is where all Niles have their hidden heads. The expeditions up the Nile as yet extend but to the Cataracts, or perchance to the mouth of the White Nile; but it is the Black Nile that concerns us.

I shall be a benefactor, if I conquer some realms from the night—if I report to the gazettes anything transpiring about us at that season worthy of their attention—if I can show nature that there is something beyond while they are asleep—if I add to the domains of poetry.

Night is certainly more novel and less profane than day. I soon discovered that I was acquainted only with its complexion; and as for the moon, I had seen her only as it were through a crevice in a shutter, occasionally. Why not walk a little way in her light?

Suppose you attend to the suggestions which the moon makes for one month, commonly in vain, will it not be very different from anything in literature or religion? But why not study this Sanscrit? What if one moon has come and gone, with its world of poetry, its weird attachments, its oracular suggestions—so divine a creature freighted with hints for me, and I have not used her—one moon gone by unnoticed?

I think it was Dr. Chalmers who said, criticizing Coleridge, that for his part he wanted ideas which he could see all round, and not such as he must look at away up in the heavens. Such a man, one would say, would never look at the moon, because she never turns her other side to us. The light which comes from ideas which have their orbit as distant from the earth, and which is no less cheering and enlightening to the brightened traveller than that of the moon and stars, is naturally reproached or nicknamed as moonshine by such. They are moonshine, are they? Well, then, do your night-travelling when there is no moon to light you; but I will be thankful for the light that reaches me from the star of least magnitude. Stars are lesser or greater only as they appear to us so.. I will be thankful that I see so much as one side of a celestial idea, one side of the rainbow and the sunset sky.

Men talk glibly enough about moonshine, as if they knew its qualities very well, and despised them—as owls might talk of sunshine. None of your sunshine—but this word commonly means merely something which they do not understand, which they are afraid and asleep to, however much it may be worth their while to be up and awake to it.

It must be allowed that the light of the moon, sufficient though it is for the pensive walker, and not disproportionate to the inner light we have, is very inferior in quality and intensity to that of the sun. But the moon is not to be judged alone by the quantity of light she sends to us, but also by her influence on the earth and its inhabitants. "The moon gravitates toward the earth, and the earth reciprocally toward the moon." The poet who walks by moonlight is conscious of a tide in his thought which is to be referred to lunar influence. I will endeavour to separate the tide in my thoughts from the current distractions of the day. I would warn my hearers that they must not try my thoughts by a daylight standard, but endeavour to realize that I speak out of the night. All depends on your point of view. In Drake's "Collections of Voyages," Wafer says of some Albinos among the Indians of Darien—"They are quite white, but their whiteness is like that of a horse, quite different from the fair or pale European, as they have not the least tincture of a blush or sanguine complexion. . . . Their eyebrows are milk-white, as is likewise the hair of their heads, which is very fine. . . . They seldom go abroad in the daytime, the sun being disagreeable to them, and causing their eyes, which are weak and pining, to water, especially if it shines towards them; yet they see very well by moonlight, from which we call them moon-eyed."

Neither in our thoughts in these moonlight walks, methinks, is there "the least tincture of a blush or sanguine complexion," but we are intellectually and morally Albinos—children of Endymion—such is the effect of conversing much with the moon.

I complain of Arctic voyagers that they do not enough remind us of the constant peculiar dreariness of the scenery, and the perpetual twilight of the Arctic night. So he whose theme is moonlight, though he may find it difficult, must, as it were, illustrate it with the light of the moon alone.

Many men walk by day; few walk by night. It is a very different season. Take a July night, for instance. About ten o'clock, when man is

* Selénite, or the moon-stone, said to be still found in China, which is reported to increase and decrease with the Moon (Tyche).—Ed.
asleep, and day is fairly forgotten, the beauty of moonlight is seen over lonely pastures where cattle are silently feeding. On all sides novelities present themselves. Instead of the sun, there are the moon and stars; instead of the wood-thrush, there is the nightingale; instead of butterflies in the meadows, glowworms, insects, sparks of fire! Who would have believed it? What kind of cool, deliberate life dwells in those dewy abodes associated with a spark of fire? So man has fire in his eyes, or blood, or brain. Instead of singing-birds, the short chirp of the grasshopperlark, the hooting of owls, and the shrill note of the cricket, but above all the deep croaking of the pond-frogs by stream and pool. The tall rye stands upright, the corn grows space, the bushes loom, the grain-fields seem boundless. On the reed-shores, by the river's sides, the tall reeds occupy the ground like an army, their heads nodding in the breeze. Small trees and shrubs are seen in the midst, overwhelmed as by an inundation. The shadows of rocks and trees and shrubs and hills are more conspicuous than the objects themselves. The slightest irregularities in the ground are revealed by the shadows, and what the feet find comparatively smooth appears rough and diversified in consequence. For the same reason the whole landscape is more variegated and picturesque than by day. The smallest recesses in the rocks are dim and cavernous; the ferns in the woods appear of tropical size. The broom and wood-sage in over-grown wood-paths wet you with dew up to your middle. The leaves of the shrub-oak are shining as if a liquid were flowing over them. The pools seen through the trees are as full of light as the sky. "The light of the day takes refuge in their bosoms," as the Purana says of the ocean. All white objects are more remarkable than by day. A distant cliff looks like a phosphorescent space on a hill. The broods are happy and dark Nature slumbers. You see the moonlight reflected from the bases of particular trees in the recesses of the woods, as if she selected what to shine on. These small fractions of her light remind one of the plant called moon-seed—as if the moon were sowing it in such places.

In the night the eyes are partly closed, or retire into the head. Other senses take the lead. The walker is guided as well by the sense of smell. Every plant and field and forest emits its odour now—spirea in the meadow, and tansy in the road; and there is the peculiar cent of Herb- Robert, which has begun to show its needles. The senses both of hearing and smelling are more alert. We hear the tinkling of rills which we never detected before. From time to time, high up on the sides of hills, you pass through a stratum of warm air—a blast which has come up from the sultry level at noon. It tells of the day, of sunny noontide hours, and of the labourer wiping his brow and the bee humming amid blossoms. It is an air in which work has been done—which men have breathed. It circulates about from woodside to hillside, like a dog that has lost its master, now that the sun is gone. The rocks retain all night the warmth of the sun which they have absorbed. And so does the sand; if you dig a few inches into it, you find a warm bed.

You lie on your back on a rock, in a pasture on the top of some bare hill at midnight, and speculate on the height of the starry canopy. The stars are the jewels of the night, and perchance surpass anything which day has to show. A companion with whom I was sailing, one very windy, but bright moonlight night, when the stars were few and faint, thought that a man could get along with them, though he was considerably reduced in his circumstances—that they were a kind of bread and cheese that never failed. No wonder that there have been astrologers—that some have conceived that they were personally related to particular stars. Du Bartas, as translated by Sylvester, says he'll

"Not believe that the great Architect
With all these fires the heavenly arches decked
Only for show, and with these glistening shields,
'T awake poor shepherds, watching in the fields,"—
he'll

"not believe that the least flower which pranks
Our garden-borders or our common banks,
And the least stone that in her warming lap
Our Mother Earth doth covetously wrap,
Hath some peculiar virtue of its own,
And that the glorious stars of heaven have none."

And Sir Walter Raleigh well says, "The stars are instruments of far greater use than to give an obscure light, and for men to gaze on after sunset;" and he quotes Plotinus as affirming that they "are significant, but not efficient;" and also Augustine as saying, "Deus regit inferi or a corpora per superi or a:" God rules the bodies below by those above. But best of all is this, which another writer has expressed: "Sapiens adjunxit opus astrorum quaestionibus agricola terrae naturam": A wise man assisteth the work of the stars as the husbandman helpeth the nature of the soil. It does not concern men who are asleep in their beds, but it is very important to the traveller, whether the moon shines brightly or is obscured. It is not easy to realize the serene joy of all the earth, when she commences to shine unobstructed, unless you have often been abroad alone in moonlight nights. She seems to be waging continual war with the clouds in your behalf. Yet we fancy the clouds to be her foes also. She comes on magnifying her dangers by her light, revealing, displaying them in all their hugeness and blackness, then suddenly casts them behind into the light concealed, and goes her way triumphant through a small space of clear sky.

In short, the moon traversing, or appearing to traverse, the small clouds which lie in her way, now obscured by them, now easily dissipating and shining through them, makes the drama of the moonlight night to all watchers and night-travellers. Sailors speak of it as the moon eating up the clouds. The traveller all
alone, the moon all alone, except for his sympathy, overcom-  
ing with incessant victory whole  

quadrants of clouds above the woods and lakes  

and hills. When she is obscured, he so sympa-  

thizes with her that he could whip a dog for her  

relief, as Indians do. When she enters on a  

clear field of great extent in the heavens, and  

shines unobstructedly, he is glad. And when  

she has fought her way through all the quadrants  
of her foes, and rides majestic in a clear sky  

unscathed, and there are no more any obstruc-  
tions in her path, he cheerfully and confidently  
pursues his way, and rejoices in his heart, and  

the cricket also seems to express joy in its song.  

How insuperable would be the days, if the  
night, with its dews and darkness, did not come  
to restore the drooping world! As the shades  
begin to gather around us, our primeval in-  

stincts are aroused, and we steal forth from  
ourselves, like the inhabitants of the jungle, in search of  
those silent and brooding thoughts which are  
the natural prey of the intellect.

Richter says that "the earth is every day  
overseas with the veil of night for the same  
reason as the cages of birds are darkened,  
namely, that we may the more readily apprehend  
the higher harmonies of thought in the  
bush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts which  
day turns into smoke and mist stand about us  
in the night as light and flames; even as the  
column which fluctuates above the crater of  
Vesuvius in the daytime appears a pillar of  
cloud, but by night a pillar of fire."

There are nights in this climate of such  
severe and majestic beauty, so medicinal and  
fertilizing to the spirit, that methinks a sensitive  
nature would not devote them to oblivion, and  
perhaps there is no man but would be better  
and wiser for spending them out-of-doors,  
though he should sleep all the next day to pay  
it, should sleep an Endymion sleep, as the  
ancients expressed it—nights which warrant  
the Grecian epitaph emíroníal, when, as in  
the land of Beulah, the atmosphere is charged  
dewy fragrance, and with music, and we  
take our repose and have our dreams awake;  
when the moon, not secondary to the sun,

"in such a night let me abroad remain  
Till morning breaks, and all's confused again."

Of what significance the light of day, if it is  
not the reflection of an inward dawn?—to what  
purpose is the veil of night withdrawn, if the  
morning reveals nothing to the soul? It is  
merely garish and glaring.

When Ossian, in his address to the sun,  
exclaims—

"Where has darkness its dwelling?  
Where is the cavernous home of the stars,  
When thou quickly followest their steps,  
Pursuing them like a hunter in the sky—  
Thou climbing the lofty hills,  
They descending on barren mountains?"

who does not in his thought accompany the  
stars to their "cavernous home," "descending  
with them "on barren mountains?"

Nevertheless, even by night the sky is blue  
and not black; for we see through the shadow  
of the earth into the distant atmosphere of day,  
where the sunbeams are revolving.

O L D  A G E, when it has been attained in the paths  
of wisdom and virtue, claims universal honour and  
respect; since the old, in goodness and piety, are  
marked by having stood the great trial of human life—  
years assailed by temptation, yet passed in virtue. The  
young may promise fairly and hope fairly, but the old  
are sanctified by practice; and none but the ignorant  
or the vicious can despise that time of life which God  
himself has marked with peculiar favour, since  
honoured age is often declared by his holy prophets  
to be the temporal reward of the pious and the just. The  
wise will ever reverence age, the fool alone will despise  
it.
COCKCROW.

"Meteorologists observe that during the still dark weather which usually happens about the Brumal Solstice, cocks often crow all day and all night; hence the belief that they crow all night on the vigil of the Nativity.

"There is this remarkable circumstance about the crowing of cocks: they seem to keep night-watches, or to have general crowing matches at certain periods, as—soon after twelve, at two, and again at daybreak. These are the Alectrophones mentioned by St. John. To us these cockerowings do not appear quite so regular in their times of occurrence, though they observe certain periods, when not interrupted by changes of the weather, which generally produce a great deal of crowing; indeed, the song of all birds is much influenced by the state of the air.

"It seems that crepuscule, or twilight, is the sort of light during which cocks crow most. This has been observed during the darkness of eclipses of the sun, as in that of September 4th, 1820.

"It was long ago believed among the common people that at the time of cockcrowing the midnight spirits forsake these lower regions, and went to their proper places. This notion is very ancient; for Prudentius, the Christian poet of the fourth century, has a hymn, the opening of which is thus translated:

"They say the wandering powers that love
The silent darkness of the night,
At cockcrowing give o'er to rove,
And all in fear do take their flight."

This idea is illustrated by Shakespeare in "Hamlet," where the ghost was "about to speak, when the cock crowed:" and "faded at the crowing of the cock." By a passage in "Macbeth," "we were carousing till the second cock," it appears that there were two separate times of cockcrowing; and in "King Lear" we have, "he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock." And in "Romeo and Juliet,"

"The second cock has crow'd;
The curfew-bell has tolled;" 'tis three o'clock."

Chaucer, in his "Assembly of Fowles," has:

"The cocke, that horologe is of Throple ytt."

"The disappearance of spirits at cockcrowing is a frequent fancy of the poets. Herrick, in his "Hesperides," "The Old Wive's Prayer," has:

"Drive all hurtful fiends us fro' By the time the cocks first crow."

Spenser says one of his spirits:

"The morning cock crew loud; And at the sound it shrunk in haste away, And vanished from our sight."

* Id cet—the clock of the villages.

In two lines ascribed to Drayton:

"And now the cocke, the morning's trumpeter, Play'd Hunts up for the Day-Star to appear.

Butler, in "Hudibras" (part iii. canto 1), has:

"The cock crows, and the morn draws on, When 'tis decreed I must begone."

And in Blair's "Graves," the apparition vanishes at the crowing of the cock.

"Tusser gives the order of crowing, in his "Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie," as follows:

"Cooke croweth at midnight, times few above six, With pause to his neighbour to answer betwix: At three aclocke thicker, and then, as ye knowe, Like all into mattens weree day they doe crowe: At midnight, at three, and an hour yeer day, They utter their language as well as they may."

Or, who can forget the allusion in Milton's "Comus," where the two brothers, heightened in the forest, implore that they may but hear the village cock "count the night-watches to his feathery dames?"

"Bourne thus illustrates the sacredness and solemnity of the periods of crowing: "It was about the time of cockcrowing when our Saviour was born. The angels sung the first Christmas carol to the poor shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem. Now it may be presumed, as the Saviour of the world was then born, and the heavenly host had then descended to proclaim the news, that the angels of Darkness would be terrified and confounded, and immediately fly away; and perhaps this consideration has partly been the foundation of this opinion. It was, too, about this time that our Saviour rose from the dead. A third reason is, the passage in the Book of Genesis, where Jacob wrestled with the angel for a blessing; where the angel says unto him, 'Let me go, for the day breaketh.'"" Bourne likewise attaches much importance to the circumstances of the time of cockcrowing, being so natural a figure and representation of the morning of the resurrection; the night as shadowing out the night of the grave; the third watch being, as some suppose, the time our Saviour will come to judgment at; the noise of the cock awakening sleepy man, and telling him, as it were, the night is far spent, and the day is at hand, representing so naturally the voice of the archangel awakening the dead, and calling up the righteous to everlasting day. So naturally does the time of cockcrowing shadow out these things, that probably some good, well-meaning men might have been brought to believe that the very devils themselves, when the cock crew and reminded them of them, did fear and tremble, and shun the light."

"In the Great or Passion Week, as kept in
the fourth century, the fast of Good Friday was prolonged by all who were able to bear it, over the succeeding Saturday, while Christ continued in the tomb, till cockcrow on the Easter morning.

"During Lent, so late as the reign of George 1., an officer of the Court, denominated "the King's cockerower," crowed the hour every night within the precincts of the palace, instead of calling it in the ordinary manner. In Debrett's "Imperial Calendar" for the year 1822, in the list of persons holding appointments in the Lord Steward's department of the royal household, occurs the "cock and cryer at Scotland-yard." The attendants on a sick bed at court were aware that the objects of their anxiety experience, in ordinary circumstances, the greatest amount of suffering between midnight and daybreak, or the usual period of the crowing of the cock.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR C.—

Thank God the cholera panic is over, and the Parisians begin to venture home, and to the winter quarters—although they say that the hospitals are still so full of sick, and that numbers of complaints that usually follow the epidemic. We certainly have proved ourselves great cowards on the occasion, and yet what an example their Majesties set us, visiting all the hospitals in the very height of the distemper! It was really admirable, and justly excited great admiration from all parties, particularly with regard to the Empress, who was suffering under a very severe cold, therefore more exposed to take the disease. Accompanied by Mlle. Bouvet, her young and pretty "lectrice," and the Marquis de Lagrange, she spent an hour at least at each hospital, talking to the sisters of charity, and to the doctors; and, approaching the beds of the sick, she questioned them, consoled them, and cheered them up with the greatest kindness, both women and men. One poor creature, whose sight was dimmed—perhaps by approaching death—mistaking her Majesty for the sister, answered to a question she put him with "Oui, ma sœur." "Is it not I who speak to you," said the good sister, "but the Empress." "Do not correct him," quickly interrupted the august lady; "that is the most beautiful name he can give me." Was it not a graceful and well-deserved compliment to these devoted nurses? You may imagine how our excitable populace, waiting outside, expressed their enthusiasm when her Majesty returned to her carriage. It was truly a noble step on her part, and certainly did a great deal of good, by restoring confidence to many whom fear had put in danger of death: and it was all done so quietly, without any parade; one felt that it was from kindness of heart. The Emperor went to the Hôtel-Dieu (in character, accompanied only by one gentleman: he arrived after four o'clock, when the doors were closed to the public, and the members of the administration gone home. Not being known to the concierge (doorkeeper) he was refused admittance. Fancy this important personage's dismay when he was told who the visitor was! Oh, dear, dear! he could not open the door half wide enough to prove his horror at having confounded the Emperor with a simple citizen! His Majesty smilingly reassured him as he received his profound excuses, and passed into the sick wards. As soon as it was known that the Emperor was there, the cries of "Vive l'Empereur" came from every bed; and those who could scarcely move managed to lift their heads to get a glance. "Oh," said Napoleon, smiling, to a doctor near him, "I see they are better as they find their voices!" Hundreds of people had assembled round the doors of the hospital when the news spread that the Emperor was there; and you may imagine what shouts greeted him as soon as he appeared. He and the Empress sent 25,000 francs from their private purses to the families that the cholera has deprived of support. The court left St. Cloud on the 12th for Compiègne. A few days before going, the young artists who had carried off the grand prizes at the School of Fine Arts were invited to dine at the imperial table. Unfortunately for many the notice given was too short, and only two or three could enjoy the honour. Her Majesty's fête, St. Eugenie, was celebrated the day after their arrival at their autumnal residence. Many an ambitious little heart is now going pit-a-pat with fond hopes to be invited to Compiègne, it being the ne plus ultra of joy and delight to get one's nose in there. No invitation at the Tuileries can equal Compiègne. Her Majesty orders the invitations personally, which gives a character of intimacy that all are proud of. There are always at every season several artists and authors amongst the number of the elect, though it must be very galling to the ladies of these gentlemen to be excluded from Paradise. As a man and his wife are one, the law ought to be that where one is invited so is the other. The King and Queen of Portugal are expected on the 4th.
"I'm looking at you."

And published by G. Richardson of Northcote Strana.
of December, and it is said that the Prince and Princess of Wales will also visit Compiègne; but this report has so frequently been spread, that I have not much faith in it. However, this is to be a very gay season it seems, in honour of the approaching marriage of the Empress’s prime favourite the Princess Anna Murat, who is at last really engaged to the Prince de Diane, Duke of Aumale, Mouchy, Grandee of Spain, Prince of Poix, and heir of the Noailles family. He possesses five hundred thousand francs a-year (about £20,000), and the Emperor will give his beautiful young cousin £4,000 a-year, and the pretty hotel on the Champs Elysées, which the Empress built for her mother to reside in. This is rather a fall in the pretensions of a lady who, on dit, aspired to be Princess of Wales, and whom the papers gave to every young prince that has for the last four or five years visited Paris. The Princess Anna Murat is a daughter of Prince Lucien Murat, son of a sister of Napoleon I., and the soldier of fortune Murat, whom Napoleon made King of Naples. The Princess is a very beautiful American lady, and report says that the Princess Anna, her daughter, was brought up in the Protestant religion, but has, to please the Empress, embraced Romanism—I suppose after they found that the Prince of Wales no go. Really, how disgusting it is to see Protestant princesses ever really to be of any religion you like when a husband is in question!

Our old “Procureur général” (Monsieur Dupin) is also gone to his final home since my last letter. It was he who thundered a few months ago so much against ladies’ dresses in the present day, and excited quite an émeute amongst the fair sex. Monsieur Dupin was President of the Assemblée Nationale after Louis Philippe was sent off. He was 82, and has ever, during his long career, through monarchies, republics, and empires, known which side his bread was buttered. He was a very clever lawyer, and the papers have, since his death, been full of his bêtes noires, drawn cost £3,000 to esteem in the man. It was he who, when Napoleon III. seized the Orleans property, wittily said, that it was the “premier roï de l’ailg.” To which the Emperor as wittily replied, “qu’il fallait bien voler pour acheter Dupin” (du pain). I do not think that the old gentleman’s protestations against ladies’ extravagance has yet had much effect, at least if we judge from what we see at the theatres. At the Vaudeville, in the new comedy, that is now the great “hit,” —“The family Benoiton,” by Sardon—one of the actresses’ (Mdlle. Fargueil) exhibits a blue dress, the white lace on which alone costs 7,000 francs (nearly three hundred pounds); the other actresses’ dresses cost £5,000 to esteem (more than £3,000), without counting their jewellery. But à propos of this comedy, which all Paris is running to see, there is a little girl of six years of age, a perfect wonder. Nothing else is talked of, in the theatrical world, but the beauty and talent of this charming little thing: she has a long part to play, and goes through it with the most extraordinary grace and sang froid. We very often have a child-prodigy on the stage, but the critics declare that none has ever equalled this. An actress—Mdlle. Jenny Vertpré (Madame Carmouche)—who also came out on the stage when a child, died the other day: she did turn out a talented actress, although our critics say that such a thing is rare, and they all advise the parents of the present little prodigy not to exploit the child’s talent yet. Talking of actresses, I see that Mdlle. Sarah Felix sold by auction, the other day, three of her sister’s (Rachel) letters. How thoroughly this lady proves her Jewish origin! I wonder she did not try to put her sister’s bones up to auction: they might have, in future ages, been adored for those of a saint. That reminds me that the Pope is about sending a “corps saint” (a holy body?) to Madame de Lamoricière, for which a chapel is to be built to perpetuate the general’s memory. Pilgrims will go from far and near, barefooted, to worship at the shrine, and, who knows, there may be a Saint de Lamoricière for human wisdom to glos on. Well, at any rate, the old soldier is as well worthy to be canonized as that saint who was admitted the other day into the Roman calendar, for having, amongst other things, lived on cabbage stalks!

I told you that the Grand Théâtre Parisian had given a new opera, “Jeanne d’Arc, by Duprez. It appears that although not a chef-d’œuvre, it is very passable, and attracts great crowds. This is the first attempt at a cheap opera here, and it is likely to answer well. Mr. Duprez, who is director of the theatre, has chosen his subject well, and at a moment when the memory of the fair maid of Orleans is very popular, from the recent discovery at Rouen of the tower where she is supposed to have been confined before her horrible death. The tower belongs to the Ursuline nuns, and is within the high wall that surrounds their convent. The top alone could be seen by the inhabitants of Rouen, who are too busily engaged in affairs to indulge in thoughts of the past; besides the fate of Jeanne d’Arc is not particularly honourable to the memory of their forefathers more than it is to those of the English, and the good folks of Rouen, until quite lately, slept comfortably in their beds, without being troubled by visions of Jeanne d’Arc, although her last prison was private property, and unhonoured. One day, however, a short time ago a fire broke out in the convent, quickly the firemen arrived with their engines, but no profane foot is allowed to enter the dwelling of the Ursuline nuns without permission of the bishop. “It will only take a short hour to send and get the permission,” said the nun tourière from the grated window. “But the fire is raging,” vociferated the men below; “we shall open by force if you do not let us in.” “Open by force?” sighed the lady, and, long before permission came the firemen had knocked down an entrance; while the horrified and bewildered nunns escaped on all sides to hide themselves. Of course the public pro-
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Victor Hugo’s new publication, "Chansons des rues et des bois," has already gone through several editions. These new children of our great poet’s brain are, as usual, a combination of charming things with very odd ones. His enemies of course choose the odd ones to comment on, as specimens of the new work, and there is already a parody on them. However, the laugh is on Hugo’s side, which the rapid sale of his work proves. His publisher pays him 40,000 francs a volume. There is an anecdote going the round of the papers, on our poet’s way of doing business: When his drama "Lucrèce Borgia" was accepted in 1833 at the Porte-St.-Martin, he demanded of the director (M. Harel) that his author-rights should be counted the same as at the Théâtre Français, which M. Harel accepted. "I also desire that my drama should be considered as a piece in five acts, although there are only three." M. Harel accepted again. "I desire to have the whole theatre at my disposal for the first three representations." Accepted again, although with difficulty. "I should also like you to warrant me fifty representations at a thousand crowns a night." "Impossible, my dear Monsieur Hugo," answered the witty director; "you asked me for my coat, I have given it to you; but now you ask me for my shirt, I cannot possibly give you that, the prefect of the police would not allow me."

The Museum of Natural History has just received an enormous hare, killed in Burgundy, having a horn in the middle of its forehead, measuring 30 centimetres.

The Duke of Luynes intends restoring completely the old feudal castle belonging to the Duke of Cherreuse, of which there only exists an old ruin, perched on the top of a hill. It will be done after authentic plans, and will be an edifice of the middle ages.

M. de Lamartine is now publishing, in the Constitutionnel, a life of Lord Byron; and M. Alexandre Dumas is gone to gather the applause and money of the Austrians at Vienna; while the project of Sir Henry Bulwer to establish himself at Constantinople gives the journalists here the nightmare.

Adieu, with kind compliments,

A. S.

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LEAVES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

CHRISTMAS EVE AND CHRISTMAS EVENING.

BY FRANCES LEE.

High up in an attic room, with only one dormer window, lived a lame cobbler. It was in an old house, painted yellow, and once there had been a wide yard before it, covered with grass, filled with lilac and rose-bushes, and shaded by some great apple trees. But now the trees and flowers and grass were all gone, and where they had been, stood a block of high brick houses, with bulging fronts and balconies. So there was no way of getting to the cobbler’s attic but through an archway, which was shut from the street by an iron gate; and a row of handsome houses, which turned their backs proudly upon the tenant-house (which had been an old dwelling long before they were built or thought of), in
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spite of themselves did it some good after all, for they kept out the dust and deadened the endless roar of the cabs and omnibuses, the wagons and drays, and carriages that continually whirled and rattled along the busy street.

The cobbler's wife had lighted the lamp, but she had not put down the curtain, so the little girl who stood at a back window of one of the tall brick houses could look direcdy in. She had come up stairs to lay away her hat and fur cape by the light which streamed up from the hall below, and made a dim sort of twilight in the room; and stopping as she passed her window, she saw the cobbler's boy, with eyes the colour of shoes, and hair like thistle-down, lecking from his. There was not light enough for him to see her, although she could see everything in the attic-room plainly, standing "so near and yet so far." The floor was bare, but a little clock stood upon the mantel and some pictures in wooden frames hung about on the white walls, so the people could not be very poor. The cobbler worked at his bench in the corner, but he could not see the boy drawing out his arm, and she knew he was sewing shoes; and the cobbler's wife was getting supper. Only a corner of the table-cloth was in sight, but she could see the tea-pot on the stove, and the cobbler's wife, when she took the bread from the oven. Then the boy went away from the window and the cobbler from his corner, and she could only see on the wall the funny shadows they made in eating and drinking.

"Annie, where are you? Come, tea is ready," called her mother from below.

"I have been watching the nicest people; the man makes shoes, and there is a boy just as big as I am. Oh, mamma! may I take him in my boots to be mended to-morrow? they are ripped awfully!" she exclaimed, rushing into the dining-room as excited as though she had at least a new garibaldi for her doll.

"What is it, dear? Don't talk so fast," replied her mother.

Annie tried to explain, but her mouth by that time was full of toast, and she was harder to understand than before.

"A man who mends shoes, mamma, and he lives in the wooden house down the archway, and can he mend my boot to-morrow? Do, please say 'I'll see'; don't say 'no,'" said she at last, more plainly.

Her mother smiled, and said she would see, and Annie made up stories about the cobbler to her doll all the evening, and then went to bed and dreamed about the people in the attic.

In the morning she was awakened by the sound of hail rattling against the windows, and the wind howling and shrieking around the corner like a mad wolf.

"Oh, dear me!" said she; "now I can't go and see the cobbler! I know my mother won't let me if I ask her, though it isn't but such a little bit of a way."

So she contented herself with putting back the window-curtain and peeping across; but because there was no lamp in the attic-room she could not see much but the birdcage at the window, and the little boy who came once and looked out at the weather. Then she nodded a good morning to him, and ran away, and before night she had quite forgotten all about the cobbler's attic; and even when the storm, which only lasted a few hours, was over, did not remember to ask again about her shoes; for something very delightful was going to happen--then at the hall door to wonder over; then, best of all, was the tree itself, green and glossy, and fragrant with the smell of the woods where it had been all summer, with the birds, and squirrels, and brown rabbits. It was very charming to watch the man who brought the tree make it stand firmly in a tub of sand, which Annie's older sisters covered with moss; but it was more charming yet to watch the little wax tapers and the Christmas gifts being hung upon the branches until there was positively room for nothing more, and heaps and heaps of things were piled on the piano.

At last it was evening, and Annie had her curls brushed, and her new crimson frock on, and went into the front parlour to wait for her cousins; and such a host of them as she had! The parlour was quite full with them all.

"We have got the most splendid Christmas-tree you ever saw, and it is crowded and stuffed full of things. It is going to be lighted up as soon as everybody comes, and then we can see it and have our presents," said Annie.

"Is 'at 'e Christmas tree?" asked baby Minnie, pointing with her fat finger at Annie's doll, which sat up in state in her bamboo chair.

Then how the children laughed and said—"How funny!" and "What a little darling!"

"Minnie never saw a Christmas-tree; she only knows it is something very nice," explained her sister Agatha, in a motherly way.

"Oh, dear me! how I wish they would open the door! I can't wait," said cousin Sophy.

"Christmas-trees are nothing; I have seen them a hundred thousand times or more, and I don't care at all about seeing it," replied cousin Gertrude, who was not always a very pleasant little girl.

"Oh," Gertrude, what a story! Then why did you come?" exclaimed Agatha.

But nobody heard Gertrude's reason, for just then the folding-doors rolled back, and the children shouted and jumped with delight at
sight of the tree, bright with blazing tapers, and gay with oranges, and painted eggs, besides toys of every kind and description that the ingenuity of man could devise or his money buy. It was like a bit of Regent Street brought into the back parlour, there was such a variety of the pretty things which had for days and weeks beckoned to the children from the shop windows and drawn the money from the purses of papas and mammas, aunts and uncles, whether they would or no.

There were quantities for everybody. Each little girl had more than she could hold, and the boys had every pocket and both hands full. Balls and books, bright coloured-tops and gay baskets and little Red-riding-hoods, puzzles and pictures, wire bows and arrows, china dolls, India-rubber dolls, paper dolls, large and small with dresses enough to set up the Empress Eugenie, and enough baby-house furniture to furnish all the baby-houses in a town like this. These things were not a tithe of the whole. Yet Gertrude ponted and threw up her shoulders, saying—"Pooh! this is nothing. I wouldn't have come if I had known everything would be so common. It is the homeliest tree I ever saw. My grandpapa in the country has a million prettier ones in his woods."

While she was talking, Uncle Walter took from the tree a scarlet covered book with gilt edges, filled with beautifully tinted pictures, and opening it read—"Gertrude S. Halling."

The little girl condescended to go and get it, but she came back to her place with a very ugly frown on her face.

I hate books more than I hate anything. Horrid old thing, I won't touch or look at it."

"That is too bad, I am real sorry, Gerty. Would you rather have my dissected picture? Santa Claus won't care if we exchange," said Annie goodnaturedly.

But Gertrude would not be coaxed out of her ill-humour.

"No, I don't wish to exchange; I hate dissected pictures worse than I do books; they are only meant for babies, and I'm not a baby," said she crosser than ever.

While Gertrude was thus making everybody uncomfortable who came near her, just as a rosethorn in your finger makes a pain whenever it is touched, baby Minnie's golden head was darting about like a flash of sunlight. Nobody but Gertrude, who was in no mood to be pleased with anything, could help enjoying the little creature's delight, and laughing with her over every new treasure that came into her chubby dimpled hand.

And now it was the turn of the cobbler's boy to peep at his neighbour. The back parlour was under Annie's room, so he could look down very well through the lace curtains of the long low windows, and see indistinctly the moving figures of the children, the gleam of the gilded mirrors and picture-frames, and even the brilliant Christmas-tree itself.

"Oh, mother! Just look over at the little girl's house! She has got a party, and only see how light it is! Mother! mother! come and look! What is that all on fire, with so many things hanging on it?"

The mother put down her balls of worsted—she knit all manner of bright scarfs and hoods, caps and shawls, for sale—and came to the window.

"They are having a Christmas party at the big house, and that is surely a Christmas-tree to hang the children's presents on.""

"Oh, mother, why can't we have a Christmas-tree? I've got lots of things to hang on it—my new shoes, you know, and the bright penny the gentleman gave me that came to get his boots tapped. Then there's the tin cup I had when I was a baby, and my primer, you know, mother," said the boy, eagerly.

"Well, Sammy dear, I'll see what I can do about it to-morrow night—that will be Christmas evening instead of Christmas eve. The ladies at the Hall always had a Christmas-tree for the children of the parish, when I was at home in Kent, and I'd like to see something like it once more for the sake of old times."

The cobbler's wife sighed as she spoke, not because she was homesick, for she and her family were much more comfortable than before they left the country, and she did not wish to return, but the thought of it brought a yearning remembrance to her mind for a moment of the old home and the old friends. She soon, however, forgot it, and went back to winding her yarn as contented as ever, and Sammy, well satisfied with her half-promise, shook the thistledown from his eyes, and turned again to the window with fresh delight.

Just then Gertrude parted the curtain's little, and seated herself in the deep window-seat to eat a saucer of blanc-mange. Then Sammy could see very plainly the tree which had nothing left on it, only the lighted tapers, the oranges and coloured egg-shells. But that was more splendid than anything the cobbler's boy had ever seen, and he thought it quite delightful. Little Gertrude, too, sitting between the white curtains, where she and her handsomely embroidered blue dress showed so plainly before the brightness of the dazzling gaslight, looked very charming, for Sammy could not see the pout, which quite spoiled her pretty lip, nor hear her say peevishly—"I don't like blanc-mange at all. Sophy has a cluster of frosted raisins, and I don't see why my mamma won't give me some!"

The children's party was over early, and in spite of all the gifts upon the Christmas-tree Santa Claus found something more for every little stocking that night. He even found his way with a ball and a pair of mittens into the cobbler's attic.

The next day little Annie went to cousin Agatha's to Christmas dinner, where of course they had turkey and plum-pudding, and, what was very curious, the turkey had so many wishbones that every child got one upon her plate.

Annie came home before evening, and going
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to her room just after the lamps were lighted, with her hat and cape, saw, as she did on the other night, through the window into the attic window directly opposite.

"Oh, my cobbler! I forgot all about him," said she, running to the window.

The cobbler's wife had been very busy the previous day, but had found time just at dusk to go out with a package of finished scarfs and another of shoes, to take to the shops for which she worked.

"And I think you may spare a few pennies to dress the boy's Christmas-tree," said the lame cobbler, as she tied on her bonnet.

His wife nodded and Sammy fairly squealed with joy, making his nose perfectly flat against the window, as he looked out to catch the first glimpse of her in the court below on her return.

On this evening she had just come in and had lighted the lamp as Annie looked from her window, and as soon as she had put away her bonnet and shawl, she screwed her yarn-winder on to the edge of the table, thus making a Christmas-tree.

Sammy looked on open-mouthed and eager, and Annie, seeing something curious was about to happen, looked on also.

First of all, the cobbler's wife took a tallow candle from a wrapping of brown paper, and cutting it into small pieces, with a little wick left at the end for lighting, she hung them by threads to the winder, then proceeded to farther adorn this original tree with one red apple, a few oranges, a jumping-jack, a penny book, a slate and pencil, and a sprig of evergreen she had picked up in the street.

At each addition Sammy jumped up and down clapping his hands and shouting till I don't know what the people in the tenement below could have thought was happening over their heads. Annie, however, understood it all, and she joined heartily in the pleasure she could see so plainly.

"Oh, mamma, please come here. My cobbler's boy is dressing a Christmas-tree! Do just look over," cried she, as she heard her mother coming up the stairs. "That is his Christmas-tree and I saw everything hung on it my own self. Isn't it funny? And mayn't I take him over one of my presents, mother?—I had such a number, you know, and I am sure Nora will go with me."

Her mother was very willing, so Annie ran directly to select one from her store.

"I think I will take my Red-Riding-Hood book; that is my prettiest present, and he ought to have something very nice, you know, if he has but one," said she.

In a few minutes Annie stood with Nora at the door of the cobbler's attic. Nora knocked, and Sammy opened it.

"Here is something Santa Claus sent you," said Annie "and I wish you a merry Christmas."

Then she turned away quickly, and ran down the narrow stairs, which were full of crooks and turns, and broad landings, across the court, then into the archway and through the little gate into her own back yard, and so home again.

But she should have seen the pleasure she left behind her in the attic. Sammy was fairly speechless at first, but he soon recovered his voice.

"It was the little girl in the big house, mother, I have seen her playing with our cat in the back-yard, and with her doll, sometimes. And just look at what she brought me! It is a nice present, isn't it, father? A book full of pictures, and some verses on every page.

Oh, little Annie, not all the fruit of your Christmas-tree gave half the delight of this one offering from your generous heart! Little Red Riding-Hood went on to Sammy's Christmas-tree, crowning it with its scarlet splendour for a moment; but he could not spare it from his hands long; and besides, it might get burnt or greased from the bits of lighted candle; so he looked the pictures over and over again, and spelled out the story till bed-time was quite past, then putting it under his pillow, went to sleep, the very happiest boy in Christendom.

THE SNOW-BIRDS—A FABLE.

BY MRS. H. M. L. WARNER.

Pell the fairy snow-flakes glittering
To the ground,
Came the little snow-birds twittering
All around,
While a little maiden,
With a dinner-basket on her arm well laden,
And each fold
Of her mantle drawn about her tightly,
Whispered to herself while smiling brightly
"I'm not cold."

Lay a little robin red-breast lowly
With torn wing,
Came his breath up feebly, slowly,
While shivering
Drooped his head,
When a little chirping snow-bird said,
"Stir about, friend Robin, stir about!"

But the robin answered feebly to his shout,
"I am cold!"

Then the little snow-bird chirped again,
Chirped with glee,
All about the whitened plain
Chippered he;
And, with shout,
To the other snow-birds all about,
Quickly told
That a little robin red-breast, lying
Down among the snow, was sadly sighing
"I am cold."

Came a troop of snow-birds, swiftly flying
O'er the plain.
Close where little robin red was lying
In his pain;
MEMS OF THE MONTH.

"Please to remember the 5th of November" as much, or as little, as ever you please; but let all Guys, crackers, and bonfires be put down by Act of Parliament. When there are so many Guys in real flesh and blood to be seen in our streets every day of the year we would, at least, abolish all make-believe ones, thoroughly coinciding with the remark of Mrs. Brown, that "Why other parties should be set in flames every year in remembrance of him I can't think, as was a good-for-nothing wagabone as the sooner he's forgot the better." For ourselves we would be content with just so many crackers as are necessary to promote the mirth at a Christmas supper-party; bonfires should be permitted only insomuch as they are useful for the destruction of "ill weeds" (not Guy Fawkes'). Selfishly speaking, we do not care to be invited to go out on a damp night, when suffering from the cold we invariably have in November for the sake of amusing a few young people who might be made just as happy with charades, Christmas-trees, forfeits, and Pharaoh's serpents. Although the fumes inhaled from half-a-dozen of the latter are sufficiently noxious to poison an entire family, no Christmas party will be perfect without them—see advertisements. With reference to the 5th of November commemoration we may state that a friend of ours, not a hundred miles from Lewisham, had his plate-basket walked off with, advantage having been taken by the light-fingered gentry during the pyrotechnic display. The victim will, we feel certain, sympathise with Mrs. Brown, and have cause to remember the last sixth of November for some time to come. To quote again from Mrs. Brown, the weather has been "mild for November, though it's not a month as I cares to take cold in; for it lays hold on you with a cough as I've know'd last till May, as horehound won't pacify nor squills allay, as is only things as upsets the stomach and makes one feel frequent nauseous." Up to the present time we have been comparatively free from November fog, and we are far far carried comfortably on to Christmas, the weather being much too mild, for which we are afraid we shall suffer by-and-bye.

The Lord Mayor's Show is another old-fashioned November custom that we could well dispense with in these days of enlightenment and progress. We should like to see the rumbling old coach broken up. The absence of the men in armour is a step in the right
direction. Here again we quite "hold with" Mrs. Brown’s opinion, that "it’s a downright nuisance" and "did ought to be put down."

As it is our daily lot to ride in Cheapside we may give it as our opinion that the block in that thoroughfare is becoming everyday more serious; the opening of Cannon-street appears to have in no way relieved the traffic. Will the Thames embankment do more? Time will show. We also question the judgment of experimentalizing with iron pavement in the very heart of the City.

The abolition of tolls near London has already had the effect of reducing the fares of the omnibuses. We are informed that a proprietor on a small scale has effected a saving of £4 a-week; but as his fly-advertisement appeared on both sides of Camberwell toll-gate, he does not consider himself so very much a gainer by its removal. It has been lately stated that a proprietor of omnibuses on the Clapham-road saves a thousand a-year by the abolition of Kennington-gate. It will be a great advantage, on the Derby day, to be enabled to go right through without stoppages, and many accidents will be avoided.

Public attention has again been called to the case of Adelphi bridge, owing to the discovery of a man’s body in those gloomy purveys. Whether the man was murdered or not the jury could not decide. It is to be hoped that the parish will at last perform its duty, and no longer allow that haunt of abomination, which is a reproach to the neighbourhood, to be kept open as a common thoroughfare.

We observe that £31,000 has been subscribed to the Alliance fifty thousand pounds guarantee fund, now being raised for the purpose of prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors as common beverages. There can be no doubt that the existence of gin palaces, which are the nightly haunts of the lowest of the low, is one of the abuses of our large towns. Gin palaces! These are literally cry-palaces; and with this wide difference, that whilst Paxton’s palace is an incentive to the industry and sobriety of the working-classes, these gin-shops become the scenes of riot and the hot-bed of crime. We are tempted to quote the following, from one of Dickens’s early sketches, as worthy of attention now that the subject is being ventilated: "Gin drinking is a great vice in England, but wretchedness and dirt are a greater; and until you improve the homes of the poor, or persuade a half-hamished wretch not to seek relief in the temporary oblivion of his own misery, with the pittance which, divided among his family, would furnish a morsel of bread for each, gin-shops will increase in number and splendour. If Temperance Societies would suggest an antidote against hunger, filth, and foul air, or could establish dispensaries for the gratuitous distribution of bottles of Lethe-water, gin-palaces would be numbered among the things that were."

On Friday the 17th. November the annual supper of the Urban Club took place, in their quaint club-room at St. John’s Gate, Clerkenwell (the very room in which Dr. Johnson dined behind a screen because he was too shabby to associate with the guests of Cave, the bookseller). It was an unusually brilliant evening. The chair was occupied by the veteran song-writer, Mr. J. E. Carpenter, and the vice-chair admirably filled by Mr. William Sawyer. Both these gentlemen made telling and pointed speeches during the evening, and amongst others who also contributed to the intellectual treat were Dr. Westland Marston, Messrs. Tomlins, Oxenford, Henry Marston, Frieswell, Barnett, &c., &c. We were especially amused by the quaint way in which Mr. James Bruton gave the toast of "Music," and also with Mr. George Cruikshank (who looks not a day older than when we first knew him), who returned thanks for "The Volunteers," and informed his hearers that he had been a volunteer before the battle of Waterloo.

Mr. Gambart’s collection, at the French Gallery, is a very pleasing one. There are just enough pictures to see without being weary, or running the risk of having that most wretched of all sight-seers’ complaints, the "exhibition headache." We very much admire the "dinner screen," in six compartments, painted by Messrs. Marks, Story, Wynfdd, &c., &c.—a band of young painters known in artistic circles as the St. John’s Wood clique. Not only do we admire it as a work of art, but also as a pleasing instance of such camaraderie existing amongst the painters of the present day. Especially good is Mr. Smallfield’s "Outside the Convent." We have seldom seen the dreamy tenderness of twilight more successfully conveyed. Very charming, too, are the contributions by Messrs. Calderon and J. D. Watson, and the pictures by Messrs. Sandys and Elmore are "joys for ever." Altogether, this little gallery of good pictures, softly carpeted floors, and yielding seats is one of the pleasantest lounges at the present season in London. Whilst on the subject of art, we may refer to the retirement from business of Mr. Flotou, the well-known picture-dealer. At this present season, when we are flooded with the rapid yearnings of would-be poets, who extract all their contributions out of the magazines for the last five years, and have them re-issued with all the glory that finely-toned paper, exquisite typography, and gorgeous binding can bestow on these emanations from the Tennyson-and-water or diluted Browning school, it is especially pleasant to meet with an original poem—doubly so when coming from the pen of so tender and polished a poet as Mr. J. Ford Wilson. In the volume just published there are two poems—the first entitled "Lost and Found, a Pastoral," and the second, "Home." In the first we are struck by the deep knowledge of human nature, the painter-like love of rural scenes and rural life which are described in a manner so artistic that we have quite a series of lovely country-pictures throughout the poem. The charmingly melo-
Mems of the Month.

Admirable as the first poem is, we must say the second and shorter one, entitled "Home," is our favourite. It is so tender in its pathos, so touchingly real in its sadness, and above all so heartily English in feeling, and having wherewithal not the slightest taint of morbid sentimentality, that we unhesitatingly pronounce it to be one of the finest poems of the kind we have seen for many a day. It is the sort of poem that will be read and re-read by everyone. Mothers will read it with moistened eyes, and even strong men will experience a sensation of "chokiness" that they cannot account for, when perusing this tenderly mournful picture-poem.

We have been mystified by the appearance of the one-line advertisements usual at this season. "Hatch-ups" (not a very elegant title) has reference to Beeton's Christmas annual, and "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions" is the title of the Christmas number of "The All the Year Round." Then there is "Everybody's Business," and "The Fifteenth Finger of the Left Hand but one," to which, up to the present, we have no solution, except that the former is to be published by Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall. We think that "Come again" and "Soup, Fish, Entrées, Joints, Sweets, Game, for Three-pence" may refer to the appearance of a cookery-book published by Routledge. As works got up in an attractive manner and suitable for Christmas presents, we may mention "The Round of Days," a series of poems by various authors, charmingly illustrated, and "Pictures of Society, Grave and Gay," being a selection of the illustrations which have appeared in "London Society," with appropriate letterpress. Nor should we forget to refer to an illustrated edition of the ever-popular "Mrs. Cudle's Curtain-lectures" as an acceptable reprint; and, while on the subject of reprints, we may allude to "Diamond Dust," under which title the columns of pithy sayings which appeared in "Eiza Cook's Journal," are, for the first time, published in a collected form.

A novel, by Miss Agnes Strickland, called "How will it end?" has just been published; and we have been completely deluged with shilling books, from "Artemus Ward" and "Orpheus Kerr" to "The Sparrowsgrass Papers," cum multis aliis. In "London Society" Jack Easel has been across the Solent, and, in a very agreeable article, has given a faithful account of the same ground that we went over two months ago. "Tryste in the Snow, a November Idyll," in the same number, is the title of some verses by Mr. William Reade, about which there is a tender pathos and a graceful rhythm; and we may also refer in admiring terms to the lines, by W. S. (Mr. William Sawyer), called "Two Loves and a Life," founded on the drama of that name by Messrs. Tom Taylor and Charles Read. Miss Bradson's last novel, "Sir Jasper's Tenant," has been severely noticed in the Examiner, the critic in question being headed "Kitchen Literature," and the work classed with the London Journal, Reynolds, and the Penny Miscellany.

The Echo is the title of a new penny journal, which is published at the office of the Glosworm, and is in the style of Public Opinion. We may also refer to the appearance of a new theatrical organ, entitled the Dramatic Telegram, and the first number of a new monthly domestic magazine, to be called the "Household," price 2d., will appear on the 1st of January, under the auspices of Messrs. Groombridge.

In a recent number of Fsa appears an admirable cartoon entitled "Pharaoh's Serpents, or, What may be got out of the Head of the Government," representing Gladstone having set a light to a pigmy figure of Earl Russell, from whose head proceeds Peace, Prosperity, Progress, Reform, Retrenchment, and Reduced Taxation. We were surprised to see a riddle, in the same number, having reference to a drowned monkey and a horse-doctor, which we remember years ago, in one of the comic periodicals, applied to a rat in a similar condition. This might not have been wondered at before the new series, but the present excellence of Fun causes us to be hyper-critical.

At the farewell dinner given to Professor Masson, before his departure for Scotland, Messrs. Sala and Jefferson represented literature. We think it was hardly wise to publish the names of those who sent letters of regret at their inability to be present, as it proved that the best men were absent. Professor Linnaeus the eminent botanist, is dead; also Mr. Lovell Reeve and Mr. Pettigrew; and it is with much regret we refer to the void left in the literary world by the death of James Lowe, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mr. Cath- rall of the Manchester Times.

The death of Tom Sayers, the noted pugilist, should be recorded—an event that formed the subject of a leading article in the Daily Telegraph, a journal that often disregards propriety and good taste in its leaders. A long account of the prizefighter's funeral also appeared in its columns. Was the Daily Telegraph trying to emulate The Sporting Life? Sayers is to have a monument it appears.

Baron Marochetti's bust of Thackeray has been uncovered in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Ruskin has, we observe, been lecturing on art at the Working Man's College, in Great Ormond-street.

"C. and C.; or, A Friend in Need," is the title of an entertainment which has been given at St. Martin's Hall by Messrs. Coote and Cape, in which these gentlemen succeeded in amusing their audience for upwards of two hours, by
assuming various disguises and singing some admirable songs. Mr. Cape's personation of the "divine Williams" is marvellous. We regretted that the room in which they appeared should have been so unsuitable. The Polygraphical Hall would have been more adapted for the purpose, but the large room at St. Martin's Hall, like that of St. James's, is ill-fitted for entertainments of this nature, and it was as hard work for Messrs. Coote and Cape at the former as it is for Mr. Mac Nab at the latter.

A farce now precedes the drama of "Never too Late to Mend," and the performance, with the horrors considerably curtailed, has been honoured by the presence of princes, princesses, dukes, duchesses, &c. A long list of titled names is advertised every day, and it looks as if the attraction of the piece was on the wane when the manager is obliged to have recourse to this unusual style of puffing his theatre.

That very bad burlesque "Camaralzaman" has been withdrawn, and afterwards repeated in consequence of numerous inquiries, at the Olympic, where the present programme is (to us at least) an unattractive one for, though "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," and "A Clef Stick" are exceedingly well acted, we are tired of the first piece, and the other is not to our taste.

The Lyceum and the Strand have reopened—the former with an unintelligible melodrama, and the latter (remodelled and partly rebuilt) with Mr. Burnand's new burlesque on "L'Africaine," as the piece de resistance. On reference to the wording of a recent advertisement of this theatre, we would remark that, "written expressly for here," sounds oddly, to say the least of it.

Mr. Jefferson reigns triumphant at the Adelphi, and "Mazeppa" has been revived at Astley's.

"Three Weeks after Marriage," as now acted at the Haymarket, would be scarcely recognized as Murphy's old-fashioned comedy, first produced rather more than a hundred years ago, very little of the original text being retained; but it goes uncommonly well for all that. W. Farren informs us that one evening lately, Charles Mathews told him that there was a gentleman enquiring for him at the stage-door. "Who is he?" asked Farren. "He says his name's Murphy," replied Mathews, "and that he has called to know what you have done with his dialogue." "The Overland Route" has been revived with great success, and will probably run till Christmas, and the return of Mr. Sothern. The last act somewhat hangs, however, and the conclusion is weak. Mathews has one of the best lines in the piece, when he says, "Never praise a man for doing his duty: when it does not make him uncomfortable, it makes him conceited." We rejoice to hear that we are to have a burlesque by Planche at the Haymarket, the subject being "Orpheus aux Enfers."

Pharaoh's Serpents and the great Chang have inspired musical composers, and the result is the "Magic Serpents" and "The Celestial" galop.

Yours BoHEMIAN.

O U R  L I B R A R Y  T A B L E.


By Mrs. Waller. 3 Vols.—(T. Cautley Newby, Webeck Street, Cavendish Square).—To those who prefer the quiet interest of a story of domestic life to the exciting vicissitudes of naughty heroines of the sensational school, we recommend these volumes. Mrs. Waller writes gracefully and agreeably: her characters are true to nature, and carefully drawn, and the interest is very skilfully divided amongst them. The incidents are such as occur in the beaten paths of every-day life. The scenes are the quiet home scenes, of the refined middle-classes of England; only a few of the characters rise above the conventional types of good society, yet, out of these seemingly common-place materials, the authoress has managed to work out a three-volume novel, the interest of which is unflagging. The story is one eminently adapted for young lady-readers, turning as it does upon the trials and temptations of youthful undisciplined minds, and conveying in the most temperate and charming way the means of overcoming them. Without affecting the role of the so-called religious novel, a tone of gentle and unaffected piety mingled with great good sense pervades Mrs. Waller's pages, and gives us a very pleasant impression of the writer. The lesson which she desires to inculcate is a religious one; it is to show that without higher guidance than that of our own weak judgments even the best resolutions end in failure and disappointment. Especially she points out the danger of self-righteousness in the example of Madeline Marsden (the eldest of three orphan sisters), whose morbid spirit of self-mortification with all its real selfishness and uncharitableness is exhibited in soft but clear outlines. It is a true reflex of those defective pietists who leave alone the opportunities of doing good which lie around them, to seek for them afar off, and
prefer to encounter heathenism at the antipodes, to the comparatively easier task of overcoming the want of Christian training at home. Madeline sees no honor or gratification in accepting the duties of a governess in her aunt's house even for a short time, while the lady who holds this office legitimately is absent on a visit to her sick mother; but she willingly and enthusiastically offers her assistance to assist two young schoolmistresses in the village though she knows it to be distasteful to the other members of her family; and a wholly unneeded self-sacrifice. In the same spirit, when a fire in the village had made a subscription necessary for the sufferers, this young lady gives nearly, or all her quarter's allowance; while she leaves a poor widow, to whom she is indebted for needlework, to suffer inconvenience and deprivation because she has left herself without the means of paying her, except by borrowing from others. In the language of the authors,

Madeline despised the small things of God, and felt herself aggrieved because the martyr's pains and crown, for the hermit's living grave, were utterly denied her.

And we readily endorse Dr. Gerald's judgment when he observes—“I can never see, without a shudder, any young person despising the duties of daily life, and making their religious impressions an excuse for seeking extraneous work and excitement. How can they be so blind as not to see that their omissions must weigh much against their vaunted performances, and that their so-called self-denials are another name for excessive selfishness?” In the carrying out of her self-righteous plans she leaves her uncle's house to play the part of nurse (that popular rôle with so many young and inexperienced persons,) and kills her patient, innocently, with cold water. Her character is such a one as requires great personal trouble and sorrow to work out its reformation; but we scarcely go so far as the authors, who makes Madeline's uncle, the Rector, observe, with reference to the child's death,

"Precious, indeed, must be your reformation in His sight, when it needed the removal of a little one to His kingdom to make the teaching effectual. Can you ever recall that scene without falling at His feet, and acknowledging His infinite love and mercy?"

And all this time a mother, as dear to God as Madeline, with a soul as important, spiritually, as her own, is writhing with grief and desolation over the loss of her little one. It is better, we think, to let every mind draw its own deductions from such mysteries in the way of Providence, and not to attempt to dogmatise on matters wisely hidden from us; but which are capable of being regarded from quite an opposite point of view. Surely there is as much in such a doctrine as this, to puff up the spiritual pride of a character like Madeline's, as to depress and humble it. Occasionally there is a tendency in our author's examples of wrong-doing on the part of young people, to make mountains out of molehills. It is natural where a writer has a bias to a particular theory, and desires to strengthen it even by trifes. Fortunately Mrs. Waller's bias is always towards good, and "All About the Maradens" will greatly strengthen the reputation she has already earned as a pure and sterling writer for youth. There is of course a love-story, or rather two love-stories interwoven with the self-made discomforts of Madeline; and the various other characters introduced give life and variation to the story. Uncle Edward Marsden, of Marsden Hall—hearty, frank, genial, and hospitable—who loves a girl of spirit, and encourages his daughter to be fearless and fast, is a pleasant type of an English country gentleman, which has not yet passed away; while Uncle Charles, the Rector, of whom we see little out of his own house, has contrived to bring up his daughter healthfully, and to endue her with all the practical virtues of a Christian gentlewoman. The characters of the different coiusins give a wide scope for the depicting of their various dispositions and idiosyncrasies, and also for bringing about the peculiar temptations and circumstances, that show the worldly weakness of each.

That of the gentle Flora Marsden, who errs out of the very amiability of her disposition, and her inability to disoblige, is very charmingly drawn; while the strong will and resolution of Diana Weston makes a capital foil to it. The young gentlemen, however, are little more than lay-figures, who move and act when the author pulls the strings, but do not, even in Douglas Cameron's case, affect us with a sense of their flesh and blood. The chief aim of the book is to show how, with the best desires to do well, and live sinlessly, the task is impossible without higher help than our own resolves, and that, as in Madeline's case, we sometimes mistake our own faulty inspirations for the oracles of God, and are only taught by their failure to go to Him in sincere and humble dependence. Nothing can be purer than the tone and teaching of the story, which we very heartily recommend.

The Island of the Rainbow: a Fairy Tale, and Other Fancies. By Mrs. Newton Croxall. — (Routledge and Sons, Broadway, Ludgate Hill).—Whoever loves a fairy tale—and what healthy boy or girl does not?—will be delighted with this pretty story, which is full of pleasant fancies, poetical descriptions, and withal, so much good sense, that we half suspect it is intended to insinuate lessons for older heads, should it fall into their hands.

Those who know the author's works best know how impossible it would be for her to write a purposeless story, and, accordingly the fairy inhabitants of the "Island of the Rainbow" are made the exponents of failings, and, yes, virtues also, which are not unknown to the inhabitants of more solid earth. Oberon and Titania are
ruling in Fairyland, at the opening of the story; but the King departing for the wars, Titania is left at home with her attendants Puck, Peas-blossom, &c., and that favourite Indian boy who had been in her service since the days of Bottom the weaver. There is a Duke Feather of Light—a nobleman of a very active disposition, and with a great many duties on hand—

"He had to ripen the wheat, beard the barley, and sweeten the grapes, swell the apples, and soften the peaches, and harden the nuts, and redden the roses, and whiten the lilies, and polish the blades of grass, and paint all the flowers without ever making two alike."

But there were also certain members of the Slumbering Family and others, who regarded the Duke with jealousy, and talked of him as proud and ostentatious. Matter-of-fact, Mule-head, and Would-if-he-could—three cousins connected with the family of the Slumberings, and, through them, with the Gnomes, who, as young readers may not know, were a kind of fairies, living in mines and other underground places, a very ancient race, but not at all an amiable one.

"The three cousins had a slight smattering of knowledge, but it was of all things on the earth and under the earth; and from their constant habit of looking downward, their necks got so bent that they could hardly turn their heads up to look at the sky. They knew nothing of things above them, for they were so heavy themselves that they could not slide on moonbeams, or even float on thistledown."

They were, however, very conceited and self-sufficient, and being discontented with many things in Fairyland, ended by stirring up jealousies and party-feelings, and eventually proposed, after the fashion of their ancestors the Gnomes, to build an underground city—an idea which the Court fairs ridiculed but the meaner sort rather approved. Matter-of-fact made a speech, in which he reminded poor people that they could not "eat roses, and that Nightingales" had not a feather fit for anybody's use. In this way he managed to arouse dissension in the realm, and the Queen Regent had rather a troublesome time of it. Eventually a piece of ground was given up to the malcontents, who immediately set to work at their excavations. The part given up to them was a narrow neck of ground, which joined a straggling promontory to the mainland, and in delving for the required site the workmen came suddenly on the outwork of the Gnomes, who, in spite of their relationship to the leaders of the party, had no idea of allowing their territories to be infringed, and accordingly a great fight ensued, in which the unarmed workmen had no chance; but one of them, thinking to do a brave deed, threw a lighted torch into one of the Gnome powder-magazines, and the explosion taking place just in a narrow isthmus, it separated for ever the Land's-end from the continent of Fairyland, which sailed off, in independent state, a beautiful little island. Meanwhile the workmen were all tumbled into the sea; Matter-of-fact was blinded by the powder, Mule-head had tumbled down with a crack in his skull, and Would-if-he-could had his arm broken. The first is sent, by the Queen, to an asylum for the blind; Mule-head, whose skull proved too thick to be mended, to a hospital for incurables; and Would-if-he-could, has ever since carried his arm in a sling. Unfortunately, a party of fairies were pic-nicking at the Land's-end when it was broken off, and, as all of them had left their wands behind them, they were just as helpless as mortals would have been, and the Sea-sprites, who had always been envious of Land-fairies, were quite glad to see the trouble they were in. The party on the island consisted of a young Fay, named Topaz, a nephew of Mule's-head, who had just come into a considerable fortune, which he inherited from a Gnome relation; a charming fairy, named the Lady Clove-Pink; the Dowager Duchess Japonica; Lilybud, a particular friend of Clove-Pink's; a young Fey, named Starbright, who had already distinguished himself at the Court of Titania; and about twenty other young fays and fairies of lesser note. Topaz, who, as promoter of the pic-nic, ought to have set an example of spirit, courage, and generosity to his friends and guests in misfortune, proved the greatest coward imaginable, and thought only of himself; while the ladies of the party showed wonderful calmness and self-possession, Clove-Pink especially; but some one presently remembered that she was a seventeenth cousin to Queen Titania—a fact which Topaz had to account for her good sense and courage, qualities which always adorn royalty in Fairyland. When, therefore, Topaz took to wringing his hands and crying, the Dowager Duchess Japonica, in right of seniority, called a sort of council, and reminding every one of Clove-Pink's relationship to the Queen, recommended them to vow allegiance to her, and be guided by her commands; and though there were some dissentients, upon young Starbright coming forward to do her homage, the rest promised fealty, not excepting even Topaz, who left off crying, and was cunning enough to think it would be a good thing to stand well in Clove-Pink's favour. At a council of the Faries, Topaz proposes getting back to the mainland by the aid of the Sea-monsters, while Starbright appeals to their patriotism, and calls upon them not to desert the strip of fairy-earth, but to retain possession of the island in the name of Oberon and Queen Titania. His eloquence is effective: he crowns the golden hair of Clove-Pink with a wreath of cerulean blossoms, and, at the suggestion of the Dowager, is chosen Prime Minister. And now, while Clove-Pink and Starbright govern, the Dowager Japonica enjoys the quiet and repose due to wisdom and age, and Lilybud, who has art-gifts, sings songs, and dips her fingers in a sunbeam and with its separated colours paints pictures of Fairy-land. The general population had their proper duties; and, as for Topaz, he had the hardest work of all, being fit for nothing else; he, however, proves as troublesome to Clove-Pink as his relatives had
been to Titania; and, as there are always persons to join in any scheme that offers change, he soon had his confederates, who were weary of Lilipad's music and pictures, and who had heard other distant singing, which they liked better, and were resolved to go in search of. So they built a boat, and though Clive-Pink and Starbright assured them that the singing they heard was that of the cruel syrens, nothing could dissuade them from setting off from the island, and accordingly they launched their boat, hoisted their sails, and, with Topaz at the helm, sped away from the island, leaving Clive-Pink with only half her subjects. How it fared with them, how Clive-Pink mourned for them and wept away with thinking how they might be saved from misery and brought back to the island, I must leave my young readers to discover; suffice it to say, that Clive-Pink has a wonderful dream, which takes her back to the Court of Titania, where she finds that mischievous fairy, commonly called Queen Mab, but whom our author discourses, and will not allow to have been any other than a spiteful, ill-natured, old-fashioned fairy, whom Titania would have severely punished for robbing apples, turning milk sour, killing little pigs, &c.; also for giving mortals bad dreams, but that she promises to divulge a precious secret to one of the Queen's subjects, and indirectly lets her Majesty know that Clive-Pink is living. How the disaffected passengers in the boat, taught by suffering, learned humility, and long to be restored again to the island, how the island is eventually brought back to the mainland by the aid of Ariel and Neptune, and all ends happily, our readers must learn by reference to this pretty, scarlet-coated herald of juvenile Christmas Gift-Books.

The Life-Boat: a Journal of The National Life-Boat Institution.—The October part of this journal, with its unadorned histories of storm and peril, of disaster and heroic enterprise, lies before us; bearing witness that if the seas and shores of our island are beset with cruel dangers, far exceeding the giant and dragon horrors of old romance, there is a breed of men upon her coasts, who—like knights of yore, but with far higher purposes, and a more worthy devotion—rush dauntless into the terrible conflict, and snatch their victories from the hand of Death himself. One cannot read of Life-boat services without a beating heart, and an exulting feeling that we breathe the same air and are of the same people as these men. Nor is the Celt behind the Saxon in his brave endurance and intrepid bravery where the lives of his fellow-men are in jeopardy: whether the site of the action be on the Irish coast, or in the English Channel, the conduct of the Life-Boat's crews is everywhere beyond praise, and above renumeration. Let us look down the list at the scenes it presents to us. Now it is the picturesque coast of Wexford, with a N.E. gale blowing, and a helpless vessel running despairingly, with ensign half-mast high, for Wexford harbour. At its very entrance she misses stays, and, to prevent her going on the dangerous shoal known as the Dogger-bank, the anchor is let go, but the chain snaps like a thread, and she drifts on to it. There she lies, with the seas making a clean breach over her, and her few men clinging desperately for life to shrouds and stanchions. In this emergency the Rossire life-boat is launched; and after remaining by the wreck an hour, at last finds an opportunity to board her and bring her crew to land. The survivors of two other wrecks on this coast were saved by the same life-boat during March and April of this year. It is dark night on our own east coast, and the St. Nicholas light-ship is seconding the light shown by a vessel on the Scroby sands as a signal of distress, by throwing up rockets. Immediately the Yarmouth life-boat sets forth on her mission of mercy, and rescues from the ship (unmanageable from the loss of rudder) twelve sailors and a pilot, bringing on shore at the same time the crew of one of the beachmen's yaws that had gone off to assist the wrecked vessel, and had received so much damage to their boat that they were glad to return to land. Though Titania would have been of them twenty souls in all—a good night's work for the Yarmouth life-boat crew. At Holyhead on the 14th of January, a schooner is observed in a dangerous position between the Clipera Rocks and Penryn Point, Anglesey; the Holyhead life-boat is despatched to her assistance; the heavy gale increases to a hurricane, and in her return voyage, having left four of her hands on board the schooner (who had taken her to a place of safety), the mast of the life-boat goes by the board, the boat is capsized, but immediately self-righting, six of her men get into her, the remaining four being carried away by the sea: three of them are rescued at great risk by a steam-tug, but the other perished from exhaustion. It was afterwards found that he was suffering from painful illness at the time, and ought not to have been allowed to go off; but this is the spirit in which these brave men do their work. Always under the same conditions, strong gales, and heavy seas, and at the hazard of their own lives, yet without fear or hesitation, the brave life-boat's crews persevere in their noble, but dangerous calling, and in the gray dawn of a wintry morning, or at black midnight as in the day, ever ready to distinguish signals of distress, and at all risks to attempt the rescue of the perishing ship's-crews. Such a service, and such men, are amongst the proudest boasts of our nation; and their maintenance one of those self-instituted cares which Englishmen and Englishwomen delight in undertaking. As, however, every season enlarges the scope of the Institution's usefulness, and extends the radius of its work, it is essential that its funds should increase in the same proportion. Donations, subscriptions, or bequests will be received, on behalf of the National Life-Boat Institution, by all bankers in town or country, and gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Richard Lewis, Esq., 14, John-street, Adelphi.
THE INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS DELIVERED FOR THE FEMALE MEDICAL SOCIETY.*

We, who gave our good word to the scheme of medical colleges for women at a period when the idea was scouted and abused, may very naturally exult in the fact of this address, and that the second session has opened for the pupils. We are the more pleased because from Dr. Edmonds’ address we gather that the principal object of these lady-students is the study and practice of midwifery—a practice which nature and tradition point to as belonging to women, and which remained in their hands till comparatively modern times. In America the number of medical colleges for women have been constantly increasing, and the practice of midwifery has been gradually transferred from men to women practitioners. In France it is well known that the principal practice of obstetrics is in the hands of women, and it is proved by the evidence of the Royal Maternity

* We give the heading as it stands in the report regretting that the society should have chosen the merely sexual appellation female, instead of the God-given generic name Women. Medical Society of Women would, we think, have been the nobler name.

—Ed.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION,

Mr. Pepper continues his agreeable lectures on the Polarization of Light, which he describes, defines, and exemplifies with his usual lucidity. The ghosts at the Polytechnic have ever been popular rather than spiritual manifestations, and play every part but their legitimate one. There is nothing ghostly about them but the name, and yet, with the assistance of this same scientific ghost, a sensational entertainment of great power might be produced. Music forms a pleasing element in each evening’s programme, and appears to be much enjoyed by the audience generally.

HISTORY AND HABITS OF CATS.

“Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Although the domestic “cat” is nowhere mentioned in the canonical books of the Bible, yet it could not have been unknown to the Hebrews; for their ancestors, while in captivity, had witnessed the Egyptians treating it as a divinity. This silence probably results from the animal being considered unclean, and thereby excluded by the Jews from domestic familiarity. In the apocryphal book of Baruch it is noticed only as frequenting Pagan temples, where, no doubt, the fragments of sacrificed animals attracted vermin, and rendered the presence of cats necessary.

Of all the nations of antiquity, the Egyptians were most noted for their appreciation of the useful qualities of the cat, whose protection was indispensable against the multitude of rats and mice with which the country was infested. It accompanied them on their fowling expeditions; it was a capital offence to kill one; and when a cat died, it was embalmed and buried at Babistis—the city sacred to the moon—of which divinity the cat was considered a symbol.

In modern Egypt the cat, although more docile and companionable than its European sister, has much degenerated; but still, on account of its utility in destroying scorpions and other reptiles, it is treated with consideration—suffered to eat out of the same dish with the children—to join with them in their sports, and to be their constant companion and daily friend. A modern Egyptian would look upon it as an outrage even to maltreat a cat; and we are told by Sir J. G. Wilkinson that benevolent individuals have bequeathed funds by which a certain number of these animals are fed at Cairo, at the Cadi’s court and the bazaar of the Khan Khaleel. Here we must recollect that a tender regard for the lower animals is a prevailing characteristic of the Oriental races, and is inculcated as a duty in their various forms of religion.
With the exception of a doubtful passage in Martial’s “Epigrams,” we have been unable to find the slightest allusion to the domestic cat in the ancient classics; indeed, the Greeks and Romans do not appear to have kept them.

The scarcity of cats in Europe, in its earlier ages, is well known; and “our ancestors,” says Pennant, “seem to have had a high opinion of their utility.” In the tenth century, that excellent Prince, Howell the Good, did not think it beneath him, among the laws of Wales relating to the prices of animals, to include the cat, and to describe its qualities. The high value set on them (if we consider the “price of gold” at that remote period) is ample proof of their being but little known.

The cat is frequently mentioned by the elder British poets and dramatists, and the word occurs no less than forty-three times in the works of Shakespeare. Writing in the seventeenth century, Burton, in his “Anatomy of Melancholy,” remarks that the “Turkish women are perpetual captives, having little else to do but play with children and to dally with cats.”

Singular anecdotes have been related of the intense reverence playful emotions have been found to entertain to these, at worst, harmless creatures. Not long after the battle of Wagram, an aide-de-camp of Napoleon was proceeding to bed at an unusually late hour, when, on passing the Emperor’s bed-room, he was surprised by repeated calls from him for assistance. Opening the door hastily, a singular spectacle presented itself—the great soldier of the age, half undressed, and fearfully agitated, in his hand his victorious sword, with which he was making frequent and convulsive lunges at some invisible enemy through the tapestry that lined the walls. On examination, a cat was found secreted in this place, but Napoleon held the animal not so much in abhorrence as in terror.

Vandenhoff, the well-known tragedian, had the same antipathy to cats, and if one entered the room in which he happened to be, would leap on a chair, and scream till it was removed.

“A feather,” says the poet, “daunts the brave;” and a greater poet, through the mouth of Skylock, remarks that “there are some who are mad if they behold a cat.” Count Bertram would seem to have shared in this unaccountable abhorrence. When Parolles, the gallant militarist, was convicted of cowardice, Bertram exclaimed: “I could endure anything before this, but a cat; now he is a cat to me.” The force of censure could no further go.

Of Napoleon held cats in positive fear, there have been others, and some of them illustrious captains, that have regarded them with very different feelings. Marshal Turenne could amuse himself for hours in playing with his kitten; and the great General, Lord Heathfield, would often appear on the walls of Gibraltar (during the famous siege) attended by his favourite cat. Cardinal Richelieu was also very partial to them; and when we have recorded the names of Sir Isaac Newton, of Doctor Johnson, Horace Walpole, the poets Cowper and Gray, and the meditative Montaigne, the list is far from complete of those who have bestowed on the feline race some portion of their affections.

About a dozen years since the newspapers chronicled, as a fact provoking of especial wonder, the enterprise of a New York merchant who had exported a cargo of one hundred cats to New Grenada, where, it would appear, the race had become extinct, owing, probably, to the uninterruptedly disturbed state of that wretched republic. In 1850, the rats were so plentiful and so destructive, and cats were so very scarce in California, that twenty-five dollars was the ordinary price paid for one. Sales of this kind have frequently taken place in San Francisco.

The delight a cat takes in tormenting a mouse before killing it is often noticed. It is an interesting fact, however, that when the prey is a bird, instead of a mouse, the cat immediately inflicts a mortal wound, as if conscious of its greater chances of escape.

Of all domestic animals the cat is the least servile, and is incapable of restraint and consequently of being educated to any extent. Although instances of personal attachment are not wanting, its affection is rather to the house than to its owner, and the stories told of cats finding their way back from long distances to their former homes are really wonderful.

Cats are attracted by peculiar odours, and exhibit a violent fondness for catskill and valerian, rubbing their noses and rolling themselves in the latter with signs of great and uncontrollable excitement. The cat is also remarkably nervous, and when the fur is rubbed contrary to its direction, it gives out the electric spark, and, when under the influence of fear, the same effect is produced on the long hairs of the tail, as if a stream of electricity was transmitted through it.

Cats are particularly fond of fish, and, in a few instances, have been known to catch them from shallow streams, notwithstanding their great repugnance to water. They will, at times, pursue and feed upon cockroaches, crickets, and the larger insects. Such as have lost their young have been known to transfer their maternal affection to young rabbits, squirrels, leverets, and even to rats and puppys.

The fur of the cat is very free from any oily substance, so as to be readily injured by water. In Holland the animal is bred for its fur, for which purpose it is fed on fish. The eye of the cat is narrow and contracted in daytime, but at night the pupil is round and wide, so that it can see in a very feeble light, and it is thus adapted for those nocturnal raids to which, even in domestication, it shows so strong and natural a tendency.

There is, probably, no animal that so soon loses its cultivation and returns to a state completely wild. Want of proper food and attention will impel them to depend upon their own resources, and the tasting of wild or living meat will tempt them to abandon their civilized homes.
THE LADIES’ PAGE.

[N.B.—The number of cotton in our number for November should be 3, not 18.]

WAIVED CROCHET TRIMMING.

MATERIALS.—Waived crochet braid No. 2; Boar’s Head crochet cotton of Messrs. Evans and Co., Derby, No. 18 and No. 4. For finer trimmings use crochet braid No. 1 and cotton No. 20.

Measure off as many yards of the braid as the trimming is required to be. Keep this to the left, as it is for the straight line, and the braid to the right is for the 2nd line.

Commence by putting the needle into the centre of one of the waves of the braid and bringing the thread through in a loop, 1 chain, join to the next wave to the right, thus—take the needle out of the loop, put it into the braid, and bring the loop through—∗ 3 chain, 1 treble crochet stitch on the next wave of the 1st line, 3 chain join to the next wave of the 2nd line. Repeat from ∗ 3 times more, in all 4 treble on the same wave. Then 3 chain, 1 plain on the next wave of the 1st line, 3 chain, join to the 2nd line, 2 chain, 1 plain on the 1st line, 4 chain, 1 plain on the next wave, 2 chain, join to the next wave of the 2nd line, 3 chain, 1 plain on the 1st line—3 chain, join to the 2nd line. Commence again at ∗ and repeat.

Keep the straight line at the top, and commence in the 1st wave of it, work 3 chain, take a 3rd line of braid and join to the 1st wave of it, 3 chain, 1 plain on the next wave of the 1st line. Repeat to the corner wave at the end. Then, for the side—3 chain and join to a wave twice—3 chain, 1 plain on the same wave as the last plain; † (3 chain, join to a wave, 3 chain, 1 plain on the next wave, twice); 3 chain, join to a wave, 3 chain, 1 plain on the same wave as before, 3 chain, join to a wave, 3 chain, 1 plain on the next wave, 3 chain, join to a wave, 3 chain, 1 plain on the same wave as before (3 chain, join to a wave, 3 chain, 1 plain on the next wave, twice); then 2 chain and 1 plain on the next waves, twice. Repeat from † to the end.

WINTER SOCK.

MATERIALS.—Six ounces of lambswool; 4 pins, No. 18.

Cast on 38 loops on each of three pins.

Knit two plain, one pearl in every row. Knit till the work measures nine inches, narrowing five times in that space by knitting two stitches together on each side of the back seam; divide the loops in half, and form the heel thus: Place one half of the loops on one pin for the heel, the remainder on the two pins for the instep. Knit the loops on one pin for four inches, narrowing twice; knit to the back seam, divide the loops and cast off. Pick up the loops at each side of the heel, knit these with those for the instep.

In the first round make a stitch after every third on the two side pins; in the next round, narrow by knitting the last on the side pin and the first on the instep in one; repeat at the other side of instep. Next round, plain. Repeat these two rounds fourteen times; then knit about eighty rounds; after which, narrow for the toe. Narrow three times at each side of the pins in every other round, till the whole are narrowed off the sole of the foot, and the last sixty rounds must be plain knitting.
THE TOILET.
(Specially from Paris.)

FIRST FIGURE.—Visiting dress, of Russian velvet, a new fabric of mixed wool and silk, imitating ordinary velvet, but softer. Body of the Seraphita form. The sleeves are tight, ornamented at top and bottom with a bow of cord and tassels. A shawl-shaped mantle, with hood, scalloped round the edges (as is, by the way, the bottom of the skirt) and of the same material as the dress, is worn with it. Empire bonnet of green velvet, trimmed on one side by a bow of black lace, with pendant loops, formed of insertions of old white guipure falling on the curtain. Inside of the front, white flowers with golden stamens and a bow.

SECOND FIGURE.—IN-DOOR AND DINNER TOILET.—Dress of grey pou de soie. Body quite plain. Round waist, with waistband and buckle. Sleeves nearly tight. Collar of guipure. The skirt is trimmed in the robe form, with guipure laid on a blue transparent, and the trimming is carried over the shoulders to the waist: the same trimming forms cuffs on the sleeves. Head-dress a tulle front, on which are a fullled blond and several convolvulus flowers; to this front are attached three bars of tulle.

Robes with double or rather two skirts continue in favour: the upper one is of a darker shade than the under, and is worn looped up either with cords and tassels, or some other trimming. These robes are sometimes worn with skirts in tranchant contrast with the upper one, and are thus very convenient in affording variety in dress. From the coquetish appearance of the ladies' boots, I augur an abundance of rain this season. The latest novelties are the buckle, and a trimming at the side, which hides the elastic, composed of soutache, and buttons. The favourite winter envelopes take the form of the casque, and are very short: they are mostly made of cloth or velvet. Amongst the latter I have noticed the casque marquise, which is ornamented with passementerie, and has a Chantilly lace, disposed on the seams: floating ends of ribbon-velvet are sometimes added, and the trimmings of some are varied with ribbon-velvet and jet aiguillettes. At this moment the chase, and the receptions at Compiegne occupy the grand world; but these do not prevent the young and pretty women from preparing for the balls, and the other enjoyments of the approaching Paris season.

One very pretty opera-toilet is made with two skirts: the first is of white silk with broad stripes; the second is gauze. Blue silk body. The head-dress consists of double ribbon of unpolished silver, supporting over the forehead a small coronet of silver-figtree work, surmounted by three brilliants.

Another ball-dress has three skirts—the first of plain white silk, the second of tulle, and the third is also of tulle. Body formed of a very low corset, made of silk. On the head a double wreath of coral set in gold, supporting a small diadem over the forehead, consisting of large coral balls. Necklace to match.

A third toilet is in the Marie Antoinette style, consisting of a first skirt of silver-grey satin, over which falls a tunic of Imperial velvet. Body pointed, and ornamented with grey draperies. In the hair a rose, and small cordonets of clematis.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY accepted, with thanks.—"Phantoms;" "First and Second Childhood." "The White Cliffs of Albion" requires some alterations before it can be published. "Compeer" is obsolete in the sense in which it is used, and we regret that there is not a new idea in the verses.

DECLINED, with thanks.—"The Star Venus;" "The Mistletoe;" "When Moonbeams play;" "Leaving Home;" "December."

PROSE declined, with thanks.—"Carpentram;" "Fast and Loose;" "A Story told at Sea;" "Mrs. Manwaring's Misgivings;" "A Real Ghost Story;"

"The Rebels;" "Floating Thoughts." W. A.—We are much obliged by this lady's offer, but have no present space for its acceptance.

MIXED PICKLES.—The author shall hear from us.

ALBION.—We will read the manuscript if sent, and return it if declined; but in all cases where MSS. are re-posted, stamps must be sent for the purpose.

* * Books, Music, &c., for notice or review, must be forwarded by the 10th of the month, to appear in the following number.

All unaccepted MSS. will be returned on the receipt of stamps for the purpose.